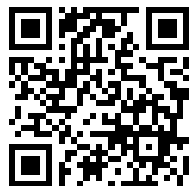

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Harriet L. Chapin.

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Harriet L. Chapin.

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James & Kimball, Sculpt.

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P E T E R S O N S



MAGAZINE



1859

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Miranda.

"In the Bitter Cold."

Fashions for January, colored.

Papa's Breakfast.

Fashions for February, colored.

The Rose-Bud.

Fashions for March, colored.

The April Shower.

Fashions for April, colored.

"Help Me Over."

Fashions for May, colored.

The Blind Piper

Fashions for June, colored.

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

January Number, Sixty-Three Engravings.

February Number, Fifty-Five Engravings.

March Number, Seventy-One Engravings.

April Number, Sixty-Five Engravings.

May Number, Seventy-One Engravings.

June Number, Forty Engravings.

COLORED PATTERNS.

Slipper Pattern.

Purse and Travelling-Bag.

Watch-Pocket.

Pattern for Bed-Quilt.

Handkerchief Corners.

Collar and Cuff.

MUSIC.

Wha'll Be King But Charley.

The Amethyst Waltz.

They Told Me of Thy Happy Smile.

For a' That, an' a' That.

Come Back to Me.

"Souvenir De L'Irlande."



LES MODES PARISIENNES

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BONNET.



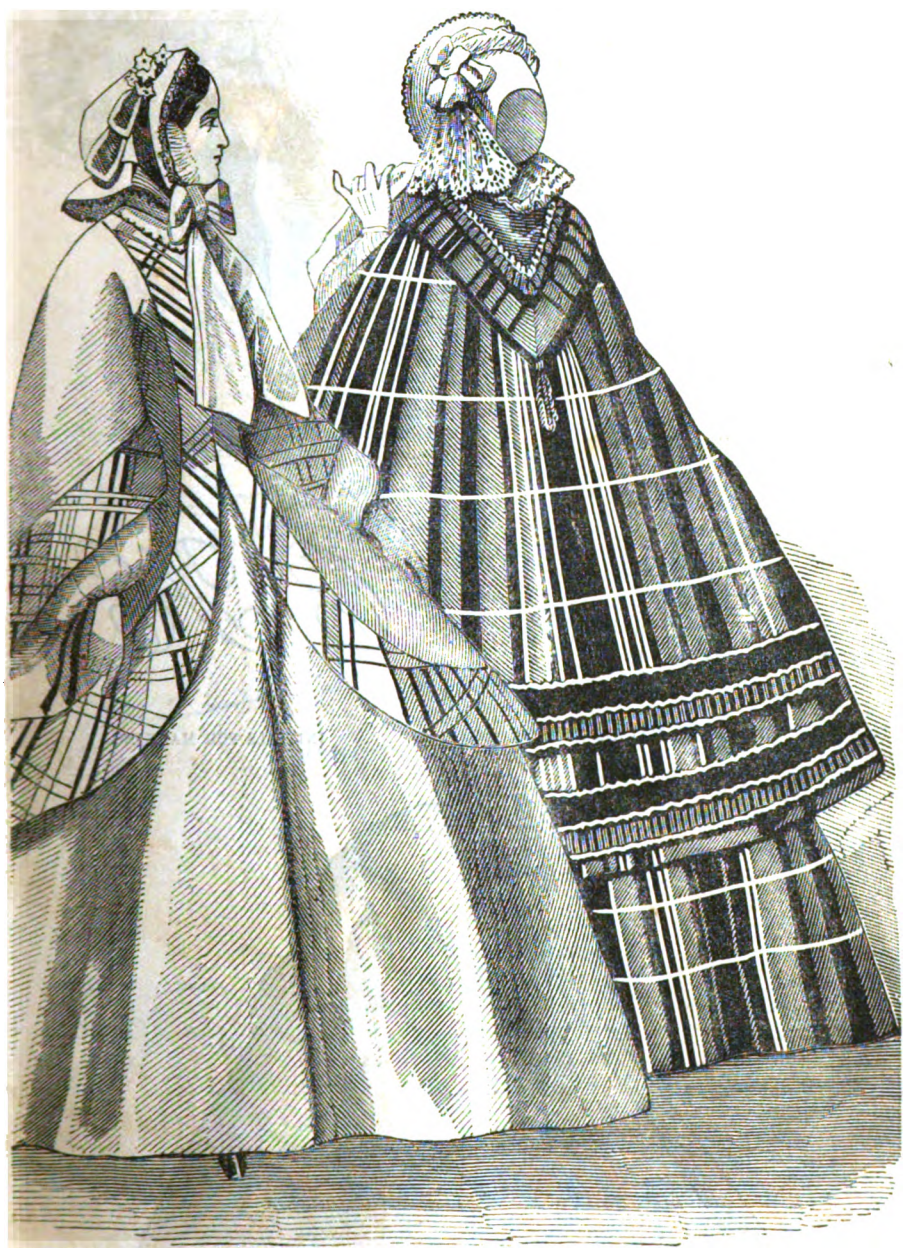
HEAD-DRESS.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



DINNER DRESSES FOR JANUARY



LATEST FASHIONS FOR CLOAKS.



HEAD-DRESS.



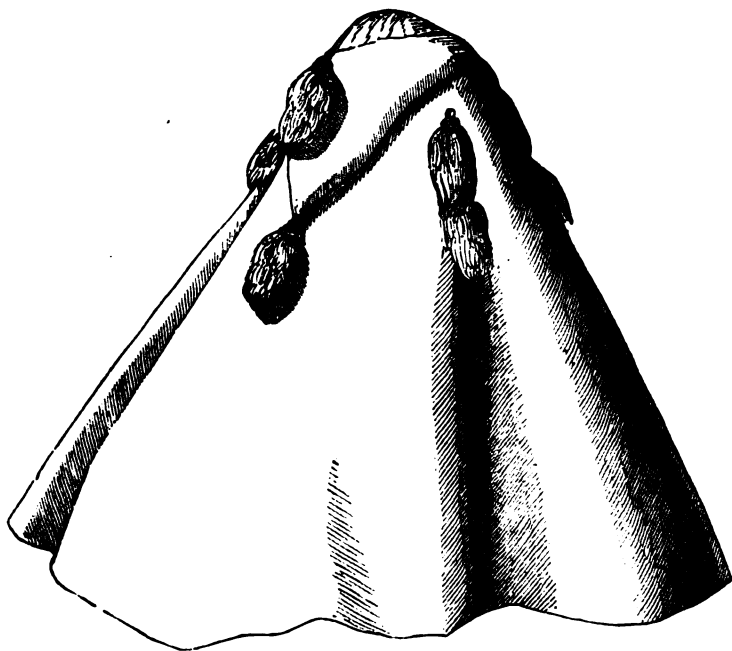
BONNET.

Alice

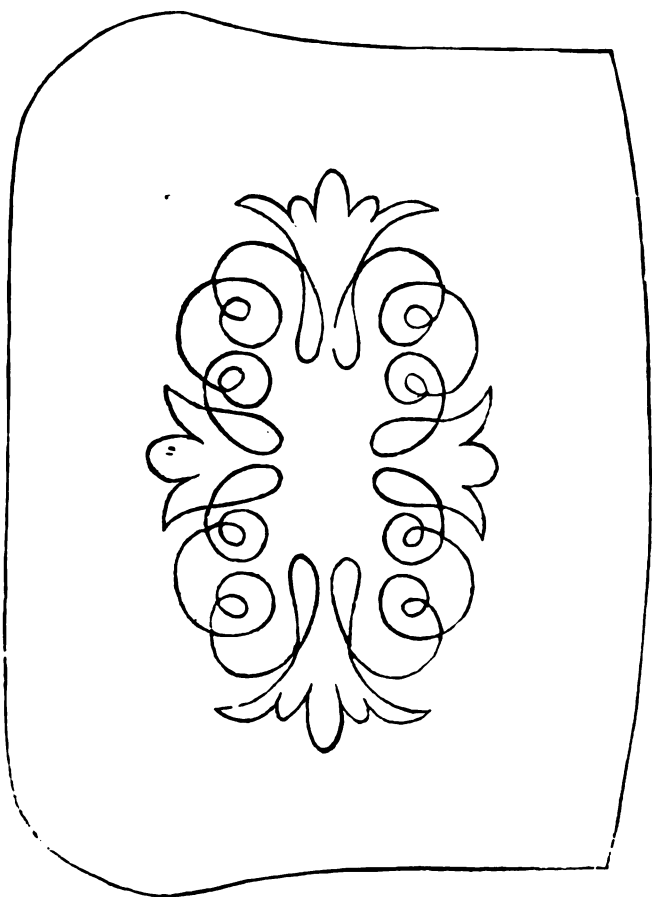
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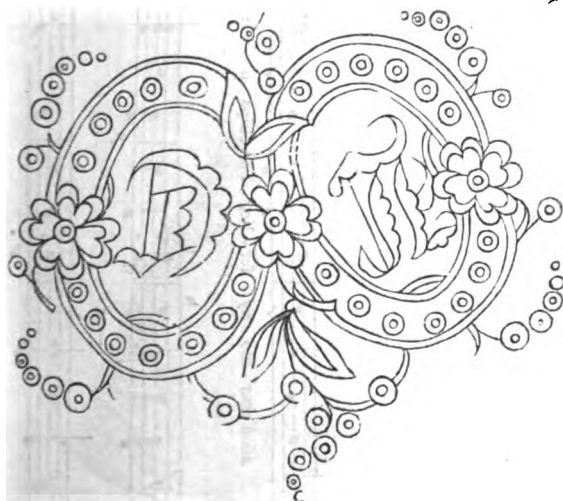
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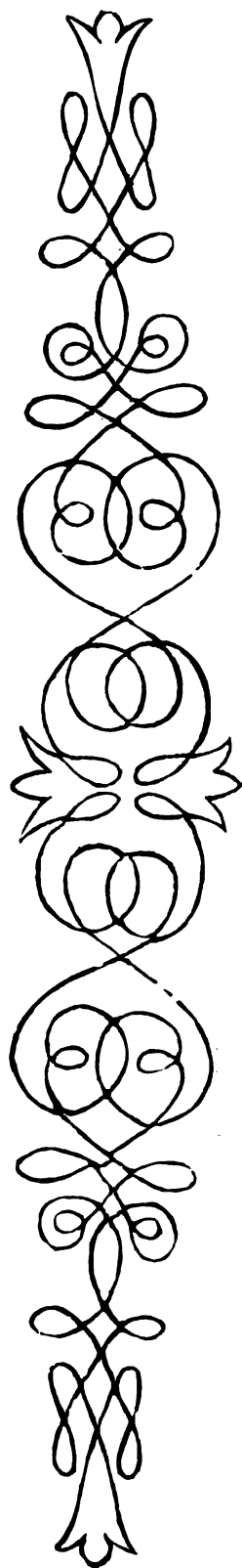
OPERA CLOAK.



PORTMONNAIE.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



SIDE OF PORTMONNAIE.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

ARRANGED BY H. E. DIBDIN.



Cox Strain.

The news fine Moi-dart can' yestreen, Will

soon gar' mo - ny for - lie, For ships o' war ha'e just come in, And land - ed Royal Char - lie! Come through the heather, A - round him gath - er, Ye're

' Make. ' Wonder.

a' the wel - com - er ear - ly, Around him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but Char - lie? Come thro' the heather, A - round him gather, Come
 A - round him gather, Come

cres.

ad lib.
 Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither, And crown him right - fu', law - fu' king, For wha'll be king but Char - lie?
a tempo.
colla voce.
f
cres.
a tempo.
p

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
 Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
 Hae to a man declared to stand
 Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
 Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
 Wi' mony a lord an' laird, ha'e
 Declared for Scotia's king an' law,
 An' speir' ye wha but Charlie?
 Come through the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
 But vows baith late an' early,
 To man she'll ne'er gi'e heart or hand,
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
 Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
 An' be't complete an' early,
 His very name our heart's blood warms—
 To arms for Royal Charlie!
 Come through the heather, &c.

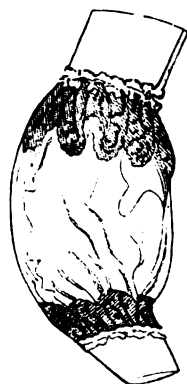
* Ask, inquire.



HEAD-DRESS.



CAPE.



SLEEVE.



FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXV.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1859.

No. 1.

MRS. SMITH'S GREAT PARTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY WIFE'S ECONOMY."



VOL. XXXV.—1

17

though purse-proud and vulgar, had a good heart.

"Hem!" said Mrs. Smith, dubiously. "But, as you say so, we'll have her."

"Yes! my dear," retorted Mr. Smith, assuming a grand air, "we'll have her. It won't do to drop all our old acquaintances, or people will say we're stuck up, you know."

Lucy and her mother received, accordingly, a few days after, an engraved card, as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Smith's
COMPLIMENTS

For Thursday evening, January the 21st,
343 Sandstone Street.

This card was enclosed in a white envelope, stamped with the Smith arms, and was left at the door by a footman in livery.

The Darcies belonged to what is called "an old family." One Darcie had been governor, in the colony days. Another had fallen at Princeton, at the head of his regiment. The father of Lucy, the last of his line, had been a brilliant young lawyer, but had died early, and had left behind little but his patrimonial estate, which, though greatly reduced from what it had been in former generations, consisted still, as the Darcies reflected with pride, of properties that had been in the family for a hundred and fifty years. Lucy, who remembered their narrow means, and knew that accepting the invitation would involve the purchase of an evening dress, would have sent a regret, but Mrs. Darcie, who wished to see her daughter's beauty and accomplishments appreciated, over-ruled her.

The dress was bought, and made up—we are not ashamed to say—principally by the nimble and tasteful fingers of Lucy herself. It was a simple white cambric, prettily trimmed; and when Lucy came down, on the evening of the party, she looked like a fresh rose-bud, on the brightest June morning of all the year. We think the birds would have sung if they had been there to see her. We happen to know that the obsequious African, who let her and her mother in, saying, "ladies second story front, gemmen second story back," opened his big, yellow eyes with admiring amazement, and announced afterward in the kitchen, "dat de most 'scratic and beautiful young lady dare, was Miss Darcie, deed she was." And afterward, when Lucy and her mother descended to the parlors, the three bashful bachelors, who stood in the doorway, afraid to go further, were thrown into such a flutter of excitement, that they did not get over it for the whole evening, but followed Lucy with their eyes wherever she went.



THE BASHFUL GENTLEMEN.

Mrs. Smith was delighted, so she said, to see "dear Mrs. Darcie and her sweet daughter." Mr. Smith twirled his watch-keys and was quite patronizing. He would mention to them, he said, some of the company. This was Count Swindleskenski, a Polish exile: "Very high-bred, indeed; but not a bit proud: had come quite early, as if an old friend: Amelia Ann," this was the eldest daughter of the Smiths, "had entertained him, for an hour, with music



COUNT SWINDLESKENSKI AND MISS SMITH.

and singing, before the rest of the company arrived." That was young Mr. Poultney, of the Poultney Manor family, very high people, "quite a catch for any young lady, even the richest." Lucy thought, looking at the frank, handsome face, that Mr. Poultney, in other re-

spects also, might make a woman happy. That was Mr. Bullion, "a little old to be sure, but worth a cool million and a half." Lucy shrank from the wigged and padded old ogre, who leered at every pretty face. "It's not every man could get them three together at one and the same party," concluded Mr. Smith, out of breath with his exertions in talking; and he mopped his bald head, that shone like a peeled onion.

"And that," he resumed, "is Mr. Snooks, the



MR. SNOOKS, THE POET.

poet, author of 'The Bleeding Heart' and other poems. I don't read poetry myself, but genius ought to be encouraged: the merchant princes of Italy, you know, patronized it always." And he gave a final flourish of the hand, pointing to a sentimental-looking gentleman, who was leaning against a pedestal, and gazing up at a portrait of Byron. Lucy had never heard of "The Bleeding Heart," nor indeed had anybody else except Mr. Snooks' acquaintances and certain trunk-makers; but she was quite awed by this imposing presence.

Lucy was now left, for a few moments, to herself. Near her were some ladies, who considered themselves the quintessence of good society. They shrugged their shoulders and began to whisper.

"How odiously vulgar!" said one. "But we can make a set by ourselves, that's one comfort."

"I've told my girls that they must be very careful who they dance with," remarked another: "these upstarts are such pushing people. Imagine Arabella, or Clotilde, having a common

clerk for a partner, or even the son of some rich tailor." (The grandfather of one of these speakers had been a hair-dresser, and the father of the other a boot-maker.)

"For my part," said the remaining member of the group, "I wouldn't let mine come. I'm astonished, too, to see you both dressed, as if the party was given by one of us. I've got on an old dinner dress, that I wore at Newport, as you see; and its quite good enough for the company. To tell the truth, I shouldn't be here myself, but I want to see what sort of a supper they'll set out. We must make an early move, or we shan't get good places; for most of the mob here look as if they didn't often taste terrapin and champagne."

At this point, the speaker espied Mr. Poultney and rushed away to make a prize of him.

"Everybody knows Mrs. Plump's weakness," said one of her friends, sarcastically, "and she has evidently prepared herself for a feed. She'll die, some day, of apoplexy. But, dear me, there's Bullion asking to be introduced to Clotilde. I do hope the dear child hasn't engaged herself for the next set to any foolish young man." And she rose, in a flutter, to lend her maternal skill in landing the trout her daughter had hooked.



THE MILLIONAIRE IS INTRODUCED.

"My dear," said Lucy's mother, "the son of one of the oldest friends of your father wishes to become acquainted with you. Mr. Poultney, my daughter: Lucy, Mr. Poultney."

Mr. Poultney and Lucy were soon in animated conversation.

"Do you see the two distinguished foreigners



TWO OTHER DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

yonder?" he whispered. "If I am not mistaken, one of them kept a barber's shop in New York, and shaved me there, not a year ago. I wonder where Mr. Smith picked them up."

"But are you sure?" asked Lucy, in innocent surprise. "Mr. Smith himself told me that they were friends of the count."

"The count," said he, "is no more a Pole than I am. I spoke to him in Polish, and he answered in the vilest French, with a Milesian accent."

They were still laughing heartily at this, when Mrs. Smith approached.

"My dear Mr. Poultney," she said, "I fear you find it dull. Pray, let me see you enjoying yourself. Dear Amelia Ann has not yet had the honor of being presented to you." So saying, she dragged him off.

The dancing now waxed hot and furious. To cotillions succeeded waltzes; to waltzes the grand



DO YOU POLK?

polka. Lucy neither waltzed, nor polked, but she looked on amused. The three distinguished foreigners shone brilliantly in the grand polka. The count especially astonished everybody by



THE COUNT PERFORMING THE GRAND POLKA.

the vigor of his dancing. The chandelier pendants jingled in tune, as he stamped up and down the room, or whirled Miss Smith frantically around.

"I expect, every minute, to hear him whoop, as he would at Donnybrook fair," said Mr. Poultney, who had again sought Lucy's side.

When supper was announced, the guests rushed at it, more like starved wild beasts than human beings. Such a mob Lucy had never seen. Mr. Poultney, with difficulty, could get her through the jam, or obtain anything for her afterward. The champagne soon ran short, for

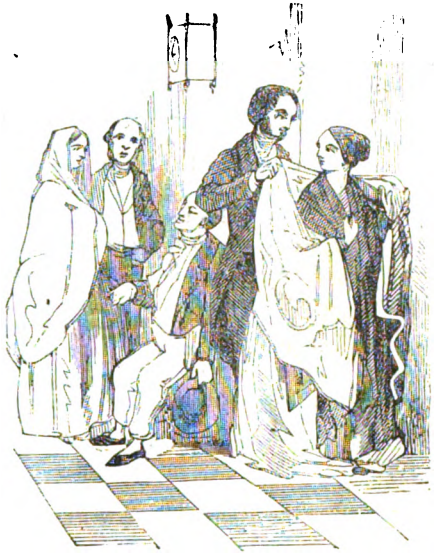


THE BUTLER BEHIND THE SCREEN.

the butler behind the screen—he had been put into knee breeches, in the true English style, for the occasion—helped himself as freely as he helped the guests.

Mrs. Plump was not the only one who achieved miracles at eating. The young gentlemen of sixteen and eighteen particularly distinguished themselves, crowding to the table, keeping off everybody else, breaking up the candy ornaments, and spilling stewed oysters and wine over the dresses of the ladies. As the viands disappeared, the laughter and tattle increased. A Bedlam could not have been noisier. One Miss, hardly yet in her teens, who stood near Lucy, declared that she had tasted everything on the table, except one of the candied oranges, and she was "waiting till Jim Jones," so she elegantly called her cavalier, "brought her some:" and the individual in question was seen valiantly fighting through the press to reach it.

"Shall we go?" said Mr. Poultney to Lucy,



MR. POULTNEY AND LUCY LEAVE.

for she looked frightened. "Let me have the honor of seeing you and Mrs. Darcie home."

So he shawled our heroine as carefully as if she had been a princess. Nor was it for the last time. Long ago, indeed, Lucy became Mrs. Livingston Poultney, and is now confessedly at "the head of society:" not the "society" of the Smiths, however, but one in which culture takes the place of ignorance, refinement of vulgarity, true merit of pretence.

It was well Lucy left when she did. The great party of the Smiths was talked about,



THE COUNT THINKS IT "MANE."

long afterward, for the uproariousness which attended and followed the supper. It was even whispered, that, when everybody else had gone, Mr. Smith, looking into the dining-room, discovered Count Swindleskensi, far gone in inebriety, bawling for more wine. On seeing his host, the count exclaimed, "In me counthree, they're not so mane of their dhrink, Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Smithy." On which the host called for the police, who discovered, in the count, a famous pick-pocket and adventurer, but lately discharged from the Penitentiary.

Mrs. Smith is still intriguing to "get into society;" and still gives grand parties for this purpose. But she and her husband no longer seek the acquaintance of distinguished foreigners.

Count Swindleskensi taught them a lesson they have never forgot; for while the count talked to Miss Amelia, at the supper table, his two confederates pocketed the silver spoons and forks freely, and disappeared: as, indeed, he would have done, if his old weakness, a love of "the dhrop," had not overcome him. But Mrs. Smith, always indefatigable, has discovered a new expedient to push her way, for she intends, this winter, to invite all the dancing young men "in society," whether she knows them or not. "Most of 'em will come," she tells her confidant, "and the girls will follow, next year, for the women always go after the men." A conclusion, from which we, as an honest chronicler, are bound to record our dissent.

FAREWELL.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

BROTHER! under other skies
Far from ours thy pathway lies;
Over mountains stern and steep,
Over rivers wide and deep,
Through dim forests vast and old,
Valleys green and uplands cold.
Brother! through these paths untried
May our Father be thy guide!

Farewell, brother! never more
Shall thy words, as heretofore,
On our weary spirits fall,
Soothing, strengthening, cheering all.
Sad will be thy house of prayer,
Sad thy flock, to miss thee there.
Thine were words of truth and grace,
None can ever fill thy place.

For our souls Thou long hast wrought,
Laboring with intensest thought,
For our sakes hast meekly borne
Scoffing, and rebuke, and scorn.
May our dear and blessed Lord
All thy patient toil reward!
Teacher! Guardian! tried and true,
Solemn is our last adieu.

Wheresoever thou mayst go
While thou journeyest here below,
May God's presence lead the way,
Fire by night and cloud by day.
May thy soul in blessings bask,
More than we can think or ask;
Heaven's great peace within thee dwell,
Dearest brother! fare thee well.

TO FRANZ.

BY LA BELLE RIVIERE.

My hope is gone.
Still angel, lead me to the land of peace!—
Give me oblivion, darkness, rest, release
From this unequal war that will not cease
While the poor heart beats on.

Heaven will attest
That I fought bravely when the blows fell fast—
But heart, and hope, and strength have failed at last,
The struggle was in vain, the prize is lost,
Nor do I sorrow for the pain it cost,
I only sigh for rest!

I cannot weep,
For sorrow has expended all my tears;
I have no anxious doubts, no trembling fears—
There is no sunlight in the coming years—
Oh, therefore, let me sleep!

He, who did give
This fiery spirit, this impatient soul
That spurns the iron fetters that control—
This spark that pants and pines to fly away
From its poor earth-bound prison-house of clay—
Will judge it and forgive!

WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE HAND!

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

I am not a bashful man. Generally speaking, I am fully as confident and forward as most of my sex. I dress well, dance well, sing tolerably; I don't tread on ladies' dresses, when I make my bow; and I have not the trick of coloring to the roots of my hair, when I am spoken to. Yet, there was one period of my life, when all my merits seemed to my own eyes insignificant, and I felt very modest, not to say bashful. It was when I was in love. Then, I sometimes did not know where to put my hands and feet. Did I mention that in the said hands and feet consists my greatest beauty? They are both small.

Three years ago, I fell in love. I did not walk into it quietly, weighing my idol's perfections against her defects. I fell in, head and ears, two seconds after the introduction.

"Mr. Haynes, Miss Arnold," said a mutual friend, and lo! I was desperately in love. She was a little fairy-like figure, with long, brown curls floating over a snowy neck and shoulders, and falling down on the waist of an enchanting sky-blue dress. Her large, dark blue eyes were full of saucy light, yet, oh! how tender and loving they could look. (This I found out later.)

Of all the provoking, tantalizing little coquettes, that ever teased the heart out of a poor man, Susy Arnold was the most bewitching. I would pass an evening with her, and go home certain that one more interview would make me the happiest of men; but the next time I met her, a cool nod, and indifferent glance, threw down all my castles. She was very cautious. Not a word did she drop to make me believe that she loved me; and yet her hand would linger in mine, her color rise if I looked my feelings, and her eyes droop, to be raised again in an instant, full of laughing defiance. She declared her intention to be an old maid most emphatically, and in the next sentence would add, "I never did love, but if I should take a fancy to anybody, I should love him like—like a house afire. Though," she would say, carelessly, "I never saw anybody yet worth settling my thoughts upon."

I tried in a thousand ways to make her betray some interest in myself. Propose outright, I could not. She had a way, whenever I tried it, of looking in my face with an air of grave attention, of profound interest, that was equivalent in

its effect, to knocking me down; it took all the breath out of me.

One evening, while there, I was seized with a violent headache. I told her I was subject to such attacks, and the gipsy, putting on a grave face, gave me a lecture on the subject of health, winding up with,

"The best thing you can do is to get a wife to take care of you, and to keep you from over study. I advise you to do it: if you can get anybody to have you."

"Indeed," I said, rather piqued, "there are only too many. I refrain from a selection for fear of breaking other hearts. How fond all the ladies are of me!" I added, conceitedly, "though I can't see that I am particularly fascinating."

"Neither can I," said Susy, with an air of perfect simplicity.

"Can't you?" said I. "I hoped—hoped——" Oh! that dreadfully attentive face of hers. "That is, Miss Susy, I thought, perhaps—oh! my head! my head!" and I buried my face in the cushion.

"Does it ache so very badly?" she asked, tenderly, and she put her cool little hand in among my curls. I felt the thrill her fingers gave me, all the way to the toes of my boots. My head being really very painful, I was obliged to leave; but, all the way home, the soft, cool touch of these little fingers lingered upon my brow.

Soon after this, it became necessary for me to leave the city on business. An offer of a lucrative partnership in the South in the office of a lawyer friend of mine, made me decide to extend my trip, and see how the "land lay." One thing was certain, I could not leave home, for months, perhaps years, without some answer from Susy. Dressed in my most faultless costume, and full of hope, I went to Mr. Arnold's. Susy was in the parlor, at the piano, alone. She nodded gayly, as I came in; but continued her song. It was, "I've something sweet to tell you."

At the words, "I love you! I adore you!" she gave me such a glance. I was ready to prostrate myself; but, sweeping back the curls with laughing defiance, she warbled, "But I'm talking in my sleep."

"Then," I cried, "you love me when you sleep! May I think so?"

"Oh! yes, if you choose: for Rory O'More says that dreams go by contraries, you know."

I sat down beside her. "Ah!" I said, sighing, "Rory's idol dreamed she hated him."

"Yes," said Susy, "that was the difference between his case and yours."

We chatted away for a time. At last I began, "Miss Susy, I came up this evening to tell you that I—I——"

How she was listening! A bright thought struck me: I would tell her of my journey, and in the emotion she was certain to betray, it would be easy to declare my love.

"Miss Susy," I said, "I am going South to-morrow."

She swept her hands across the keys of the piano into a stormy polka. I tried to see her face, but her curls fell over it. I was prepared to catch her, if she fainted, or comfort her, if she wept. I listened for the sobs I fancied the music was intended to conceal; but throwing back the curls with a sudden toss, she struck the last chord of the polka, and said, gayly,

"Going away?"

"Yes, for some months."

"Dear me, how distressing! Just stop at Levy's, as you go home, and order me some extra pocket-handkerchiefs for this melancholy occasion, will you?"

"You do not seem to require them," I said, rather piqued. "I shall stay some months."

"Well, write to pa, won't you? And, if you get married, or die, or anything, let us know."

"I have an offer to be a partner in a law office in Kentucky," I said, determined to try her, "and if I accept it, as I have some thoughts of doing, I shall never return."

Her face did not change. The old, saucy look was there, as I spoke; but I noticed that one little hand closed convulsively over her watch-

chain, and that the other fell upon the keys, making, for the first time, a discord.

"Going away forever?" she said, with a sad tone, that made my heart throb.

"Miss Susy, I hoped you, at least, would miss me, and sorrow in my absence."

She opened her eyes with an expression of profound amazement.

"I?"

"Yes, it might change all my plans, if my absence would grieve you."

"Change all your plans?"

"Yes, I hoped—thought——"

Oh! that earnest, grave face. My cheeks burned, my hands and feet seemed to swell, and I felt cold chills all over me. I could not go on. I broke down for the third time.

There was an awkward silence. I glanced at Susy. Her eyes were resting on my hand, which lay on the arm of the sofa. The contrast between the black horse-hair and the flesh seemed to strike her.

"What a pretty little hand!" she said.

A brilliant idea passed through my brain.

"You may have it if you will!" I said, offering it.

She took it between her own, and, toying with the fingers, said,

"May I?"

"Yes, if—if you will give me this one," and I raised her beautiful hand to my lips.

She looked into my face. What she read there I cannot say; but if ever eyes tried to talk, mine did then. Her color rose, the white lids fell over the glorious eyes, and the tiny hand struggled to free itself. Was I fool enough to release it?

What I said, I know not; but I dare say my wife can tell you. Five minutes later, my arm encircled the brown dress, the brown curls fell upon my breast, and my lips were in contact with—another pair.

"LILLIE."

BY MYRTA MAY.

When the Summer flowers were dying,
And the Autumn flowers were sighing,

Mournfully and low,
Then we left our Lillie sleeping,
Where the willow tree is weeping,
And the flowers grow.

Where the violets are springing,
And the woodland birds are singing,
All the summer day,

There our darling one reposes
With the blushing summer roses,
She has passed away.

And our hearts are very lonely,
For she saw the first, and only
Link in love's bright chain;
Yet although on earth 'tis riven,
Soon in yonder glorious Heaven
'Twill be joined again!

"IN THE BITTER COLD."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"AND you never knew that your husband had been engaged to anybody else? Perhaps I ought not to have spoken, but it is such an old story that it never occurred to me it could be news to you. I have not hurt your feelings, have I?"

The listener shook her head; for the moment she could not trust her voice to speak.

"I don't think you seem well, Margaret; you looked pale when I first came into the room."

"I am well, quite well," she said, faintly. "But you did not tell me your story connectedly. Mr. Hope was engaged."

"Of course, my dear; no doubt of that. He had been spending the winter South, and he met this Miss Melville—a beautiful girl she was, and very rich. What broke off the affair I never knew, but we were all sorry, it seemed just the match for him—beauty and wealth. Not that I care now, you know, Margaret, for you are a nice little thing; but I own at the time I did feel provoked to see my cousin take up with such a sickly-looking body as you were when I first saw you."

"I had suffered so much," Margaret said, "and I never was handsome," she added, mournfully.

"Oh, beauty isn't as much——"

"I know, I know! I was poor, and that is worse than a misfortune, it is a crime."

"Oh, Margaret, I am sure I have said nothing to deserve so bitter a speech."

"Was it bitter? I am sorry, I did not mean it to be so. But I should like to hear something more of this Miss Melville."

"Oh, it is not easy to explain! She was very proud and impetuous, and Arthur was not patient in those days! I suppose there was some little misunderstanding which ended in a rupture."

"Have you ever heard that this was the case?"

"No—not in so many words—one gathers those things one scarcely knows how. Arthur looked pale and sad for some time: but he seems very happy at present; I am sure I am glad that it is so. To be sure, he conceals his feelings wonderfully always—that is a peculiarity of our family—still I have no doubt that he is quite contented."

Contented! How Margaret Hope's whole soul rose in rebellion at the word! She, who had

given the undivided devotion of her woman's heart to meet with this reward, and to know that she must be satisfied therewith! But she gave no expression to those feelings, and sat waiting to hear what her companion might next relate, what other firm life-hope was to be torn away by the utterance of a single careless word.

"You are not annoyed by all this, are you, Margaret?"

"No," she replied, in a voice which only betrayed her repressed emotion by its peculiar gentleness; "I am very glad to have heard it—it was best every way."

"I dare say it was; now you will know precisely how to manage—only if Arthur ever dreamed of my telling you he would be frightfully angry."

"Have no fear; I shall never speak of it to him."

"That is right! He is very kind—he told me he was going to have a governess for your nephew; the care of him and your baby was too much for you—I am sure you both humor the boy to death."

"He was my only sister's child," Margaret said, firmly, "and when she died he became mine; while I have a crust of bread he shall share it."

"Oh, of course, I haven't a word to say against it! But isn't that the baby I hear? I won't keep you—good-night, I shall see you soon again."

Mrs. Chilton went out of the room and left Margaret Hope sitting alone in the grey of the gathering twilight. The girl crouched down into her chair, clasping her hands tightly together, and trembling in every limb from the chill which had fallen upon her heart.

Only a year before Margaret had become the wife of Arthur Hope: a year in which had been concentrated much happiness, disturbed only by the wayward fancies that she had at times conjured up to mar her own quiet. Mr. Hope had become acquainted with her only a few months before their marriage, during a season of much suffering, when she saw her fortune wrested from her by distant relatives, and herself and little nephew left in absolute poverty.

Then in the midst of her anguish came Arthur Hope, and before she had recovered from the

painful, dream-like state of feeling which succeeds acute suffering, she found herself his wife.

There followed long weeks of happiness, for Margaret truly loved her husband, and his manner to her, though always quiet, was full of affectionate interest. At length a sort of shadow crept between them, which threatened wholly to blot out their sunshine. Margaret was exacting and jealous, though she made no complaints. Mr. Hope never knew what was passing in her mind, but he felt at times that a change had come over both, and strove in vain to assign a cause for the alteration. Margaret was morbidly sensitive in regard to pecuniary affairs, and her pride suffered intolerably at the thought of the obligations under which Mr. Hope had placed her, for every debt of her mother's had been paid out of his own fortune. The slightest coolness in his manner caused her pain, and as his was a sensitive, uncommunicative nature, she found a thousand trifles over which to make herself wretched for days. A single suspicion of her feelings would have led to an explanation on Mr. Hope's part, but he never dreamed of her sufferings, and so the shadows darkened imperceptibly around them.

A few weeks before Margaret had become a mother, and in the engrossing cares of maternity, she forgot, for a little time, the thousand fancied annoyances which had caused her so much pain. But now a sudden reality was given to her doubts—Mr. Hope had married her from pity, while his heart was another's. The thoughtless gossip of Mrs. Chilton, a silly, frivolous woman, had destroyed the happiness of that wayward, but high-minded girl, and there was no power to remedy the evil.

There Margaret sat in the solitude of her chamber, almost maddened by the tide of jealous bitterness which desolated her soul. All was explained now; Mr. Hope's coldness, his sad, gentle manner: he did not love her, she was an alien from his heart, a burthen in his home. Her first impulse was to leave the house forever, it seemed impossible for her to remain there another hour, to meet again as her husband the man who had made her his wife only from feelings of commiseration.

The crying of her child roused her from those harrowing reflections, and she went into the inner apartment where it lay. She took up the infant and returned to the sitting-room, hushing it to rest again with her soothing voice. While the babe slumbered upon her knee, the little boy stole into the chamber, and crept to her side with the confiding air which her gentleness had made habitual with him.

"You must be quiet," she said, when he began to talk, "I cannot hear you now."

The child looked wonderingly in her face, and then stole away into a corner of the room intimidated by that strange severity. Margaret was not even aware that she had spoken to him, and sat engrossed by her painful thoughts.

At length her husband's step sounded upon the stair, chilling her very heart as she listened.

"All in the dark, Margaret," he said, opening the door; "shall I ring for lights?"

"If you choose," she replied, coldly.

When the lamps were brought, he stooped for a moment over the child, then seated himself at a table to read some letters.

"He does not even notice that I am suffering," thought Margaret, and her heart grew hard.

A sudden exclamation from her husband caused her to turn toward him. When he caught her eye he strove to appear calm, but she had distinctly heard the smothered expression of pain, and saw his features working with agitation. But she made no remark, and Mr. Hope sat leaning his head upon his hand in deep thought.

When the bell rang for dinner, he rose and turned toward her.

"That was the bell, I think?"

"I am not going down to dinner," she replied.

"Are you ill?" he asked, anxiously.

"There is nothing the matter, but I do not wish any dinner."

He urged her for several moments, and then left the room. When he returned he was dressed to go out.

"I may not be in till late, Margaret," he said, "do not sit up for me. Good-night, dear."

He kissed the child, and would have pressed his lips to hers, but she resolutely turned away her head. He regarded her for a moment with a surprised, pained look, and went away. She heard the hall door close behind him, and for the first time gave way to a burst of tears.

"Mamma!" exclaimed the boy.

"Are you here still?" she said. "Go to bed at once."

"Has Willie been naughty?" he pleaded, "he is very sorry."

"No, no; good-night—God bless my boy."

She rang the bell and gave both children to the nurse. As she returned to her seat, she saw a paper lying upon the floor and picked it up—it was the letter her husband had been reading. Even at that moment Margaret would not have been guilty of the meanness of looking at it, but her eye fell upon a name—it was Miss Melville's—and she read the lines.

"It seems that your particular friend, George

Anderson, is to marry your old flame, Julia Melville—so goes the world. They say you married to annoy her—is she returning the compliment?"

The sheet fell from her hand—this was the cause of Mr. Hope's agitation—he had left the house in order to conceal his suffering.

"What right had he to marry me?" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Then it was to revenge himself upon that girl—cowardly traitor!—and I have loved this man."

When her husband entered the chamber late in the evening she seemed asleep, for he addressed her and she returned no answer. But all night long she lay listening to his irregular breathing, and many times caught a low sigh, which proved that he was wakeful as herself.

The next morning Mr. Hope rose early, and when Margaret woke from the uneasy slumber into which she had fallen after daybreak, he was standing by the bedside in a traveling dress.

"I am obliged to leave town for a few days, Margaret," he said; "the business is urgent, and I knew nothing of it until last night."

That letter was the cause of this sudden journey—Margaret felt certain of it, and her grief gave way to a sort of stony indignation.

"If you are going at once I will not rise," she said, coldly, and when he kissed her farewell, her lips returned no kindly pressure. Mr. Hope paused at the door and looked back—he seemed about to speak, then checking himself, regarded his wife fixedly for an instant, and with a sorrowful gesture passed out of the room.

All that day Margaret was alone, and in a state of excitement which was little less than insanity. She was convinced that her husband had loved Miss Melville, and that in a moment of anger he had married another. The weight of obligation which had always weighed heavily on Margaret's soul could no longer be borne.

There was only one thing to be done—she must go away forever. She would not remain under that roof which could never again be a home to her. Let her husband be happy if he could; and she felt a bitter satisfaction at her own desolation.

She had in her possession a few hundred dollars, realized from the sale of some valuables, which Mr. Hope had insisted upon her retaining as her own; that little pittance would serve; anything, beggary itself, would be more endurable than that luxurious home.

On the evening of that terrible day, Margaret Hope stole out from the shelter of her husband's roof, and with those two helpless children went forth into the wide world.

Three days after, Mr. Hope returned home

and found the place desolate. He could obtain no clue to his wife's departure—the only trace of her was a note upon his dressing-table.

"I have left your house forever; henceforth we must be as dead to one another. Do not search for me, it would be in vain. Be happy in your own way, and forget even the existence of

MARGARET."

He sank into a seat completely unmanned by a blow so unexpected and terrible. Beside Margaret's note lay a folded paper which he opened eagerly—it was the letter that contained the allusion to Miss Melville's former engagement with himself.

A perception of the truth dawned upon him; that letter, or some exaggerated and untruthful account, had been the cause of Margaret's leaving his house.

How much unhappiness a false, artful woman had wrought for him. He had met Miss Melville several years before, while he was a very young man, and had been fascinated by her beauty and manner. She was a bold, unscrupulous woman, who had passed beyond her girlhood, and had left there every relic of youth or enthusiasm. Cold and designing, she determined from the first to secure so rich a prize as Mr. Hope, and she nearly succeeded. Fortunately for him, circumstances disclosed her treachery before he had gone too far to retreat, and he left her forever.

Several years passed before he even again thought of love, and when he met Margaret Foster, with her pale, still loveliness, and her shy, proud manner, it was a new revelation of the sex to him. He loved her devotedly, and it was that feeling only which prompted him to make her his wife.

Mr. Hope had one serious fault which had aided much in bringing upon him that great misery—he never confided to any his real feelings. Brought up by a stern, harsh father, who looked upon any outbreak of enthusiasm as an actual crime, and regarded an imaginative child much in the same light as our forefathers did those possessed of a devil, Arthur had learned to appear cold and unsympathizing, though he had a kind heart, full of generous impulses and feelings. And so, even in his affection, Arthur Hope could not be demonstrative. When the thousand tender follies of a lover rose to his lips, his father's bitter laugh seemed ringing in his ear to check them; when in conversation he would have indulged in the fanciful theories and comparisons peculiar to an imaginative mind, the recollection of the biting sarcasm which of

old had so lacerated his feelings kept him silent, and he appeared cold and reserved when his heart was most interested.

So it easily happened that Miss Melville's name had never been uttered by him, though the thought of her brought no pain. That letter had filled him with great anxiety on account of the friend whom he truly loved, and the sudden journey was undertaken to preserve him from the misery which must result from a marriage like that.

Mr. Hope had saved his friend, but returned to find his own life darkened forever.

Thus two beings of like sympathies, loving each other fondly, and with every prospect of happiness, had been separated by the faults which had grown up in their natures from the effects of false teachings. A single idle word had served to do this, and now they were far asunder, each forced to bear in solitude that weight of wretchedness.

Mr. Hope's search for his wife was vain, and he was forced to settle down in his lonely home, maddened by the thought of the suffering those dear ones must endure, and the bleak future which stretched out before him.

So a year passed, a long, terrible year, the remembrance of which would have cast a shadow over a whole after-life of happiness, and once more winter was at hand.

Margaret had taken refuge in a small village in the interior of Pennsylvania, a spot so remote from the highways of travel that it seemed to offer every security she could desire. In the outskirts of the village stood an old brown house rapidly going to ruin, so dilapidated and desolate, that for several years no tenant for it could be found. The proprietor was a miserly man, who took every advantage of Margaret's ignorance of business to make extortionate demands.

So in that old house she arranged her home. It was a dreary place enough, and she had been gently bred. There were a thousand petty details to irk her; the furniture which she had been able to purchase was of the coarsest kind, and the labor of the little household was performed by her own hands.

To avoid discovery she had taken her mother's name, and her dress led those about her to suppose that she was a widow; there was no mockery in her assumption of that garb—had she bent in anguish over her husband's grave, her heart would have been less widowed than now.

After a short time the little boy fell ill, and she was kept in constant attendance upon him for many days and nights. When he had recovered, suffering and fatigue threw her into a

nervous fever, which prostrated her for several weeks. She was forced to have attendance, and the only person to be found was a woman recommended by her physician, a good-natured soul, but whose rough kindness annoyed Margaret as much as the doctor's prying curiosity.

So the winter wore on wretchedly enough, and when spring came, Margaret found that her little fund had dwindled almost to nothing.

She made an effort to start a school, but she was too shy to get along easily with the villagers, they thought her very proud and extremely mysterious—only hoped there was nothing wrong about her, but they had their doubts! Still she succeeded in obtaining a small class of children, and did her best by them, but the employment was anything but lucrative. One woman sent her a pan of doughnuts by way of compensation, and several of the others forgot to pay her at all, nor could Margaret summon resolution sufficient to refresh their flagging memories.

Now the winter was upon her, cold and terrible. Had the neighbors known of her actual sufferings they would gladly have aided her, but they had grown to avoid her entirely, and she sometimes did not leave the house for days. Often the little boy cried for food, and she had not enough to satisfy him, but still she did not wholly despair, she must bear up for the sake of those children. Late in December the rent fell due, and the landlord was punctual to the moment.

"Well, Mrs. Moulton," he said, abruptly entering, "have you got any money for me?"

Margaret tremblingly told him of her poverty, and begged him to wait for a little time; at first he would not consent, but at length he said that in ten days he would come again.

"That'll be the day before New-Year's, ma'am, and if you haven't got the cash ready, why you must make tracks, that's all."

Margaret scarcely remembered the menace, for her babe was ill, and every thought was devoted to it.

The days passed on, and their misery had reached the climax—there was nothing left but beggary or death. It was the last day of the year, and to Margaret there remained neither flour nor wood. The little boy cried with hunger and cold, and the infant slept upon her bosom moaning with pain even in its slumber.

The day wore on, and there was no hope of relief. Margaret sank down in her misery—terrible thoughts of suicide came over her—death for her and those infants would be a blessing; but she was still sane enough to put by the idea.

It was growing evening, and the fire had died to a few faint embers. Margaret felt the babe

growing cold upon her breast, and that gave her a little energy. She broke to pieces a wooden stool, and kindled a flame with it, wrapped herself in a coarse cloak that still remained, and sat down, holding the child, while the boy crouched close to her side.

Suddenly there was the tramp of a horse—it paused before the house. Margaret knew that the moment had come.

The outer door opened, and the landlord entered, muffled to the chin.

"Well, Mrs. Moulton, here I am you see—I expect you are going to square accounts and give me a supper into the bargain?"

Margaret had not stirred from her seat; she felt no dread, though the boy was crouching in fear to her side, but she was past that.

"Indeed, sir," she said, lifting her dreary gaze to his face, "I have not a penny of money, nor have I tasted food since last night."

"Hey day! a fine story; and what are you going to do about paying your debts?"

"Have a little mercy—for these children's sake do not be too hard upon me—at least let us die here!"

"Don't talk to me! Why, you've got a bigger fire than I'd think of having. Hallo! if you ain't burning up the furniture for fear I'll seize it! Why, you wretched, abominable woman!"

"I couldn't see these children freeze! Oh, think what your own feelings would be to hear your babes cry with cold and hunger, and not a morsel to give them!"

"People shouldn't have children unless they're able to support them. No, ma'am, out of this you shall go! I shouldn't wonder if you had plenty of money—you only want to get rid of paying your debts."

"Do I look like it?" she exclaimed, throwing back the hood of her cloak, and exposing her pale, famine-stricken face. "Take all there is in the house, but leave us the shelter of this roof for a few days longer."

"Take all there is? Of course I shall—it's mine by right; but I don't want any of the live stock with it, so you must pack!"

"Not to-night—oh, my God—not to-night! Hear the wind—you would not murder us!"

"Go and beg—anybody'll let you sleep in their barn—but I've been so cheated that you needn't expect any mercy from me."

"Just to-night? We will go in the morning, but wait till then."

"I won't wait a moment! Come, you've got your cloak on and are ready to start—you ought to be obliged to me for leaving you a rag to wear. Out with you, I say!"

"Oh, you would not drive me away now—you must be human! To-morrow will be the first day of the New Year—would you leave a memory like that to haunt you?"

"Don't attempt that sort of thing, it's all no use. Up with you, I say, and be off!"

He forced her out of the chair, and pushed her toward the door with coarse imprecations.

Margaret ceased to struggle—she uttered no word, but still holding the babe to her breast, and the boy still clinging to her robe, allowed him to thrust her along. He pushed them out upon the steps, and the door closed clanging.

She heard him nailing fast the windows and doors, and in a few moments he appeared. He fastened a placard upon the fence, and then turned toward her.

"If you are seen round these premises to-morrow morning, I'll find those that'll clear you out," he said; "remember, I am a man of my word!"

He got into his sleigh and drove off; the echo died in the distance: there was no sound but the moan of the wind and the low wail of the child.

The snow was falling rapidly, and cut like ice upon her bare forehead. She dragged herself along a short distance from the house, and sank down against a high fence. A paper was rattling in the wind—it was the announcement of the coming sale of her furniture.

"Mamma, mamma!" pleaded the boy, "do speak to me! I don't mind the cold; but it seems as if you were dead."

"Yes, Willie, yes," she said, faintly, "mamma is here."

"Can't you walk, mamma? Do try! Somebody'll let us stay in their house, I know they will."

"It's of no use," murmured Margaret, "it will soon be over—very soon!"

She was so weak and exhausted that the cold had taken an almost instantaneous effect upon her; the blood in her veins seemed congealed to ice: yet, in spite of all, a strange drowsiness which she could not overcome, stole over her.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried the boy again.

His voice of agony brought her back to herself. She opened her eyes and looked round.

"Yes, Willie, yes!"

"Come, mamma, do come!"

She strove to rise, but fell back upon the ground. The snow was sifting heavily upon their garments, and each instant the wind increased in force, till it threatened to overwhelm them in the gathering drifts.

Margaret's senses began to forsake her—she heard strange voices in the beating storm—her

pain began to be less felt—the cries of her infant were scarcely heard.

"Mamma!" said the boy again, and more faintly, "I'm not quite so cold—the snow will cover us up and we can sleep."

"No, no," she groaned, "we must not sleep. Come, Willie—come—we will go. I can walk now, indeed I can!"

Again that fearful struggle—that clinging to life that gives unnatural strength to the weakest frame; but it was all in vain—once more she fell back, and this time she knew that it was approaching death.

After that there were but few words spoken—they were beyond complaints.

"Mamma!" said the boy again, "I'm sleepy now—very sleepy!" and this time she scarcely comprehended the horror in his words.

There was a jingle of bells in the distance, but Margaret did not heed, though they startled the boy from his stupor.

"The bells, mamma, the bells!"

A sleigh whirled swiftly in sight, coming from the opposite direction, and paused before the house. A gentleman sprang out, and ran up the steps, knocking impatiently at the door, but there was only a hollow echo in response.

"It's for us!" cried the boy, trying to rise, but his numbed limbs would scarcely support him, and he could only drag himself feebly along; "Here we are, sir, if you want us—mamma, baby, and I!"

The man turned quickly at the voice, and hastened toward the child, catching him up in a close embrace.

"It's papa!" he exclaimed, "it's papa!"

He pointed to the spot where Margaret was lying, and their preserver rushed toward them.

"Margaret—wife!" cried a voice that reached the sufferer.

"I am dreaming," she muttered; "this is death!"

"No, no; it is real! See, Margaret, it is I—your husband!"

He clasped her in his arms and his kisses on her cold lips brought consciousness back.

"Arthur!" she whispered, "Arthur!"—the chilled blood rushed to her heart again, dispelling the lethargy which had stolen over her; but the sudden reaction was too much for her weak frame, and she sank insensible in his arms.

Mr. Hope called to the driver for aid, and they bore the three back to the house. An entrance was speedily effected, Margaret and her children laid upon the bed, while they lighted the fire, breaking up the furniture in the most pitiless way, and kindled a blaze, such as had not warmed the old hearthstone for years.

Mr. Hope ordered the man to return to the nearest tavern for food and wine. Very soon the driver came back.

Before the wife recovered from that long swoon, the children had been quieted, and the old kitchen wore an air almost of comfort.

When Margaret came to herself she was in a low chair by the fire, the little boy holding the child at her feet, her husband's arms about her waist, and his eyes fixed tenderly upon her face.

"Isn't it a dream?" she cried, wildly; "tell me—do speak!"

"It is real, Margaret—I have found you again—in a few moments you will leave this place forever. Oh, Margaret, how could you doubt me so cruelly?"

Sitting in the firelight he told his tale, and Margaret clung to him in mingled love and self-reproach.

"And you forgive me?" she said.

"It was not your fault," he answered, "nor mine—we have suffered for the errors of those who guided our early youth—let us take warning lest we likewise peril the happiness of these little ones."

So the warmth stole back to Margaret's heart, and the light to her soul—the unwavering day of perfect trust and love which could never again be dimmed.

THE FAIRY RING OF HOME.

BY MISS ELIZABETH MILLER.

Oh! sigh not for the lofty halls,
Where wealth and splendor reign;
For statued niche, or frescoed walls,
Or fashion's lordly train:
Though oft for gentle kindness sake,
We bid those gay ones come,
They often break, but never make
The fairy ring of home!

Though low the cottage walls may be,
Thy hopes may further fly;
And unto thine and unto thee
The heavens may be as nigh.
And well 'twill be, if hearts that love,
Crowd every nook and room,
So from such love, thou ne'er mayst rove,
This fairy ring of home!

BEAUTIES AND BEAUTY.

BY MEHITABLE HOLYOKE.

"So the dream is ended, judge!"

"What dream?"

"Yours."

"Ah, forgive me! These perplexing cases draw us, unconsciously, into habits of abstraction."

"Can you look in my eyes and declare you were dreaming of a case at law?"

"Let me try. I'll suppose you a widow, with eight small children, and an estate to be administered. The dear departed never deluded you. I give it up!—I was dreaming of love."

"Love? A Judge of Probate—married these fifteen years?"

"Yet not so antiquated—not unfitted yet for life's delight, my cousin! Lizzie, go ask your mother if my valise will be ready within an hour. She may need your assistance."

As his daughter left the apartment, Judge Wilson looked at her thoughtfully,

"Lizzie is growing up a fine girl—she will be beautiful, notwithstanding her mother——"

"Oh, Harry!—Susan is such a dear, bright, genial, self-forgetful soul."

"Go on forever adding epithet to epithet, and you cannot overpraise her; yet my wife is not handsome—never was; that nose——"

"Makes the heaviest shadow in your lot, I do believe. Will you never outgrow your boyish devotion to beauty?"

"We do not outgrow our tastes, cousin; we only learn to distinguish between genera and species, names and things; and this brings me back to my dream. Did I ever tell you how I chanced to marry Susan Gladstone?"

"No, I supposed in my simplicity you married her because she was willing to accept you."

"Touchy as ever on the woman question. Let me relate, then, how one of the high celestial-half of humankind was led to smile on me."

"That is more modest."

"In my youth I was in love with every pretty face, high and low, white and brown—every phase of prettiness attracted me—you smile—you remember it. There were few young men in our town of Milford."

"Few so attractive as Harry Wilson: that is, so handsome, obliging, agreeable, so idle, careless, altogether suited for a ladies' man."

"Good,—qualify! There were but one or two of my set, and it is no boast to say I excelled them; so I was like a bee in a pot of honey, smothered with sweets, and, at last sated. I was but a briefless barrister all this while, poor as well as fickle, and the thought of marriage, had it once entered my head, would have been dismissed as insane. So, at least, I said to myself now and then; you know thoughts enter our head sometimes, and our hearts, whose presence we do not acknowledge: they should be dismissed, must be, when fairly detected; but oh, they are precious!"

"One day, your brother George—it was about the time of his ordination and marriage—undertook to exercise his skill in sermonizing on my luckless self. His firstly, was my idle, aimless life, you may be sure; his secondly, my opportunities, capacities, all that—his words have proved prophetic, more than I anticipated; his thirdly, was the influence of women; fourth, the peace and bliss of married life; fifth, the joy of home, and so on, to ninth and nineteenthly. I laughed, contradicted, argued, and believed. I had felt it all before, but not so deeply. I now went home to meditate."

"How different things are as our moods change! New and marvellous meanings attach themselves to familiar objects—we discern a meaning where once there was only a form. I was in Boston with the bridal party, and in leaving George's Hotel that evening, looked up at the houses all alike, all blocked together, and for the first time thought of them as homes. Did you ever allow that fancy to run wild in some strange city, or street? Bright romances and mournful tragedies I wove, and the tragedies all proceeded from aimless, unmated existence."

"To marry either of the Milford girls was not possible, I liked them all too well, should be thinking sometimes that the wrong one accepted me. I would make a choice from among my city friends; there was little Eudora Stanmore, a pet of mine in her school days—as lovely and unworldly as a vision. Stanmore, Stanmore. I darted into an apothecary's, seized a directory: 'Leonard Stanmore, house in Mt. Vernon street,' that was strange. Eudora's father had not been wealthy; 'he was now,' the clerk said, 'had made

a large fortune in leather, lived in fine style.' I did not care, the sweet girl was not spoilable. I found the mansion. 'Miss Eudora,' the servant said, 'was out; no, ill—indisposed.' I did not like his tone, he was lying, I thought; but went back to my lonely room.

"I called again, 'Was it Mr. Wilson? Yes, she was in. I could walk to the parlor.' There is such a difference in houses. As Dr. P—— observed, the other day, there are some, into which, if you lift the roof off you cannot force the light, and air, and sunshine; if you crowd them with people, you cannot make any two feel near each other; if you make them resound with voices and clang of instruments, you cannot have mirth or music. Other houses there are, very bare of luxuries, the inmates lead laborious lives, with cares, and losses, and sorrows falling thick upon them; yet they are free and content, glad and thankful—the sunshine that pierces their little window falls straight into a loving, rejoicing heart—the song of bird, or ripple of brook, their grateful spirits seize, and echo, and magnify, till their lives are filled, and overflow with harmonies. Now, the home of Eudora Stanmore was magnificent, but it wanted the home-charm. There seemed a mildew in the air, the mirrors did not look as if they had ever reflected happy faces, all was cold and calm as a cathedral. But it was in the state-parlor I waited, and the chilly November weather might have added to this gloom. She appeared, the school-girl, grown a woman, a city belle, yet fascinating as ever, and far lovelier. I did not like the elaborateness of her dress, the thin, flounced, furbelowed fabric, evidently just assumed, and in which she shivered as she entered the gloomy room. 'She was glad to see me,' she said; 'wasn't I glad to see her so improved?' her eyes said, and there was something fascinating in the question. She conversed with a fluency and appropriateness of which I had not supposed her capable, of old times and new, of country and city life, of city pleasures, theatre, opera, parties, walks, rides, drives; and when I turned to city duties, met me there again, with topics of philanthropy, taste, science, art: even passing questions of politics and law this young girl handled with consummate skill.

"But I felt that same mildew about her speech, it was learnt for an occasion and retailed for display, it had not the sweet spontaneousness of her talk in other days. We did not seem opening our minds to each other, but playing at a game with printed cards; yet, I thought this merely a defect of education, I should not wish her perfect, I could mend all in time. She smiled

on me, that was plain; I could love her, oh, to distraction!

"I went a third time, still on a cold November day. A child was on the door step. She said, 'Sister Eudora was at home, oh, yes, I could go in. She would lead me—they had such a famous boudoir, and Dora was having seven dresses cut. I needn't wait, she knew Dora would see me, she had heard her tell her mamma as much.'

"I followed, wondering how often this sevenfold replenishment of dress must occur along the future, in order to keep my beauty beautiful.

"I had blundered in following the child—it was all wrong, unpardonable, but I stood at the boudoir door as one spell-bound; such a chaos of disorder, and, yes, dirt, as overspread the fine tapestry carpet! Two sewing-women sat among chests and trunks pulled at all possible angles; and open drawers and boxes, heaps of cloth, ribbon, papers, flowers—so far I could have forgiven: but on a rug directly in front of the fire, amidst rubbish of which she made a part, sat my divine Eudora, pale and peevish, her hair braided away from her forehead in most unbecoming fashion, and eyes red from the last night's dissipation. Her dress was a silk, all frilled along the skirt, but soiled, and minus one sleeve, while remains of the other lingered—cut off slantwise at her elbow—I have a good memory. Some visions make a very dazzling, deep impression. Cousin, I left her there, reading a novel, and have never seen her since. The child, with a child's quick instinct, saw that we were wrong, and led me away whispering, 'Don't ever, ever tell of it, sister would be so angry, she would throw a candlestick at me as she did at Nora when'—I hushed her, I had enough of family secrets.

"That love went out like a candle in my heart. Winning Eudora, I should have won beauty at the expense of everything beautiful in life—yes, that love went out like a candle. I thought of my pleasant bachelor home, my own neat room with stocks of cigar-boxes, the India matting half covered by the heavy rug, of the books and easy chair, and the fire-place wide enough for me, and the pleasant confusion of papers, tools, smoking-cap, boot-jack—a hundred things on which I could lay my hand at an instant's thought. I resolved to return to Milford.

"One last call I had to make: it was on an old friend. You smile, ay, it was on Susan Gladstone, my best wife! She had grown homely who was never beautiful; she had a care-worn look, for her family were poor, and struggling to retain a fine old mansion in the suburbs. But I could not slight an old acquaintance in adver-

sity; and set forth for Broadhall one evening, the coldest, dreariest yet: it had rained for three days, the roads were muddy, doors creaked, gates clung together, lights burnt dimly, oh, it was dolorous!

"I did not wait, nor was I led into a state-parlor at the Gladstones, nor did I find splendor and company-manners. The family were assembled in the good old sitting-room, at table, secretary, and fireside; big logs were blazing in the chimney, and lent their glow to the furniture, and curtains of red moreen, or of bright new chintz. Many ornaments were about the room, all cheap or of home manufacture: the good engravings on the walls were framed in paper; the books were on shelves of pine adorned with leather work, some vases were filled with green leaves and berries, a few flowers stood in one—and a fine large pot of English Ivy draperied a corner of the apartment with its fresh sprays of green; the pot I observed was a grape-jar, painted to imitate an Etruscan vase.

"Mr. Gladstone, the picture of happy old age, sat by his fireside in a chair of his children's covering, in slippers of their working; while Sue, at the table, was writing off long lists of names from his bank-books, and filling out circulars. Her mother was knitting beside her, Fred was studying his lesson, Fanny dressing a doll; Kate sat at the secretary puzzling over a composition, Frank was kneeling on the hearth-rug, composing—a kite. I can see them all now! Fred is a lawyer, Fan a wife, Kate an authoress, Frank a sea captain; but I see them all, and Sue, with her big nose, her dear, good face, in their midst, merry and genial and self-oblivious; simple in manners, neat in dress, attentive, yet not absorbed in her work. She remembered me at once, with the old frankness expressed her pleasure at meeting, introduced me to her kindred, made me a place by the fireside—one, thank God! I have never lost—and then without farther apology promised to talk with me soon, when her work should be done, and returned to the writing, yet found time for pleasant words in every pause of conversation, found time to take up her mother's stitches if they dropped, to help

Fred in his sum, to bend over poor Kate, whom the composition sorely puzzled, and clear away her difficulty by a sensible word or two, or a question or two. Then she came to the fire, and while conversing with me cut colored papers for Frank, and gave most judicious advice with regard to the construction of his kite.

"No, cousin, they did not impose upon Sue's good-nature: it was her way to help every one, to make every one feel dependent on her. I'm not ashamed to tell you that I cannot take a journey, or dress, or entertain visitors, or say my prayers without her assistance. What should I do if she died!—become another man, with humbler endowments, less power, less enjoyment. She keeps my heart calm and my brain clear; it is her sweet way of asserting woman's right, she works through all others, but she works right bravely and well.

"My story is ended. Another lamp was kindled that evening, and all the winds of earth have not extinguished, nor made its light wane yet. I saw in vision a beautiful home, a beautiful life, and dear Sue has helped me find them both. I cannot think of her as unlovely, for wherever she goes she bears a blessed, peaceful, genial atmosphere: in her presence beauty is sure to look more beautiful, and wit to flow more freely, and music to sound more sweet, and laughter has a merrier ring, and the very lamps burn brighter when she comes! I was dreaming of love, of home-joys, home-content. I tell you, cousin, these true homes are a type and foretaste of heaven, and beauty is but an outward expression of that which grows here constantly, a breathing life!

"The valise ready so soon? But I need not go for half an hour yet. Come, Sue, and help us with our metaphysics.

"Physics instead! Who except yourself would have thought of that cough mixture? Oh, talk of Florence Nightingale—all honor to her!—but I believe there are thousands of Florence Nightingales scattered in earthly homes, unrecognized by strangers, but blessed by their own: in many, many a home—Scutari their shadow is kissed as they pass!"

TO ILL LUCK.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEPPARD.

ILL luck, thou most abused sprite,
I pledge thee in red wine to-night,
For never friend my eyes have seen
That hath so faithful to me been.

Go where I will I cannot dodge thee,
Rest where I may I still must lodge thee,
Thou lovest me so well, good faith,
I know we shall not part till death.

THE OLD STONE MANSION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "MABEL," "KATH AYLESFORD," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

"MARGARET," said my mother, feebly.

I glided to her bed-side joyfully, for she had slept so long I had begun to be frightened. I kissed her, arranged the bed-clothes, and softly smoothed her hair.

She looked up at me with a wan smile. I remember that wasted, yet beautiful face as if this had happened but yesterday.

"Does it snow yet?" she said.

I stepped to the window. The storm, which had raged all day and during most of the preceding night, had subsided. The sun was just setting, and the snow-banks, which had drifted, here and there, against the houses on the opposite side of the street, were tinged with a delicate rose-color. A few flakes, blown from the roofs, floated lazily down. The shouts of the boys, playing snow-ball, came to the ear with a muffled sound.

"It is clear, mamma," I answered, "and so pretty. I hear sleigh-bells." And I did not turn my head, but waited, child-like, to see the sleigh, for I was but six years old.

"Thank God!" she answered, with a sigh of relief. "He will surely come now."

Her tone made me look quickly around. How dark and close the room appeared!

"Who will come, mamma?" I asked.

She did not answer. She did not even raise her eyes. She saw something on the bed-quilt apparently, which she tried vainly to pick off.

"Mamma!" I said, taking her hand, with a feeling of vague alarm.

She looked at me like one in a dream. Slowly her wandering faculties seemed to come back.

"You are cold," she said.

I was both cold and hungry. I had eaten nothing all day, nor had there been any fire. I gave one quick glance toward the dead ashes in the stove, to see if they were visible from her pillow; and finding they were not, answered, evasively, with the forethought which care and sorrow had already taught me,

"I feel cold to you, because you have a fever."

"Yes! I must have had fever all day, to have slept as I did. I am very thirsty now. Won't

you take the pitcher and bring me some fresh water from the pump?"

At any other time I would have shrunk from the task. I dreaded the long, dark entry of the strange boarding-house, and the rude boys in the street. But now I rose with alacrity.

"Stay, darling," she said, as I was about to go. I approached the bed-side. She took my head feebly in her hands, drew my face toward her, kissed me, held me a little off, and earnestly regarded me. Her mouth began to quiver: the tears gathered in her eyes.

"Poor little lamb!" she said. Then, lifting her dimmed sight to the ceiling, she murmured, "Father in heaven, protect my orphaned child!"

It took me some time to reach the pump, for I had to break a path through the snow, no easy task for my tender feet. I was a long while, afterward, in filling my pitcher, for the pump worked with difficulty. I saw a big, ill-looking boy standing on the opposite corner, working up a snow-ball vigorously in his hands and eyeing me menacingly. At last the pitcher was filled, and I stooped to raise it. At that moment, whiz! came the snow-ball, as hard as ice, hitting me on the wrist. I fell, and the pitcher, striking the pump, was broken into pieces.

The pain in my wrist was so acute, that I believed it was broken. But rage and indignation was, nevertheless, my first impulse. "Oh! if I was a man," I said to myself, as I struggled up, half smothered with snow. I heard a jeering laugh. But catching sight of the broken pitcher, I remembered it was the only one we had; I thought of my mother's thirst; and at that thought I burst into tears.

"Boo—hoo—hoo," mocked the boy, flinging another snow-ball, which hit me on the cheek.

He stopped suddenly. I heard a heavy blow. I looked toward him. He was struggling up out of a snow-drift, while another lad, about the same size, but of a very different aspect, was standing over him, rolling up his sleeves, as boys do when about to fight. The mute challenge, however, was not accepted. The bully got up, spluttering and cursing; but one look at his antagonist was sufficient; he burst into a

howl, as if he was nearly killed, and ran off homeward.

The lad, who had thus interfered in my behalf, gazed after him contemptuously, for an instant, and then crossed over to where I stood. He was dressed neatly, even elegantly, and had an easy, self-possessed manner, very different from that of the boys of the poor suburb where we lived. Two great, dark eyes, eloquent with sympathy, looked down on me as he took my hand, and asked if I was hurt. I stammered something about my wrist being broken. He said, "Oh! I guess not," cheerfully. There was such manliness and courage in his carriage and looks, that I felt reassured immediately.

All at once, however, I remembered the broken pitcher, and began to cry again. He seemed puzzled for a moment, but then brightened up.

"Ah! I see," was all he said. "Wait a minute," and before I knew what he meant, he darted into a shop near by, reappeared immediately with a new pitcher, filled it with two or three quick strokes at the pump, took my hand, and bade me cheerily show him the way home. It was all done in less time than I have taken to narrate it. Before I recovered from my bewilderment, he had touched his cap and disappeared; and I was standing alone, in the cold, narrow, dark hall.

It was only for a moment. Remembering my mother, I hurried up stairs, reaching our room door out of breath.

I had expected to hear my mother ask me the cause of my delay. But she did not. I crossed to the foot of the bed, and poured out a glass of water: yet still she was silent. She did not even look toward me. Though it was now quite dark in the chamber, I could see her white face. It seemed so ghastly, a sudden terror seized me. I dared not speak, nor advance, but stood, with the tumbler shaking in my hand and the water spilling out. Still that same fixed, strange look! My terror, at last, became too great for silence.

"Mother!" I said; but below my breath.

No answer. The white face, still turned upward, remained immovable as ever.

"Mother!" I shrieked, rushing to her side.

Still not an eyelid moved. She would never hear me again in this world. I realized that she was dead, though I now beheld death for the first time. I threw myself on the body, wildly calling on her to wake up, kissing her, imploring her not to die, frantically uttering shriek on shriek, till I lost all consciousness.

The next few days are almost a blank in my recollection. Looking back at this distance of time, they seem enveloped in a sort of haze. An

unutterable sorrow is almost all that I can recall. Yet I remember, in a dreamy way, waking up to find our fellow lodgers gathered around me; I remember being torn from my mother, and sleeping with a stranger, who nevertheless was very kind to me; I remember, afterward, the next day, I suppose, a big, red-faced, important personage, with huge gold seals that impressed me with a high idea of his importance, chucking me under the chin, saying he had come to take me away, now that my mother was dead, and telling me, when I began to cry at this, that I "mustn't mind it, it was better for her, poor thing, and for me." I recollect, also, the darkened room where the coffin lay; the whispered conversations; the awe on every countenance; and the being lifted to take a last look on that dear face, which now I could hardly recognize, it was so cold and white. I have a faint memory, too, that I shrieked, clung to the coffin, and said I would not leave my mamma; and that afterward, I sobbed myself to sleep, crying, "Mamma, mamma, do come back to me, dear mamma."

Then follows the recollection of a long journey, in which the pompous gentleman accompanied me. At last, one day, we alighted at the door of a splendid mansion, in a great city, a city even larger than the one where I had lived before. A blaze of lights almost blinded me, as we entered the hall. When I recovered from my bewilderment, a richly dressed lady, holding a little girl by the hand, stood before me; and she and my traveling companion were looking at me and talking of me.

"That is your aunt, Margaret," I heard the gentleman say, "and this is your cousin, Georgiana. She's a poor, sickly-looking thing, isn't she?" he added, turning to his wife.

Neither the lady, nor the little girl, offered to kiss me. The latter held by her mother's gown, and when I would have approached, drew back as if either frightened or disgusted. My pride, for even then I had pride, was up in a moment. The coldness of my aunt, the aversion of my cousin, and the contempt of my uncle sunk into my heart, and embittered my life, not only for that evening, but for years afterward. God help your little ones, mother, if ever they become orphans!

That night I was put to bed in a lonely, cheerless room, hastily made ready for me, away up at the top of the house. In my ascent to it, I passed the large, luxurious chamber, which my aunt and uncle occupied, and where my cousin slept in a pretty little crib by their bed-side. An errand called the maid, who had me in charge,

into this apartment for a moment. The soft velvet carpet, the crimson curtains, the wood fire blazing on the hearth, gave it such a warm, home-like air, that the bare, cold floor of my room and the curtainless bed, seemed to me more cheerless even than they were; and the tears fell as I undressed.

"What a funny child it is," I heard one of the maids say to another, with a laugh, for a second servant had joined us, no doubt from curiosity. "She puts her stockings into her shoes, and each shoe in its place, under the chair, just like a little old maid."

"She's had to look out for herself, that's plain," said the other, "and isn't like Miss Georgy down stairs."

"I wonder what beggar's brat it is?"

"Hush!" said the other. "She isn't just that. I've heard all about it, and will tell you, by-and-bye."

My heart was full. It was as much as I could do to keep down the choking sobs. When I had undressed, I was tempted, for a moment, to get into bed, without first kneeling down, as my mother had taught me, to say my prayers, for I felt, instinctively, that the maids would laugh at me. But after a short struggle, I slipped down at the side of the bed and began. One of the servants began to titter. This disturbed me so that I forgot what I had to say. I could only remember one sentence of my old prayer, and that was no longer applicable: "God bless mamma and make her well;" and at this, my little remaining composure gave way, I burst into audible sobbing, and in that state was lifted into bed by the less giddy of the two maids. Here I buried my head in the covers and wept myself to sleep.

Such was my first night in my uncle's house. Such was the beginning of my real orphanage, for, while my mother lived, though I was fatherless, and often cold and hungry, I had some one who I knew loved me.

CHAPTER II.

I look back on the years spent in my uncle's house and wonder how I survived them. I was made to feel, in every way, that I was an alien and incumbrance there. My uncle, perhaps, was less blamable than any of the others; was, indeed, ignorant of many of the indignities put upon me; but even he never loved me. His wife disliked and tyrannized over me, for she was one of those natures who was jealous by organization; and she hated everybody who came into competition, in any way, with Georgiana. As

for my cousin, though she had some good qualities, she was spoiled by indulgence; and was the tool of her mother. There was not an hour in the day that I was not made to feel that I was a dependent. The servants, like most of their class, were time-servers, and insulted and abused me, because they saw no one loved me.

But the world knew nothing of this. My aunt was too prudent to provoke public opinion against her. She was not ignorant of the wisdom of keeping up an appearance of being kind to her husband's orphan niece. I was, therefore, sent to the same school with Georgiana; and if not dressed as elegantly, still dressed suitably. I ate at the family table, and sat in the family pew. All this, considering the treatment I received in the house, exasperated me. I heard my aunt praised for her generosity, when I knew it was a falsehood. My temper became soured; I was regarded as sullen; I thought everybody disliked me. I shunned the companionship even of girls of my own age. I became indifferent to dress, because everybody praised Georgiana and nobody praised me; and went by the name of sloven. I recall the weary, weary days at school, where I heard other girls talking of their happy homes, when I had none. I even see, sometimes, in fancy, a tall, thin, awkward, sandy-haired child, whose fingers were always solled with ink, and whose hair was often unbrushed, the jest of half her classmates and the pity of the rest: and I look back on that child, oh! with what inexpressible pity; for I think of myself, in those long and dreary years, as of another person entirely.

I was naturally high-spirited. But I came at last to bearing everything, not meekly indeed, but in silence. The worm did not even turn on the heel that crushed it. Yes! sometimes it did. I remember once, that Georgiana had just received a beautiful wax doll, a miracle of mechanism as it seemed to me then; and I ventured to take it up, one day, when she was out of the room. How bitterly I thought that no one had ever given me anything a tithe so beautiful! I was still gazing in wonder on the doll, as I held it in my arms, when my cousin came back. She flew at me in a rage, snatched the doll away, slapped me on the face, and then, though I had not dared to strike her back, burst into a passion of screams, which brought my aunt, the nursery-maid, the house-maid and the footman, all rushing into the room together. Without stopping to inquire about the facts, my aunt seized me, shook me till I was breathless, and threw me toward the maid, whom she directed to put me to bed supperless, which was accordingly done, the maid telling me,

all the while she was undressing me, what a wicked child I was. I brooded over this injustice in silence, but when I saw Georgiana alone, the next day, I could contain myself no longer. For once I rose in rebellion. I called her by every spiteful epithet I could think of, and at last began to beat her. "Oh! if I could only tear off your long ringlets, which your mother and you are so proud of," I said; "if I could only make your face ugly forever." For this, of course, I was punished, and more severely than before.

Another time, Georgiana was jeering me about my poverty, and boasting of her father's riches, and of what a great heiress she would be. I had, somehow, picked up certain items in our mutual family history, and I retorted,

"Poor as I am," I said, "my father, at least, was a clergyman; and yours," he was a large provision merchant, "is only a miserable pork-dealer."

"I'll tell pa that!" she cried, angrily. "I'll tell him you call him names!"

"Do," said I, "and say, that, while his grandfather ran away with the tories, my mother's grandfather was at Bunker Hill."

She was white with rage, for we were both, by this time, old enough to understand our country's history, and unfortunately my taunt was but too true.

"And you may say," I continued, pursuing my triumph, "that while your grandfather made a fortune by smuggling tea, mine was one of those who boarded the ships in Boston harbor and threw the tea overboard."

She could not forgive me for this, and not long after, an opportunity for revenge presented itself.

It was the custom, at the school which we attended together, to devote one afternoon, each week, to criticising what were called compositions. Every scholar was expected to write an essay the night before, which the teacher, after dinner, criticised in presence of the whole class. On one occasion, the theme assigned us was "A Mother's Love." I recall, even at this day, the feelings under which I wrote. Often as the image of my mother had been present to me, never before had it come up so vividly. It was in an agony of emotion, if I may say so, that the words flowed from my pen. When the essay was finished, I remember, I was still so excited, that I clasped my hands, and sobbed, "Oh! mother, dear mother, come and take me away!"

When the class had assembled, the teacher, addressing me, said,

"Did you write this yourself, Margaret Gray?"

"Yes, ma'am," I replied.

She looked at me doubtfully, for a moment, and then began to praise the composition, when Georgiana rose from her seat and interrupted her,

"Please, ma'am," said my cousin, "Margaret didn't write it. I saw her copy it out of some big book in father's library."

I was struck dumb with amazement. I knew that Georgiana was not always truthful, but, as yet, I had only heard her tell falsehoods to escape blame. The deliberate malice of this assertion, and its unblushing coolness, literally confounded me. I stared at her with an amazement, that was mistaken for the consciousness of guilt. The teacher's face grew dark.

"Margaret Gray," she said, severely, "I knew you were sullen, slovenly, and sometimes disobedient; but I did not think you would tell a deliberate lie." She paused an instant, for I turned white with rage. "Yes! I use plain words," she went on, "for, to pretend another's work is your own, is the wickedest of lies. You will stay in for an hour, after the school is dismissed, and wear, all the week, while in school, a white paper pinned on your back, with the word 'liar' printed on it."

I made no reply. I tried, at first, to speak; but could not; I choked. If, at that moment, I could have got at my cousin, with a deadly instrument, I believe I would have killed her.

I was, ever after, a marked girl, in that school. I avoided my classmates, in consequence, more than ever. Before this, I had taken some pride in composition; but now I wrote carelessly on purpose. Often, when I detected Georgiana copying her essays, which had always been her habit, I was tempted to betray her; but I resisted. "No," I said, "I will not be so mean." At last, I grew so unhappy at school, and so defiant and indifferent, that I was dismissed as an example. My aunt, at first, refused to send me to another: she said it was wasting money, and that I might "reap as I had sown;" for she was fond of quoting Scripture. My uncle humped, twirled his watch-keys, and looked at Georgiana with an expression that said, "Thank heaven *our* child is different." But after awhile, another school was found for me, where I finished my education. It pains me, even yet, to think of those days. Often and often I wished, with bitter tears, that I had never been born. I heard at church, and I read in my Bible, that there was a God, all-powerful and good; but sometimes I did not believe it. "He would not permit such injustice," I said. If it had not been for my mother, I should have

become, literally, an atheist. But I still remembered her early instructions, I still cherished the hope of meeting her in a better world. Sometimes, in dreams, I would even see her: we would walk by cool waters and green meadows; she would smile on me as of old; and I would be supremely happy.

From these dreams I would be aroused by the harsh voice of the servant, calling me to rise; and I would have to get up in the dim, early daylight, and dress on the bare floor, in my fireless room.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I was about sixteen, an event happened, which gave me the first happy hours I had ever spent in my uncle's house. A new daughter was born to the family. The babe came after such a long interval, and when the hope of so great a blessing had ceased for years, that, for a time, it softened and refined all. From the first, the child took a great fancy to me, a fancy which, I need not say, I returned. My heart, so long shut out from love, lavished all its treasures on this little darling. I can never think of her, even now, without happy tears.

She was, in some respects, a precocious child. I remember the wonder with which I recognized the first gleams of intellect in her, when, one day, as I carried her in my arms, she pointed to some flowers on the paper-hangings, and on my stopping, picked out, with instinctive taste, those that were really the most beautiful. From that hour I watched the rapid development of her mind with intense pleasure. Long before she could talk, I began to tell her little stories, which I am sure she comprehended. She felt sick, and it was I that nursed her, day and night, till she recovered. The first moment of extatic happiness I had known from my orphanage, was when she was strong enough, she put her arms around my neck, kissed me, and called me "dear Maggy." She was a demonstrative child at all times. Oh! how sweet was the patter of those tiny feet, as she toddled along the entry, early on summer mornings, to ask to be taken into my bed.

The humanizing influence, which little Rosalie brought with her, did not entirely die out. When she was in her second summer, the family, on her account, was ordered to the sea shore. Annually, ever since I had lived at my uncle's, my aunt and Georgiana had gone out of town in the summer: now to Newport; now to Saratoga; now to Niagara; now to Lake George. But as invariably I had been left at home. But now,

such was the attachment of Rosalie for me, I had to be asked to go.

There was a great contrast, however, between the gay and dashing heiress and myself. Georgiana dressed in the height of the fashion, and, though not beautiful, had a figure that made up stylishly: she was accordingly surrounded by admirers, and imitated and envied by her own sex. I had, long since, grown out of my slovenly days, but I dressed with studious plainness, for I had but a scanty allowance, and as I was passionately fond of books, a good deal went for them. The thought of any one caring for me never suggested itself to me as possible. Generally, I disliked gentlemen, for what had I in common with prosy *bon vivants* like my uncle, or silly dandies such as crowded about Georgiana? My manner, also, in society, was absorbed. Half the time I did not see the dances, nor hear the music. I expressed no surprise, therefore, when I discovered, accidentally, that the retiring young girl, who stole silently to her seat at the table, and to whom a servant, when the dessert came in, brought Mrs. Elliott's child, that she might give it its dainty allowance of ice-cream, and see that it got no more, was governess, and ate at the first table in this capacity. I only smiled to myself. What did I care, I said, what was thought about me?

I used to sit in an arbor, that overlooked the sea, and read by the hour; and this confirmed the general impression as to my position. It was the first time I had ever seen the ocean, an event in any one's life. I never tired of looking at the waves breaking on the beach below; at the white sails in the offing; at the sea-eagles hovering over the surf; or at the fishermen launching their boats. Moonlight especially had a charm inexpressible for me. It filled me with a sense of a different existence. One stormy night, when the spray was blown over the lawn to the very hotel, and when nobody but the bather ventured out, and he only to assure himself that the bathing-houses were not being washed away, I wrapped myself in a thick shawl, and stole forth. Never shall I forget the scene, as the great waves, magnified by the darkness, heaved up out of the gloom, and thundered, whitening, down, shaking the very shore. When I returned, a general sneer went round: and I heard more than one whisper of "wants to be romantic." "I wonder Mrs. Elliott permits it."

One of the most assiduous admirers of Georgiana was an Englishman, handsome, and about thirty, and who had, in great perfection, that air and manner which belongs to good society. His dress was studiously unostentatious, and his sole

jewelry a magnificent cameo ring. He had a low, exquisitely modulated voice, which it was a pleasure to listen to, irrespective of the words he uttered. Few men had equal tact in conversation. He seemed to read character intuitively, and talked accordingly. With Georgiana his conversation was principally of the great people whom he knew abroad. To believe him, he was intimate with Lord John Russell, then prime minister of Great Britain; knew Louis Napoleon, just elected Prince President, intimately; had drunk Johannisberg at Metternich's own table; had been invited to Russia, on some secret, but important business, of Nicholas; and was possessed of the *entree* of every court in Europe. As to the aristocracy of England, from the Dukes of Norfolk and Devonshire down, he pretended to be either personally acquainted with them, or to know from reliable hearsay, all about them. He certainly had a fund of anecdote and gossip, especially respecting the female members of the British nobility, which, if not true, was, at least, amusing. I used to hear him discourse, by the hour, on those themes; for they were favorite ones with Georgiana; and, somehow, he always happened to lounge into the parlor, about noon, when everybody except my cousin and myself was either bathing or sleeping. I soon began to suspect that he was a mere adventurer. Georgiana, however, did not think so. More than once we had a warm discussion regarding him.

"I've no patience with you, Margaret," she said, one day. "How could Mr. Despencer know so much about the British nobility, if he was not one of their set? Then his voice. It is the very ideal of a finished English gentleman's."

"His voice is well modulated, I admit," was my reply. "But I miss the drawl which is said to be conventional in the upper circles of English society."

"Oh! it's only the fops that have that," quickly interposed my cousin.

"Possibly. But to go back to his knowledge of the nobility. He has only to study Burke's *Peerage*, of which even you have a copy."

Georgiana was quite indignant. She still insisted, however, that I should continue to play propriety for her, by being in the drawing-room, in the mornings, while she flirted with her admirer; and as the bathing hour had arrived, and everybody was going to the beach, she gave a last look in the mirror at her becoming morning dress, for this conversation happened in her room. Then she lounged down stairs, book in hand.

I was provoked, for I wished to look at the

bathers, especially as Rosalie was to go in, with her nurse. I felt my indignation increase, while I listened to the fulsome compliments which her admirer paid to my cousin, particularly when he said that she reminded him of the Lady Clementina Villiers, with whom he had danced at Almacks the preceding winter. I sat nervously knitting my purse, eager to speak my mind; and at last an opportunity offered. The talk fell on manner, which the gentleman pronounced an infallible test of high breeding, "and which," he said, with a bow, "you have in perfection, Miss Elliott."

Georgiana blushed, simpered, and to cover her confusion, turned her fan toward me, saying, "My cousin, here, goes so far as to assert that one can tell, by the accent, what particular nation and province a stranger belongs to."

Her admirer could do nothing less, at this, than turn toward me. He had seen me, I have no doubt, a score of times; but had never condescended to be aware, by any visible sign, that I existed. Now, however, he smiled blandly, saying,

"Ah! Miss, I fear you are a critic. But let us put your penetration to a test. Come now: in what part of England was I born?"

There was a latent sneer under his assumption of deference and admiration; and I answered bluntly,

"Indeed, sir, you are a sphinx. You don't talk like a cockney, for instance. And it can't be said of you, as a pert Oxonian wrote back to his college, the day after he had dined at a great London nabob's, 'we had all the delicacies of the season at table, except the letter *h*.' Nor have you the silly drawl which I've been told the upper classes have affected till it has grown to be a second habit. Nor the Yorkshire accent, for Mr. Elliott's coachman is a Yorkshireman; and he doesn't pronounce as you do. I heard a Gloucestershire man, only the other day; and you're not a Gloucestershire man. In fact," said I, looking at him with a sudden suspicion, called up by this discussion, "you talk precisely like any ordinary New Yorker."

To my surprise, he shot a quick look of inquiry at me, and colored in embarrassment. But it was only for a moment. He forced a laugh and answered gayly,

"Well done. You literary ladies, after all, beat our sex in the delicacy of your compliments. To be an educated American and an educated Englishman, Miss Elliott," he said, bowing to Georgiana, "is to be precisely the same thing."

By one of those strange instincts, which we

sometimes experience, I felt, at that moment, that a third party was listening to this episode. I glanced aside, and sure enough, in a deep arm-chair, half concealed by the lace curtains of the window, there sat a gentleman, who, though apparently absorbed in a book before him, wore such a quiet, significant smile on his face, that I knew he had overheard us. I was annoyed, for I had a suspicion he was silently laughing at the warmth of my retort. Just then he rose from his seat, and his eyes, as he turned away, rested on me for an instant. I felt the blood rush to my brow. He evidently saw my mortification, for he looked immediately toward Georgiana and her admirer; and the latter, now first observing him, turned white as ashes.

Somehow, for the rest of that day, I could not get this stranger out of my mind. I had seen him only for a second; but I knew his every feature, and the air with which he carried himself. A massive head, eagle eyes, a mouth firm as a martyr's, a lofty manner, a powerful frame: intellect, strength and manliness; these were the qualities he impressed me as possessing beyond any other man I had ever seen.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT night there was a "hop." Strange to say, for the first time in my life, I was fastidious about my dress. But as I had only a white muslin and blue barege, to choose from, I was not long in coming to a decision. I selected the former. My hair was dressed *a la Grecque*. Before going down stairs, I went into my cousin's room, to see if I could assist her. She was in high good-humor, having on a new and beautifully fitting dress; and looked at me in unaffected surprise.

"Why, Maggy," she cried, "you are really charming. You always dress so old-maidish, that one doesn't know how pretty you grow. There, child, I declare, I've brought quite a color to your cheeks. Isn't she improved, ma?"

My aunt, stiff in moire antique, was drawing her gloves on her fat, pudgy hands. She glanced at me and replied,

"Your cousin will always be odd, Georgy. See how she has dressed her hair."

I knew, from the tone, that my aunt was displeased; perhaps thought my coiffure pretentious; and the pleasure of the evening was spoilt.

Nobody spoke to me for a long while. I sat on a chair, in one corner, and watched the matrons gossiping in groups, and their daughters whirling around in the waltz; all seemed enjoying themselves: I only was unhappy. After

awhile, an elderly, single lady came up, who lived on gossip.

"I don't see Miss Elliott's English beau," she said. "Somebody told me, too, he left this afternoon. Do you know anything about it?"

I had not heard of his departure, and was surprised; for he had expected to remain several weeks longer. But I was so indignant at this impertinent attempt to elicit information regarding Georgiana's affairs, that I suppressed my curiosity to learn what my companion knew, changed the conversation, and directly after rose and left her.

The atmosphere, in the drawing-room, was so heated, that I passed out into the piazza, which, running the whole length of the hotel, was used for a public promenade, especially on evenings. It was now almost as crowded as the drawing-room, for a waltz had just been finished, and the dancers were parading, two and two, up and down, gayly chatting and laughing. Having no one to walk with, I stopped at a chair near one of the windows, so that I could look in. I had scarcely taken my seat, when I saw the gentleman, who had overheard our conversation in the morning, cross the room to speak to an acquaintance, who was concealed behind the curtains of the window, outside of which I sat. After mutual expressions of delight and surprise, at meeting each other unexpectedly at this place, the latter said,

"There are some pretty girls here, Talbot. Are you dancing?"

"Dancing," answered my silent critic of the morning, "isn't much in my line; and besides I know nobody as yet."

"Precisely my case. I ran down here, for a day or two, merely because it was near. Generally I go to Newport, as you do. But I understand Gov. Bright, Senator Clare, Col. Howard, and others whom we know are here; and they'll introduce us."

"To tell the truth," replied he, who had been called Talbot, "I don't see any faces here that interest me, except one."

"Who is she?"

"Who she is I can't say. A governess, I believe. But what she is, you can judge for yourself. She is sitting yonder, in that corner. No," he added, in a still lower tone, as he glanced across the room, "she has disappeared."

I was within two feet of the speaker, separated from him only by the wall, and heard every word distinctly. My first impulse was to rise. But to have done this would have attracted his attention. I was compelled, therefore, to remain, though my cheeks tingled.

"She must be beautiful then," laughed his friend, "if, being only a governess, she has attracted you."

"Not what a fashionable woman would call beautiful; but something more original," was the reply. "She is dressed in a simple white robe, with wavy brown hair worn in ringlets from the back of her head; a tall, stately girl, with great, luminous eyes, and a brilliant complexion: a sort of high-souled Diana stepped down from a pedestal."

I was dizzy with a strange delight. I had not only never heard myself called beautiful before, but had never supposed that I was beautiful.

"You are enthusiastic," replied Mr. Talbot's friend, in a tone, half banter, half surprise. "I must see this paragon."

"She's clever, too; clever in the English sense," continued Mr. Talbot. "Whom do you think I found here, when I arrived this morning? That fellow you defended, when I was opposed to you last."

"Not Despencer?"

"Yes! and passing himself off for an Englishman. I happened to overhear him flirting with a stylish-looking heiress, the daughter, I suspect, of the people who employ this governess. He was romancing grandly about my lord this and my lady that, and doing it, I assure you, in a way to impose on nine out of ten, when this young lady, who sat there quietly knitting, but dreadfully annoyed, as I could see, happened to be appealed to." And he briefly narrated what I have already told. "When she had done," he said, "the fellow looked as crest-fallen as he did in the dock. He evidently thought she had heard about him. He caught my eye, afterward; recognized me; and has disappeared, I've no doubt, for I don't see him here to-night. You know he's a coward."

"Cursing you heartily," laughed the other, "for having prevented his trapping an heiress."

"Precisely. But he'd have been found out, even if I hadn't come. This Diana of mine would have seen through him before long. If she has culture, as well as intellect and beauty, what a woman she must be!"

"How old is she?"

"That's the most curious part of all. Apparently about eighteen. Governesses, you know, are generally old and ugly."

"How do you know she's a governess?"

"I heard one of these old tabby-cats say to her daughter, a bony, sharp-nosed caricature of herself, 'see what a ridiculous way that girl, the Elliotts' governess, has her hair dressed in.' The heiress, I believe, is a Miss Elliott."

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Fortunately, at this juncture, a crowd of young people, came galloping down the piazza, and availing myself of the noise, I escaped, undetected.

Up to that hour of my life, I had said and believed that a woman ought to be more gratified by praise of her intellect than of her person. I now knew better. For the sweetest words I had ever heard were Mr. Talbot's declaration that I was beautiful. A tumult of strange, but happy feelings possessed me; I could not remain among the crowd; I stole away to my favorite arbor, at the foot of the lawn, overlooking the sea. There I sat, for quite an hour, in a dreamy, delicious reverie, only mechanically hearing the surf breaking on the beach beneath me, and the music of the dancers fitfully rising and falling on the land wind.

When I stole back to the drawing-room, I could not, at first, lift my eyes, and my heart fluttered nervously. But the one I dreaded, yet wished to see, was not there, nor did he reappear for the rest of the evening.

The next morning, Georgiana was out of humor: I suppose at the absence of her admirer. I deferred telling her, therefore, as I had intended, what I had overheard about him. I took a long walk on the beach with Rosalie and her nurse, and when the bathing hour arrived, told my pet I would watch her from the bank, as I did not wish, myself, to go in, that day. I was leaving the hotel, for this purpose, when my steps were arrested, in the doorway, by the crowd of laughing and talking young girls and their admirers, who blocked it up for the moment. All at once I observed that Mr. Talbot was near me. One of the young men, who had, I suppose, picked up an acquaintance with him, asked him if he was going to bathe, and on his replying in the negative, the other added, familiarly,

"Not used to it, eh? Or a little afraid? It's rough, to-day, and will take a good bather."

A quiet smile of contempt was the only answer to this ill-bred speech; then the crowd opened, and I pushed through.

The crowd flocked after me. Ladies in wrappers; gentlemen in bathing hats; nurses carrying children in long flannel night-gowns; a grotesque medley; but every one in high good-humor. A group near me was talking of Mr. Talbot's refusal.

"Afraid, that's it," said his interlocutor. "One of your solemn prigs. Shouldn't wonder if he was a parson on a ticket of leave."

At this coarse sally there was a laugh from one or two silly girls. But here another gentle man interposed.

"He's not a parson, I'll bet on that; for he looked into the billiard-room, last night, when I was there; and I asked him to play, for all you fellows were dancing and I was deuced hard run——"

"And he played?"

"Yes! and beat me. Beat me easy. He's somebody, let me tell you; for Senator Clare and the governor both came in, staid till the game was over, and then took him away with them to talk. They wouldn't do that with any of us. I saw them, an hour after, sitting together in the shadow of the piazza. You'd better not be quite so free-and-easy with him, Jones."

"Who can he be?" cried the young ladies. "Has any one heard his name?"

It is an animated and often amusing sight, when fifty or a hundred persons, of all ages and in every variety of dress, are sporting in the surf: the young shouting with fun and excitement, while the old gravely go through with the bath as if it was the most serious affair in life. One cannot, at first, recognize one's most intimate acquaintances. The tall, willowy belle of the drawing-room has lost the cloud-like amplitude of lace and muslin, which distinguished her the night before, and is converted into a walking mummy, in red and blue woolen Bloomers; an oil-skin cap on her head, no shoes to her feet, her thin person at the mercy of the breeze. The stately dame, lately compressed into that "love of a basque," is revealed in all her huge proportions, and wallows over the sand, toward the surf, in her yellow-brown bathing-dress, quivering all over like calves-foot jelly. Then the cunning look of the babies!

I had taken a book with me, and after watching the scene awhile, began to read, occasionally looking up to see how Rosalie enjoyed the bath. The little thing was in high glee, and far out among the breakers: where, catching sight of me, she clapped her tiny hands and laughed. I smiled back, and wished, for the moment, I had bathed too; for the waves came rolling in quick and crisp, and everybody was wild with delight. To shut out the temptation I turned again to my book.

Suddenly there was a startling cry. I looked up. The bathers were hurrying in shore: the women screaming; the men pale, but silent. With an instinctive fear I searched the crowd for Rosalie and her nurse. They were not to be seen. But I beheld, beyond the breakers, a woman's form, sinking and struggling; I caught the gleam of a child's golden hair; and I heard the cry, "they are drowning," repeated by half

a score of voices, all in one breath. Yet though there were twenty men among the bathers, all were hastening in shore, the boastful Jones leading the terrified pack, and actually treading down helpless females in his way.

I sprang to my feet, and with a wild cry was rushing to the bank, when a strong arm restrained me. It was that of Mr. Talbot.

At any other time his presence would have embarrassed me, but now I thought only of Rosalie.

"Oh! save her," I cried, clasping my hands, "save her!"

He seemed to comprehend everything at once. Throwing off his coat, he leaped down the bank, ran swiftly across the beach, denuding himself of cravat and vest as he went; stopped an instant, on the edge of the surf, to remove his shoes: and plunged in. The next moment he was far out among the breakers.

I watched him breathlessly. He reached the nurse just as she was going down for the last time, caught her, and turned to come in. But at that instant, an enormous billow swept over them; and the whole three went under.

Twenty voices were speaking at once. I heard every one of them, and recognized most of the speakers, though I never took my eyes from the breakers. The nurse was being censured by all. She had been warned, one said, not to go out so far, but had disregarded everybody, and had finally got into a hole, and lost her footing, and with it her presence of mind. A current, which ran just outside the breakers, another added, had swept her, in a moment after, far beyond her depth. Mr. Talbot, one of the gentlemen said, was in this current now, and would never get out of it alive, "for I saw the nurse," he continued, "catch him about the neck as he went down." A by-stander suggested that if a boat could be launched, something might yet be done. But a dozen voices answered that there were no fishermen about, and that nobody else could steer a boat through the surf: besides, the nearest boat was three hundred yards off. The attempt to save the nurse and child, another declared, had been madness from the first. It was the craven Jones, that spoke, for I recognized his voice.

Hours seemed to elapse while these things were being said. But the drowning persons did not reappear. The great wave, which had carried them under, rushed shorewards, and spent itself at the very feet of the fugitives. Another, and another came racing in. Suddenly, in a trough of the sea, far out, I saw an arm dashed upwards; it held aloft a child's form, which I recognized as Rosalie's; and it was followed imme-

diately by Mr. Talbot. His face was full of stern resolution; but he seemed quite exhausted; and he turned eagerly to note how far he was from the shore.

My heart beat wild and fast. Oh! would not one go to their aid? Could he make any headway? Yes! he did. He struck boldly out; he rode that incoming wave triumphantly; he was already twenty feet nearer to the beach.

Alas! for human hope. At that moment, I saw three or four gigantic rollers rushing after him,

their lofty fronts towering higher and higher as they approached. The foremost was close upon him. It paused ominously, piling itself up and up, away into the sky. Suddenly, a streak of foam shot along its crest; a sound like thunder followed, as the tons of water descended; and the brave face disappeared, and with it Rosalie. The succeeding waves rolled swiftly in, and broke over the boiling gulf; and everything swam around me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON MY LITTLE SON,

WHO DIED JUNE 29, 1857.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

When June was beautiful with flowers

My darling passed away:

Alas! I cannot count the hours

From that unhappy day—

It seems to me a life-time now,

Since these sad eyes surveyed

The marble silence of his brow,

Beneath death's solemn shade.

I kissed it, and the icy touch

Went freezing to my heart;

And ah! I never knew how much

I loved him, till, apart

From all the rest, I softly went

And gazed upon him, dead;

And held his little hand, and bent

In voiceless woe, my head!

And prayed such prayers as fathers pray,

For solace from above—

When He, who gave, has snatched away

The very soul of love;

And took one last, long, lingering look,

That I might always trace,

Like letters graven in a book,

That fair and tender face.

A year, and more, has sadly flown

Since unto earth I gave

His precious form, and left alone

My treasure in the grave—

Alone! and oh! I heard him say,

As home I came, "My dear,

Dear father, do not go away,

And leave your Harry here!"

"My son! my son! I leave you not

Alone," my heart replied,

"Yours is a happy, happy lot,

Thus early to have died;

You are not here, my gentle love—

Not here, in this cold sod,

But borne on pinions like a dove,

Dwell with our Father, God."

"Our Father,"—this he strove to say,

That long and wretched night,

When in my arms he, dying, lay;

And when the morning light

Shone dimly on his fading eyes,

That oft repeated word

Would to his pallid lips arise,

And "father," still I heard.

And now that voice I sometimes hear

When I am all alone,

And sometimes on my dreaming ear

Sounds its familiar tone;

And sometimes his beloved smile

Dawns sweetly through the gloom,

And I expect to hear the while

His footsteps through the room.

But he is vanished—nothing can

His darling self restore—

To me, a sad, heart-broken man,

He will return no more;

Yet, I shall go to him, and stand

With him in light above,

For God will lend my Harry's hand

To lead me to His love!

SONNET.

BY HATTIE H. CHILD.

Mystic and beautiful the tender light

Yet lingering in that soft and beaming eye;

Over us both the free and open sky

Waves her broad wings to usher in the night.

Now, down the mountain side does yonder stream

Break, in its waterfalls, each rising gleam,

Eager to multiply the moonbeams bright.

'Tis fair, 'tis holy; but yon risen star

Rules the hushed air, as if with conscious might;

Oh! let it witness what we dearly plight!

That silver lamp lights happiness from far,

Heaven looks to bless and sanctify the sight;

Even as the stream reflects the skies above

Does each heart mirror back its heaven of love!

THE DAISY;
OR, THREE VISITS TO NEWPORT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It was twenty years ago, when I visited Newport for the first time. As the sloop threaded her way among the green islands in the harbor, and approached the landing, I was struck with the air of desertion which prevailed. No shipping lay at anchor. The capacious red, or unpainted, warehouses seemed unused. No rival hackmen rent the air with obtrusive clamor: no nimble porters strove for my trunk. Boat-builders laid down their tools to see the rare phenomenon of an arrival, and hatless children clustered round "the stranger."

After helping to bestow my baggage upon a wheelbarrow, trundled by a barefooted boy, who had volunteered to serve me as guide, I walked up Long Wharf. On my way, the old clock in the State-House solemnly struck the hour of noon; but midnight itself could not have made Washington Square more silent. A sleepy horse was hitched to one of the cannon, that marked its western limit; a permitted estray was drinking from the moss-grown tub at the fountain; robins were flitting among the poplars in "the mall;" and nests of the oriole hung swaying from the drooping boughs of the elms.

Reaching the then solitary public house, I was soon summoned to dinner, the meal being served at one, that being the fashionable hour when there was no fashion. A long afternoon thus gained, I bespoke the only hack in the place, and spent some hours in visiting the notabilities of the vicinity. I entered the chamber whence the daring Barton hurried the astounded Prescott; and listened to the gurgling of the brook that then flowed in greater volume along the ravine by which they gained the shore. I trod the secluded Whitehall, where dwelt the great-hearted Berkeley; and rested beneath the Hanging Rocks, those "permanent crags," in whose shade he wrote his "Minute Philosopher." I crossed the beaches whose grey sands had so often been imprinted by the feet of Malbone and of Alston, now unmarked save by the sea bird. I stood on the brink of Purgatory.

To me, the precincts of the town had a peculiar charm. The quiet streets, the dusky shops, the aristocratic mansions, the English aspect of the inhabitants, and the deep, broad

stamp of conscious respectability were full of interest.

After breakfast, next morning, I sauntered forth again. The site of the Ocean House was a grain field, and the Atlantic House a potato patch. I bent my steps, at last, toward the Redwood Library. The air about it was soft with vapors from the misty Atlantic, and redolent of clover, elder, and honeysuckle; the air of the primitive Eden could not have been more "delicate." The only sounds that broke the stillness were the twittering of the busy swallows, and the whir of the grasshoppers startled by my feet.

Just then a bell of singular sweetness rang out; and following its melodious guidance, I came to that venerable structure, Trinity Church. It was St. Bartholomew's Day; and the congregation, three-fourths of whom were women, were assembling for worship. Passing through the grave-yard, overgrown with tall grass, clover, and hemp, I entered the open door. Soon after, the reverend rector, in gown and bands, passed up the middle aisle, and entered the vestry-room; from which he almost immediately emerged again in the surplice, and took his place in the reading desk. As he turned the leaves of the big, red Bible and prayer-book, marking the pages for the morning's service, his mild, blue eye wandered over his little flock, as if to note the present and the absent. He might well do that, for his people were indeed his people—the days of shifting crowds and indistinguishable masses had not come. There was a baptism, and one of the recipients was a little girl about four years old. She was exceedingly beautiful. Her large, lustrous eyes contrasted strongly with the whiteness of her smooth brow, while slender curls of silken amber drooped over her fair neck. I did not wonder that her pastor smiled so benignly upon her, nor that he held her very tenderly in his fatherly embrace, as she twined her tiny fingers amid his grey locks, and rested her sunny head against his bosom. When the baptismal service was over, and the Benedictus pealed from the Berkeleyan organ, I joined in the exultant hymn; giving praise in my heart for the child now born again, as well as for the human birth of the holy son of Mary. When we came out,

the family group paused at the gate to exchange greetings with their friends; and the little Margaret strayed among the graves, gathering wild flowers. Climbing a high tomb, she stepped too near the edge, lost her balance, and would have fallen backward upon a sharply broken foot-stone, had not I caught her. The parents and three or four others rushed simultaneously forward, but they would have been too late to save their darling from injury, perhaps death. Their thanks were so earnest, I hastened to make my escape; but not before the father had demanded my address, and given me his own in exchange. His card bore the name of Gilbert Devon. As we parted, little Margaret held out to me the flowers she had so assiduously culled, begging me to take them. I drew a daisy from the bouquet, and laying it in my prayer-book, told her I would keep that for its name-sake.

At twenty-one I married. Ellen — was very beautiful, sang well, danced well, and seemed amiable in temper. She was the only child of a rich, old man, and the centre of a circle of admiring bachelors. Neighborhood and mutual acquaintances threw us often together; my relatives looked approvingly upon her prospects; and officious familiars resolved upon a match. To me they hinted that the fair Ellen sighed for no other; and like the plotting friends of Benedict and Beatrice, they whispered her the same mischievous lie. With the vanity of youth, and the wonted credulity of my sex in such matters, I believed: and flattered at being preferred to older and more devoted aspirants, I soon fancied myself in love. Her father favored me, for he was eager to connect with his daughter the heir of an educated family; having that reverence for superior knowledge so often evinced by those whose early lives have passed in ignorance and coarseness.

In short, I married, full of a boy's romantic notions of domestic bliss. But our tastes, our training, our pursuits were adverse; and to both, marriage became a galling yoke. Yet we learned to bear it quietly, and the wise world commended our harmony.

At length my wife was taken away, and I was left alone. I was not a popular man, and I knew it. So when thoughtful fathers began to urge me to family dinners, and smiling mothers pressed me to *fetes champetres*, I grew disgusted; and resigning my wife's fortune in behalf of her needy relatives, I left the city.

Impelled by a vague longing, I turned toward Newport. As the stage approached the town, the old windmills by the road-side swung their monster arms as they had done twelve years

before, and one or two returning market-wagons plodded on at the same slow pace. Alighting at the Bellevue House, the groups of little children at play beneath the horse-chesnuts gave more of life to the scene; and their negro nurses, with their handkerchief-enveloped heads, showed them to be visitants from Southern homes.

Seeking the host, I inquired of the family of Gilbert Devon; and received in answer the two chilling words, "All gone." This was modified, however, by more particular information; the substance of which was that Mr. Devon and his wife were dead, and that their daughter had gone to reside elsewhere. When he added that Mr. Devon had died insolvent, I thought of my own ample fortune with a satisfaction that I had never felt before. Where the daughter was, my host could not tell; but referred me to a waiter who had been a servant at the Devons', until the family had broken up. The black knew only that "Miss Margaret had gone to her uncle"—"aunt Phyllis could tell me all about her"—"aunt Phyllis was her nurse"—"aunt Phyllis was at the 'sylum'."

Engaging the fellow as a guide, I drove over a green road, which led through a farm on the western shore, to the bank opposite Coaster's Harbor Island. While waiting the tardy coming of the boatman, for whom we had signaled, a strangely attired and stalwart figure appeared beside us. A scarlet stripe ornamented the seams of his white trousers; a uniform coat covered his back; and a buff vest, with gilt buttons, his broad chest. Epaulets glittered on his square shoulders; a black plume waved in his hat, and a long sword rattled at his side. To the jocose and mocking salutation of my guide, he deigned no reply; but when I lifted my hat to him, with the deference that his mien seemed to challenge, he raised his hand to the brim of his own in true military fashion, while his eye lightened with approval of the appreciative stranger. The transit seemed to me as though it would be interminable. The half crazy ferryman rowed now this way, now that, until the soldierly John rebukingly seized the oar, and with vigorous jerks sped us to the landing. His "much obleege" for my grateful fee were his only words, and I saw him no more.

Poor Phyllis was glad to have a listener to the story of the Devons. With the privileged garrulity of the old domestic, she detailed the minutest particulars of the illness of her mistress—of the nights of watching, and the days of care—of her peaceful parting at the last. In her own way, she told of the gentle nursing of the loving Margaret, of her assiduous devotion

to her bereaved father; and of the doting fondness with which he clung to her. She dwelt on her master's sudden death, and on Margaret's still submission. Loud was her lamentation over the fallen fortunes of the orphan. It was very long before I could lead her to the main object of my visit, Margaret's present abode. After much delay, she produced a little box that Margaret had left with her, in which were a number of envelopes, with her address to the care of William Devon, Esq., Boston, in which Phyllis was to enclose news of herself from time to time and forward. Wishing to do the affectionate creature a service, I offered to act as her amanuensis. She accepted my assistance, and I filled a sheet at her dictation. It closed with "love to Master James." Involuntarily I looked up, and in answer to my inquiring glance, she observed, "Miss Margaret is engaged to him."

Unacknowledged to myself, I had been rearing the most unsubstantial of air-built castles, and a single breath had blown it down forever. The daisy of my boyhood had struck deeper root in my maturer dreams than I had known.

Eight years passed away, with little change to me. During the first, a Boston paper announced the marriage, at the house of William Devon, of James Chase and Margaret, daughter of the late Gilbert Devon, all formerly of Newport. At the close of the last, one of the journals of the day reported the failure of the house of Chase & Co., with the addition that James Chase, the senior partner, had given up, for the debts of the concern, an estate that had been so devised to him as to make its retention perfectly legal. I was alone in the world, with no relative or friend dependent upon me for support; and I determined to place a part of my property at the disposal of Margaret's husband. To do this delicately and successfully, required some knowledge of Mr. Chase's character; and to gain that knowledge, I set off for Newport.

Delayed by fog, it was ten o'clock in the morning, when the boat stopped at the landing. A crowd darkened the wharf, and the names of at least half a dozen hotels were shouted by uproarious hackmen. Thames street was choked by the carriages that waited at the shop doors; and hurrying express wagons clattered over the pavement of Spring street. Driving to the Atlantic House, the sole object that I recognized, was the unchangeable Stone Mill.

I paused a moment only, and then drove on to the beach. How changed was everything from my first visit! Groups of merry youths and merrier maidens, in robes of every hue, romped and screamed amid the waves. Timid

valetudinarians crept upon the margin of the sea, and stout swimmers laid their "hands upon the ocean's mane," and rode him like a well-trained charger. Old men tottered knee-deep in the brine, and frightened infants screamed at sight of the dashing water. Emerging bathers ran shivering from door to door of the long rows of unsightly dressing huts, in the vain endeavor to recall a forgotten number. Hacks and omnibuses wheeled forward and backward in search of fares; and stray spaniels whiningly sniffed for lost masters; for the dog of Ulysses would have failed to recognize the Greek hero if he had come back in a wet bathing-dress.

At my return, I had time to note the changes wrought elsewhere also, by twenty years. On the spot where I had once found wild flowers, withered dames figured in artificial bloom; and where the bobolink then trilled his eccentric melody, the artistic notes of a German band swelled through spacious halls. An hour later, I mounted my horse and rode out. Far southward, almost to the rocky shore, the once rural hill swarmed with carriages and equestrians. Amateur jockeys tried the speed of slender-limbed trotters; and groom-attended girls displayed their grace or awkwardness. A massive granite gateway, bearing symbols of death and eternity, had risen to guard the entrance of the Jewish Cemetery. Beside it, Hay street had opened a new vista through the fields. Following its course for a time, I turned my horse westward, with the intention of seeing old Phyllis once more. Near the asylum, I met the fantastic Haytian, from whose broken English I was able to gather that she still lived. The crazy boatman's occupation was gone, for a firm causeway now crossed the shallow channel.

Phyllis remembered me, and received me with a hearty greeting. Eloquent as ever in praise of Margaret, she prated of her constant kindness; told how she came every year to see her, and what rare, good gifts she brought; and drew from her chest of treasures many a precious token of her young mistress's loving remembrance. I marveled inwardly that she poured forth no regrets for Margaret's recent misfortunes; and ventured myself to speak of Mr. Chase's reverses. She shook her head and sighed, adding, quite philosophically, that it was "now all one to him." I asked an explanation, and she told me he was dead. "Dead!" I exclaimed, and said no more; but Phyllis went on to tell that Mr. William had taken his sister home again; that Miss Margaret would have her resume her old place at the head of the house; and much more, of all which I comprehended

nothing. To this unintelligible prattle I listened bewildered. I began to doubt my own sanity. But I knew that Margaret had no brother: I knew that William Devon was her paternal uncle. Out of patience with the senseless babble of the woman, I began to ply her with questions. At last it was all made clear. Margaret's father and grandfather had both borne the name of Gilbert, and her aunt as well as herself that of Margaret. It was the aunt who had been the wife of James Chase.

"Whom then had Margaret married?" was the next inquiry. "She never married," was the answer. The lover of her girlhood had been faithless, and had long ceased to be regretted.

Oh, what a dullard was I, never to have conceived that two might own the name of Margaret Devon! Remounting my horse, I went slowly back to my lodgings, musing on what might have been.

The next day was Sunday, and I once more bent my steps to the church, where I had seen the gentle child whose memory so clung to me.

The building was unchanged. There were the square pews, the high pulpit with its tasseled cushion, and the sounding-board swinging fearfully above it; the fringed desks; the oak-cased organ, surmounted by crown and mitre; the mural tablets. But what a change in the worshippers! Every seat was filled, and by people of every type. Here were the fair hair and carnation-tinted cheek of New England; and there the dark, pale face of the sunnier South.

The grey-haired rector was gone, and his place was filled by a comparatively youthful figure, with the brow of a Persian. His sonorous voice and clear enunciation were very effective in the liturgy, but could not drown the trampling of horses and rattling of carriages outside, during the sermon. On coming out, a close line of vehicles stretched along Spring street; and another on Church street intersected it at right angles, unwittingly making the sign of the cross with equipages and footmen.

Missing my cane, I went back for it, and to avoid the throng, stepped from the walk and

stood among the graves. I plucked a daisy beside the tomb where Margaret had stood, and when the crowd had issued forth, returned into the church with it in my hand. My seat had been near the chancel, and as I now drew near, two ladies, who had lingered, stood looking at the gilded tables of the law. In a tone full of sad music, one of them observed, "I remember the first time I ever entered these walls. It was when I was brought to be baptized." Her face was averted, but I felt that it was Margaret Devon. She went on to detail the incidents of that hour; her heedlessness; her danger, and her being saved by an unknown youth; her giving him her flowers, and his promise to keep the daisy. She added playfully, "I sometimes wonder if he really retained it, and if I ever shall see him again. I mean to pick another from the same spot and keep it until I find its fellow."

She turned to go, as she spoke, and came full upon me, standing with the daisy in my hand.

I was no longer a youth, and the child Margaret was now a stately woman. The grey hairs that had crept among the chesnut on my temples ought, perhaps, to have brought more wisdom with them; but I was impelled onward. Holding out to her the freshly gathered flower, I said, "Will you not take this? I have kept the other twenty years." Surprised, confounded, she took it, and with hastily murmured thanks passed out of the church.

I went home in a whirl of undefinable emotion. It was in vain that I called myself an old fool; and conjectured whether Margaret laughed at my sentimentality, or was indignant at my impudence. So I went to her to learn the truth. Neither anger nor contempt were seen in those deep eyes; but maidenly consciousness and grateful kindness. I found her more beautiful than even in childhood, and in every womanly excellence beyond my highest imaginings.

Why lengthen out my story? I wooed, I won; and the little Margaret has become indeed my DAY'S EYE.

THE RECALL.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

COME back! Come back to me again!
As if those angry words had not been said!
The tears of bitterness that I have shed
Would wash away a sin of twice its stain.
COME back! Come back to me again,
I place my hands upon my aching head—

I wish that I were with the dead,
To know no more of wretchedness and pain!
COME back! Come back to me again!
I offer for those cruel words I said
The free devotion of a life instead!
How happy now! I have not pined in vain.

WHAT ANNE DALAND DID.

BY KATE WARE.

"Thou shalt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou shalt truly live."

ANNE DALAND sat by the window watching the sky. The light of the setting sun streamed through the crimson curtain upon her face, as she leaned her head on her hand. It was a sweet, thoughtful face, with its hazel eyes so calm in their clearness, its delicate mouth that for all its ripe fullness was decided, and its soft, dark hair. But its expression was more than thoughtful now; it was sad, and tears were dropping on to her little, lady-like hand, that rested on her cheek.

"Why Anne, what a sigh!" said a cheerful voice, and some one behind her took her face between two soft hands and turned it up to look at it.

"Is it you, cousin Mary? I didn't know there was anybody here."

"I just came in. Is there, Anne, room for me too on the lounge?"

Anne moved a little, and "cousin Mary" sat down by her. She was a sweet, genial, old maid, the favorite cousin of the Daland family, who always welcomed a visit from her as a sort of jubilee.

"What troubles you, Anne?" she said, in her peculiarly gentle, winning way, looking straight into Anne's eyes as she spoke.

Her cousin tried to evade the question at first, but finally unable to resist the charm of Mary's manner, she frankly opened her heart to her.

"I am not half so happy as I thought I should be, after I left school, cousin Mary. My life seems so aimless and useless. The little things I do every day don't amount to anything, and I get so tired of them! I do wish, somehow, I could live differently. I don't seem to be of any use in the world."

"Then, Anne, why don't you begin to do something?"

"That's the very thing, cousin Mary. I don't know what to do. Sometimes I really have a great mind to go 'out West' and teach school, or go away off somewhere and be a missionary and convert the heathen. Only," added Anne, dolefully, "father would never be willing."

"Ah, Anne, there is plenty for you to do at home in that case. There is work lying all

round you, if you would not scorn it because it is made up of little things, and there is not the romance about it that there would be about going to Turkey on a mission. You ought not to be contented while you are living so for yourself alone. Why not do more to make your father and mother happy, Anne? Since you cannot teach the heathen, why not go out into the kitchen and teach poor Bridget to read and write? You might visit the poor and sick, and do good in a thousand ways, if you only were willing to practice a little self-denial."

Her cousin talked earnestly with her, and Anne sat quietly when she had ceased, her face still turned to the window, her eyes fixed on the clouds, whose sunset glory was fast passing away, but cousin Mary knew she was thinking of what she had just said to her.

When the tea-bell had rung, and they got up to go into the dining-room, Anne slipped her arm round her cousin's waist and said softly, "I am glad you said what you did, cousin Mary, and I will try to live more for others, and less for myself."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Daland, laying down the newspaper he had been reading since tea, "but I believe I shall have to give up reading in the evenings altogether, it makes my eyes ache so," and he sighed at the thought of it.

Anne looked up from the delightful volume of Irving she had buried herself in, hesitated a moment, then resolutely shut it up and offered to read the paper to her father. It was rather dull, reading all the ship news, and prices current, and debates in the legislature, but she felt repaid by her father's affectionate, "Thank you, my dear," when she finished. She was eyes to her father every evening after that.

"You have already begun to do good, Anne," whispered cousin Mary to her, as she kissed her and said, "Good night."

Anne sat up in her room a good while that evening, thinking, thinking. She saw that she had been unhappy because she was selfish, and that while discontented because she could not do some great, shining deed, she had overlooked entirely that which it lay in her power to do.

It was with a new sense of weakness and sin that she knelt to pray for forgiveness for the past, and strength for the future.

Anne's new enthusiasm for doing good sent her into the kitchen the very next morning. "Bridget," said she, to that worthy domestic, who at that moment was deep in the mysteries of one of her delicious puddings. "Don't you wish you knew how to read and write as well as cook?"

Bridget dropped her egg-beater in astonishment at the question. "You're not making fun of me now, are ye, Miss Anne? Shure I'd give the whole of New York, just to be able to write a bit of a letter home to Ireland now and then."

So the lessons began that very day. It was no easy task that she had undertaken, Anne soon found that out. Poor Bridget! her memory was so short, and her mind as undisciplined as the merest child's, and she had such a propensity to learn everything by rote! Anne got discouraged sometimes, but she was determined to persevere, and she did.

One dull, foggy, dismal day, Anne Daland stood at the window looking out at the dreary prospect. The streets were muddy, and the few people who were out looked uncomfortable, and in a hurry to get home.

"Isn't it doleful, mother?" said Anne.

"Why, yes, I suppose so, since you say it is! But I've been too busy all day to mind the weather much," and Mrs. Daland bent her sweet, motherly face over her sewing again.

"There now, mother! I hope that isn't intended for a hit at me, I have done ever so much to-day; 'the little busy bee' is not to be compared to me, and yet I'm blue, decidedly blue. I'll tell you what it is, mother," said she, after another pause, "I'm going out."

"What, in this muddy walking?"

"It won't hurt me any. I'm going on an exploring expedition, to see if I can't find somebody to cheer up. Cousin Mary would say that is the best way to drive off the blues."

Mrs. Daland thought Anne might be right, so gave her one or two commissions. One to go and see a sick man, Mr. Malone, and the other to take a book to Mary Brackett.

"Mary is one of the best old maids that ever was, which is saying a great deal, and she's lonely. She can't go out much, you know, on account of her rheumatism," said Mrs. Daland.

In a few minutes Anne set out. The bustle of getting ready had already nearly dispelled the blues. She walked briskly along, holding up her skirts with one hand, just disclosing a glimpse of a white stocking, and very neat feet

encased in a pair of little, thick walking-boots, that would have rejoiced the heart of an Englishman, as they went tapping on the side walk with their little heels. The warm, damp air brought the color to her cheeks, and the very sight of such a bright, fresh, pretty face was enough to make one cheerful that dismal day. She met but few acquaintances, but they unconsciously brightened up as they returned her cordial smile and bow. Before she got to Mr. Malone's, she found a little, poor-looking boy, who had lost his way, and was crying bitterly.

"Here's a chance to make somebody happy," thought our young lady. She questioned him kindly, and found out where he lived, and restored him to his mother, who fortunately lived on the way to Mr. Malone's. The poor woman's name was Mrs. Hoyt. She thanked Anne over and over, and urged her to come in. So Anne went into the little room. Everything was neat, but showed that they were very poor indeed. Mrs. Hoyt, in talking with Anne, disclosed to her almost all her trials.

Her husband had died, and left her with four little children to take care of. She took in washing for a living, but lately she could get no work, and she had become entirely disheartened. Anne's kind heart was touched when the poor woman put her apron up to her face and cried; she tried to comfort her as well as she could.

"I'm so sorry for you," said she, "I don't wonder you feel discouraged. I wish I could do something for you. Send your little boy to our house in the morning, and I'll give him a basketful of things to carry home."

Then she remembered that one of their neighbors wanted a washer-woman. She told Mrs. Hoyt so, and that she had no doubt but that she could get work there, and then the lady would recommend her to her friends. And so followed by thanks, she went away, but she had no idea how much good she had done, or pleasure she had given.

The look of trouble left the widow's face at the thought of having employment; Anne's ready sympathy had taken away the heavy feeling at her heart, that nobody would care whether she lived or died; the very sight of her sunny face, and bright, pretty dress had pleased the children, who talked of her for days after. Poor Mrs. Hoyt! she actually had almost a smile on her face that night, as she sat up to mend a little, ragged jacket, remembering how Miss Daland had praised the children for looking so neat.

Old Mr. Malone, who was a paralytic, was

very glad to see her. He was a good, old man, and after Anne had sat a little while with him, proposed to her that she should read him a chapter out of the Bible. "My woman," said he, with a look at his wife, who sat by him, "ain't near so good at reading as she is at nursing."

So Anne did, and while she was reading, in came a coarsely dressed, rough-looking man, whose face was all seamed with the small-pox. "He's one of the neighbors—don't mind him—he won't have no objections," said Mr. Malone, afraid she was going to stop. So she went on reading, and the rough-looking man listened attentively, even eagerly, to every word, and stared out of the window after her as long as she was in sight, when she went away, promising Mr. Malone that she would come again soon, and read to him.

With a softened, loving feeling to everybody in her heart, Anne went with the book her mother had sent to Mary Brackett. The pretty, tasteful room, with its bright fire, and pictures, and canary birds at the window, looked charming, almost fairy-like, after the one she had just left.

Little, merry Miss Brackett, with her funny, old-fashioned ways, welcomed her cordially, and scolded playfully, because she had not been there before.

"We sour old maids are pleased, after all, when the young girls come to see us," said she.

"You are not an old maid, Miss Brackett," said Anne, making herself comfortable in one of Mary's little rocking-chairs, "because you don't keep a cat; old maids always do."

"Bless you, child, it's only because I can't get one to suit me. I'm set on a Maltese with white paws, just as I am set on not marrying till I find somebody like Dr. Kane!"

"Oh! isn't that book of his splendid?" Anne exclaimed, kindling with enthusiasm.

So they talked about Dr. Kane, discussed all the news, and had such a chatty, sociable time, that before Anne knew it, it was getting late, and she must go.

"You're a pleasant little lady, Miss Anne Daland," said Miss Brackett to her, as she stood at the door, about to go, "and I hope you'll come again."

"Little?" said that young lady, drawing herself up indignantly, being more than a head taller than Mary Brackett.

"Well, don't look like a wrathful Juno about it, my dear: that style don't suit you. I am much obliged to your mother for the book. *Au revoir*," she prided herself in her French.

"Mother," said Anne, when she got home, "you don't know what a pleasant time I've had. I declare I never thought of the blues once," she went on, untying her bonnet, and talking in the most animated manner at the same time. "Everybody was so glad to see me; and oh! I must tell about a Mrs. Hoyt I came across." And she related to her mother her "adventure," as she called it.

The impulse that had been awakened in Anne's heart to do good, did not die away when its novelty was gone. Some of her schemes for usefulness failed, and some succeeded; but they all had a softening, beneficial effect on her character, whether she knew it or not, and made her more unselfish. But there was one place where her efforts succeeded, and were appreciated fully, as the following extract from a letter of her mother's to "cousin Mary" will show:

"As for Anne, I really believe the dear child grows more lovable every day. She does a great deal to relieve me of care, and devotes nearly every evening to her father—who cannot read by gaslight now—reading to him, or playing and singing. She is the very light of the house. I don't know what we should do without her."

One warm day, several months after the conversation with which our story began, a little Irish girl came for Anne to go and see "Mr. Brett."

"Mr. Brett?" said Anne, reflectively, "I never heard the name before. There must be some mistake about it."

"Oh! no, marm; he's a sick man what lives in our house; he's going off in a consumption, an' he's been talking ever so long if he only could have Miss Daland read to him, an' nobody knew who you was, till yesterday, Mrs. Hoyt was in, and she tells mother where you live. An' Mr. Brett, thin he was in a fever till I came for you."

Anne wasn't much enlightened by the statement, and inquired where he lived. It was in "Dyer's court," one of the worst and dirtiest places in the city. She hesitated a moment about the propriety of going there, besides, it was so warm; but her better impulses prevailed, and she went with the little girl.

It was a tall, black house, that seemed to be swarming with occupants, at the end of a narrow, dark lane. The battered door was half off its hinges, and the steep steps were so wet and dirty that Anne's forehead wrinkled with disgust as she trod on them. Up one pair of dark stairs after another till she reached the garret, where the child left her. Such a little cooped up, wretched place! And at one end of it, on a low

bed, covered with ragged quilts, lay a man. He turned his head feebly, at her entrance, and looked at her. His face instantly brightened. She thought she had seen the rough, coarse features, seamed with small-pox before, haggard and changed by sickness as they were now, but for the life of her she could not tell when.

"Oh!" said the man, "I'm so glad you've come at last. Sit down, sit down; if you were an angel I couldn't be gladder to see you!"

Anne looked round, then took the broken chair by the bed:

"I'm glad you know me, Mr. Brett," she said, gently; "but I don't think I recollect where I have seen you."

"You went to see old Malone once, when I was there, and you read to him out of a Bible such blessed words about the Lord, as how He told 'em about 'the mansions,' and not to be afraid, and how he loved 'em; I never could forget them words, never; and, since I've been sick here, it seems as I'd give the world and welcome just to hear you read them blessed words again."

Here a terrible fit of coughing interrupted him. When it was over, Annie told him that she remembered his coming into Mr. Malone's very well, the first time she went to read to him, and wished she had known of his being sick before.

"Oh! Miss, I've thought on you day and night since I've been lying here, and didn't know where to send for you, nor nothing, only that your name was Daland. And there wasn't nobody that could read to me, only the doctor, as has been a week now to see me, and I hadn't no courage to ask him, though he's been very kind."

Anne was very much touched, and glad that she had come at once. She read to him the fourteenth chapter of John, and the tears came into her eyes, when he told her, that that chapter, which she had read to Mr. Malone that day he had seen her there, was the only one he had heard since he was a child, for he had not been in a church for years.

Anne sat with him nearly an hour, talking with him about the Saviour, "who will in no wise cast out any who come to him." He listened eagerly, never taking his eyes off her face, and when she went away, entreated her to come again.

She went often after that, every day when it was possible, and did what she could to make him more comfortable while he lived, and she promised Mrs. Tighe, who lived in the room below, that she would pay her well if she would go

in often, and attend to his wants, for he had no one to take care of him.

He always smiled when Anne came to see him, and he would say, "The Lord bless you," when she would finish reading to him, as she always did, though sometimes she read but a few verses at a time, because he was so weak.

"Shure he can't last much longer, Miss!" said Mrs. Tighe to her, one afternoon, as she passed the door. "The doctor told me so himself, this mornin', an' ain't it verra kind in him now, to come and see him so often, and make the poor craythur as asy as he can, till he dies; considerin' too, he knows it's niver a bit of pay he'll get for it?"

Anne thought it was. It was later than usual, one dull afternoon when she went, but she hurried along, and thought she would have time to be at home before dark. She found her invalid brighter than usual, thankful for some grapes she brought him, eager to have her read to him. After she had read much longer than usual, he said to her, "If it wouldn't be asking too much, wouldn't you sing to me a little? I recollect how they used to chant and sing hymns in the chapel, when I was a little boy to home, and it did sound beautiful."

"Yes, Mr. Brett, I'll sing a hymn to you, if you promise to shut your eyes and let me sing you to sleep."

"Bless you!" said he, "I'll try."

Anne thought a moment, then began to sing "Jerusalem, my happy home," in her low voice. In the middle of it, she thought she heard a creaking on the stairs; but concluding it was one of Mrs. Tighe's children, sang it all through. Mr. Brett was not asleep, and great tears were dropping through the thin fingers with which he had covered his face. She turned her head toward the door, and there stood a young gentleman, with his hat in his hand, listening. She started, and Mr. Brett looked round.

"Oh! is that you, Dr. Morris?" said he. "Come in; she," pointing to Anne, "is the angel the Lord sent me when I was sick."

Anne colored, and could not help smiling at the odd introduction. The stranger smiled, too, as he bowed quietly to her, and said to his patient,

"I almost thought it must be an angel, myself, at first, when I heard the singing as I came up stairs, Mr. Brett. I didn't know what to make of it, I was so startled by it. You must excuse my listening to you on the stairs," he said to Anne, "but I could not help it. I hope I have not interrupted you."

"Oh! no," replied Anne, "I have stayed too

late already," and bidding Mr. Brett good-bye, she stepped quietly out of the room, while the doctor was talking to him.

When she reached the foot of the stairs, and opened the outside door, she looked out in dismay. It had become very dark, and, to make it worse, was beginning to rain. She stood a moment, peering into the darkness, and hearing rough, loud voices at the end of the lane, afraid to venture out. Then a step coming down stairs startled her, and she hurried forth. She had gone but a few steps, when she heard some one coming up behind her: and then a thick, coarse voice at her side said, "Don't hurry so, my pretty duck; wait a moment."

She gave a sudden start, and turned round. The light from a window near, fell on the leering face of a tipsy sailor at her side.

"Needn't be afraid, dear!" said he, trying to put his arm round her waist.

In mortal terror, she struggled to free herself from his grasp, when a sudden blow from behind felled him to the earth.

"He can't hurt you now," said Dr. Morris, though his eyes were still flashing with indignation, turning to Anne, who was white with terror, "he is too tipsy to get up again. May I not see you safe home? It is too dark for you to go through here alone, you have been dreadfully frightened already."

Quivering from head to foot, she took his offered arm, with a sense of protection and relief that was almost overwhelming after her fear.

The drunken sailor, unable to rise, still lay there, muttering angry oaths at them.

"You are trembling all over, Miss Daland," said the young man, "I'm afraid you will faint; shan't I go back to Mr. Brett's with you, and then get a carriage?"

Anne, whose only desire was to get home as soon as possible, knew that there was no carriage stand within a long distance, so she told him she never fainted, and that she would rather go home at once.

She was still too much excited to say much, but Dr. Morris, after telling her that as soon as the thought struck him, that she was going home alone, he had left Mr. Brett with the intention of going all the way behind her, to see that no one troubled her, thinking she might not like to accept the escort of a perfect stranger if he offered it, and was just in time to hear the sailor speak to her the second time, turned the conversation in another direction. By thus diverting her attention, he did the best thing possible. Anne soon breathed more freely, and could not but admire the ease with which he

kept up the conversation, and his manners, which could not have been more entirely respectful and gentlemanly.

As they passed under the lamp-post, she took the opportunity of looking at him. He was tall and rather slight, but muscular as he had proved by the force with which he had struck the sailor; his hair, as well as she could tell under his hat, was light and wavy; his eyes were fine, such a clear blue! so frank and truthful! a soft moustache almost hid his mouth, which would have been too delicate if it had not been firm: the expression of his whole face was peculiarly bright, manly, and kind.

"He is handsome," thought Anne, "and how much he looks like the pictures of Clive Newcome!"

At length they reached her door. She thanked him warmly again and again; then lifting his hat to her with a bow that would have done credit to a young knight, he walked away.

Who will blame the young man, that he sighed to himself as he walked home alone to his boarding-house, thinking that poor Brett was not so very much to be pitied after all, with some one like Miss Daland to go and see him? "What a clear, sweet voice she had, and how good it was of her to visit that old garret!" He wished he could knock that sailor down again, for daring to insult her or any woman unprotected. What wonder was it, that as he sat in his luxurious, but lonely room that evening, he caught himself humming, "Jerusalem, my happy home!" and then said, "Nonsense!" to himself, and took refuge in the Medical Journal and a cigar?

In the future, Anne went in the morning to see Mr. Brett. Not so much from any fear of being frightened again, or from any aversion to seeing her gallant defender, but from a maidenly self-respect that prevented her going there again at an hour when she would need his escort home. Not so the young gentleman, he took pains from that time to go there in the afternoon, but of course was always disappointed, for not another glimpse of her did he get.

Poor Brett failed rapidly, and was fully conscious that death was fast drawing near, but he looked forward to it with a calm trust. It was not in vain that Anne had read to him from the Bible, and had told him of the Saviour who had died for him.

"Troth, Miss Daland!" said Mrs. Tighe to her, one day, "the doctor said last night might be the poor craythur's last. It's a kind heart intirely that the doctor has, and it's always cheering to the poor man to see him. When he asks him if 'his angel' has been to see him

to-day, poor Brett's face lights up, an' off he goes a telling the doctor of all your kindness to him, till you'd think he'd never be done. An' the doctor he stands and listens, and shure I've noticed," said the shrewd Irish woman, with a glance at Anne, whose face did not change in the least, "that he never tells him at all he'll be hurting himself talking, when he's spaking of you, but other times he stops him."

It was but two or three days after this, that Anne, as she stood at the door of the garret, heard voices, and a sort of hubbub in the usually quiet room. She started as she went in. On the bed lay a long, white figure, covered with a sheet. Mrs. Tighe was washing up the floor, and talking with one of the neighbors, who sat watching her. The sick man was dead. Anne's tears fell fast as she turned back the sheet, and looked at the thin, white face, on which rested a holy calm that awed her.

"He went off very soft and peaceful-like," said Mrs. Tighe, wiping her eyes with her apron. "He prayed the Lord to bless you over and over: then he looked up quick, very bright, and said something about 'the many mansions,' that I couldn't understand, and didn't breathe no more."

Several months had passed away. There was a select party at Mrs. Ward's, who was universally acknowledged to give the most delightful parties in town. Her social position as well as her own personal charms, enabled her to draw around her the most elegant, the most intellectual, whatever was best in the society of the city. Her easy, cordial manners, which were too high-bred to be other than simple and unassuming, charmed all, and she possessed the rare quality as hostess of drawing out the particular gift of each of her guests, and making each appear to the best advantage. The brightly-lighted rooms were nearly filled. In front of a crimson curtain, which threw off her figure in clear relief, stood Anne Daland, as natural and unconscious in her airy dress of white lace, with superb scarlet verbenas in her bosom and hair, as a few hours before, in her calico morning-dress, at work in the kitchen, the cook having gone to bed sick.

"Mary, I don't believe Dr. Morris is coming after all," said Miss Osgood, one of a group standing near Anne.

Anne had not seen him since the night when he had so gallantly protected her from insult, and waited with some interest for the reply.

"I should think he would come, he is such a particular friend of Mrs. Ward's," replied Mary Earle, the one addressed, "I'm dying for an introduction to him. Delightful, isn't he?"

"Perfectly, and has such an animated, brilliant face, and such expressive blue eyes, and manners that are so free, and yet so gentlemanly!" The young lady was becoming very enthusiastic, when she suddenly exclaimed in a low voice, "Oh, there he comes now!"

Mrs. Ward's handsome face brightened as Walter Morris entered the room, and came toward her. She reproached him playfully for coming so late, that she had positively given him up. "You may imagine my despair," said she.

"More easily than I can describe my own, when I feared I could not come, as I did an hour ago."

A little conversation, full of raillery and fun, passed between them, then Mrs. Ward said to him, "I have private designs upon you to-night, Walter, I am going to introduce you to an indefinite number of pretty girls, who will do their best to fascinate you, but it's on your peril that you fall a victim to any but the one I have chosen."

"Why, may I ask?" he said, looking gayly round the room.

"Because she is a young friend of mine, whom I am sure your fastidious taste——" he bowed sedately, "is sure to appreciate. I have been longing for an opportunity for ever so long to introduce you to each other, it's such a clear case of suitability. She is so entirely charming and good! more than ordinarily cultivated, she is so simply earnest and natural in everything she does! In short, the most lovable creature! Prepare to be vanquished as soon as I introduce you."

"I have once seen one," said the young man, quietly, "to whom your glowing description might apply: but I do not see her here."

"Alas, then! If you have ever seen one whom you could so wholly admire, I withdraw from the field, you are already vanquished."

"I declare, Mrs. Ward," said he, "I was not aware that I admitted anything of the kind. To love and to admire are not the same thing, are they? If they are, in what danger I stand at this very moment," looking at her with warm admiration expressed in his fine eyes, as she stood gracefully before him.

"To waste such a look and speech as that on an old married woman, Walter!" she said, in a deprecating tone. "But it's not fair for me to monopolize you in this way. Let me take your arm, and I will go and present you to Miss Hale over there. She is not the one though, my young lady wears only natural flowers: and is the only one here to-night who does, I think."

Anne was enjoying herself extremely. A little while before supper she was talking brightly with a little group of gentlemen gathered round her. Dr. Morris, unconsciously standing near, engaged in a conversation that bored him, heard some one say, "That is Miss Daland. Has she not an interesting face?"

He turned quickly, and for the first time during the evening saw Anne. Their eyes met, he bowed, and with a face full of pleasure, at once went toward her.

"This is such an unexpected pleasure, Miss Daland!"

Anne gracefully returned his salutation, with perhaps a slightly heightened color in her cheek.

"I am not sure, Miss Daland," said he, "that I have a right to presume upon an introduction so informal as mine to you, and so long ago. But here comes Mrs. Ward, and she is looking this way. May I not ask her to introduce me in form, Miss Daland?" glancing back brightly toward her, as he went to meet Mrs. Ward and make his request.

"I am indignant, Walter," said that lady, in answer to it. "You know that I meant to have the pleasure of introducing you to Miss Daland myself. Some one, I see, has forestalled me, and so you maliciously ask me to do it now, to tease me, I suppose, for being so dilatory. Who would believe that so ingenuous a face could conceal such malice? Do not let me interrupt your conversation with Miss Daland, I pray you," and with an assumed air of injured dignity, she turned away from him.

"What splendid verbenas, Anne!" she said, "you always wear natural flowers I have noticed," and darting a quick look at Dr. Morris as she spoke, she left them.

"Mrs. Ward has refused my request, thinking it unnecessary. Perhaps it is just as well. She could not have equalled the way in which our poor friend Brett introduced you, simply as an 'angel,' as if you had no earthly name. How strangely unfortunate I was in not meeting you there again!"

Anne replied, "You would not have said unfortunate, if you had not forgotten the affair with the sailor, and the long walk in the rain afterward, in consequence of meeting me there."

"Pardon me," said he, looking at her, "but it was because I did not forget the opportunity it gave me of defending you, or the walk with you, that I said 'unfortunate.'"

"Do you consider it your mission," she answered, with a smile, "to go round like one of the knights of old——"

"Do say like Bayard, Miss Daland," he interrupted, entreatingly.

She laughed. "Well then like 'Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*,' defending poor, unprotected damsels?"

Walter was about to reply, when the door of the supper-room was thrown open, which diverted his attention. He had the pleasure of taking Anne out, and secretly congratulated himself on his good fortune, as he saw a gentleman, just approaching her for the same purpose, turn away with a disappointed air.

He devoted himself to her all the rest of the evening, thereby drawing down upon her the envy of divers young ladies present.

It was late when Mr. Daland came to Anne and told her that the carriage was waiting for them. She bid Dr. Morris good evening, and taking her father's arm was turning away, when she remembered that he had her fan, which he had been using in her service.

"Oh, Miss Daland!" he said, with a tragic air, as at her request he handed it to her, "I was in hopes you would forget it."

"Why?"

"So that I might call in a day or two, and return it."

Anne laughed at his ingenuity, and gave him permission to call on her, without having her fan for a pretext.

He did call, and gradually became so frequent a visitor, that it became a matter of course. Mr. Daland quietly made inquiries as to the gentleman's character and prospects, and probably found them unexceptionable, for he did not forbid the continuance of the calls. For Anne's part, when any of her friends teased her about him, she always looked indignant, and answered with a good deal of dignity, and some warmth, that Dr. Morris and herself were "excellent friends, and that was all."

They were excellent friends, undoubtedly: he lent her books to read from his library, frequently dropped in of an evening, when she was playing to her father, "happening to pass by," of course. At her request, he visited old Mr. Malone, whom she went once a week to read to, and, by his professional skill, helped him so, that occasionally he was able to walk out, which he had not done before for more than a year. And, in return, he told her of a poor family whom he had been called to see, who were really suffering from want. So Mrs. Daland and Anne interested themselves in them, found an employer for the husband, who was a gardener, and clothed the children up so, that every Sunday they might have been seen, with cheerful faces, in Anne's

Sunday-School class. In the bright, golden days of October, when the air is so delicious that it seems almost a sin to stay in-doors, they took long walks together, and had sometimes long and earnest conversations, but they never talked of love.

It was a charming winter's day. Anne sat alone with her sewing, by the window in their little sitting-room opening with glass doors into the parlor. Presently there was a ring at the door. Anne inclined her head a moment to listen to the voices in the hall. A smile flitted across her face, and she took up her work again.

"I may come in here, Miss Anne, mayn't I?" said Dr. Morris, in his clear, pleasant tone, appearing at the glass doors, the servant having showed him into the parlor.

"Certainly, I give you possession," replied Anne, in a cordial tone, rising, and giving him her hand. "And I will go on with my sewing, while you may be as comfortable and lazy as you choose in that arm-chair."

There was a charming air of comfort and coziness about the little room, with its bright fire in the grate, Anne's Maltese kitten asleep in front of it, and the little table drawn up to the window, with its books and work-basket, and a Parian vase with geraniums in it. Anne's figure completed the picture, and gave its chief charm as she sat by the table, her head bent slightly forward over her sewing, her smooth, brown hair, the soft color in her cheek, the lace round her white throat, the soft folds of her blue dress, from beneath which peeped a dainty slipper, all looking so sweet and womanly. There is no doubt Walter Morris thought so to himself, as he drew up the big arm-chair, and took possession of it.

Conversation went on smoothly as usual, for a time, then came an awkward pause. The young man's eyes were fixed earnestly on her face, and Anne felt embarrassed, and began looking for something in her work-basket. Among other things, she came across a kid glove, and took it out, saying,

"That doesn't belong in here."

Walter took up the glove, which was hers, looked at it a moment, then laid it on the table again.

"I believe it's a universal custom with gentlemen to have all sorts of keepsakes and souvenirs of their lady friends. I have but one, Miss Anne, and that is a little kid glove which I found once. I treasure that because I love with my whole heart, as I never thought I could love any woman, the one whom it belongs to," and his voice trembled with feeling. He spoke with an

almost passionate ardor of manner that Anne had never seen in him before. A sharp, sudden thrill of surprise and pain went all through her at this unexpected confession of his love for another, it seemed for a moment as though her heart stopped beating. But she had a woman's pride, and though the sudden rush of feeling, and the strong effort for self-command made her paler, she answered, almost playfully, but without raising her eyes from her sewing: "Like the prince in 'Cinderella,' who found the slipper in the ball-room, you vowed, I suppose, that the owner of that glove should be yours."

"I found my treasure in a very different place from a ball-room, Miss Anne. It was on the rough floor of an old garret, where on a ragged bed a dying man lay, whom the one who dropped my glove there, had been to as an angel of mercy, and had cheered with the hope of heaven. Do you wonder that I took up the little glove, and kissed it almost reverently, and have treasured it ever since?"

Anne looked up quickly at him, her face flushing crimson.

"There it is," he said, laying a little, brown kid glove in her lap. "If you know the one who lost it, tell her that nothing in the wide world could make me so happy, as to call the little hand that once wore it mine!"

Anne took it up. It was hers. She held it for a moment in fingers that were trembling, her eyes growing dim with tears. Walter was watching her breathlessly. Then, still holding the glove, she laid her hand in his.

Two years have passed. We will draw away the curtains from the windows, whence streams such a cheerful light into the darkness of the street, and look into the pleasant parlor. By the centre-table under the brightly-lighted chandelier sits Walter Morris, having just laid down the book he was reading out aloud, to hold a skein of silk for his young wife, (Anne Daland that was, they have been married a year and a half,) who, as she winds it, is talking with animation all the while, though stopping now and then when she comes to a snarl.

"Cousin Mary says in her letter, Walter, that I mustn't let happiness make me selfish."

Her husband looks at her with a quiet smile, but there is a depth of tenderness in it. "I only wish you were a little more selfish. I was thinking just now that you looked tired—what have you been doing to-day?"

"I went this morning to Judge Stuart's and staid a good while with Clara, she feels her brother's sudden death so much, poor girl! Then this afternoon to our Sunday-School, where we

go once a week, you know, to teach poor children to sew, and from there to Mrs. Morgan's, whose sick child you went to see yesterday, how destitute they are, Walter! And then I came straight home, oh, no! I remember I did step into poor Neal's a moment to see how he did since the amputation. He said so much about your kindness to him!”

“No wonder you look tired! I will go with you the next time you go to Mrs. Morgan's. I don't like to have you go there alone, I'm afraid you'll meet with another sailor.”

“You mean that you are afraid I shall meet with another handsome young man, who will rescue me from the sailor, and then fall in love with me,” Anne answers, looking up archly from the snarl she is trying to pick out.

“People don't meet with such rare good fortune as that very often,” he says, returning her glance, “and on the whole, I think it's well they

don't, else we should have such numbers of young ladies going round doing good for the sake of being rewarded with a lover, which wouldn't be a very noble motive for usefulness, eh, Anne?”

“That wasn't what waked me up to see how much there was for me to do in the world, and that because I was a young lady with no care, that was no reason why I should live only for my own enjoyment: and I am quite ashamed of you, Walter, for daring to insinuate that there is a young lady in the world who would act upon such a contemptible thought: I shall punish you for the remark by giving you another skein of silk to hold. Did I ever tell you that I really wanted once to go on a foreign mission? But cousin Mary showed me that since I couldn't, I must go on a home mission.”

“What a pity you did not go on the foreign! Poor Feejee Islanders, what a dainty dish the cannibals lost!”

THE OLD YEAR.

BY LENA LYLE.

Thou art gone, old year,
Gone away:
In the past, on thy bier
To decay.
Thou hast carried smiles and tears—
Thou hast carried hopes and fears,
With thee from the world away,
Far away!
I am sadly sighing,
All for thee!
For the year, now dying,
Unto me
Brought rich blessings bright and gay,
Taught me how to kneel and pray,
Banished saddening thoughts away,
Yes for aye!

Weep for the old year,
Dying lone;
Silently drop a tear,
He is gone!
Gone! with sorrows unrecorded—
Gone! to be by angels guarded—
Gone! from earthly things away,
Far away!
Winds are sadly meaning
O'er thy grave—
Forest trees are groaning
As they wave—
Tears are falling fast and thickly—
Smiling eyes beam out as quickly,
As a requiem for thee,
All for thee!

“WE SEE THE ROSES BLOOM.”

BY CLARENCE MAY.

The crimson hues on forest leaves
Speak sadly to my heart,
And whisper of the coming days.
When you and I must part;
But gazing o'er the waste of years,
Beyond the present gloom—
There, in a fair, elysian clime,
We see the roses bloom.
The summer comes—then softly wanes;
The flowers bloom—then die;
And change is written on each thing
Beneath the arching sky.

Soft music for a while may cheer
Earth's weary, trusting child;
But cares soon change the soothing strain
To dirge notes, sad and wild.
There is a clime—it is not far,
Where Summers never wane;
Where flowers droop not, music sinks not
To a wild, desponding strain.
And looking o'er our present cares,
Beyond a quiet tomb,
'Tis there, 'tis there, in that bright clime,
We see the roses bloom!

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

THERE is only one moving object that I know of more beautiful than a ship in full sail, and that is a bird upon the wing. Even the little sloop, that tacked in and out of the windings which make the Hudson so picturesque, had a grace of its own which rendered it the first object in that grand scenery. On it went, with its white sails spread, and its low bow ducking to the water, like some grand aquatic fowl playing with the foam wreaths its own motion had created; now in the shadow—now in the sunshine, it glided, with a pleasant flutter of the sails, and the breath of a soft Indian summer sighing across its deck, so quietly, that the shadows through which it passed, deepened without being broken, and the sunshine laughed around it as it does when the water-birds are frolicking, turning the foam to pearls and the spray to diamonds.

Two persons sat upon the deck, a man of fifty, wrapped in a traveling-cloak of foreign make, and a young girl of seventeen, also muffled, in a cloth mantle, lined with fur, in which she shivered, as you see a poor Italian greyhound under all its pretty housings, when our winter begins to threaten.

Yet the girl was tall and fair, with that beautiful type of loveliness which makes an American woman a model all over the world: so delicate, so bright, and, alas! so evanescent is her beauty. Her air was foreign. The wonder with which she gazed abroad upon the hills, clothed in their gorgeous autumnal foliage, bespoke her a stranger to the land; but her grey eyes, the abundance of rich auburn hair that fell in waves from under her hood of blue silk, and the energy of mind that spoke in every sweet feature was American, as the gorgeous foliage upon the hill sides.

But there she sat, upon the deck, shivering in her furs, though the wind came laden with the breath of dying fern leaves, and to a native would have seemed balmy and fragrant rather than cold.

"Papa!"

The gentleman started, and looked around with a nervous sort of terror in his eyes. Her

voice had drawn his thoughts back from the long ago with a pang, but he answered gently and smiling,

"Well, Gillian?"

The girl had spoken in Italian, and her voice rendered even that sweet language more melodious by its rich tones. Her father answered in English, and in that language she spoke the second time,

"Father, why have we come to this country? Is it to live here forever?"

"It is your native land, Gillian. Look abroad and tell me if Italy is more beautiful?"

"It is strange, gorgeous, oppressively gorgeous, father; but those grand old trees drink up all the warmth. I am chilled and lonely here."

"It is my fault, Gillian. A daughter of America should not be chilled by a wind like this. I have done wrong to keep you away from home till you have forgotten your native land."

"Not quite, papa. I remember it a little: the spot which I recollect is not like these hills, but a broken country, scattered with houses, with one at the foot of a rugged hill, which seemed to be my home. I only recollect it at one time, and in one way. The door was open; a glow of sunset lay upon the sill, crossing softly along the room in which I sat playing. I remember the very dress I wore. It had a pink tint, and was protected by a little white apron, rounded at the corners, and frilled all round; in that apron I held some flowers, a handful of green apples, and a doll's tea-set, huddled together."

The girl paused, smiling: then she suddenly added, with a half forced laugh, for there was something in her father's eyes that made her hesitate,

"These are trivial things to remember so long, but somehow they will always come up, clear as a picture, when I think of this land. I could almost promise to recognize the very pattern of my dress, on the moment, if it were before me; as for the toys, nothing has ever seemed so pretty to me since."

"And is this all? Have you no remembrance of the house, or its inmates?" asked the father, in a low voice.

"Of the house? Oh! yes, it was of stone; rough, heavy stone, with wings and a porch, over which some vine crept, and sent its branches down like a curtain. In front was a great tree, maple I should think——"

"No, walnut!"

"Oh! walnut, was it? Very well, I know that it seemed a tall tree, through which the sunset shimmered like gold. Beyond that, on the right, sloping down a hill, lay an orchard, from which I had stolen the green apples in my apron."

"And this is all?"

"How can you think so, father? Would that make a complete picture? No! no! In the centre of the room stood a lady, a tall, beautiful lady, combing her hair. I think, papa, but am not quite certain, that I had torn away her comb while she was striving to take the green apples from my apron; for I have a feeling that she was angry with me, and that I had conquered in something. Was I a very wilful, naughty child, papa?"

"I am afraid you were not the only wilful one in those days, Gillian," said the father, sadly. "But go on; this is a new revelation to me; why, child, you were but little more than two years old then. But the—~~the~~ lady?"

"She stood before the looking-glass, holding her hair up with one hand. It was bright and heavy, sweeping down over her arm in waves; the color—yes! father, the color was like mine; and I never thought of it till now. But the lady herself was tall and, and—indeed she was so like myself, when I dress my hair before the glass, that it must have been all a dream. Only, papa, did I ever wear a dress like that pink calico, with a white vine running over it? And, if you ever knew such a lady, did she wear a dress of very dark crimson, sprinkled with tiny leaves of a brighter red?"

"Yes! Gillian, yes! She wore a dress like that. An India silk, rare in those days."

"And the lady herself? Was she a real, human being? Did I ever know her? Could this picture be in reality my old home?"

"You will know in a little time, Gillian."

"And the lady—shall I see her?"

A cloud came over Mr. Bentley's face, and he turned away without answering. But the young lady was not one to be put readily from any purpose. She drew close to his side, and resting one hand on his arm, bent lovingly toward him.

"Was this lady my mother?" she said, almost in a whisper.

He answered, in the same low voice, "Yes! Gillian. The lady was your mother."

He raised the hand which still lay upon his knee in saying this, wrung it with a violence she had never witnessed before, and arising suddenly, went down to the little cabin, waving her back as she attempted to follow.

Gillian looked after him, surprised and almost terrified. What had she said, or done, to arouse so much emotion? Was it wrong for a child to inquire regarding the mother, who had died almost before her remembrance? These thoughts disturbed her greatly, and, joined to the loneliness around, left her sad.

After a little, Mr. Bentley returned and resumed the conversation of his own accord.

"We are going," he said, "to the house which rests so marvelously in your memory, Gillian. It is now inhabited by your mother's brother, a plain, simple farmer, who has held possession ever since I went abroad."

"My mother's brother, papa? Her own brother, and my uncle? I never knew before that we had relatives in this country. What is he like? Is he married? Has he any children—daughters? Indeed I hope so. How strange it will seem to have relatives!"

Mr. Bentley smiled gravely at this ardent outburst, and answered her questions one after another.

"Your uncle Hart, I have just said, is an honest, hardy, frank farmer, who has earned his own bread with toil and energy all his life. He has been married, and is a widower, with one child, who keeps the house. This is all I can tell you before you have an opportunity of judging for yourself."

"And will that be soon, papa? I am getting very tired of this little vessel. It seemed picturesque enough at a distance, but really it is not particularly comfortable."

"Well, have a little patience, and your pilgrimage is ended. You see where the hills overtop each other at our left. No, not there, but farther up stream. Well, between those hills is a valley, through which a road passes into the country. There our water travel ends, and to-night we shall sleep in the old home—stead."

"How mournfully you speak, papa! This visit home seems to give you no pleasure! And yet you were so determined on it!"

"I am far beyond the age of ardent feelings, Gillian. Few things excite me to pleasure now."

"But pain! Oh! papa, if age takes away all capacities for pleasure, and leaves the powers of pain untouched, I pray God to take me early from the earth," cried the young girl, with tears

in her eyes; and taking her father's hand, she kissed it tenderly.

Mr. Bentley drew his hand away, not angrily, but as one who shrinks from any unusual display of feeling. His action was not that of a cold man, but of one who shielded deep feelings from a sudden assault.

"I did not say this, Gillian. All seasons of life have their blessings, if we only learn to use them. But see how quietly we are drawing toward the hills. In a little time we shall be on shore."

Gillian started up and went into the cabin, a little excited and eager to leave the vessel. New scenes were before her, and at her age novelty had a vivid charm, come in what form it might.

An hour after Gillian disappeared from the deck, the sloop put in to her port, a little cove breaking up between the mountains, that had seemed to overtop each other at a distance, but which now revealed a narrow valley opening back into the country, with the germ of a village lying at its mouth and crowding close down to the water. A wharf, barricaded with piles of split wood ready for shipment, received the sloop, which took the inhabitants by surprise, and created no little excitement among the wood-cutters, who hung around a grocery-store on the wharf. The arrival of a strange sloop was something, but the two persons, who stood upon the deck, were so unlike the passengers usually brought to the little harbor, that they excited a general and lively curiosity.

Before Mr. Bentley and his daughter could reach the wharf, half a dozen men had boarded the sloop, while a group of children, who had been shying oyster-shells into the river and fishing with pin-hooks from the timbers, crowded close, with open mouths and looks of common wonder. Mr. Bentley inquired of a man, who approached him first, if any conveyance could be obtained at the village for the interior; but the man, true to his species, answered by another question:

"Was the gentleman straight from New York?"

Mr. Bentley smiled; for the first time he felt completely at home. This peculiarity of his countrymen went to his heart like a welcome.

"Yes! he was directly from New York."

"Come from further along, though, I reckon?" rejoined the countryman.

"Yes!"

"Down East, mebbey?"

"No! from Italy."

"Whar?" cried the man, in open-mouthed perplexity; "Whar?"

"Beyond seas," answered Mr. Bentley, good-bumoredly; for the man's curiosity awoke a thousand kindly feelings.

"Beyond seas? Oh! yes. Travel all the way by land or water, if I ain't too bold?"

Gillian's face sparkled. The conversation delighted her.

"By water all the way," answered Mr. Bentley, reproving her with a glance.

"Come in this sloop? Wall, she don't look as if she'd had much of a tussle with the weather, anyhow. If ye hain't no more use for her, what'll ye take, ha?"

"She isn't for sale, I think. But you can ask the captain. Now pray inform me if there is any chance of obtaining a conveyance, which will take myself and daughter some twenty miles into the country?"

"Your daughter, ha? It kinder struck me that the gal must be something to you. Harnsome as a pictur; ain't she, though?"

Gillian laughed outright, and the countryman drowned her voice in an answering laugh.

"Knew it the minit I sot eyes on you a standing together," he said, addressing her directly.

"Spouse you calculate to ketch a beau in these parts? Well, there ain't the least mite of danger but you'll do it, right off the reel. Now, how old might you be?"

Gillian was half frightened out of her merri-ment by his ardent curiosity. But she answered, "That he had not yet replied to her father about the carriage."

"Carriage?" answered the man, sinking both hands into his jacket and ejaculating his surprise in a broken whistle. "Why, I reckon the only carriage you'll be likely to get in these parts 'll be a Pennsylvania wagon, with two chairs sot in behind, and a board laid across for the driver; that's the kind of carriages our gals ride in."

"Well, papa, I suppose that will do," cried Gillian, delighted with the idea of a ride in the open air, and still more delighted with the promise of this novel conveyance.

But the countryman was not to be so easily put off.

"Any more family?" he inquired, turning to Mr. Bentley.

"I will tell you that, and give a silver dollar in to the bargain, if you bring me a respectable conveyance to the wharf, in just twenty minutes," said Bentley, looking at his watch.

"But how much 'll you agree to give for the team, with a good-looking driver that your gal won't be ashamed to ride behind—throwing in horse-feed and a bite on the way?"

Mr. Bentley named a sum so liberal, that the man forgot even curiosity in his haste to secure it. In less time than that appointed, he came dashing down to the wharf in a stout wagon, with a couple of chairs rattling inside and a piece of rough board answering for his own seat. A pair of beautiful iron-grey horses, that might have befitted a queen's carriage, gave promise of a quick if not comfortable journey.

Into this wagon the luggage which had been brought from the sloop was placed, and in a fit of extra politeness the countryman threw a buffalo robe over the two chairs, forming a rather imposing seat, of which Mr. Bentley and his daughter took possession.

Away they drove over the hills, and along the beautiful lakes, that render the basin of Rock-land county scarcely less than a wild paradise. Everything was strange and new to Gillian. The forest trees, grouped in masses of red, yellow, maroon, green, and brown, all relieving and brightening each other; the broken hollows choked up with hemlocks and pines; the ferns and mosses creeping down to the wayside! each sending out some new fragrance that soothed while it invigorated the beholder.

As they approached the western hills, that bound the county, Mr. Bentley grew silent and anxious, so silent and pale that Gillian ceased to talk, and grew lonely, as checked spirits always must. The driver, who had amused her with his blunt questions and shrewd remarks, now began to be a little curious about their destination. Hitherto Mr. Bentley had told him what road to take, and where to turn. But now the sun was on the verge of the horizon; the western outline was one glow of gold; and the gorgeous trees swayed to and fro in its light, blending sky and earth together in rich harmony.

"Wall, now, if I may be so bold, where on arth are we a driving to?" inquired the man, leaning back, with one hand on his seat, and checking his horses with the other.

Mr. Bentley, whose eyes had been fixed on one point, with a strained gaze, now directed the man's attention to a distant dwelling, which stood upon the slope of the hills, and answered in a husky voice,

"To that house."

There was something in his voice that impressed the man, who merely answered, "Jest so," and prepared to drive on. But one of the horses had got a pebble in the hollow of his hoof, and he was obliged to dismount from his seat and remedy the accident. As he stood in the road, with the horse's foot bent back between his knees, striving to beat the pebble out with a

stone, a hearty voice came out of a side road, and directly a man appeared, riding on a heavy farm horse, and mounted on two plethoric flour bags, which were flung across the saddle.

"Hello, there. What's the difficulty? Lamed your hoss or broke a linch-pin?"

"Nothing to speak on," answered the driver. "One of these varmints has got a stone in his huff, and limps a trifle. I'm obleeged to you all the same."

The farmer rode up to the wagon, looked down at the horse, who held his hoof daintily, with the edge to the ground, and then took a friendly survey of the travelers.

"Strangers, I reckon?" he muttered. Then turning to the driver he commenced an acquaintance in the usual way.

"Any news stirrin' from where you come from, neighbor?"

"Nothing to speak on."

"Just from the river?"

"Started from the point to-day."

"Crops good in that vicinity?"

"From fair to middling."

All this time, the farmer kept his eyes on Mr. Bentley, who fixed uneasy glances on his face, while he was speaking, but turned away, perplexed and uncertain in the end. As the driver mounted to his seat again, the farmer prepared to ride on, but with evident hesitation, for he laid the bridle down on his horse's neck twice, as if about to address the travelers, but took it up again and urged his horse into a slow jog. But now Mr. Bentley seemed to shake off his uncertainty. He bent forward, in nervous haste, and bade the driver call that man back. The sound of a voice made the farmer turn, and he came trotting up to the wagon, evidently glad to be recalled.

"Tell me," said Bentley, leaning toward him, "is your name Hart? And do you live in the stone house on the slope of the hill yonder?"

"My name is Hart, sir; and that stone house is my home, till the owner claims it," answered the farmer, proudly.

"Daniel," said Mr. Bentley, reaching forth his hand, "have you entirely forgotten me?"

The farmer took the slender hand in his hard palm, grasped it, and was silent for a moment. But his broad features worked; and, at last his eyes filled, and while shaking Mr. Bentley's hand, he turned his head aside, ashamed of his weakness.

It is strange how little people have to say, who meet for the first time, after years of separation! The first words that passed between these two persons, after a mutual recognition, were simple enough:

"This is my daughter," said Bentley.

"Not now. I'd rather look at her in—in the old house," almost sobbed the farmer, keeping his head turned away. "I've got a gal too; not like what she was; but a likely critter enough. I'll ride forard, if you'd just as lief, and tell her you're a comin'!"

With this, the farmer beat his heels against the sides of his horse, and dashed off, ashamed of the emotion that had heaved his broad chest with a tempest of old recollections.

Gillian looked after him, her lips parted and her eyes dilating with wonder. To her there was something ludicrous in the heavy trot which kept the farmer in constant motion on his meal-bags, and she broke into a laugh when the horse dashed into a skeltering gallop, that threatened to dislodge the whole load at every awkward leap. Little did she know of the genuine feeling which went with that jumbling picture.

Mr. Bentley turned upon her with an angry flash of the eyes, and said, sternly,

"Gillian Bentley, that man is your mother's only brother, her benefactor. Laugh now, if you have the heart."

Gillian's mirth broke into a sob. Never in her life had she been addressed so harshly before. The surprise took away her breath.

"Oh! father."

"Her brother, girl. A man whom I hold in reverence above all others on the earth."

"Father, forgive me!"

Gillian was trembling from head to foot. She could have killed herself for that wanton laugh. Mr. Bentley drew her to his side, and strove to smile upon her. But it was not easy, even for this forgiving caress, to reconcile the sensitive girl to herself.

Meantime the driver had started his horses, unconscious of the little domestic drama going on behind his back; and every moment drew the travelers nearer home.

When Daniel Hart rode up in front of his house, Hannah stood in the door, waiting his approach with some impatience; for it was baking day, her flour had given out, the great oven in the back kitchen had burned down, and was getting cold; in short the whole family baking for that week was in danger, for want of a measure of flour to mould the bread with, and that lay in the bags swung across her father's saddle. So out she ran at once, with her sleeves tucked up, her plump, white arms ready for instant work, and a tin basin in her hand.

"Come, father, jump down and untie the bags; I am in a desperate hurry. Another ten minutes and we should have had to heat over

again. I've got the most splendid pan of beans, all ready for baking, with such a lump of pork on the top, all cut in checkers, and dropping open like a rose; come, hurry up, do!"

Daniel Hart got down from his horse, and swung one of the bags over his shoulder, and marched into the porch. Somehow he did not feel able to speak on commonplace things, but untied the bag in silence, watching Hannah as she took out the flour in handfuls and filled her basin.

"Hannah," he said, at last, "is aunt Hetty in the kitchen?"

The girl lifted her rosy face, with a look of surprise. There was something unusual in the father's voice.

"Aunt Hetty? Yes! father. Where else should she be? I left her raking up the coals with a long shovel."

"Hannah, wait a moment. There'll be company here in a few minutes. I met your uncle, Joseph Bentley, and his darter on the cross-roads; and they'll be here in a few minutes, without fail."

"Uncle Joseph Bentley and his daughter from foreign parts!" cried Hannah, all in a flutter of excitement. "Goodness me, what shall we get for supper? The baking won't be out of the oven this two hours. Oh! father, do go kill a chicken, and I'll put down a short-cake; that, with preserves and honey, will have to answer."

Away Hannah ran, bearing the flour between her plump little hands, while her apron streamed behind her, and the bright curls danced and twinkled around her face.

"Aunt Hetty; I say, aunt Hetty—what do you think? Uncle Joseph Bentley and cousin Gillian—what a name—are coming here to-day. You can hear the wagon coming up the hill. Hetty! Hetty! where have you hid? Aunt Hetty!"

"I am here," answered a faint, struggling voice, from the back porch; and Mehitable Hart came in, white and still as usual. But a less excited person would have remarked that her face, always colorless, was now almost ghostly, and that her small hands shook like leaves, when she attempted to take the basin from her niece.

"Don't take it all. Leave me enough for a short-cake. No! that's not it. Leave enough out for that, and I'll mould the bread. You look tired out. Here's the butter, and there lies the rolling-pin. Goodness gracious! how fast they come! you can fairly hear the wheels clatter. But there's a good deal of work in ten minutes: so now for it!"

Suiting the action to the words, Hannah dusted the table with flour, plunged her arms into the

kneading-tray, cut off a mass of dough, and went to work with wonderful vigor, rolling, pinching, and smoothing the shapeless substance into as dainty a loaf as ever dexterous hands moulded.

"There!" she exclaimed, smiling, as she laid the first white globe in its pan, "if they want a handsomer loaf than that, let them knead it, I say. Dear me, aunt Hetty, how your hands shake! Do call old Nancy to roll out the cake, and go fix up a little. Put on a black silk apron and a nice cap: that'll make a lady of you in no time!"

"Yes!" answered aunt Hetty, in a low, hoarse voice, wringing her hands together with passionate violence, rather than from an effort to divest themselves of the clinging flour, "yes! niece, I am almost tired out," and with these words trembling on her lips, the little woman opened a door and glided up a flight of back stairs to her own room.

When once there, she flung up the sash, looked wildly down the road; then creeping back to a far corner of the room, sat down, moaning softly, like a wounded kid.

At each new rattle of the wheels, she gave a start, and looked piteously around, as if seeking some covert; and when Hannah came in, dusting her hands, all rosy and smiling with excitement, the little woman darted to her bureau, and began a vague search after something, while a timid apology for not being ready trembled unuttered on her white lips.

"Here, aunt! what on earth possesses you? That's my bureau, and here's your cap. Let me put it on for you. Why, how you shiver, and this poor little face is as white as curd; wait a minute, this'll never do. Let me hunt up the pink bows, and pin them on; with all this white you look like a ghost!"

Aunt Hetty sat down, both hands dropping helplessly to her lap, and she resigned herself to the busy hands of her niece, with a frightened look, growing paler and paler, spite of the pink ribbons, as the wagon drew near the house.

"Here," said Hannah, taking the old lady's face between her hands, and kissing her cold lips, "you are neat as a new pin: only do chirp up a little! What always frightens you so when company comes? Now I'll fix up a trifle myself, and go down. Where on earth is my brown dress? Dear me, this hook never will fasten!"

Uttering these broken ejaculations, Hannah Hart arrayed her pretty figure in a dress of dark merino, put on a neat muslin collar with cuffs to match, and hurried down to receive the coming guests. She had so long been the leading spirit of the household, that it seemed the most natural

thing in the world for her to go out on the front porch, where the flour bags still lay in a heap, and wait for the visitors to descend from their homely conveyance; for, though a mere girl, in all essentials, she was far more mistress of the house than aunt Hetty, its nominal head.

Still, with all her brightness and sweet ways, as her father called them, Hannah was a little shy, and really modest. The presence of strangers made her cheeks glow like a peach, while her large, brown eyes cast timid glances from under the long fringes, that would have provoked admiration from an artist, and which sent John Downs' heart into his mouth the moment he set his eyes on her.

Daniel Hart went out to the wagon as it drew up, and before Mr. Bentley could dismount, took Gillian in his arms, holding her close to his bosom a moment, while he looked in her face.

Gillian was surprised to feel his great heart swell against her side, and to see his massive features quivering like those of an infant. When he set her upon the ground his eyes were full of tears, so full, that he could not see his daughter through the mist. She drew close to her father, whispering softly,

"Did he love my mother very much, papa?"

But Mr. Bentley did not answer. His feelings were not so warmly impulsive as those he witnessed: contact with society had driven them deeper into his nature. While the farmer's heart heaved, his only stood still.

"And this," he said, approaching Hannah, "is my niece; no doubt, Gillian, she should be about your own age."

The two girls looked at each other shyly at first, but after a moment Gillian ran up the steps with a bright smile on her face and one hand extended, for she saw, by the blushes that came and went on Hannah's face, a thousand unspoken welcomes that went to her heart at once.

"So you are my cousin; I am so glad!" she exclaimed. "Why, it seems like home already!"

"This is your home," said Daniel Hart, coming up the steps, with a spirit of self-abnegation breaking from every feature. "The house, the land, from the hill top to the town pike, is all your father's; as for us, we do not own a foot."

"Indeed! well, that's of no sort of consequence I fancy!" cried Gillian, looking around; "oh! there is the orchard, and here is the great walnut. I remember it all—all but the—the——"

Gillian broke off suddenly, shocked by her own thoughtlessness. She saw at once that it was the memory of her mother that had made her

father so pale, and filled that strong man's eyes with tears.

"It is a beautiful view," she added, softly, "some day, my cousin, we will go all over it. Dear me! who is that?"

The two girls had walked into the hall as Gillian was speaking, and stood in the door of the family sitting-room. Opposite them was a long, old-fashioned mantle-glass, and in it Gillian saw the figure of a little woman shrinking away behind the window drapery, so pale and terrified, that it made her start and open her eyes with wonder.

"Oh! it is only aunt Hetty; you are sure to like aunt Hetty; come in and speak to her!" cried Hannah, cheerfully, "she's a little backward with company, but the dearest, nicest—oh! indeed——"

Hannah broke off with a little start, for that instant aunt Hetty came forward, with a swift, noiseless movement, and stood close to Gillian, gazing in her face, with a scared, earnest look.

"Sister! oh, sister!"

The words dropped rapidly from her lips, and she caught hold of Gillian's dress, with a tender, pleading motion that perplexed the young girl exceedingly.

"Why, aunt, what is the matter? You haven't got a sister in the wide world that I know of. This is our lady cousin from foreign parts. I told you all about it up stairs," said Hannah.

"I know—I know!" said aunt Hetty, lifting one little hand to her forehead. "It is Sarah's child, not—not herself: I know that, but cannot realize it. Let me look at myself."

She went up to the mantle-glass, and peered over the pale face that met her for more than a minute. When she turned away, the most wondrous smile that Gillian ever saw gleamed on her lips.

"Can you believe it?" she said, mournfully, pointing to Hannah, "I was like her then!"

"Why, aunt, how strangely you talk," said Hannah, bewildered by this singular address.

"Do I?" murmured the old lady. "Do I? What was it all about?" She seemed tempted to address Gillian again, in the same vague way, but with one of her warm-hearted impulses, the young girl threw her arms around the little woman and kissed her two or three times. "So you were my mother's sister. I understand it now—and I look so much like her; of course that must be it. No wonder it disturbs you, aunt. Dear! how strange it seems to call any one aunt. Won't you kiss me, dear lady?"

The old lady began to tremble under the caresses which the bright girl lavished on her, and Gillian remembered, after, that she did not

return her kiss, but rather struggled in her embrace than responded to it.

"Oh, that's right," the farmer called out, entering the hall. "That's right, Mehitable, welcome the gal with a whole heart; she must not feel strange among us."

"I could not feel strange here, uncle Daniel," cried Gillian, smiling brightly while the tears leaped to her eyes. "See how pat I have got all the names! I, who never had a relative before. Uncle, aunt, cousin! isn't it delightful?"

"That's kind and hearty," replied the farmer. "Take our cousin up stairs, Hannah, while this young chap and I bring in the trunks. Aunt Hetty will see about supper while you get acquainted."

The two girls went up stairs, but directly Hannah came down again to hurry the trunks. John Downs had one on his shoulder, mounting the stairs. Hannah stepped aside to let him pass, and then she observed, with a blush, what remarkably fine eyes the young fellow had. Amid all her excitement this thought would come back to her mind all the evening; for, according to the custom of those times, the driver sat down at the same table with his passengers, and Hannah was placed directly opposite him during supper.

I don't pretend to know how it happened, but when Hannah Hart went to bed that night she had learned that John Downs owned two-thirds of a sloop on the river, beside the iron-grey horses, the Pennsylvania wagon, and some bank stock in New York. That his father had been one of the first settlers in the river town where he made his home; and altogether she gathered a very satisfactory account of his antecedents, though she certainly had no sort of business with the information whatever.

That night, when all the family were in bed and the hush of repose lay on everything, Mr. Bentley and Daniel Hart sat together over the brands of a hickory wood fire that had burned low on the sitting-room hearth. There was a strong contrast between the two men, both in character and in person; not the contrast of good and evil qualities, but of intellectual organization. One was delicate, sensitive, and reflective by nature; all these qualities had been sharpened and refined by an education which few Americans could boast. The other was grand in his honesty, brave as a lion in every sense of the word, large-hearted and of vigorous mind, well informed, and yet almost entirely without absolute education. He was progressive in thought, but pronounced his words exactly as

his father had done before him; but his opinion had power in the neighborhood, even among educated men; and he was one of those persons of whom it is said, "He is a whole-souled man, whose word is as good as his bond."

Such men may become what the world call "well off," but they seldom get rich, seldom care for more than an easy competency, which they enjoy with zest, because earned by labor. Such was Daniel Hart, as he sat in his oaken easy chair by the fire-side that night. His stout form filled it comfortably, without crowding, and his great, hard hand rested on the arm as he leaned towards his brother-in-law. His air was earnest, and something of curiosity was expressed in his features, but everything was frank and open as the day. You knew at a glance that whatever he felt would be spoken out honestly.

On the other hand, Mr. Bentley sat in his chair—tall, well proportioned, without leaning to excess in any way; quiet and watchful. High-toned refinement, an excess of cultivation, and those resources that spring from it, were written in his features. He did not seem less truthful than the farmer, what you saw was sincere and honorable; but that there were not depths of feeling and hidden thoughts in that man's nature, impenetrable to his best friend, no one could doubt. His soul was like the waters of Niagara, just below the Falls—deep and turbulent underneath, but tranquil on the surface. You knew that storms were in those depths, but could neither see nor hear them.

But the farmer's nature was like the waters of Lake Superior, clear and transparent. There was not a thought of his being that did not shine through like the pebbles and sand of that pure lake.

"Tell me," said the strong man, with a quiver of the voice, while he looked upon the waning fire as through a mist, the tears lay so close to his eyes; "tell me, brother-in-law, how it was that my sister died in those foreign parts; we never had the particulars—only read in the papers that she was gone. You wrote to us, I don't doubt, but the letter never came, and to this day Hetty and I are uncertain how it all happened."

"And you have never heard?" said the other, in a low voice, leaning back in his chair, and shrouding his eyes with one hand.

"Not a word since you left here, nearly fifteen years ago, except what reached us from a New York paper. There we found that poor Sarah had died at sea, and that was all."

"And you made no further inquiries?"

"How could I? Who was there for us to ask about her? I went down to New York to inquire, for Hetty was almost distracted for a good while, and I was afraid she would pine herself to death—but there was no one to tell me anything. It seemed as if Sarah and her child had drifted out of our home and been lost in the fog, she went so far out of our reach before she died."

"And you grieved over her loss?"

"Grieved over her loss! who could help it? Wasn't she the salt of the earth, our Sarah? Wasn't she like an angel of light on her father's hearth, before you took her away?"

Mr. Bentley pressed his hand close to his eyes and groaned within himself.

"I don't think much of good looks, and I ain't sure that Sarah was what folks call a beautiful woman; but I tell you, sir, there was something about her face when she talked, and in her eyes when she smiled, that no woman's face ever had for me before or since. That look would bring me to her feet like a dog, no matter how much I was sot agin what she wanted. Mr. Bentley, when you took that gal from under my father's roof, the light seemed to go out of the old house with her, and it never came back agin. Hetty, you know, was always nervous and afraid of her own shadow; but she kept up wonderfully while Sarah was with her; but when she went away the poor little thing wilted right down, and she never has seemed to cheer up since. You wouldn't a known our Hetty, I dare say; she's sort of withered into nothing since that news came. If young Mike Croft did not come to see her now and then, she wouldn't know there was a world outside of the house. She's dreadful melancholy; the only time I ever heard her talk up pert was when he was here last summer's a year."

"And who is Mike Croft?" inquired Bentley, dropping his hand, while a gloom came to his eyes.

"Well, I don't rightly know, myself, but I believe he's an orphan boy that our gals picked up in New York afore Sarah was married. I don't right like the fellow, but Hetty won't hear a word agin him from anybody. You can't wake her up on anything but that. But this isn't what I sot up to talk about. Tell me while we're alone, how my sister Sarah died."

"Your sister Sarah is not dead," answered Bentley, hastily, and without another word he left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SEAMSTRESS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

MONDAY MORNING.—Woke up rather later than I had hoped, in consequence of being kept awake in the night with severe pain, and the coughing of a child. First thought—when will come the sleep that knows no waking?

Get up—make a fire—bathe my head, which aches violently, in cold water, while breakfast is preparing. Take a bundle of work and open it. Fingers a little cold, but there is nothing like stitching and padding for warming the blood of the poor. Breakfast ready. Sit down to table, but find I can eat nothing, my throat is so sore and swollen. Get up from table—must work if I can't eat—no reprieve from that fiat. At it I go again—stitch and wad, seam and pad.

First interruption—a little girl enters,

"Please, Miss, mother wants you to alter the hem of my dress; it's too short."

"Your mother measured it herself," is my reply.

"I know she did, and she says she's sorry to put you to so much trouble." Half an hour wasted—don't dare to refuse—might lose custom and be talked about.

At my original work once more. Head aches so that I am 'most blind. Bathe it again, and take my needle, determined to persevere. Enter little girl number two.

"Please, Miss—mother wants to know if you will come and cut and make her new parlor carpet to-morrow? She is sick and can't do it herself." By a little adroit questioning, find out that I am not expected to say, "No," on any account. Agree to go if I can hold my head up. To work again. Wonder if anybody else in town can be honored with so many calls. Suppose not—think it must be owing to my position.

Amuse myself with stitching and giving orders for the children just from school, to put what victuals are cooked on the table for dinner.

Enter little girl number three.

"Please, Miss—mother wants a little twist, and says she don't know as she's got these right; they set kind o' crooked."

I take the work; horrible! she has placed the wrong pieces together; hope she has not cut them. Send little girl over to get other parts—spend twenty-five minutes in placing, basting, and trimming in the right way. My carelessness

would never have ceased to be talked about if I had not done it, although it was right when first sent, and just as carefully adjusted. Must hurry to make up for lost time.

Enter a lady—I go into my only other room as the dishes are not washed yet. Lady is an old customer—spends half an hour telling me how she enjoyed herself at the Springs—wants to know if I've any very pretty patterns. Show her all I have. How delighted at being told that Miss Hill, the new dress-maker, has got "oceans" of the latest Parisian fashions, and fits beautifully! All this while my time is being wasted. Lady wants to know whose basque that is—a black silk one. May she try it on?—she thinks some of having one made. "Oh! certainly," is my reply, and the clock tells an hour gone, when the basque is hung upon its nail again. Two full hours of sleep cut off. Lady goes, after beating me down on a calico dress made for her three months ago.

At my work again—face flushed; blood up to ninety-eight in the shade, fingers trembling—head aching. Draw the needle through twice, when Miss Slade's servant makes her appearance. Just as I expected, my heart beats ominously.

"Miss Slade wants to know if you won't come right over there. Her dress is too tight, and she wants you to alter it."

"I don't know how I possibly can; can't Miss Slade come over here?"

"Oh! no, indeed, ma'am; she's got a headache and is laid down. She ain't done nothing but read all day."

My heart swells; I have a headache—but oh! when can I lay down? Even ordinary sleep is denied me. Must not forego Miss Slade's custom.

"But if you tell her I shall lose time, I am so busy!"

"She can't come on no account, ma'am, she telled me so particuler—and she won't send it, 'cause she wants to see yourself and tell you jest how it is. She told me to say that she must have it by to-night, because she's going to a party, ma'am."

I sigh, but I rise—throw by my work to come back to it at night, perhaps—put on my bonnet

and that old shawl that my mother, who died ten years ago, gave me after she had worn it twenty, and away I speed over to the rich Miss Slade's—a good half mile from my own house.

Find Miss Slade in her luxurious chamber, delighted to see me; (would not know me on the street to-morrow.) Offers me some cologne—very kind in her—shows me what she calls two or three trifling alterations, that will take me probably two or three hours. I beg piteously, assuring her that I did it just as she told me—but she begins to get in a passion, and I sit down humbly. Rip, rip—clip, clip, my hands trembling, and great tears gathering that I will not let fall. Oh! but fortune seems unjust.

At last it is done. Miss Slade may give me at least fifty cents for my time, when she knows the fault is her own—but no—though I linger, she only professes to be admiring my work. I hint at my time—she tells me she finds Miss Hill would have made the whole dress much more cheaply.

Return home—my lip under my teeth the whole way—my hand clenched, I hardly know why, beneath my shawl. Find the house in dis-

order—the children weary and crying. Put things to rights with as much patience as I can command—get a hurried supper, and throw the children into bed. No time to kiss their dear lips, to hold back the silken locks and hear their little prayers. Mary, the eldest daughter, must do all that. Trimming night lamps and sit down to work, literally “almost dead!” &c., worried and tired, and out of heart I am. Sew, sew, sew. The clock strikes ten, eleven, one, two, three—there! the last stitch is taken.

Dare not move—am so stiff and dizzy—wait for some reaction—then fling the dress somewhere and stagger to bed. Even then blessed sleep comes not, I am too tired! The brain reels and thinks—thinks and reels. I see the home of my childhood, remember its petting, its ease, its love! I live over the bridal hour—agonize through a few succeeding years—stopping with a groan at an open grave.

Oh! my husband! oh! my husband! But hush, yearning heart, go from the grave—from the cold dust to heaven. I wipe the blistering tears and pray; and then—thank God! He giveth me sleep.

A SCORE OF YEARS HAVE PASSED.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

A SCORE of years have pass'd since we
Beside the altar stood;
The light of life you've been to me,
And all that's true and good.
As for myself—it may be told
What heart of thine would say;
You've felt that love of mine could hold
The very world at bay!

Now threads of silver gleam amid
The raven of your hair,
And on my brow in lines half hid
Lie vestiges of care.

Your step is not as lithe as yore,
Your voice hath lost its tone,
And yet your eye gives back the more
The glory of my own.

A holy love is ours, my light!
A love supremely blest;
And in our souls there is to-night
No yearning nor unrest.
Come, let us kneel upon the floor
Where soft the moonbeams lie,
And pray that God forevermore
May thus bless you and I!

“DE PROFUNDIS”

BY LIBBIE D.

WEARY and sad I muse upon my fate,
And ponder o'er my life's all chequered page,
Yet cannot read the Past for bitter tears
That dim the eyes, but never grief assuage.
The Present, full of toil and vague regret,
Is weighing all its burden on my soul;
The Future, bare and blank, before me lies,

And I too footsore seem to reach my goal.
I sink beneath the tide of surging ill,
Hope's star has vanished from my dimming sight,
My courage dies—my ardent zeal is chill,
And waves of Grief engulf me from the light:
Helplessly drowning! Jesus! save Thou me!
For “from the deep,” oh! Lord! I cry to Thee!

DRESSING TO PLEASE ONE'S HUSBAND.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

Dress became Mrs. Carlton, and she knew it well. She was not a blonde, with golden curls, and deep violet eyes, expressing all of love and nothing more, whom you could array in some white, cloudy substance, and conceive to be an angel floating for a while out of her original sphere on this earth of iniquity. And yet I do not wish to convey the idea that our friend's character was not a lovely one. It was; but sweetness is not the word to use while describing her. In the gipsy blackness of her eyes there was a depth of character never seen in the azure orbs from which love looks forth and claims its place supreme; her complexion was decidedly dark, and her cheeks almost colorless, except when heated up with the fire of excitement; her mouth was not small, but it was well shaped, and expressive of great energy and determination; she was tall and well proportioned, graceful and dignified; in short, she was one of those persons who seemed formed to wear the richest and handsomest of dry goods which the skill of manufacturers can produce. So much for the lady; let us turn now to her worse half.

He was very fine looking, tall and large, with grey eyes and dark hair, and rather a stern expression. His most noticeable characteristic was what he conceived to be a perfect contempt for dress; he scrupulously avoided all ornament in the way of a ring, breast-pin, or watch chain, and there never was a time in the recollection of his friends when Mr. Carlton made his appearance in any other than black clothes; so far and no farther, did he carry his indifference to dress in his own case. His cloth must always be of the finest quality, and his clothes must be a perfect fit. But the distinguishing trait in his character was more particularly exhibited in his remarks upon the extravagance of ladies, their conformity to fashion and similar topics. Of all this, indeed, Mrs. Carlton was aware before her marriage, and she was told that she would have no peace of her life with such a man, that she never would be allowed to dress in any sort of style or taste; but with a determined shake of the head she would always reply: "I'll manage it."

"Bella," said Mr. Carlton one fine morning after they were married, "I am going to bring

a friend home to dine with me to-day, so look your prettiest; he is very anxious to be introduced to my bride," and he bent down and kissed her fondly.

Our heroine knew she was fine looking, she had been informed of the fact too frequently to admit of any ignorance on the subject, and she knew too that she needed dress to set off her looks; it was therefore with conscious pride that she glanced in the mirror ere she descended to the drawing-room to await the arrival of her husband and his friend. Her rich raven tresses were twisted in heavy braids, and so arranged as to set off to the best advantage her finely formed head; the rose-tint of her dress compared well with her complexion, and the flounces lent additional charms to the grace of her figure; her flowing sleeves seemed to fall modestly back, exposing to view a pair of beautifully rounded arms, and soft dimpled hands; and the diamonds on her tapering fingers sparkled and glistened as though in delight at the beauty of their mistress. Bella knew that she was looking uncommonly well, and she secretly wondered if this would not reconcile her husband to her manner of dressing. She noticed his pleased surprise as he entered and presented his friend Mr. Tucker to her. For a moment he was dazzled by her beauty, but then with a half sigh he reflected: "If she is so lovely now, how much would her charms be enhanced could she but be induced to leave off all this nonsense, and dress with perfect simplicity, thus showing that her attractions are her own, and not dependent upon any outward aid!"

No such ideas, however, were floating through the mind of our friend Mr. Tucker; he was entranced by her beauty, and hung with rapture upon her every word; and when Mr. Carlton, bent upon showing him the attractions of his country-seat, took him to the garden and stables, and expatiated upon the swiftness of his steeds, the wonderful growth of the vegetables, and the merits and rarity of certain flowers, and told how Washington had probably rested under such and such a tree, his companion would give the most random replies, and seem scarcely to know the difference between a horse and a rose. Before the day was over he had made up his mind to

find a second Mrs. Carlton without the Mrs., and ask her assistance in emerging from old bachelorhood. As our two friends were sitting together that evening after the departure of their guest, Mr. Carlton observed:

"I don't know when I have seen you look so well, my dear."

Bella glanced up with a mischievous smile as she inquired: "Do you not think my dress is becoming?"

"Anything that you wear must be becoming," replied her husband, in a conciliatory tone; "but I must confess I think a plainer style would become you better. Really, dear, if you could only know how much prettier you would look without that vast expanse of crinoline, I am sure you would give it up instantly."

"Why, my dear husband, you can have no conception of what a fright I should be, if I were to act upon your suggestion! You would be thankful to have me return to my present style."

"Before others wore hoops, had the idea been suggested to you, you would have exclaimed in horror that they would transform you to a fright; so you see it is only fashion which influences you, and if you would be true to nature, and not seek to alter your figure by artificial means, you cannot tell how much you would be improved. And then, my dear, that thin dress, it is very pretty certainly in itself, but of how little use! I could not help thinking, when you tore it on the bramble bush as we passed through the garden, how much more convenient a thicker and plainer one would have been; I saw Mrs. L—— the other day, dressed in a neat calico, and you cannot tell how much I admired her appearance; and then too, if ladies would only wear their dresses shorter, say perhaps a foot from the ground, you have no idea what an improvement it would be."

"Not if the lady happens to own a mammoth foot, which would thereby become decidedly conspicuous," observed Bella, dryly.

"That I think would be slight," replied her husband, "compared with the really slovenly appearance which a dress trailing in the dust and mud has."

Henry Carlton had always entertained a sort of an ideal theory of how he would like to see a woman dressed; he had never collected his notions together and put them in array before his mind's eye and surveyed them as a whole; but he had his views of each part of a lady's attire separately, and it appeared to him, that would his wife only conform to his ideas on this subject, it would not only enhance her beauty,

but add to the perfection of her character. Bella was forming her plans for future action, and so she listened patiently to his harangue. Pleased with what appeared to him so attentive an auditor, Mr. Carlton continued:

"I see, Bella, that you are beginning to perceive the truthfulness of what I say. As to your hair, nature gave you that for an ornament, and in itself it is such, but you spoil it by bestowing so much labor on it; were you to brush it entirely off of your face and twist it into a simple knot, I think it would be much more becoming."

"What do you think of my sleeves?" asked Bella, smiling, "do you not admire them?"

"I cannot say that I do," replied her husband, "I think a closely fitting sleeve, fastened at the wrist, would be much neater."

"How is it you are so particular about your own clothes if you dislike to see ladies take pains with theirs?"

"You quite misunderstand me, my dear wife, I do like to see ladies take pains with their dress; it should be made to fit nicely, otherwise it will not be neat. My cloth is fine I know, and so I like to see a lady's dress good and fine of its kind; but you know that fashion, with us, seldom alters materially, while with you it is constantly changing; what we wear is generally plain, substantial, and necessary, while your sex wear a thousand little fussy, fixy things, intended merely for ornament. Look at our hats, for instance! there is some sense in them, for they shade our faces, while yours retreat modestly to the back of your heads, affording you no shelter whatever; now if they could be brought far enough over your faces to protect you from the sun it would be worth while."

Bella had listened to all this with an expression of edified gravity which was truly ludicrous, and Henry, pleased at having so attentive a listener, had unconsciously overdrawn his ideas to such an extent that had his opinions, as expressed to Bella, been written down and handed to him, he could scarcely have recognized them as his own. Anxious to avail himself of the advantage he had evidently gained, he continued:

"I know your own good sense must tell you that I am right; now you will dress sensibly, will you not?"

"Oh! yes," replied Bella, "you shall soon see me dressed in such a way that even you cannot possibly find any fault with it."

"Thank you," said Henry, earnestly; and he began to picture to himself how his wife would look in the character of sweet simplicity.

Several days passed away, and still Mr. Carlton could see no change in his wife's style of dress, but then he reflected that it must probably take some time to get the new suit ready, and he resolved to be patient; he little knew, poor man! how much more he would need to be a second Job, when his wishes were being executed, than now.

One afternoon, Mr. Carlton entered the drawing-room, accompanied by an old friend, of whose coming he had previously informed his wife. Henry felt pleased with the admiration which he saw his wife's charms invariably called forth, and it was with a feeling of innocent pride that he now hastened to present her. He began, "Mr. Landon, I will make you acquainted with my—good heavens, Bella! what is the matter?"

Our hero had come from the glaring sun into a partially darkened room, and for a moment he had not noticed the curiosity which presented itself in the person of his wife; but as she rose to receive her visitor the oddity of her attire broke upon him with overpowering effect. Her hair was put plainly behind her ears and twisted in a simple knot behind, presenting the appearance of having been glued to her head to keep it from running away; she was perfectly innocent of anything of the nature of crinoline, and her calico dress hung almost perpendicularly down from her waist, and finished at about a foot from the ground, thus displaying in full view a pair of heavy morocco boots, which squeaked loud enough to set a nervous person crazy every time she moved; her dress was very high in the neck, and terminated by a scrupulously white linen collar; her sleeves were long and tight, and fastened at the wrist. No ornament of any description was visible about her; indeed, to judge from her appearance, any one might imagine that she had laid a wager to get up the plainest style of dress that could be contrived. Handsome as Bella usually was, even her husband, when she was dressed in this style, was obliged to admit that she was moderately plain; he could think of nothing, while looking at her, but a mammoth edition of some little wooden images of Noah's wife and daughters' toys, with which he had played in his childhood, and which, it always seemed to him, had been dressed in the greatest haste in whatever happened to come to hand, and sent into the ark lest the flood should overtake them. At the first glance he had, as we have seen, been thrown off his guard, but he soon saw that her dress had been prepared after his own plan, somewhat exaggerated.

Mr. Landon was startled by the unexpected vision, but he was too much of a gentleman to betray his surprise; he saw instantly that something very singular was going on, and he felt much puzzled to understand it; he was interested, however, and resolved to watch proceedings and let the story develop itself.

Bella was the only one of the three who was at all self-possessed. Upon being introduced to the stranger, she bowed with her usual grace, and immediately entered into conversation with him, with an ease which, under the circumstances, was really astonishing. Henry colored, fidgeted in his chair, and showed himself the most uneasy of mortals. He had been particularly anxious that his wife should appear to the best advantage before Mr. Landon, and now the disappointment was a bitter one; and yet he could not complain: ladies' dress had been his pet theme ever since his boyhood; he had always longed to have his theory adopted: and here it was! He could not help owing to himself that his wife had taken the best means of proving to him his folly.

At length he proposed a walk around the grounds; Bella quietly drew forth a huge straw bonnet, with a plain ribbon passed once across it, and, with the most demure look in the world, placed it on her head, thus almost hiding from view her face; this, Henry thought, was not much of a loss under the present arrangements. Noticing that Mr. Landon, who now began to take in the idea, was making a desperate effort at gravity, she turned to him, and in her quiet way remarked,

"Do you not think my bonnet a sensible one? It seems so very ridiculous in ladies to wear those little caps which are no shelter at all."

"I should think that might shelter two or three of us," broke in her husband, good-naturedly.

"Surely you do not consider it too large?" said Bella, in a mock tone of disappointment. Then turning again to her visitor, and walking a little in advance of Mr. Carlton, that he might have the best possible view, she continued, "You may, perhaps, consider my style of dress rather peculiar, Mr. Landon; but I wear it to please my husband; this is his idea entirely, he gave me the whole plan of it; you will, of course, perceive the advantage it has over what is denominated 'the fashionable style'—its convenience and simplicity are very apparent; besides, it is such a saving of time—many ladies occupy so many hours in deciding how they will have a dress made, and manufacturing various little trifles, which are nothing more than ornaments

after all. What are looks compared with saving one's time!"

Mr. Landon, who remembered his chum's peculiarity, and who, by this time, had puzzled out the whole plot, could restrain his mirth no longer, but broke forth into a merry laugh, in which he was heartily joined by Mr. Carlton; while Bella surveyed them both, from the depths of her new bonnet, with a look of feigned astonishment.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Landon, when he could again command his voice, "but I happen to have some knowledge of Henry's peculiarities, and I must confess I never saw any one better served in my life."

"I give in!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, honestly, "I will say that I have been fairly dealt with."

"Why surely," said Bella, "you are not so soon tired of the style of dress, which it has been the height of your ambition for years to establish, are you?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Henry, "tired enough of it; and if you will promise not to don that attire again, I will pledge myself never again to find fault with your toilet or wardrobe, let them be what they will; provided your own taste guides you in the selection, I shall be satisfied."

Bella smiled triumphantly, and with mischievous sarcasm inquired if it was possible that his good sense failed to appreciate the convenience and simplicity of her present attire?

"Do be generous and spare me this once," replied Henry, "and, as the children say, 'I will never do so again.'"

Bella thought his punishment had been carried far enough, and saying that she would meet them in the drawing-room, after they had satisfactorily prosecuted their investigations of the grounds, she left them.

When they returned to the house, they found Bella tastefully dressed, and with her hair becomingly arranged, awaiting their arrival. The mischievous part she had so lately played had added a fresh sparkle to her eyes, and a bright color to her cheeks and lips; and Henry proudly thought, as he met her, that he had never seen any one half so beautiful. Taking her hand fondly in his, he turned to his companion, and playfully remarked,

"Mr. Landon, allow me to introduce you to my wife. She has been a long time coming, but this is the genuine lady at last."

Mr. Landon shook her hand cordially, and expressed his delight at the privilege of making her acquaintance.

The evening passed pleasantly away, all approach to stiffness having been rendered impossible by the laughable little episode already mentioned, and Mr. Landon reckoned among his pleasantest hours those spent at his friend's country-seat. Mr. Carlton was haunted all night, waking or sleeping, by visions of the costume which had first greeted his eyes upon his return home that day. We are happy to say, however, that he survived; but from that time he was never known to quarrel with ladies' taste in dress.

DREAMS.

BY ELEANOR CLAIRE.

What angel guests to weary souls may come
In the still hours of sleep—
What words of comfort from the Father's home
Sent unto those who weep!

Thus in my dreaminess and weight of care,
Life's way with grief hedged up,
In dreams this pleasant fancy came to bear
Sweets for the bitter cup.

When Autumn clouds were dark and winds blew chill,
Over a barren land,
I walked in gloom, beset with forms of ill,
No help on either hand.

Thus moving on, my path at last came near
Where lay the silent dead,
And shuddering I followed, sick with fear,
The hand that thither led.

But when I entered, sudden, all was o'er
Of Wintry cold and gloom—
The dreary winds—the bare, brown earth no more—
But Summer's light and bloom.

On the low graves with richest verdure green,
A thousand blossoms grew,
So fair, so fragrant, save in realms of dream
Met never mortal view.

While the bright sunshine kissed my tears away,
And perfumes filled the air,
Friends came, each bearing bud, or flower, or spray,
Most marvelously fair.

For many a day I kept within my mind
The beauty of that dream,
And with half faith amused myself to find
What might its meaning seem.

Even so, methought, God makes the woes of life,
Its dreary, darkened hours
Even death's bitterness—with sunshine rife,
Bright with immortal flowers.

Now hath my heart in sorrow learned to sing.
Where dead its pleasure lies,
The growth of patience, hope, and love shall spring—
And faith that never dies.

CROOKED-EYES.

BY WINNIE WILLIAM.

It was a pleasant May morning, I don't care to tell how many years ago, when neatly arrayed in my new pink frock and white apron, and holding tightly by my brother's hand, I made my first appearance in a school-room. Dear! such rows of prim little children, with folded arms and weary looking faces; and then the teacher, seated before her table—the rule occupying a very conspicuous place thereupon—and a sort of Alexander-Selkirk-look stamped on her thin features, which plainly said:

"I'm monarch of all I survey.

She soon spied me, and after ascertaining that my name was "Mary Miller—but mamma called me Mollie"—I was led to a seat by the side of a very demure looking little girl with red hair and crooked eyes; being kindly told by the teacher, that if I whispered or made any noise during school-time, I should be punished.

The hours dragged by so heavily, and tired of sitting still, I had almost fallen asleep, when my seat-mate applied her finger nails to my bare arm in a manner that caused me to make a trial of my elocutionary powers, much to the indignation of my worthy teacher, who immediately seated me on a long bench by a row of little boys in blue-checked aprons. I cried until the teacher said, "School's dismissed," and oh! such a walk home as we had. The sun never shone so brightly, the birds sang so gaily, nor the flowers looked so radiantly beautiful. I enjoyed it all very much, but my happiness received a blow when, upon my reaching home, brother told our folks how "naughty Mary had been, and that the teacher made her sit with the boys!"

Mamma administered a severe reproof, and kept me in doors for a whole hour, when I was wanting so much to see how robin and his mate were progressing in their building operations.

"Is your name Mollie Butterfly?" asked my red-headed heroine, the next day at recess.

"No!" I answered, indignantly, "my name is Mary Miller."

"Well butterflies and millers are the same, you know. Do you like candy?" handing me a quantity of pepper-mint drops. "I didn't mean to hurt you yesterday, but it was such fun to

see you wake up." I thought the fun was all on one side: however, I accepted the peace-offering, and thereafter we were inseparable friends.

What times we used to have! Rebecca Wood and I, always being assisted in our sport by Charles Dean, the ringleader in all mischief. He was continually doing and saying funny things, for which he was daily kept after school to be "reckoned with" by our teacher; and after "doing penance" would join us girls not far from the school-house, and then for a ramble in the woods to search for flowers and berries, or a slide down hill in winter time. The year passed on and still we were scolded at home, and whipped at school, enjoying ourselves immensely the while, until Charlie Dean, then a handsome boy of fifteen, was sent away to pursue his studies preparatory to entering college. Before he started, he came to bid me good bye.

"I know I shan't have any such fun away at school, as I had here with you and Becky," he said, in a mournful tone as we stood by the garden gate. "I must see her before I go. Becky is a capital good girl, but she has such a comical expression in her crooked eyes. Isn't it funny, Moll? but I never know when she's looking at me. Don't tell her I said so."

"No," said a mocking voice close by us, "don't tell her I said so! You needn't be scared, Charlie Dean, I wouldn't take the trouble to look at you."

"Don't get mad, Becky," replied Charlie in a conciliatory tone. "I don't mean anything, and I do think your eyes are really pretty, that is, when you don't look cross," he added archly.

"Who cares what you think, you ugly thing, you!" retorted Becky, now thoroughly provoked.

"Well, good bye, Moll," said Charlie, giving my hand a fraternal grip, as I turned away to hide my tears. "Don't feel bad, Butterfly. We'll have all the more fun during vacation: and don't let old vinegar face make you study too hard." I secretly thought there was not much danger of my being very studious.

"Come now, Crooked-eyes, let us part good friends," said Charlie, playfully imprinting a kiss on her red curls, for she had averted her face. "Won't you say good bye?" Becky

muttered something that sounded to me very much like "Good riddance!" but Charlie construed it otherwise, and, after a few words, was out of sight. Becky and I proceeded to the arbor, where, sitting down, she laid her head on my shoulder, and burst into tears. "I am so sorry I was so cross to Charlie," she sobbed, "but I couldn't help it, and I was determined he shouldn't know I cared anything about his going away."

I soothed her as best I could, and in half an hour we were gayly discussing a plan for a picnic. "There won't be much fun without Charlie, to be sure," said Becky, mournfully, as she tied on her sun-bonnet," but I don't intend to mope to death this summer."

During Charlie's first and second vacations, Becky was away visiting, and ever after he spent them at his uncle's, it being much nearer than his own home. So years passed on, and the two school-mates never met.

Charlie scribbled a few lines to "Butterfly" once in a while, and in one of his notes he confidentially told me that "cousin Rose was a regular little Venus, and he was sorely tempted to fall in love." I showed the letter to Becky: she turned slightly pale, and, pleading a head-ache, she went home, taking the precious document with her. I have never seen it since.

Time passed, and Becky and I were nineteen. Three years before we had left "Madam Selkirk's" for a fashionable boarding-school, and were spending the first summer after our "finishing up," as Becky called it, in rambling through the woods, and trying to awe our simple villagers by a display of our learning. Mamma came to the wise conclusion that Becky was an unprofitable companion, and determined to banish me from Craggsville. Accordingly, preparations were made for my spending a few weeks with an aunt of my mother's.

"It will be a very few weeks, I can assure you, Becky," I said, as we were sitting under the grape arbor, the evening before we were to start; "I shall horrify aunt Jerusha by my romping propensities, and she will conclude that home is the best place for me: so you'll see me back before long."

"Here's a letter for you, sis," and brother tossed it into my lap. It was from Charlie. He had graduated, or been "expelled," as he wrote, and was "coming home to play tag with Becky and Butterfly."

"I wish aunt Jerusha was in the Dead Sea!" said I, after reading the letter aloud. "Well, I hope you will make a conquest, Becky; I always thought Charlie fancied you more than he did

me. As for myself, aunt Jerusha hasn't more than a dozen grown-up sons, and—and—who knows but what she may fancy me for a daughter-in-law!"

"Generous girl!" said Becky, laughing, while a bright color suffused her cheeks.

I took a second look at her. Really "Crooked-eyes" was growing handsome. Her organs of sight were only crooked enough to look roguish, and her red hair had changed to a pretty auburn.

Well, I started before sunrise the next morning, and in the evening was comfortably seated in aunt Jerusha's parlor, discussing picture-books with cousin Frank, aunt's "third sweet son." A pair of black eyes haunted my dream that night, and—well, after a visit of two months, I started for Craggsville, having promised Aunt Jerusha and Frank that I would come back soon, and live with them all my life.

The morning after my arrival home, Charlie Dean rushed into our little parlor, and, after kissing me, and dancing round the room awhile, threw himself on the sofa, exclaiming,

"Well, Butterfly, I am going to commit matrimony."

"Ah! who is to be made so extremely miserable?"

"Crooked-eyes, of course, you wicked puss!" he replied, gayly, and just then Becky came in.

"You hateful thing, you!" said she to Charlie, after she had nearly smothered me with kisses, "I think you are real mean."

"I wanted to tell you first, myself," she said, as, after Charlie had gone, we sat in the parlor, exchanging confidences. "However, it don't make much difference: and I am so delighted to think aunt Jerusha fancied you; but I never dreamed of such a thing as Charlie's loving me: did you, Moll?"

"Well, it is rather singular, Crooked-eyes; but then, you know there's no accounting for tastes, and Charlie is somewhat eccentric."

For which saucy reply I had my ears pinched. Becky told Charlie all about aunt Jerusha and Frank, whereupon the said gentleman declared his cup of happiness was overflowing; and Frank coming to our village, in a week or two, for the purpose of arranging some "business matters" with papa, and having "passed examination" creditably, we had lots of fun together. We were all married at the same time, for Charlie said "there was no use in making two fuses, and he always believed in killing two birds with one stone." I do not intend to tell how becoming orange blossoms and white blonde were to Miss Becky, or how her "crooked eyes" looked almost beautiful with the world of love that

lingered in their clear depths; for, as her husband told her, "she made a very respectable looking bride."

And what about me?

Oh, dear! I had nearly forgotten myself. Frank says I always do, and he says, too, that "the day his little 'butterfly' first lighted in their home was the most blessed day in his life."

"LOVE IN A COTTAGE."

BY MISS MARY A. LATHBURY.

There's a cottage down in the valley,
A cottage of gleaming white,
Shaded by spreading beeches,
And almost hidden from sight
By climbing roses and woodbine,
Shading the cottage door,
And casting a shimmering shadow
Down on the cottage floor—
Shading the milk-white roses
And the brow of the maid Lenora.

Not for the spreading beeches—
Not for the swinging vine—
Not for the white-hearted roses,
Or the shade of the dark woodbine:
Do I turn me toward the cottage

With a longing, wistful eye;
Or bound along the pathway,
Where the beech tree boughs wave high;
But I watch for the gleam of a white hand
From a latticed window nigh.

'Tis not at the pretty cottage
That I gaze, as I pass it by;
But at the half-opened casement,
For the flash of a maiden's eye.
Oh! it is a charming ideal
Of a novelist's "love in a cot;"
And I'm certain the little god dwells there,
And his throne is a maiden's heart;
The heart of a dark-eyed maiden,
Oh! his is a happy lot.

THE OLD BROWN COT

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

Among the scenes to memory dear
To which my fancy oft returns,
And for whose long lost days of joy
My spirit in its sadness yearns;
There's none that seems so dear to me
As that where passed life's early morn,
There's none for which I sigh so oft
As for the cot where I was born.
CHORUS.
The old brown cot, the low brown cot,
The moss-grown cot beneath the hill:
Though years have passed since I was there
I love it, oh, I love it still!
It stood beside the running brook
Whose waters turned the noisy mill,

And close beneath the tall old oaks
That nodded on the sloping hill.
The woodbine creeping o'er the walls,
The sunshine on the grassy plot,
How beautiful were they to me
When home was in that old brown cot!

Though I may view the fairest lands
On which the sun in glory beams,
And dwell in climes more beautiful
Than poets visit in their dreams:
Still will affection linger round
That loved and consecrated spot,
And tears will fall as I go back
To boyhood and the old brown cot.

GOING HOME.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Bordered with stately lilacs—shaded by ancient trees—
Filled with the richest music swept from the tender breeze;
Oh! how I think of the evenings spent in the happy talk:
Wandering with beautiful Mary down o'er the garden walk.

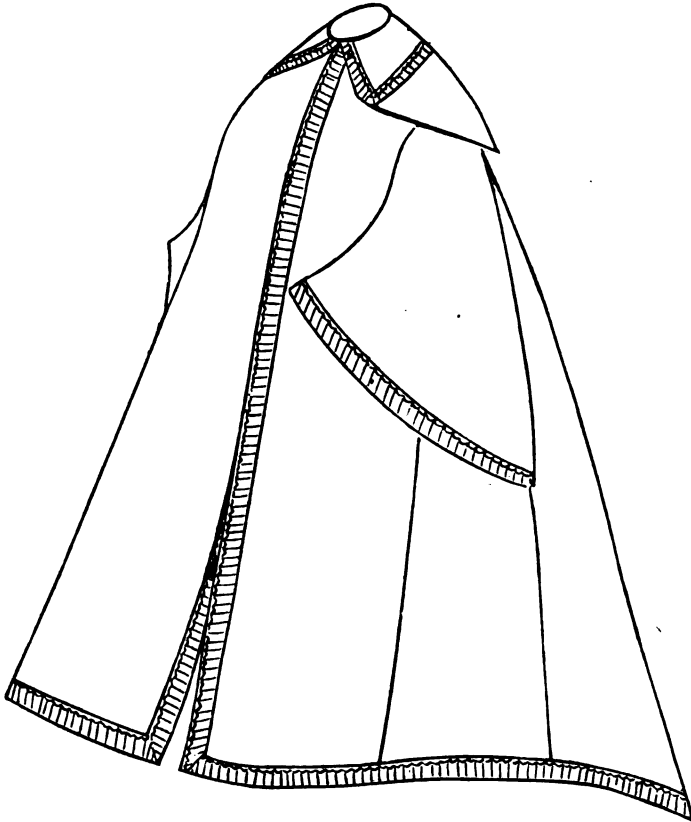
Now the wild billows toss me far on the lonesome sea—
How the strong wind, through the cordage, rattles and frolics
in glee!
Powerless the wheel to direct us, useless the quivering helm;
Oh! let me think of thee, Mary, while the waves over us
whelm!
Think of the rose-shaded garden, where lies the sunshine of
June—

Where the bees sing in the rye-field, all of the bright after-
noon;
Mary sits, quietly knitting, on the piazza so cool;
The kitten, with paws like white velvet, toys with a fugitive
spool.

God bless and keep all the dear ones, far, far away on the
land!
While I go tossing and tolling over strange waters and strand,
Ever my heart brings the memory—dearer, the farther I
roam—
Of the sweet, shady path in the garden, and dear little Mary
at home.

WINTER CLOAK.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, for our popular department, "How to Make One's Own Dresses," a pattern for a fashionable winter cloak, just received from Paris. The above engraving represents this graceful cloak when made up. On the next page is a diagram, by which to cut out the cloak, as follows:

- No. 1. PART OF FRONT.
- No. 2. PART OF BACK.
- No. 3. THE SHOULDER PIECE.
- No. 4. PART OF SLEEVE.
- No. 5. THE HOOD.

The front is so long that we cannot give the whole of it. It must be, as marked in the diagram, thirty-seven inches long in front; and

twenty-five inches, on the side, measuring from the arm-hole down. Neither can we give the whole of the back, but from D down it should be thirty-three inches long, and from K down, twenty-five inches. The shoulder piece and hood are given entire. To cut out the sleeve (the top of which is from E to A A) project downward from A A and H till the lines meet.

In putting it together, join A and C of the front to A and C of the shoulder piece. Join A and M of the back to A and M of the shoulder piece; and plait from M to B of the back to M to B of the shoulder piece. To put in the sleeve, join E of the sleeve to E of the front, and A A of the sleeve to A of the front.

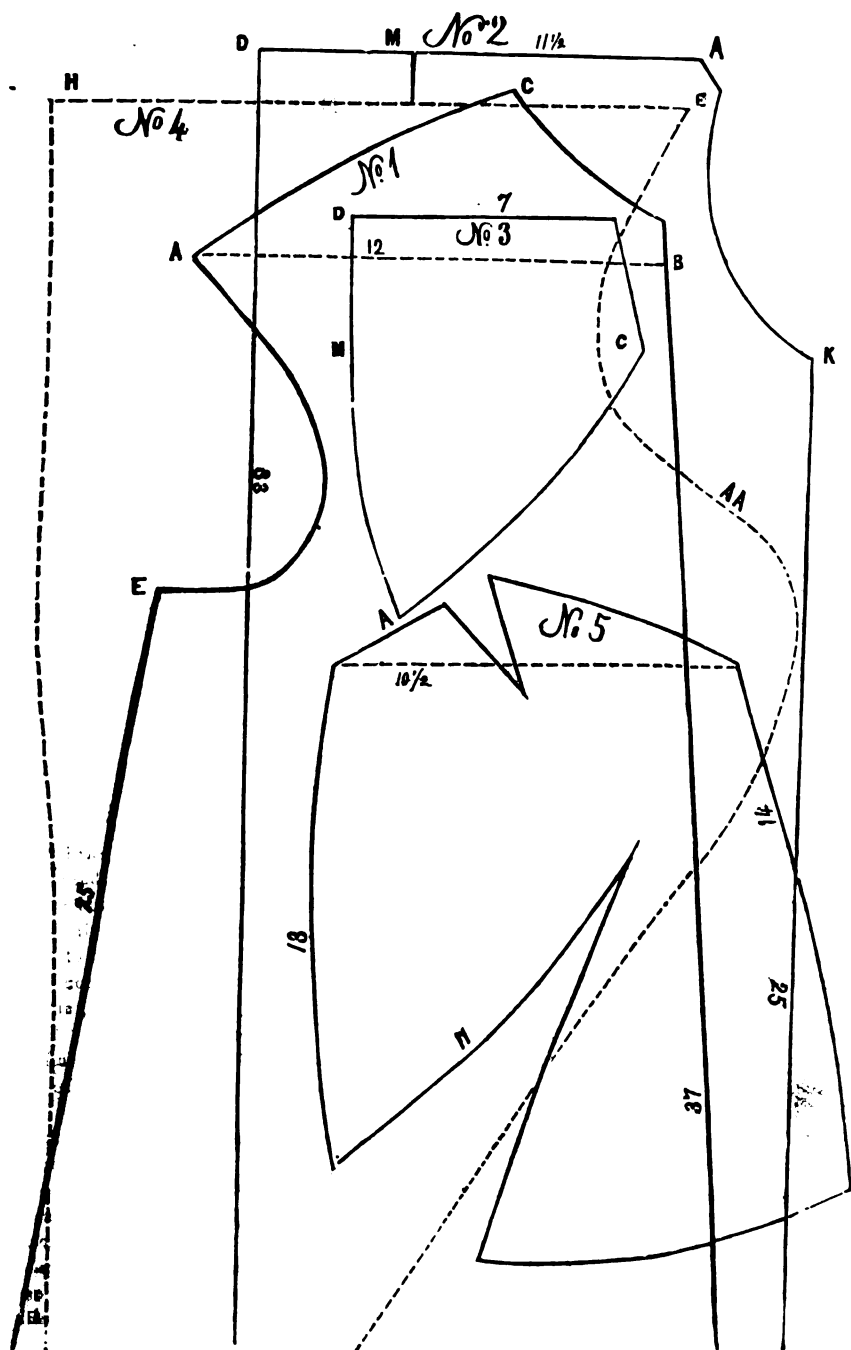
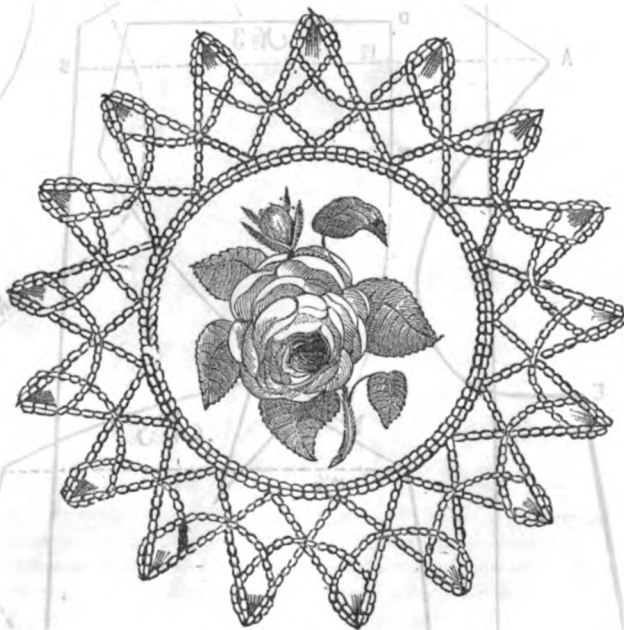


DIAGRAM OF WINTER OLOAK.

A JEWELLED MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



AT the request of M. W. D., a subscriber, we have designed the above Mat.

MATERIALS.—12 oz. opal beads, 8 yards white bonnet wire, 7 oz. turquoise, 6 spools white sewing silk.

Work the centre of Mat in Berlin wool in either flowers or fruit. Select a pattern in rich, dark colors, as the greater the contrast the prettier the effect. With a lead-pencil mark out a perfect circle 7 inches in diameter; fill in the ground work with the opal beads. For the border, take the bonnet wire, measure 28 inches, join the wire at this place. Now measure 8 inches, bend the wire as seen in the drawing. Repeat this until you have shaped enough to complete the circle, sew the points (at equal distances of $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches apart,) upon the circle, making in the whole 9 points: the last point must not meet the first one by $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch. Shape the wire as before, and carry this second row of points round, sewing them upon the circle, observing to make these points come exactly in the centre of those forming the first row. Thread the opal beads upon the white

silk, using the thread about a yard in length. Fasten one end to the wire at the base of a point. Keep the beads close together, and work round and round, covering the wire entirely. When the beads threaded are so disposed of, fasten the silk securely; thread more beads, continue until all the points are entirely covered, at the place where the points cross each other. Tie with a piece of white silk, cutting off the ends neatly, but not too close. This is to keep the points in place.

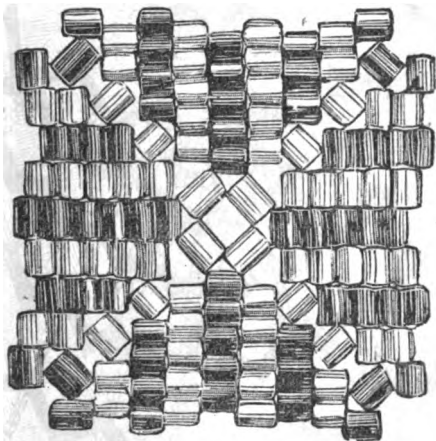
Now divide the turquoise beads into four parts, thread them upon four separate threads: connect these four threads together at one end, and plait in four. Dispose of this plait in festoons as seen in the drawing, tying the plait to the point with silk so as not to be seen. Cut two pieces of cardboard size of centre of Mat, cover one with the worked centre, the other with blue silk: sew the edges of the two together. Complete by sewing the border to the centre. Make another plait of the turquoise beads and place it over the uncovered wire.

By pinching up the rim of this Mat, the outside may be converted into a card-basket, and one of great beauty.

The beads should be about the size of mustard seed, or a little larger, to make the Mat the proper size.

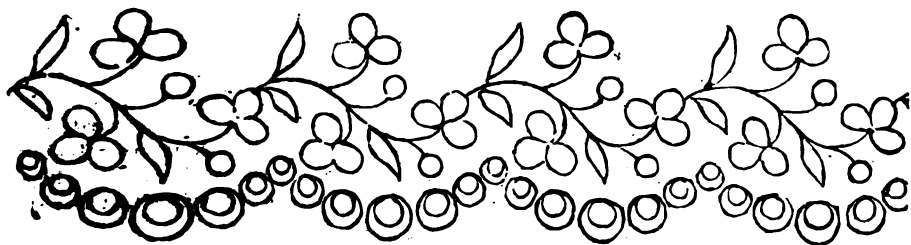
LAMP-MAT IN BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

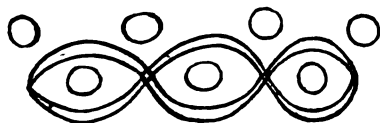


THE design indicates the mode of working. and pass the needle through a white bead. Repeat the same thing four times. Afterward string the thread to form the circle upon which all the two white beads, and pass the needle through the green bead. Then string a green bead, the green bead.

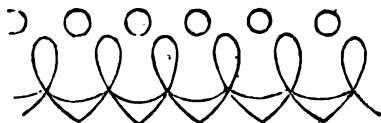
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



BOTTOM OF CHILD'S DRESS.



EDGING.



EDGING.

KNITTED TALMA.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS is an original pattern, designed expressly for the fair readers of "Peterson." It would be a beautiful and warm Talma for concerts, opera, &c.

MATERIALS.—1½ lbs. single white sephyr, 7 oz. single scarlet, wooden needles of medium size.

Cast on 650 stitches with the scarlet wool.

* 1st Row.—Knit plain.

2nd Row.—Knit purl *. Repeat 4 rows.

5th Row.—Knit 2 plain—throw the thread forward, knit 11 plain—take off the 12th without knitting, narrow 1, bind the slip stitch over the narrowed one, (this makes the centre stitch of the point) * knit 11, throw the thread forward,

knit one, throw the thread forward, knit 11, take off 1 without knitting, narrow 1—bind the slip stitch over the narrowed one *. Repeat to the end of the needle—knitting last two stitches plain.

6th Row.—Purl.

7th Row.—Same as 5th. Continue this pattern and purl knitting for 22 rows.

23rd Row.—Purl, observing to narrow three stitches in one, at the centre stitch of every point.

24th Row.—Knit plain.

25th Row.—Purl.

26th Row.—Plain. This forms a ridge, which is thrown upon the right side of the knitting.

27th Row.—2 plain. Pattern again, observing to knit 10 stitches in place of 11, as in the 1st point.

28th Row.—Purl. Continue as before alternate pattern and purl for 20 rows.

47th Row.—Like 28rd. Knit the 4 rows forming the ridge—the 47th being the 1st of the 4.

Then pattern, knitting 9 stitches in place of 10, as in last pattern, and 18 rows to the point. This decreasing 1 stitch every pattern of every point, and 2 rows to the point, narrows the Talma to fit the neck. Make 14 points deep, 8 points colored for the border, rest white.

FOR THE COLLAR.—Cast on 252 stitches with the colored wool. Knit 4 rows, alternate plain and purl as in the Talma.

5th Row.—Knit 2 plain. Throw the thread

forward, knit 5 plain—take off the 6th without knitting, narrow 1, bind the slip stitch over the narrowed one *, knit 5, throw the thread forward, knit 1, throw the thread forward, knit 5, take off 1, without knitting, narrow 1 *. Repeat this to the end of the needle, knitting last two stitches plain.

6th Row.—Purl.

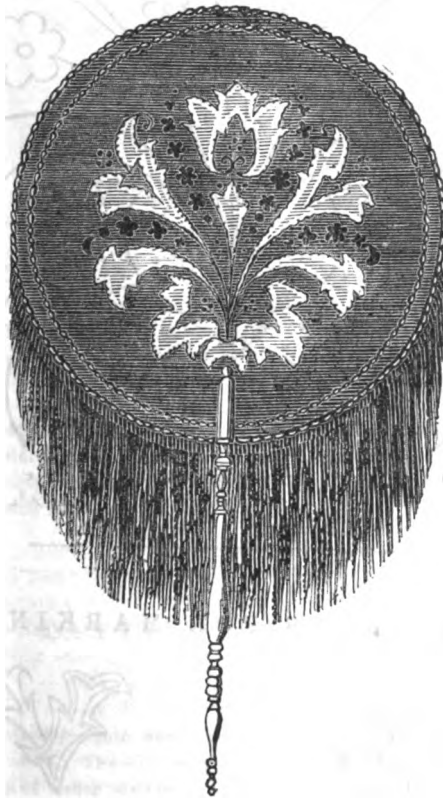
7th Row.—Same as 5th. Continue this pattern and purl 10 rows.

11th Row.—Same as 28rd of Talma. Knit the 4 rows for the ridge same as Talma, narrowing as before, making collar 6 points deep.

Take up the stitches on sides of Talma and collar. Knit four rows alternate plain and purl to make a pretty finish. Cord and tassels of the colored wool completes the whole.

FIRE-SCREEN.

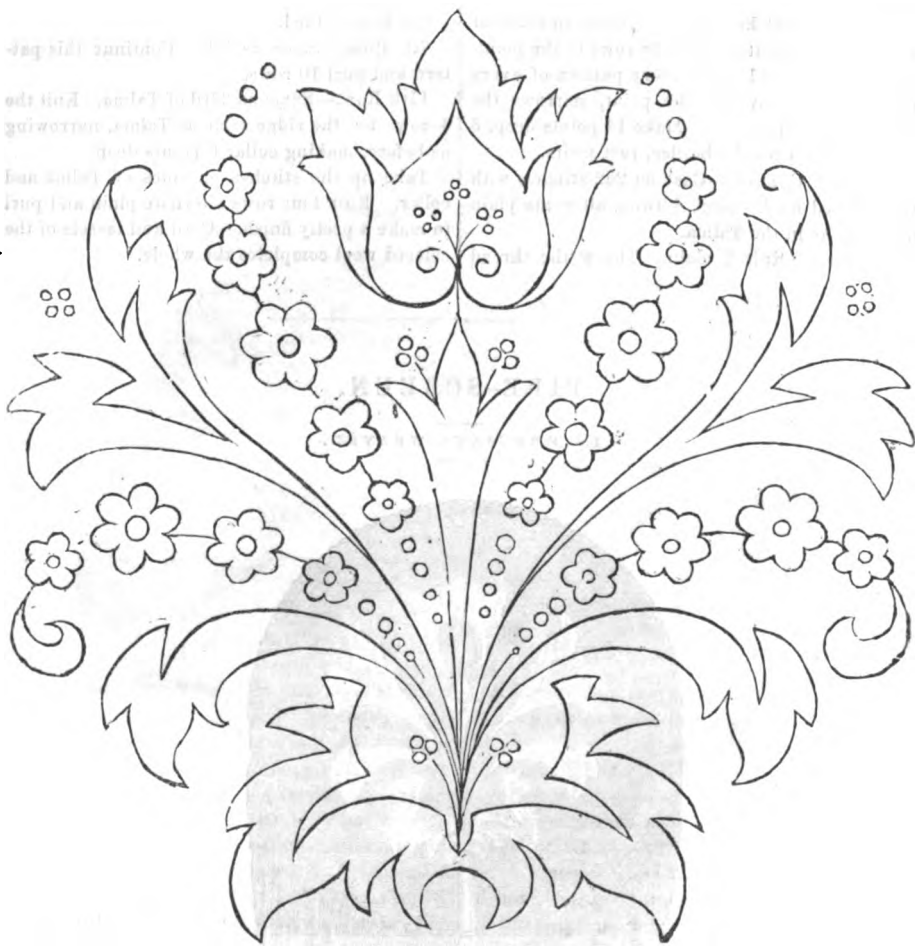
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS Screen is composed of sky-blue taffeta, upon which must be placed black velvet applique, according to the engraving which we give below.

Cut out of your velvet the pattern of flowers you design to use, and then arrange it upon the

taffeta with some gum. A gold cord must be sewed around the edges of the velvet, and also around the two outer circles described on the taffeta. The outer edge of the Screen should be ornamented with sky-blue moss fringe, and be finished with a small hand of white ivory.



CENTRE OF FINE-SCREEN.

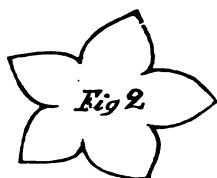
PATTERNS FOR MARKING.

Mary,



DIR ECTIONS HOW TO MAKE CYPRESS.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—Carminé paper, pink thread for hearts, white seeding, small green calyx, leaves, buds, &c.

Cut an equal number of No. 1 and 2: gum up No. 1 in the form of a tube as directed for jessamine, fasten on to the petal with gum; make the stamen of pink thread, three or four threads an inch in length is sufficient, fasten a thin piece of wire to it long enough for a stem, touch the ends of the thread in gum, and then dip it in white seeding or corn starch; finish with the small green calyx. The buds and leaves can be had ready prepared. Branch like example.

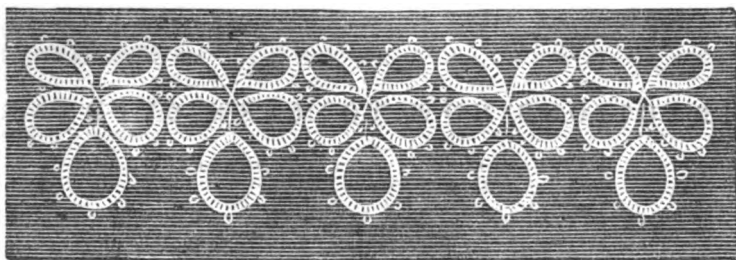
*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—

Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for Pinks, Dahlias, and red Roses, variegated for Japonicas, Pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

TAT TING ED G I N G.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The only material required for this work is No. 12 Six-cord Crochet Cotton. The edging is suitable for the trimmings of under portions of dress, especially for such as belong to children, being very durable. It is especially adapted for trimming children's trousers, because so strong. Having filled the shuttle with the cotton we have named, make thirty-two stitches, draw



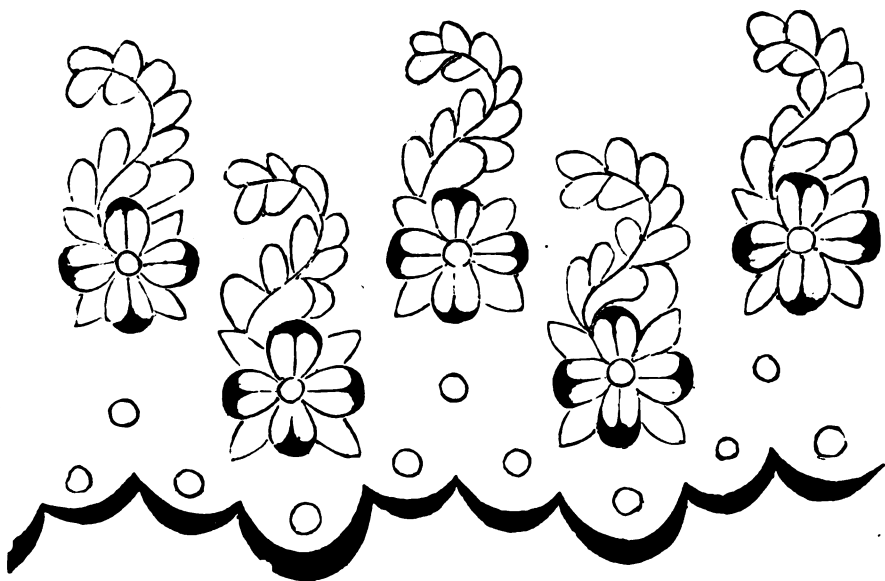
these up close, and repeat until you have five loops. Leave a space of not more than an inch, and make five more, and so on, for any length that may be required. These loops having been thus made, require to be arranged in the form we have given, by means of a needle and rather fine white cotton. The continuous thread which holds them together does not show, if kept regularly on behind the under parts which are thus joined together. In our pattern we have given the pearled edge, but this can be either adopted or rejected, according to pleasure. Many ladies use the pin in producing this pearl, but a little practice renders this quite unnecessary. It can be done equally well by pressing the thumb upon the cotton, so as to leave a little interval between

the stitches. This forms the pearl when the loop is drawn up; all that is required is that they should be regular.

There is no doubt that the tatting with the pearled edge is much more ornamental than the plain, but it is attended by its own disadvantages. If each pearl is not pulled out carefully by the laundress, its beauty is entirely destroyed. Some ladies even take the pains of opening these with the point of a stiletto, but this involves so serious a labor that many others are content with the simple tatting, which is not subject to this drawback.

If adopted, the pearl may be introduced at every third or fifth stitch, according to the taste of the worker.

PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.

PORTMONNAIE IN SCARLET AND GOLD

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

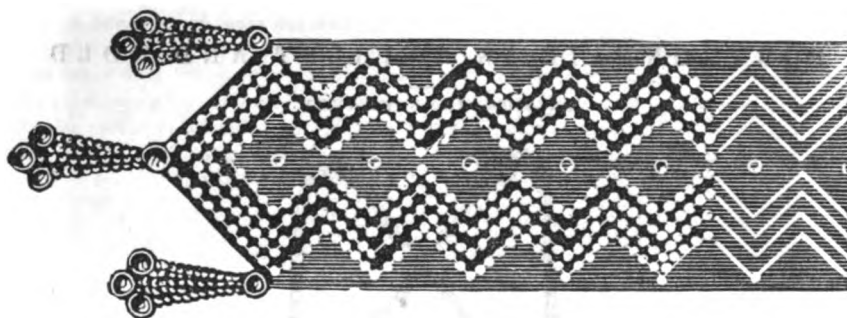


We give, in the front of the number, two cloth. One represents the front and the other engravings, each of the full size, for a port- the side. The effect, when made up, is very monnaie, to be worked with gold laid on scarlet pretty.

NECK-TIE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE winter weather requires a little precaution, to prevent the cold air blowing round the neck from producing injurious effects. A pretty Neck-Tie has, therefore, the double recommendation of being both ornamental and useful. The one we have given in our illustration is very easy of execution, and has an extremely good effect. The pattern is in steel beads, on a black ribbon velvet, about an inch in width, the ends being finished with a tassel formed of steel beads. It is also extremely pretty for mourning, if black beads are substituted for the steel.



The lines of beads must be worked close to each other, and the same number of beads must be in every line, so as to give perfect regularity. These little neck-bands are really desirable. The length must be arranged according to the taste of the wearer.

KNITTED UNDER-SLEEVE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



ter wear, and having knit a pair can testify to their comfort.

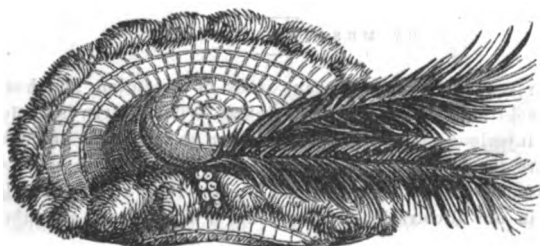
MATERIALS REQUIRED.—2 oz. brown single zephyr, 1 oz. crimson single zephyr, 1 pair steel knitting needles, common size, 1 pair bone knitting needles, small.

With the crimson wool, and steel needles, cast on 70 stitches, knit 1 row plain, rib 30 rows like the top of a stocking. Join the brown wool, and with the bone needles knit 50 rows plain. Join the crimson wool, use the steel needles, knit 30 rows, ribbed. Again the brown, knit with the bone needles 18 rows plain. With the crimson wool knit 30 rows as before. Brown, knit 18 rows plain, narrowing 1 stitch at the end of every row. Finish with the crimson wool, knitting 30 rows ribbed. This last to fit the wrist.

We have designed this Under-Sleeve for win-

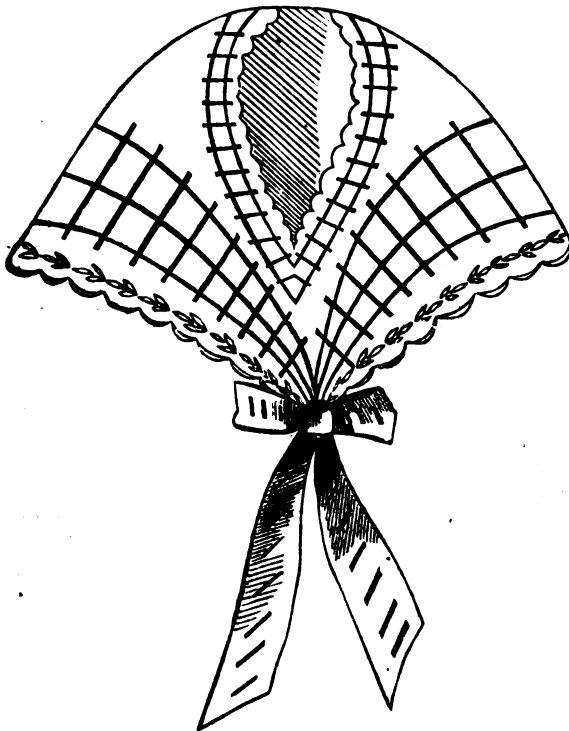
HENRY THE FOURTH HAT,

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

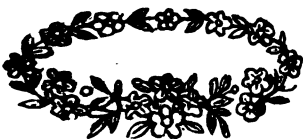


THIS novel idea for covering lamp-shades costs little and is easily made. With a piece of cord, and some grey, white, or black wool, a little hat of the desired shape is soon completed. The cord must be worked over with four loop stitches of the colored wool, and united in a ring; go on working in a circle for three rows; this is the crown of the hat, which must be begun flat, afterward the twine is easily bent into shape. The fourth row must be narrowed to form the lower part of the hat, which is composed of four rows one above the other; then widen for seven rows to form the brim. This little toy is ornamented by some chenille or ribbon of a bright color, and turned up at the side with a bow, a few beads, and a feather.

NOVELTIES OF THE MONTH.



CAPE ON BLACK NET.



WREATH FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



EDGING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE MIRANDA OF SHAKESPEARE.—The mezzotint, in this number, is engraved from an original picture, painted by G. W. Conarroe, an eminent artist of this city. The subject is Miranda, the heroine of "The Tempest;" and the scene that in which, after beholding the wreck, she adjures her father to calm the storm. The poet makes her say,

"Oh, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. Oh, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her."

In many respects, Miranda is the best of Shakespeare's female heroines, lovely and womanly as they all are. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Characteristics," says of this exquisite delineation:—"Had Shakespeare never created a Miranda, we should never have been made to feel how completely the purely natural and the purely ideal can blend into each other." And she adds:—"The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment; not one that would not appear somewhat coarse and artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this 'Eve of an Enchanted Paradise.'" And again:—"Not only is she exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she could not possibly be otherwise than she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex: she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities."

Such a woman Mr. Conarroe has realized on canvas. It is not mere beauty, in the common acceptance of the term, which is depicted in her face; but there is there also a spiritual loveliness, full of all purity and truth. What sadness, too, what womanly pity! The action of the picture, as a composition, is very good. The waves tossing on the shore; Miranda's hair blown about by the winds; the black, whirling clouds overhead; the forked lightning;—all these forcibly express the agitation of Nature, which, so to speak, is the burden of the play. Mr. Sartain has also done himself great credit by the manner in which he has engraved the picture for us.

LIFE SUBSCRIBERS.—In a letter, enclosing two dollars, the writer says—"I expect to take your Magazine as long as I live: I think it the best published." Every year we are adding extensively to this list of life subscribers. We have names, on our books, that have been receiving the Magazine for fifteen or sixteen years.

OUR SLIPPER PATTERN.—We think this the best affair of its kind ever published in a Magazine. For next month, however, we have something even handsomer. Recollect, one of these colored patterns is to be given, in every number, this year.

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A BEAUTIFUL POEM.—A lady calls our attention to the following poem, as equally true and beautiful. The subject is "Woman's Love."

Come from your long, long roving,
On the sea so wild and rough,
Come to me tender and loving,
And I shall be blest enough.

Of men though you be unforgiven,
Though priest be unable to shrieve,
I'll pray till I weary all Heaven,
If only you come back alive.

Where your sails have been unfurling,
What winds have blown on your brow,
I know not, and ask not, my darling,
So that you come to me now.

Sorrowful, sinful and lonely,
Poor and despoiled though you be,
All are nothing, if only
You turn from the tempter to me.

THREE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.—T. Buchanan Read, the poet-painter, has just returned to this city, after an absence of several years in Rome, bringing with him several pictures of great beauty, which he has painted to fill commissions. Among these pictures, "The Spirit of the Waterfall," belonging to J. L. Claghorn, Esq., is particularly noticeable. It represents a waterfall, with nymphs descending, gracefully grouped together; a charming idea, and which is carried out with equal force and beauty. A fortunate man is Mr. Claghorn to be the possessor of so superior a *chef d'œuvre*. Another picture is "Jephtha's Daughter," painted for Joseph Harrison, Jr. Both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Claghorn are liberal and judicious collectors of pictures, and take deserved pride in their galleries; but neither have any gems that excel these by Mr. Read. A third picture is "The Ascension of the Innocents," a picture, that, like the "Translation of St. Catharine," breathes an almost divine beauty, and could only have been conceived and executed by Christian art, never by Pagan. It is Mr. Read's intention to return to Rome in the spring.

HEAD-DRESS: CAUL.—Among our fashion embellishments is a pretty caul for the head, which any lady can, if she chooses, make for herself; and a description of which, therefore, we annex. For the materials take $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of black silk bobinet lace, two yards large crimson and gold silk cord, three yards of long large crimson and gold silk tassels, sixteen small crimson and gold silk tassels. Cut a round piece out of the black lace as large as the $\frac{1}{4}$ yard will allow. Sew the cord upon the lace as seen in the design, putting the small tassels in the places assigned. Dispose of the long tassels, two on one side, one on the other. Make a narrow hem in the edge of the lace, in it run a piece of black elastic, just long enough to fit the knot of hair. This is a very pretty head-dress and easily made. Any color cord and tassels may be used. Black, crimson, black and gold, blue or pink are all beautiful.

A WORD FOR HOOPS.—The gentlemen, who amuse themselves at the expense of ladies' hoops, should read the following, which we take from an exchange paper. "Lately, one of a party of girls who were fishing off the Hackensack (N. J.) bridge, fell into the water, and as the current was very strong would undoubtedly have been drowned, had not the expansion of her hoops and clothing kept her above the water until assistance reached her."

THE WEDDING DRESSES OF THE DUCHESS OF MALAKOFF.—Our fair readers, generally, are aware that Pelissier, the French general who captured Sebastopol, and who, on that account, was created Duke of Malakoff, has lately been getting married. The French and English newspapers are full of descriptions of the magnificent dresses prepared for the bride. No event of a similar character, has, for a long time, excited so vast a degree of interest in the fashionable circles of Paris. The trousseau was a present from the Empress to the bride, and all the principal articles contained in it were selected and made under her Majesty's superintendence. The following is a description of a few of the bridal dresses:—

A robe of white taffety with bands of cerulean-blue taffety laid on so as to form broad stripes. The blue bands were cut out in scallops, and edged with blue velvet, at the extreme margin of which there was a row of white blonde. The corsage and sleeves were ornamented in the same style; the sleeves being in the pagoda form, with the bands of blue silk running transversely. Another dress consisted of three skirts; the first being of emerald-green velvet, the second of green satin of a hue paler than that of the velvet, and the third of taffety of a still lighter shade. The two upper skirts were cut out in deep vandyks, and edged with a narrow black lace set on in slight fullness. The corsage was low, and had a berthe formed of the three materials composing the skirts—viz: velvet, satin, and silk, disposed in folds. Another dress was of jonquille colored silk. The skirt had no less than eighteen narrow flounces cut out at the edges. The corsage was high and plain, and fastened up the front by a row of topaz buttons. The sleeves were formed of four frills cut out at the edges. A shawl of black lace lined with white silk was intended to be worn with this dress. Another dress was a robe of mauve-colored velours epingle, trimmed all round the edge of the skirt with quilles of black velvet, terminating in points, and rising to the height of the knees. These quilles were finished with an edging of narrow black lace. The corsage and the pagoda sleeves were ornamented with the same trimming. A bow of black velvet, edged with black lace, was fixed on the left side of the waist, the ends descending nearly to the feet.

Two of the Duchesses's robes de chambre were remarkable for novelty of style. One was of rich figured plush, having an elegant running design figured in violet and black on a white ground. The corsage had a small pelerine, trimmed with violet and black chenille fringe. This robe was lined throughout with white satin, and edged all round with a broad band of plain violet plush. The other robe de chambre—or, as it may more properly be called, robe de matin—was in the style of Louis XVI., and composed of very rich white silk. The fullness was gathered in at the back in very large plaits, and the robe was open in front, with broad revers of panay-colored velvet. The corsage was trimmed with two broad bands of velvet, and the sleeves were loose at the ends, with broad revers.

One of the ball dresses was of white tulle, with three skirts, each trimmed with an exceedingly broad ruche of tulle edged with black lace. This new style of ruche is called the *Hierisson*. The three skirts were gathered up by bouquets of roses. A bow, with long ends of white sarcenet ribbon, edged with red velvet, fixed the lowest bouquet to the dress.

Among the Duchesses's jewels there was a magnificent *parure*, consisting of plaques of diamonds, attached one to another by small links of pearls. Suspended from each cluster of diamonds was a long pear pearl. Another exquisite *parure* consisted of diamonds, topazes, pearls, and emeralds, mounted in the form of daisies. This *parure* consisted of a wreath for the hair and a bouquet de corsage.

TASTE IN DRESS.—A badly dressed woman does injustice to herself.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."—One of our subscribers writes to us, in the following vein, respecting the *mezzotint*, "The Lily," published in our last number:—"Your beautiful frontispiece, in the December number, is my apology for addressing you at this time. You say it is beautiful; it is more than beautiful, it is holy! As I gaze on it, my soul is stirred with a deeper feeling than the mere love of the beautiful, for memory points backward through the vista of departed years, and this lovely emblem of innocence, beauty, and truth, bounds into life before me. I almost hear the echo of a fairy footfall: the large, grey dreamy eyes, which bear in their silent depths, so little of earth, so much of Heaven, are looking straight into my own, as the pinafore of wild blossoms, gathered for 'Mamma,' is emptied on my lap, while one tiny hand still clasps the pure white lily which brother gave. But our Lily drooped and failed. The death angel slowly furled his white wing, and gathered the spirit of our loved one to its warm embrace. Sadly we crossed the baby hands on the throbbless bosom, with the faded memento of a brother's love tightly clasped there; and we made her bed under the cherry tree she had loved so well, where in summer the robin carols always his sunset song; and on the flowers which blossom there, are bright drops which are not dew. And yet we mourn not, for we know that our Lily blooms in the crystal waters of the great golden river of life. Verily of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

There are thousands of mothers, all over this beautiful land, who echo this lament and rejoice in these hopes. Oh! how terrible would death be to the parent, if there was no eternity, no life beyond the grave. The blessed expectation of meeting our lost little ones, in a brighter and better land, is all that sustains the sorrowing mother, when the coffin-lid closes over her child, and the dear face is hid away forever on this earth. Thank God for the words!—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

BRONZE WORK FOR THE CAPITOL.—Messrs. Archer, Warner & Miskey, of this city, have just finished a bronze balustrade, for the Capitol extension at Washington, which, we may safely assert, ranks foremost in the world among works of art of a similar kind. Instead of stiff banisters to support the rail, a graceful pattern is employed, in which animals and birds are introduced in a scroll-work of fruits and flowers. All these are American and modeled from Nature. It is impossible to convey, in words, any idea of the fidelity of this exquisite affair. An eagle, with extended wings, is, perhaps, the most striking figure; and next to this a stag crushing a rattlesnake. Architects, who have carefully studied the best screens, gates, and other master-pieces in bronze, in Europe, say that this balustrade equals any similar thing abroad.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVE PEOPLE.—Dr. Hall, of the Journal of Health, says to his consumptive friends:—"You want air, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone; physic has no nutriment; gaspings for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you, and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well, go in for *beef and out-door air*, and do not be deluded into the grave by advertisement certificates."

A COSTLY DRESS.—The Empress Eugenie has just purchased the dress in point d'Alencon given by the city of Rouen to the aunt of Louis XVI., on her visit there with Louis XV. The Empress has paid the sum of ten thousand dollars for the dress, which has a train of two yards and a quarter in length, and is covered with birds, and trees, and emblematical figures of all kinds. We have seen lace dresses, at weddings in this city, worth five or six thousand dollars; but ten thousand, as yet, is a figure above republicans.

AN EDITOR'S OPINION.—One of the craft, who has retired from business, writes to us as follows—"In selling my paper, however, I do not mean to part company with 'Peterson.' My better half made it a condition precedent to the sale, that I should become a subscriber for your Magazine; and in order to keep peace in the family, I have concluded to send on for the Magazine for her. I have also secured you seven other names and send herewith ten dollars."

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.—We call attention to the advertisement of this excellent family paper—the best, we think, published in Philadelphia—but especially to the liberal offer of one thousand dollars in premiums to persons getting up clubs. For \$2.50, cash in advance, the "Dollar Newspaper" and "Peterson" can be had for one year. Remit, in such cases, to Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

BEING SATIRICAL.—Curb your tendency to be satirical! It is easier, often, to say a cruel thing, than a kind one; and is, therefore, no credit, not even to your intellect. Be loved, rather than feared!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Frederick the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. In four volumes. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers. The peculiarities of Carlyle's writings are well known to the reading public. The author of "Sartor Resartus" has the merit, rare among literary men of this generation, not only of clothing his thoughts in a style of his own, but of stamping the thoughts themselves with distinctive features. It is true that his English is an English unknown to the good old standards of the tongue, a barbarous jargon against which every honest orator ought to protest. But, what with the eccentricities of his verbal style, and what with the almost Sardonian power of his irony, Carlyle, at least, fixes the reader's attention, which many writers fail to do, who are purists of the first water. The work now before us, for example, is profoundly interesting. The first volume is devoted chiefly to the early history of the Prussian dynasty, and is full of those panoramic views, in giving which Carlyle excels all other writers. King and Kaiser, Margrave and Elector. Knight and Bishop pass before the reader, like spectres conjured up by the hand of some potent magician. In no other work, that we have perused, do we find such vivid pictures of feudal Germany. It was said of Kean's acting, that it was reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning; and Carlyle's Frederick is reading the Teutonic middle ages in the same way. The second volume brings us down to more modern times; but is not less graphic and interesting. It comprises the thirteen years of Prussian history, which preceded the death of Frederick the Great's father, a monarch whom most writers have either misunderstood, or misrepresented, but whom Carlyle exalts almost into a hero. We shall await the appearance of the remaining two volumes with no little eagerness, and hope they will not be so long forthcoming as Macaulay's promised ones, which, if report speaks truly, have been bought off by the Hanoverian dynasty, for a pecage.

The Four Sisters. By Frederika Bremer. 1 vol., 12mo. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. We do not think this novel inferior, as a work of art, even to the best of Miss Bremer's earlier fictions; and having said this, what more can we say in its praise? There is so much exceptional literature printed in these times, that a parent hardly knows what new book to introduce into the household. To "The Four Sisters," however, no exception can be taken. It is deeply interesting; is full of instruction; abounds in capital pictures of Swedish life; and breathes a pure moral atmosphere that insensibly refines and spiritualizes the reader. A small edition was published, a year or two ago, under the name of "Herttha."

Palestine, Past and Present. By Rev. Henry S. Osborne. A. M. 1 vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: James Challen & Sons. This is an elegant royal-octavo volume, containing over five hundred pages, and embellished with numerous beautiful engravings, colored and plain. The work is the result of recent researches in Palestine and a portion of Syria, and embraces the natural, scientific, classical and historical features of the Holy Land, identifying and illustrating many Scriptural passages hitherto unnoticed. The engravings are from original designs and drawings, the latter of which were taken on the spots they represent. They give an excellent idea of the scenery of Palestine, its cities, villages, architecture, birds, flowers, &c., &c. A map of the Holy Land accompanies the work. The volume appears at an opportune season, as it will make an appropriate and elegant Christmas gift. It will be a valuable companion to "The City of the Great King," published by the same house.

The Modern Cook; a Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches. By Charles Cline Francatelli. With Sixty-two Illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. This is a work of a higher class than such compilations generally are. It comprises, in addition to English cookery, the most approved systems of French, Italian and German cookery; and is indispensable, therefore, to hotel-keepers, confectioners, and private families that wish to keep first-rate tables. The publishers have issued it in a style corresponding to its merits. There are numerous engravings of ornamental dishes, which will be found of great value, especially in country localities, where professional cooks cannot be got, as in a large city, at a moment's notice. No fashionable entertainment ought to be undertaken, we should think, without Francatelli's cook-book.

Judge Haliburton's Yankee Stories. With Illustrations. Two volumes complete in one. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. The wit and drollery of Judge Haliburton, when writing, as in this work, under his *soubriquet* of "Sam Slick," have never been surpassed. The sketches are all short, so that the book may be taken up, read for a few minutes, and then laid down without breaking the continuity of the text. We do not know a more certain specific to cure the "blues" than these Yankee Stories of "Sam Slick." The volume is handsomely illustrated.

Jack and Harry; or, Pictures for the Young. By Mary and John Howitt. 1 vol. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. This is a small quarto, elegantly printed on cream-colored paper, illustrated with numerous superior engravings, and bound neatly in embossed cloth. The story is intended for children, and, like all stories by the Howitts, is admirably adapted for its purpose. We consider it one of the most appropriate Christmas books that has been published this year.

The Ministry of Life. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. A religious fiction, adapted for young persons about entering life; and from the pen of an author who has already won for herself a circle of warm, admiring friends. The volume appears opportunely, for it would make an excellent Christmas or New-Year's gift. Two elegant steel embellishments adorn the book.

Self-Made Men. By Charles C. B. Seymour. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. In this neat volume we have about sixty biographies, the subjects being all self-made men, Gen. Andrew Jackson heading the catalogue, and George Stephenson concluding it. Numerous graphic wood engravings, all portraits, embellish the book. We commend it as a capital work to put into the hands of boys.

Gerald Noel. By the author of "Louise's School-days." 1 vol., 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. All who have read the former work by this author, will hasten, we know, to purchase "Gerald Noel." The Appletons have issued the volume in their usual neat style.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Illustrations by Hoppin. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. This is one of the best books ever written by an American. We use no hyperbole either when we say this. It is genial, racy, full of acute thoughts on life and literature, and written in a terse, idiomatic style. Now eloquent, now witty, now shrewd, now humorous, now pathetic, but never dull. The "Autocrat" is a man after our own heart, with whom it would delight us to breakfast every day. His volume is one of the very few that we have read over a second time. We keep it by us on our library table, to dip into, whenever we get a moment of leisure, sure to find some striking thought, neatly expressed, wherever we turn. The publishers do not exaggerate, when they assert, in the advertisement, that the work will take its place with those of the few humorists, whom the world agrees to call great. We cannot close this hasty notice, without giving our hearty praise to the manner in which Hoppin has illustrated it: the sketch of "The Landlady's Daughter" alone, is enough to make a reputation.

Woodstock. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. These comprise the forty-first and forty-second volumes of the now famous "Household Edition" of Scott's novels. In type and paper they are no unexceptionable, that every person, who desires a good copy of these world-renowned fictions, should avail themselves of the present opportunity; for it will be impossible for any future publishers, no matter what expenses they incur, to excel this exquisite duodecimo edition.

Marryat's Complete Works. 1 vol., 8 ro. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A handsome, yet cheap edition of Marryat has long been wanted; and here we have it, in double column octavo, on good paper and with clear typography.

PARLOR GAMES.

THE LAWYER.—The company must form in two rows opposite to, and facing each other, leaving room for the Lawyer to pass up and down between them.

When all are seated, the one who personates the Lawyer will ask a question or address a remark to one of the persons present, either standing before the person addressed, or calling his name. The one spoken to is not to answer, but the one sitting opposite to him must reply to the question. The object of the Lawyer is to make either the one he speaks to answer him, or the one that should answer, to keep silent; therefore he should be quick in hurrying from one to another with his questions, taking them by surprise, and noticing those who are the most inattentive. No one must be allowed to remind another of their turn to speak. When the Lawyer has succeeded in either making one speak that should not, or finding any that did not answer when they should, they must exchange places with each other, and the one caught becomes Lawyer.

This game will be found quite amusing if conducted with spirit.

FRENCH BLIND-MAN.—In this game, instead of blindfolding one of the players, his hands are tied behind him, and in that difficult way he must endeavor to catch one of his companions, who must, when caught, submit to the same restraint.

ORNAMENTAL DISHES FOR SUPPER-TABLE.

Rice Froth.—A cheap and ornamental dish. For one-third of a pound of rice, allow one quart of new milk; the whites of three eggs; three ounces of loaf sugar, finely pounded; a stick of cinnamon, or eight or ten drops of almond flavoring, and a quarter of a pound of raspberry jam. Boil the rice, in a pint, or rather less of water; when the water is absorbed,

add the milk, and let it go on boiling till quite tender, keeping it stirred to prevent burning. If cinnamon is used, boil it with the milk, and remove it when the rice is sufficiently done; if essence of almonds be used for flavoring, it may be dropped among the sugar; when the rice milk is cold, put it in a glass dish or china bowl. Beat up the egg whites and sugar, to a froth, cover the rice with it, and stick bits of raspberry jam over the top.

Almond Cream.—Put a pint of milk with a pint of cream and a small bit of lemon peel into a stew pan to boil very gently for twenty minutes. In the meantime blanch and pound very fine three ounces of sweet almonds and half an ounce of bitter almonds. Next take the milk and cream from the fire, into which (while hot) stir the pounded almonds, the yolks of two or three eggs, and clarified sugar enough to sweeten it. Then put the whole into a colander, and with a wooden spoon rub and squeeze it well through. Let this be done a second time. Then add two ounces of well clarified isinglass. Have the mould ready to ice, pour the cream into it, and when set, turn it out in the same way as any other jelly.

Creme a la Mode.—Put half a pound of white sugar into your glass or china dish, with two good sized glasses of white wine, the peel and juice of one large lemon, or two small ones. Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in half a pint of water, strain it hot upon the above, and, by degrees, add a pint and a half of good cream; stir till cold. It will keep three or four days, but it is best made the day before you want it. Half this quantity makes a good sized dish. It is very pretty turned out of a mould, or may be cut up with custard glasses. This is a general favorite with all those who have once tasted it.

Lemon Cream.—Take a quart of lemonade made very sweet, strain it, and put it in a saucepan on the fire. Add the yolks of eight eggs well beaten, and stir it always one way till it is of a proper thickness. Serve it in custard glasses or in a cream dish. To make the lemonade—Dissolve five ounces of loaf sugar in two pints of boiling water, having previously, with part of the sugar, rubbed the yellow rind of a lemon; then add the juice of three lemons. Some persons put the lemons and sugar into a jug, and pour the boiling water upon them.

Wine Jelly.—To a quart of white wine put a pound of lump sugar, which is first reduced to a syrup. Dissolve an ounce and a half of isinglass in a little water; strain it and mix while warm, with the syrup also warm. When it is nearly cold pour the wine into it, stirring it well, and for some little time after. Pour into your mould, or leave it to be cut up the next day into jelly glasses. A little cochineal added gives it a beautiful appearance. This is a most delicious jelly, and very soon and easily made.

Jaumange.—Dissolve two ounces of isinglass in a pint and a half of water, cut into it the rind of two lemons; strain; then add the yolks of four eggs well beaten. Let it have one boil up, and then put in the juice of two good sized lemons. Sweeten to your taste, and if you want it a very deep color, add a little saffron. Stir till nearly cold, and then put into the mould or glasses. This makes a very pretty, very nice, and very inexpensive dish for a supper.

Snow-Balls, a Pretty little Dish at a Juvenile Supper.—Boil two ounces of Patna rice in a pint and a half of new milk, a little cinnamon and pounded sugar. Flavor with essence of ratafia. When the rice is quite soft, take out the cinnamon and put the rice in tea-cups. Let it remain until cold; then turn them out on a dish and pour a custard over them, (made with the yolks of three eggs,) and on the top of each ball put a little preserve.

To Make Blanc Mange.—One pint of milk, half an ounce of isinglass or half a sixpenny packet of gelatine, boiled a quarter of an hour; add loaf sugar, and flavor to taste, strain, and turn out when perfectly cold.

OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

As a preliminary, we give the following table of weights and measures:

Eggs, - - -	- 10 eggs	are equal to	1 pound.
Brown sugar, powdered,	1 pound 2 ounces	"	1 quart.
White sugar, powdered,	1 pound	"	1 quart.
Loaf sugar, broken,	- 1 pound	"	1 quart.
Butter, when soft,	- 1 pound	"	1 quart.
Indian meal, - -	- 1 pound 2 ounces	"	1 quart.
Wheat flour, - -	- 1 pound	"	1 quart.

A glassful of any liquid, (unless the size and sort of glass is specially designated,) always means a wineglassful.

4 large tablespoonfuls are equal to $\frac{1}{2}$ gill.

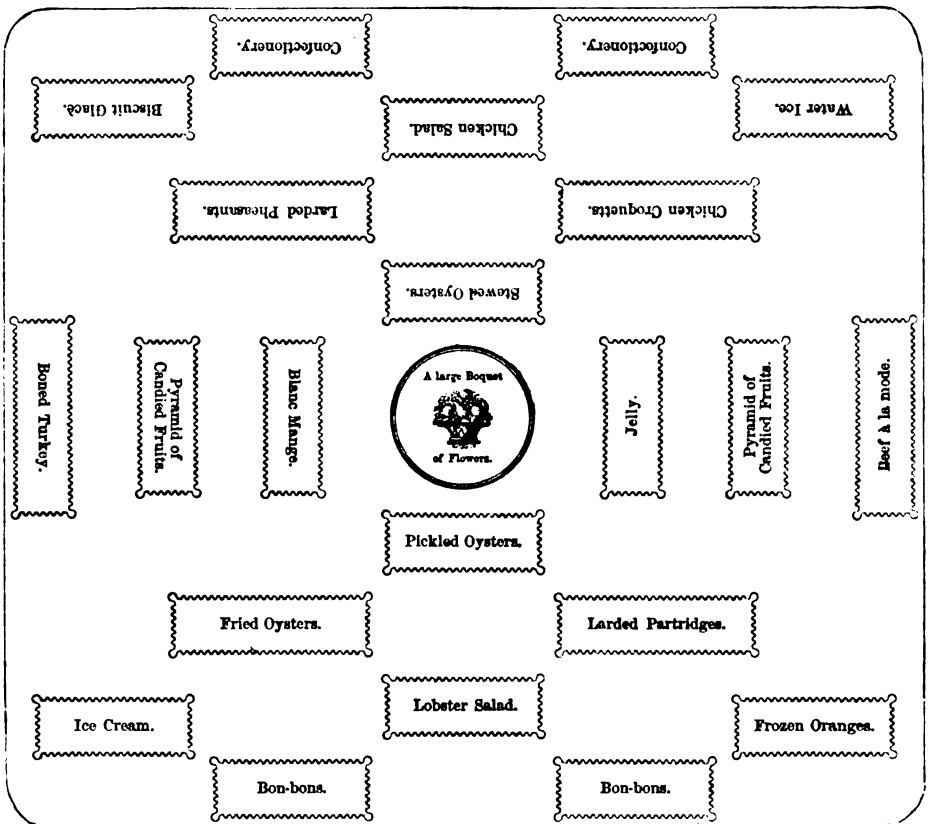
8 " " " " 1 gill.

16 " " " " $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.

A common sized wineglass holds $\frac{1}{2}$ gill.

A common sized tumbler holds $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.

We give, next, a bill of fare for a large and elegant supper table, with an engraving showing how to arrange the dishes. The bill of fare is very full, so that if all the dishes cannot be procured, others may be substituted.



Plates should be placed around the table for each guest: also, three glasses beside each plate, for lemonade, wine, &c. A side-table should contain extra plates, spoons, &c., &c. also, pitchers of water, and extra dishes. On another table cups for chocolate or coffee may be set out, to be ready for persons who do not drink wine.

BILL OF FARE.

Boned Turkey. Candied Oranges.
Lobster, dressed. Candied Grapes
Ham.

Beef Tongues, jellied.
Beef a la mode.
Chicken Salad.
Pickled Oysters.
Oyster Pates.
Terrapin.
Boiled Oysters.
Chicken Croquettes.
Fried Oysters.
Stewed Oysters.

Bon-bons.
French Secrets.
Dragées Portugaises.
Candied Almonds.
Fruits a la Creme.
Dragées a la Vanille.
Almond Cream.
Vanilla Cream.
Peach Cream.
Strawberry Cream.

Charlotte à la Russe.
Jelly Cake.
Jelly, of Calves' Feet.
Ambrosia.
Blanc Mange.
Fruit Cakes.
Meringues.

Lemon Cream.
Orange Water Ice.
Biscuit Glace.
Punch à la Romaine.
Champagne Frappe à la Glace.
Coffee.
Chocolate.

SOUPS.

Observations on Soups.—When you make any kind of soup, particularly portable, vermicelli, or brown gravy soup, or any other that has herbs or roots in it, always observe to lay the meat in the bottom of your pan, with a good lump of butter. Cut the herbs and roots into small pieces, and lay them over the meat; cover it close, and set it over a very slow fire: it will draw all the virtue out of the roots and herbs, turn it to a good gravy, and give the soup a very different flavor than if you first put it in water. When your gravy is almost dried up, fill the pan with water; when it begins to boil, take off the fat, and follow the directions of your receipt for whatever sort of soup you are making.

Calf's Head Soup.—Procure a calf's head, wash it well, and let it stand in salt and water two or three hours: then soak it in fresh water. Put it on to boil, and when the meat will separate from the bone, take it off. Strain the broth; cut the meat in small pieces, and add it to the broth. Then season with sweet marjoram, sage, thyme, sweet basil, pepper, salt, mace, and cloves. Take one pound of suet, and two pounds of veal, chopped fine, and with sufficient bread crumbs and seasoning as above, make some forcemeat ball, and fry them in butter; make also some small dumplings, with a little flour, butter, and water: add the dumplings, the forcemeat balls, two or three eggs, chopped fine, a spoonful of browned flour, and as much wine as you think fit, to the soup.

Almond Soup.—Take a neck of veal, and the scrag end of a neck of mutton, chop them in small pieces, put them in a large pan; cut in a turnip with a blade or two of mace, and five quarts of water: set it over the fire, and let it boil gently till it is reduced to two quarts, then strain it through a hair sieve into a clear pot, and put in six ounces of almonds, blanched, and beat fine; half a pint of thick cream, and as much pepper as you please. Have ready three small rolls, the size of a tea-cup, (if larger, they will not look well, and will drink up too much of the soup.) Blanch a few almonds, cut them lengthwise, stick them all over the rolls, and put the roll in your soup tureen; then pour the soup upon the roll.

Brown Onion Soup.—Skin and cut in slices six large onions; fry them in butter till they are a nice brown and very tender, then lay them on a hair-sieve to draw out the butter. When drained, put them in a pot with five quarts of boiling water, boil them one hour, and stir frequently; then add pepper and salt to your liking, with some crumbs of bread rubbed through a cullender; stir it well to keep it from being in lumps, and boil it two hours more. Ten minutes before you serve the soup, beat the yolks of two eggs with two spoonfuls of vinegar, and a little of the soup, and pour it into the remainder of the soup by degrees, stirring it all the time one way. If you choose, you can add a few cloves. This is a fine soup, and will keep three or four days.

FISH.

Observations on Fish.—When you dress any kind of fish, wash them clean, dry them well with a cloth, and dust them with flour, or rub them with egg and bread crumbs. Always have your lard boiling hot before you put in your fish to fry, and as soon as they are done, lay them on a dish to drain before you serve them. Boiled fish should always be rubbed carefully with a little vinegar before they are put into the

water. Boil all kinds of fish very slowly, and when they will leave the bone, they are done enough.

Cod's Head and Shoulders.—Take out the gills and the blood clean from the bone, wash the head very clean, rub over it a little salt, and a glass of cider vinegar. When your water boils, throw in a good handful of salt, with a glass of vinegar; put in your fish and let it boil gently for half an hour—if a large fish let it boil gently three-quarters of an hour. Take it up very carefully, strip the skin nicely off, set before a brisk fire, dredge it over with flour, and baste it well with butter. When the froth begins to rise, strow over it some nice fine white bread crumbs; you must keep basting it all the time, to make it froth well. When it is a nice white brown, dish it up, and garnish it with a lemon, cut in slices, and a few fried oysters.

Sauce for Cod's Head.—Procure a nice lobster, throw it into boiling water, with a handful of salt, and boil it half an hour, or longer if necessary. If the lobster has eggs, pound them exceedingly fine in a marble mortar, and put them into half a pound of good melted butter. Then take the meat out of your lobster, cut it in small pieces, and put it in your butter, with a spoonful of lemon pickle, and the same quantity of walnut catchup, a slice off an end of a lemon, one or two slices of horse-radish, as much ground mace as will lie on a sixpence, and salt and cayenne pepper to your liking. Boil all together one minute, take out the lemon and horse-radish, and serve the sauce in a sauce boat.

Black Fish—Stewed.—After the fish are cleaned and prepared, score them, and fill the incisions with a dressing of bread and butter, pepper, salt, and parsley. Put them into a pint of water, and let them stew twenty minutes; then pour over them half a bottle of claret, and stew them ten minutes longer. This quantity of wine is proper for two fish of about three pounds each. If you choose you may add butter to the wine.

Baked Fish.—When you bake a fish, stuff it with bread and sweet herbs, season the outside with cayenne pepper, turn the tail into the mouth, and tie it. Then lay the fish on a stick in your bake pan, flour it well, and lay some pieces of butter on it. Half an hour will bake a small fish.

MEATS.

Meats Roast and Boiled, &c.—A great deal of care and niceness is requisite in boiling meats. Your copper should be very clean, and well tinned. All meats should be boiled slowly; to boil them fast hardens the outside before the inside is warm, and discolours the meat. For instance, a leg of veal of twelve pounds weight will require three hours and a half boiling—the slower it boils the whiter and plumper it will be. When you boil mutton or beef, observe to dredge them well with flour before you put them into the kettle of cold water; keep it covered, and take off the scum. Mutton and beef do not require so much boiling, but veal, pork, or lamb are not wholesome if they are not boiled enough. A leg of pork will require half an hour more of boiling than a leg of veal of the same weight. You must allow an hour for every four pounds weight of beef or mutton. The best way is to put your meat in when the water is cold. A leg of lamb of four pounds weight will require an hour and a half boiling.

When you roast any kind of meat, it is a very good way to put a little salt and water in your dripping-pan, baste your meat with it, let it dry, then dust it well with flour and baste it with fresh butter, it makes your meat a better color. When you roast any kind of wild fowl, be careful to keep up a clear, brisk fire; roast them a light brown, but not too much: it is a great fault to roast them till the gravy runs out of them, it takes off the fine flavor. Tame fowls require more roasting; they are a long time before they are thoroughly heated, and must be frequently basted to keep up a strong froth—it makes them rise better, and attain a

finer color. Pigs and geese should be roasted before a good fire, and turned quick.

Beef-Steaks—Broiled.—Procure steaks about half an inch thick, from off a rump of beef. Have a clear fire, rub your gridiron well with beef suet, and when it is hot, lay your steaks on it, and let them broil until they begin to brown—then turn them, and when the other side is equally brown, lay them on a hot dish, with a slice of butter between every steak; sprinkle a little pepper and salt over them, and let them stand two or three minutes; then slice a small onion (as thin as possible) into a spoonful of water, lay your steaks on the gridiron again, keep turning them until they are sufficiently cooked—put them on a dish, pour the water and onion among them, and send them to the table.

Beef-Steaks—Fried.—Cut your steaks as for broiling, put them into a stew pan with a good lump of butter; set them over a slow fire, and keep turning them till the butter becomes a thick, white gravy, then pour it into a bowl, and add more butter to the steaks. When almost done enough, pour all the gravy into the bowl, put more butter into your pan, and fry the steaks a light brown over a quick fire. Then take them out of the pan, put them into a hot dish, slice an onion among them—put a small portion of onion into the gravy and pour it hot upon the steaks. Half a pound of butter will be a sufficient quantity for quite a large dish of steaks.

Beef—Stewed.—Put a little water in the pot in which you intend to stew your beef, adding an onion cut fine, plenty of carrots, turnips, and potatoes cut in slices—pepper and salt; put the meat in and cover it close. Let it stew gently until it is done enough, then pour off the gravy and let the meat brown. Skim the fat from the gravy, and thicken it. Dish the meat and vegetables, and pour the hot gravy over them.

Beef-Steaks.—Fry your steaks in butter till they become of a fine brown color, then add to them half a pint of water, an onion sliced, a spoonful of walnut catchup, a little caper liquor, some pepper and salt—and cover them close with a dish, and let them stew gently. When sufficiently cooked, thicken the gravy with flour and butter, and serve up the steaks.

MADE DISHES.

Observations on Made Dishes.—In the brown made dishes take special care no fat is on the top of the gravy, but skim it clean off. If you use wine, put it in some time before your dish is ready, to take off the rawness. When you use fried forcemeat balls, put them on a sieve to drain the fat from them, and never let them boil in your sauce—it will give them a greasy look, and soften them; the best way is to put them in after your meat is dished up. You may use mushrooms, artichokes, capers, and forcemeat balls in almost every made dish.

Beef—Stewed.—Procure a round of beef weighing about six pounds. As soon as it comes from market rub it with pepper, salt and some allspice. Have ready the pot in which you intend to stew the beef, and see that it is well heated. Put in the beef, and brown it, stewing it with two or three chopped onions. Boil some carrots separately, and add them to the beef as soon as they are soft. Put in some skinned tomatoes about one hour and a half before dishing the beef. Pour enough water over the beef to cover it, and dredge it occasionally with a little brown flour. If you prefer to have your beef stuffed, it is better to do it the day previous to cooking it, as the seasoning passes more thoroughly through.

Artificial Turtle Forcemeat.—Take one pound of the fat of a loin of veal, the same quantity of lean, with six boned anchovies; beat them in a mortar, and season with mace, red pepper, salt, a little shred parsley, some juice of lemon, and three or four spoonfuls of Madeira wine. Mix the whole well together, and make it into little balls; dust the balls with some fine flour, and put them in your dish to stew about half an hour before you serve it up.

PASTRY, &c., &c.

Observations on Pies.—Raised pies should have a quick oven. Light paste requires a moderate oven. Tarts that are iced require a slow oven.

Mince Pie.—Procure about five pounds of a piece of beef called the sticking piece—also a beef's tongue, and boil both very tender; have ready five pounds of good suet—five pounds of apples, (pared and cored,) four pounds of sugar, four pounds of raisins, (stoned,) four pounds of currants, the rind and juice of a lemon, one ounce of ground cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of allspice, and six cents worth of mace, (finely powdered in a mortar.) When all the ingredients are chopped very fine, mix them well together with a quart of wine, and three half pints of brandy. Keep your mince-meat in a stone pot, well covered. Make the crust as for other pies.

Mince-Meat Pies.—Boil a tongue two hours, skin it, and chop it as fine as possible; also chop very fine three pounds of fresh beef suet, three pounds of apples, and one pound of jar raisins; add to these ingredients four pounds of currants, (cleaned, washed, and well dried,) one pound of white sugar, half an ounce of mace, and one and a quarter ounce each of nutmeg, cloves, and cinnamon—also three half pints of French brandy. As you make up your pies, add to the mince-meat citron cut into small pieces. Make a fine puff paste—cover your pie plates with it, and fill them with the mince-meat, placing a cover of paste over each pie.

Apple Tart—English Fashion.—Scald eight or ten large apples; when cold, skin them; take the pulp and beat it as fine as you can with a silver spoon; then mix the yolks of six eggs, and the whites of four eggs—beat all together as light as you can make them, adding grated nutmeg and sugar to your taste; melt some nice, fresh butter, and beat it till it is like a fine, thick cream. Then make a puff paste, cover a pie dish with it, and put in the ingredients, but do not cover it with the paste. Bake it a quarter of an hour, and throw some fine sugar over it.

Mince-Pie, without Meat.—Chop three pounds of suet very fine, and three pounds of apples, (cored and pared,) wash and dry three pounds of currants, stone and chop one pound of jar raisins, beat and sift one pound of loaf sugar, cut twelve ounces of candied orange peel very fine, and six ounces of citron; mix all well together with a quarter of an ounce of nutmeg, half a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon, six or eight cloves, and half a pint of French brandy; cover it close, and keep it for use.

Lemon Pudding, with Paste.—Take one pound of flour—well dried and sifted—and add to it a pound of fine, white sugar, the rind of a lemon—grated, twelve eggs—the yolks and whites beat separately; then mix all together, and pour it into a dish, or dishes covered with fine pie paste. Bake it half an hour.

PUDDINGS.

Observations on Puddings.—Bread and custard puddings require time, and a moderate oven, that will raise, and not burn them; batter and rice puddings a quick oven—and always butter the pan or dish before you pour the pudding in; when you boil a pudding, take great care that your cloth is very clean—dip it in boiling water, and flour it well, and give your cloth a shake; if you boil it in a pan, butter it, and boil it in plenty of water, and turn it often; do not cover the pan: when you take it out of the pan, let it stand a few minutes to cool, then untie the string, wrap the cloth round the pan, lay your dish over it, and turn the pudding out: take the pan and cloth off very carefully, for very often a light pudding is broken in turning out.

English Plum Pudding.—Ingredients—one dozen eggs, two five cent loaves of stale bread, one pound of suet, one pound of sugar, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, half pound of citron, about one nutmeg—grated—one

tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one tumbler of brandy and wine, mixed—flour enough to stiffen it—and one quart of milk, which ought to be poured over the bread and left stand over night, to soften it. After mixing all together, tie it up in a large, square cloth, and boil it seven or eight hours. It must be turned frequently or the fruit will settle at the bottom. To serve this pudding elegantly, alcohol should be poured over it, and around the edge of the dish upon which it is placed, and it should be lighted just as it is placed upon the table.

A Baked Apple Pudding.—Half a pound of apples well boiled and mashed, half a pound of butter to a cream, and mixed with the apples before they are cold, and six eggs with the whites well beaten—half a pound of fine white sugar, the rinds of two lemons well boiled and beaten; sift the peel into clean water twice in the boiling; put a thin crust in the bottom and rims of your dish. Half an hour will bake it.

A Baked Almond Pudding.—Boil the skins of two lemons very tender, and beat them very fine; beat half a pound of almonds in rose water, and a pound of sugar, very fine; melt half a pound of butter and let it stand till quite cold; beat the yolks of eight eggs, and the whites of four eggs—mix them, and beat all together with a little orange water, and bake it in the oven.

Ephrata Pudding.—Ingredients—three quarts of whortleberries, half a pint of water, half a pint of molasses, a teaspoonful of salt, and as much flour as to make a tolerably stiff dough. Serve it with a sauce made of sugar, butter, brandy, and a nutmeg grated—beaten light.

OUR GARDEN FOR JANUARY.

FORTUNATELY for the health, beauty, and refinement of taste of our American ladies, gardening is becoming every year more popular. No home should be without its plot of flowers, if only six feet square, and no window or porch need want drapery whilst every seed store furnishes for sixpence a paper, the seeds of the morning-glory, cypress, Brazilian vine, scarlet bean, portulacca, miranda, &c., &c.; or, our woods are draped with the Virginia-creeper and the wild clematis. A few cuttings of the daily rose, a slip or two of honeysuckle, a few seeds of larkspur, coreopsis, mignonette, &c.; a little sprig of heliotrope, petunia, or verbenia, repay one gratefully with their bright smiles, for the little care bestowed upon them. And during these cold months, when, in the door-yards and gardens, the honeysuckles and climbing roses reach up to the windows and the pillars of the piazza with nerveless fingers, when the few poor leaves still left, shiver in the cold, or the stripped branches sway and wall in the wind: a garden, not so large or varied to be sure, as the summer one, but affording more delight, perhaps, because more uncommon, may be made to gladden us with its green beauty in our ordinary sitting-room. A few pots of the different kinds of geranium, a rose or two, some sweet elysian, mignonette, heliotrope, &c.; a few hyacinths, tulips, jonquils, &c., in glasses, brighten a window and lighten a heart that bestows a few moments daily upon them. To these may be added a miniature garden in a dish, a shallow bowl, or a soup-plate: unpoetical in itself, to be sure, but most wonderfully beautiful when made into a garden; and examined through a microscope, has wiled away the tedious hours of many an invalid, and many a tired seamstress, as she has glanced up for a moment from her needle at the multitudinous forms and colors of a plate of moss. Our woods are too much neglected. Many a flower-fancier will pay a fabulous price for a rare exotic, and pass over, with indifferent eyes, our imperial meadow lilies, and graceful nodding balsams. To him the delicate arbutus, and violets, and anemones, the golden ranunculus, and snowy blood-root, the shell-tinted liver-wort, and waxy pipewort, the fox glove, and pink roots, and sorrels, the exquisite gerardias, and the gorgeous golden rod,

and purple asters, are only wild flowers, and cost nothing but the trouble of transplanting, and a little nook in the garden. A constant bloom may be kept up from March to November, by introducing from our woods and fields the various beautiful ornaments with which nature has so profusely decorated them. Even in winter we may levy contributions from the woods. As we said before, a deep plate, a little earth from the woods, a few varieties of moss arranged with an eye to color, one of the beautiful little *linnea borealis*, or partridge berry, with its vivid, green trailing leaves, and bright scarlet vines, or some of the thousand tiny plants, with their grey, red-veined leaves, will form a miniature garden. All the care that is wanted is to keep the moss moist. We have seen one of these little moss gardens in March gay with crocus and with dwarf tulips. As an experiment, a crocus bulb was inserted in a cleft of the moss, and in a few days shot up its lance-like leaves, rather to the surprise of the experimenter. Others were added, and a pretty little garden in a soup-plate was the result. But like too many amateurs, we are lingering too long over the result of gardening, rather than over gardening itself. Now to the

Out-of-doors Work.—All ornamental shrubs, that need pruning, should be done in this month, particularly of the deciduous kind; all branches that are growing in a wild, disorderly way, should be shortened, taking care to train them in such a manner that they will display their foliage and flowers well when the blooming season comes; and all decayed branches should be cut off close to where they are produced. All choice and tender flowering plants should be protected from severe frosts, by some light covering. This protection can be easily given by forming an arch of pliable hoops and sticks over the plants, and when the weather is exceedingly cold, throwing some straw matting, or some old pieces of carpet or quilts over the arch. When the weather is mild, however, it is advisable to give them as much free air as possible.

Hyacinths and Tulips that are planted for garden blooming, should be protected with a frame as just described, or with long dry litter from the stalls, straw, fallen leaves, or branches of fern. It should be removed, however, as soon as the very cold weather is over. Decayed fine tan is an excellent covering for tulips and other bulbs. It may be put on an inch, or an inch and a half thick, just before the severe weather sets in, and need not be removed as soon as the other coverings, as it protects the roots from too much heat and drought whilst ripening. All hardy bulbs should be planted late in October, or early in November, to do them justice; but if kept out of the ground later, they should have lighter covering in proportion, as the season has advanced. For instance, tulips, which must have four inches of light covering in October, should have but three inches in December, two and a half in January, two in February, and one and a half in March; for many bulbs become so exhausted by being kept too long in the ground, that they have not strength to bear up through it, and at last die. This remedy is only suggested for those who cannot get their bulbs in the ground in time, for as we before said, they should be planted in October or November. As a rule, be particular never to give less than one inch of covering over the crown, or upper part, of any kind of bulbous or tuberous root.

Crocuses or Snow-Drops, though they should be planted in September or October, may still be put in the ground, taking care to select dry, mild weather for the work, but they will not flower so well as if planted earlier. Great taste may be displayed in the ingredients of the various colors of the crocus, by planting them in patches, each patch of one color, &c., &c. In fact, the ingenuity to be shown is endless. If it is desirable to increase the number of crocuses or snow drops, the roots should be taken up but once in two years; but if they remain in the ground longer than that, the roots will be small and the flowers poor.

Jonquils, Narcissuses, Fries, Gladioluses, Crocus Imperialis, or any kind of hardy bulbous roots, if they still remain above ground, should be planted as soon as the weather will permit, always remembering to select mild, dry weather, and when the ground is not too wet, being careful to observe that the longer your bulbs are kept out of the ground after November, the shallower they must be planted.

Bulbs that Bloom in the House can, many of them, be put in bulb glasses, which may be obtained at the seed or glass warehouses. Bulbous irises, hyacinths, dwarf tulips, narcissuses and jonquils, bloom well in glasses. The glasses are made long and concave at the mouth, and must be filled with soft water. Each glass must contain but one root, with its bottom touching the water. The glasses should be kept in a warm window where the sun comes, or if that is not practicable, placing them on a chimney-piece will answer very well. Be careful not to leave the glasses in a window where they will be exposed to frost at night. The bulbs will soon shoot their roots down to the water, which should be renewed occasionally if it becomes very foul. If it is desired to have ranunculuses, early tulips, anemones, hyacinths, crocuses, or other spring bulbous or tuberous flowers, bloom in pots in the house, have small pots or boxes filled with light, sandy earth, and put the bulbs in just over their crowns, placing the pots near a window. As soon as the roots begin to shoot, water them lightly occasionally, and if the bulbs are good they will flower early and well.

Seeds in Beds, Boxes, or Pots should be protected, in frosty weather, by mats, long straw litter, fern, &c., but the covering should be removed when the weather is mild.

Shrubs and Evergreens of the choicer kind should be cared for in the same way.

Flowers in the Green-house, or even in the ordinary living room, should be particularly cared for now. If the weather is mild and calm, the windows should be opened about eleven o'clock, and closed about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. There is no certain rule for this, however, as the change in the weather is often very sudden. The upper sash, however, can generally be lowered with safety, for a few inches to let out foul air, and admit fresh, even when the lower sash cannot be raised. In frosty weather the windows must not be opened at all, and care must be taken at night to close the shutters, or to take from the vicinity of the window such plants as are particularly tender. All decayed leaves should be removed, and all dust or foulness wiped off the leaves as far as is practicable. In foggy or wet weather the window should be kept closed. Such plants as require water, should have it moderately on mild days, or if sunny, so much the better. Soft water should be used, if possible, and given in the morning about eleven o'clock. *Aloes, cactuses, &c.,* require but very little water at this season, and myrtles, geraniums, oranges, &c., should have but a moderate quantity given to them at any one time.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

The Best Mode of Reviving Black Lace.—Strain off some tea from the leaves (it should be about the same strength as for drinking.) Put sufficient into a deep basin to cover the lace, let it stand for some hours, then squeeze, not rub, it several times, dipping it again and again into the tea, till the latter becomes very dirty-looking. Have ready some weak gum water and press the lace through it; then clap it for a quarter of an hour: after which pin it out on a towel in the shape you wish it to take, and when nearly dry cover it with another towel, and iron with a cool iron. The lace, if previously in good condition, (with the exception of color,) will by this means look as good as new.

Stiffness to Collars.—A little gum arabic and common soda, added to the starch, gives extreme stiffness and gloss to collars.

To Keep Geraniums through the Winter.—Those who have no place in their green-houses for geraniums, &c., will do well to put them in a window with a south aspect, carefully covering the pots with a little straw or moss, in order to prevent the frost from hurting the roots. Or, take them from the pots, and hang them up by the roots in a dark place, where the frost cannot touch them; if planted again in the spring, they will shoot and flourish remarkably well. I have heard the same plan recommended for fuchsias, but have never been successful with them.

To Curl Feathers.—Heat them gently before the fire; then, with the back of a knife applied to the feather, they will curl well and quickly. White feathers may be perfectly cleaned by washing in soft water with white soap and a squeeze of blue; beat them against clean white paper, shake gently for a few minutes before the fire, then dry them in the air, and afterward curl them. Or, hold the feathers before a bright fire, and draw the back of a knife along the back of the feathers, and they will curl again.

Blowing out a Candle.—There is one small fact in domestic economy which is not generally known, but which is useful as saving time, trouble and temper. If a candle be blown out, holding it above you, the wick will not smoulder down, and may therefore be easily lighted again; but if blown upon downwards, the contrary is the case.

To Clean Ermine Victorines.—Take some flour, rub in with a piece of flannel, shake well, and the fur will look quite new again.

ART RECREATIONS.

FOR GRECIAN PAINTING.—J. E. Tilton & Co. Boston and Salem, Mass., publish the following fine and desirable engravings, which they send by mail, *post-paid*, on receipt of price.

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FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF BLACK NET over black silk, and trimmed with three broad, black lace flounces. Greek body with a long point in front and at the back. The sleeves are made wide, and supported by full puffs of white tulle. The trimmings of the dress and head-dress consist of clusters of grapes and leaves.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF WHITE TULLE WITH TWO SKIRTS EMBROIDERED IN FLOSS.—Each skirt has a lining of pink silk of a quarter of a yard in depth, run under the embroidery. Wreath of pink roses on the head.

FIG. III.—MORNING DRESS OF GREEN AND WHITE PLAID SILK.—The corsage is made round and plain, with a cape over it. The sleeves are gathered into a band at the wrist, and trimmed like the skirt and cape with green quilled ribbon put on in points, and with flat, green silk buttons. Cambric collar and cuffs.

FIG. IV.—DINNER DRESS OF RICH STRIPED SILK.—Over the low body is worn a basque of black net, trimmed with black lace in the Raphael style, square on the body before and behind, with puffed sleeves, trimmed with lace and knots of ribbon. Head-dress of black lace and ribbon.

FIG. V.—DINNER DRESS OF DOVE COLORED SILK WITH TWO SKIRTS.—The upper skirt is trimmed with bias bands of plaid velvet and black lace. The body is made in the Raphael style, and worn with a chemisette made with Valenciennes insertions. Sleeves open on the inside of the arm over very full puffed sleeves.

FIG. VI.—WALKING DRESS OF PLAIN POPLIN.—The deep basque is trimmed with bias bands of plaid velvet.

FIG. VII.—WALKING DRESS AND CLOAK OF BLACK AND GOLD COLORED PLAIDED SILK.—The cloak is made with a hood, and trimmed with two rows of black ribbon quilled.

FIG. VIII.—OPERA CLOAK OF WHITE PLUSH, made with a hood, and trimmed with white floss tassels. Opera cloaks of white cashmere or silk are very much worn, but are not so beautiful as the plain or ribbed plush. These cloaks are most comfortable and warm for a wrap for an evening party, and can be made of any color or material suiting the taste or purse of the wearer.

FIG. IX.—PARIS BONNET.—From Wilde's, 251 Broadway, New York, we have been favored with illustrations of two of the latest styles of Paris bonnets, in addition to a very elegant head-dress. The first illustration consists of one of the new style of flat crowns. The material is dark fancy velvet and uncut velvet of a rich shade of maroon, the front is of drab velvet, and surrounded by a superb maroon-color ostrich plume, which terminates on the left side in graceful coils. The crown is composed of maroon velvet arranged in six narrow folds, separated by narrow black lace. The face trimmings consist of a cap of blonde, intermingled on the right side with ruffles of scarlet ribbon, edged with black lace, and on the left the blonde is mingled with clusters of maroon velvet buds and white flowers.

FIG. X.—PARIS BONNET IN VELVET.—The second illustration is composed of black and plaid fancy velvet in gay colors. The black velvet is laid on the foundation plain, with the exception of the crown, which is gathered into the curtain in narrow folds. A novel and pretty trimming surrounds the top of the crown. It consists of a plaiting of black and fancy velvet, which forms a braiding to a succession of loops of fancy velvet, which entirely surround the crown. The left side is adorned by a group of green velvet leaves, terminating in clusters of velvet buds. The curtain is double, and finished on either edge by a blinding of fancy velvet and black lace. The inside trimming is composed of fancy velvet ruffles, edged with black lace blonde, small scarlet velvet flowers and green leaves.

FIG. XI.—HEAD-DRESS, arranged on a wire foundation, the bands form a point on the top of the head, and are composed of French blue chenille woven in an open pattern, and

mingled with gilt beads. The right side is composed of full ruffles of tulle, mingled with white waxen buds, overrun with a delicate golden network, which, with the lace, form a heading to a superb blue ostrich plume tipped with white marabout. The trimmings on the left side consist of full loops, with a single streamer of blue and white uncut velvet ribbon, striped with a variety of gay colors: the loops are interspersed with clusters of blue and pale straw-color buds, intermingled with drab velvet leaves.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Rich silks of plain colors, poplins, and plaid silks and poplins of very light colors, are all fashionable. Velvet trimmings woven in the material are very much worn, and have a rich, massive appearance suited to the season. Granite or speckled silks in various shades of grey are also fashionable. These are trimmed with bright colors, such as cherry, bright blue, bright green, or plaids. Dresses, unless for evening, are made high: some have still the *basquine* or jacket; others the five points at the waist: some with only the two points in front; a few are being made with the one point in front only; in the latter case will be worn a ribbon with either a small buckle, or long floating ends.

DOUBLE SKIRTS still maintain their favor; for these, plaitings are the favorite style of trimming; the plaitings are disposed in various ways, and sometimes down the sides only. Still a great many single skirts are worn, many of them entirely plain, if of very rich materials. If trimmed with flounces, the flounces are laid on with very little fullness; or else the front breadth, from the bottom nearly to the hips, will be decorated in various manners, the trimming being placed either across or perpendicular. The arrangement, in *tablier*, though so long in vogue, is expected to be also in favor.

HOME DRESSES for morning will be made with deep jackets; and the *Zouave basquine* or jacket made in velvet or cashmere, richly embroidered, will be a favorite.

FOR BALL DRESSES, *tulle*, *tarlatane*, gauze, and the thinnest French muslins are all worn; puffings and flowers in profusion: the full, short sleeves are always of *tulle* or some light material.

SLEEVES are sometimes of the pagoda form, very wide, and in very large plaits. Others have two or three frills, edged with passementerie, ruffles, or lace. A new style of sleeve just introduced is likely to gain favor. The upper part is in full puffs, and the lower part, from the elbow to the wrist, is close to the arm. With this style of sleeve is worn a broad turn-up cuff of worked muslin or lace.

It will be seen that the wide, open sleeves are in as great vogue as ever, and the muslin under-sleeves are of an enormous size.

CLOAKS OF THE BOURNOUS STYLE are very fashionable. Many are of cloth, trimmed with broad bands of velvet. Tartan velvet is much employed both for trimming cloaks and dresses. In Paris, bournous cloaks made entirely of Tartan velvet are frequently seen. The combinations of blue and green are the most worn.

BONNETS advance a little more over the forehead than those heretofore worn, and are very open at each side of the face. The *bailet*, or curtain, is cut square, not very deep, and is set on in double plaits. The ribbon employed for the strings is edged on one, or on both sides, with a plaiting of narrow ribbon. Velvet flowers or feathers are the ornaments most used.

HEAD-DRESSES are of great variety. They chiefly consist of ornaments intended to be worn at the back of the head. Some of a very simple and becoming form are made of black or white blonde, with long lapets flowing over the shoulders, and with bouquets of flowers at each side. Others, intended for a higher style of dress, are made of velvet and ornamented with feathers. One very elegant head-dress is made of black blonde. On the left side is a bouquet of roses,

and on the right side a bow of pink ribbon. At the back, in the centre of the caul, a sort of *agraffe*, formed of pink ribbon, separated two lappets of white blonde, which flowed at considerable length over the shoulders.

Another little head-dress consists of a caul of black tulle, covered with crossings of velvet, and worn quite at the back of the head. This caul is encircled with black lace, which falls over the neck in the manner of a bavolet. At each side bouquets of flowers are fixed by pearl pins.

POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS of exquisite designs have recently made their appearance. They consist of borders, worked in white and colors, representing wreaths composed of such flowers as bear symbolical meanings in the floral language of the East. Thus, by the skillful combination of the flowers, a sentiment or a motto is gracefully inscribed in the border of a pocket-handkerchief.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—(See page 16).—DRESS OF WHITE JACONET FOR A LITTLE BOY TWO YEARS OF AGE.—The dress is trimmed with bows of blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—(See page 16).—DRESS OF BLACK VELVET FOR A BOY FOUR OR FIVE YEARS OF AGE.—Over the dress is worn a black velvet coat in Raglan style. Trousers of white cambric trimmed with embroidery. Black cloth gaiters. Velvet cap trimmed with gay ribbon.

FIG. III.—(See page 9).—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF GAY PLAID POPLIN.—Cloak of brown striped cloth, made with a hood, lined with blue silk. Round beaver hat and feathers.

FIG. IV.—(See page 9).—BOY'S DRESS OF PLAID POPLIN.—Stone colored cloth Raglan. Hat of brown felt.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses for girls are made with high corsages and most frequently with basques. The skirts may be flounced, or ornamented with quilles of velvet. A very pretty style of trimming for a dress may be formed thus: Three rows of velvet about an inch in width run at a little distance from the edge of the skirt; and these rows of velvet are crossed by others, so as to form squares; the ends of the upright rows of velvet being finished by small loops. The basque should be edged with two rows of velvet, crossed in a similar manner; and the sleeves trimmed to correspond. The corsage should have bretelles of velvet.

A little girl's dress of blue silk has just been made with a draped berthe over the corsage. This style of berthe, which is called the *Antoinette*, is covered with narrow folds or tucks. It forms a point at the back of the waist and is crossed in front. The long ends are rounded and linked one in the other at the back of the waist. The sleeves are finished with three narrow frills, edged with fringe.

Another little dress, made of tartan silk, with quilles of green velvet, has a particularly pretty effect. The corsage is low, and over it there is a *revers*, forming a round berthe at the back, and descending to a point in front of the waist. The short sleeves are sufficiently loose at the ends to show under-sleeves of worked muslin, and a chemisette of worked muslin is made high to the throat.

For little girls, hats are universally adopted, instead of bonnets. These hats are of various shapes; but the round, flat brim, slightly inclining downward, is most becoming.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

"PETERSON" FOR 1859.—We offer this number to the public as an earnest of what can be done in Magazines. And now all that we ask is to have it compared with the *January number of others*. Those, familiar with "Peterson," give it credit for superiority in the following points. 1st. None publish such powerfully written original stories. 2nd. Our colored fashion-plates are later, prettier, and more reliable. 3rd. More embellishments and letter-press are given, during the year, in proportion to the price. 4th. Our patterns for Crochet, Netting, Embroidery, Knitting, Bead-Work, Hair-Work, Shell-Work, &c., and our New Receipts are more numerous. 5th. The Magazine is strictly moral, and is recommended by Clergymen, on this account, as the best for the family. 6th. We always do more than we promise. *The public has found this out.* 7th. We shall give, in 1859, a colored pattern for the Work-Table, in every number. The indications are that we shall print twice as many copies, this year, as we have ever done. *This is emphatically the Magazine for ladies.* GET UP YOUR CLUBS AT ONCE!

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of the letter, the name of your post-office, county and state. If gold is sent, fasten it to a bit of thin paste-board, of the size of the letter when folded; for otherwise it may slip out. Tell nobody your letter contains money. Do not register it. If you take these precautions, the remittance may be at our risk.

YOUR COUNTRY PAPER.—Always take your country newspaper and "Peterson," the first for the local news, the last for stories, fashions, receipts, patterns, &c., &c. Most country papers club with "Peterson," by which you can get both at a reduced rate.

PREMIUMS.—Always say, in remitting for a club, who is the person entitled to the premium.

OUR PREMIUM ALBUM.—Our premium to persons getting up clubs for 1859 will be a lady's album, in beautifully embossed gilt binding, with gilt edges, and with variously colored writing paper. It will also be embellished with several elegant and choice steel engravings. Altogether, it will be the most superb affair, we, or any other magazine publisher, has ever offered to the public. It will be sent gratis, post-paid, to every person getting up a club of three, and remitting \$5.00; or to any person getting up a club of five, and remitting \$7.50; or to any person getting up a club of eight, and remitting \$10.00; and also to persons getting up larger clubs, if preferred instead of the extra copy of the Magazine.

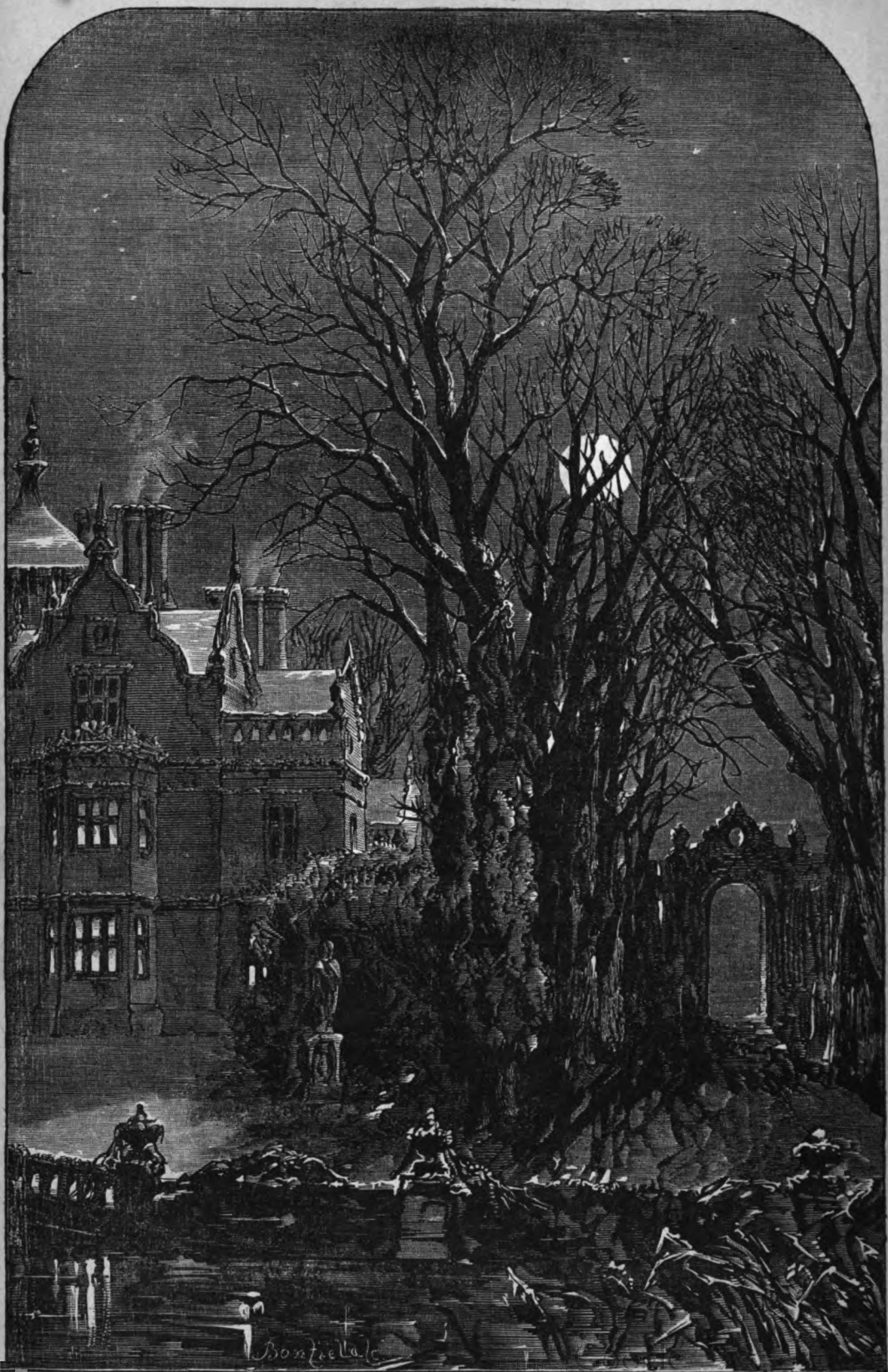
MORE THAN ALL THE REST.—Never before have we received so many subscribers, by the first of December, as we have received this year. The indications are that we shall double our circulation. Everybody seems to be taking "Peterson." A post-master, remitting us a club, says that there are more of this Magazine taken in his town *"than of all the others put together."* Numerous others tell the same story.

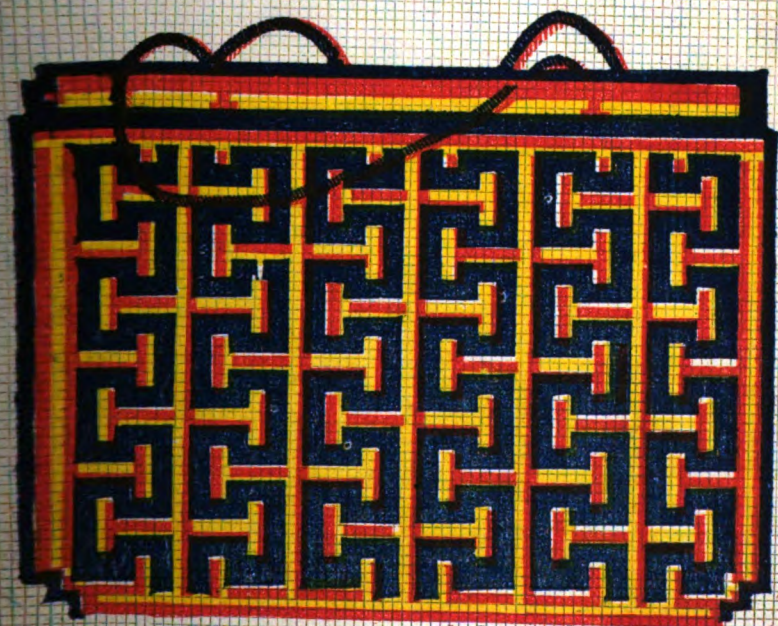
DIFFERENT POST-TOWNS FOR CLUBS.—Subscribers, in a club, can have the Magazine sent wherever they reside. If desired, it will be sent to as many different post-offices as there are members of the club.

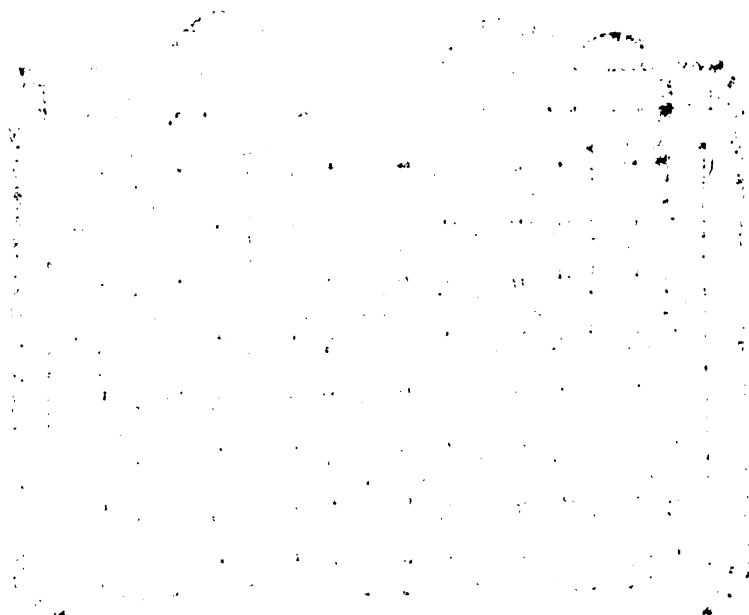
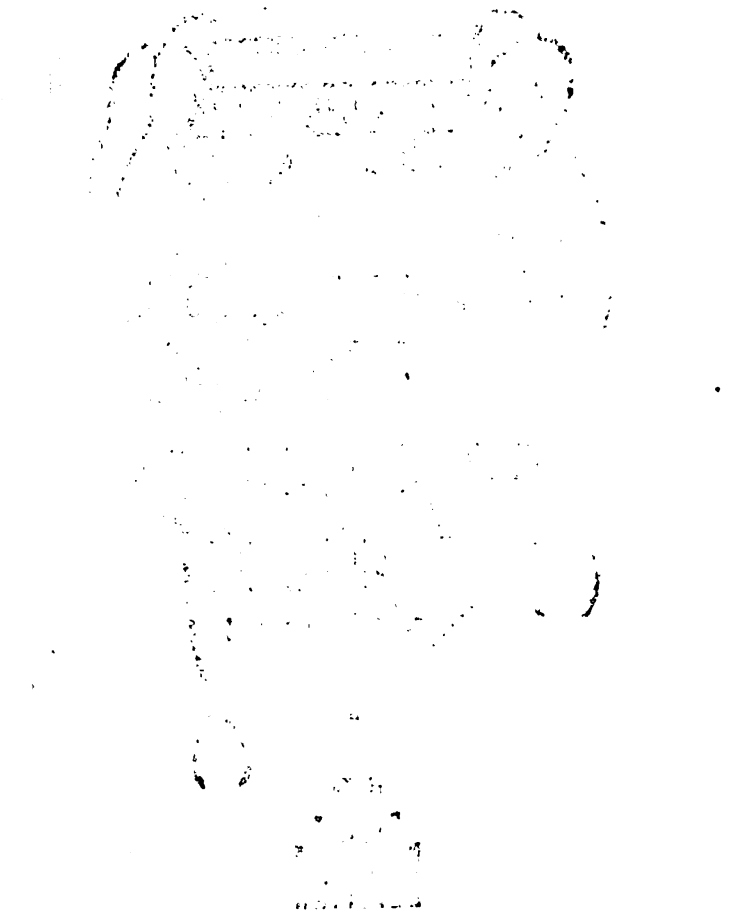
POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—This, when pre-paid quarterly, at the office of delivery, is one and a half cents a number, per month, or four cents and a half for the three months: if not pre-paid it is double this.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and "Harper's Magazine," for one year.

OLD AS WELL AS NEW subscribers may join clubs. We make no distinctions.











FASHIONABLE WALKING DRESS.



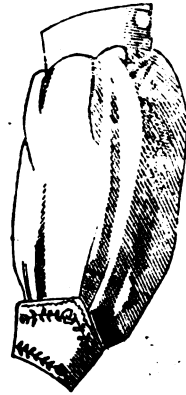
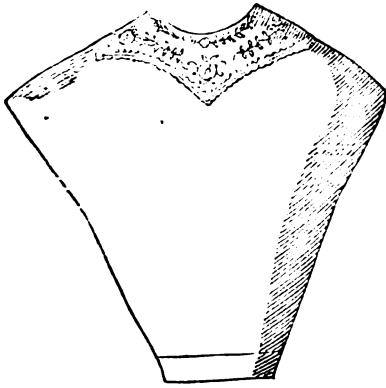
HEAD-DRESS.



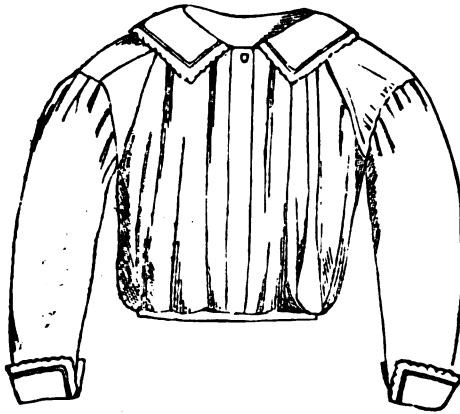
VELVET HAT.



OPERA CLOAK.



CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE.



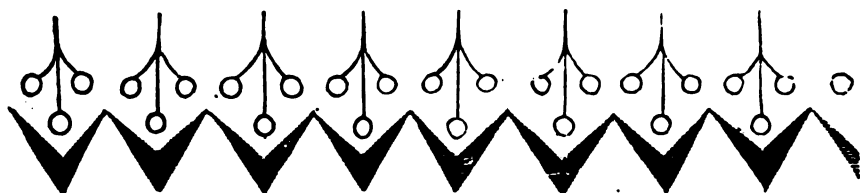
SHIRT JACKET FOR LITTLE BOY.



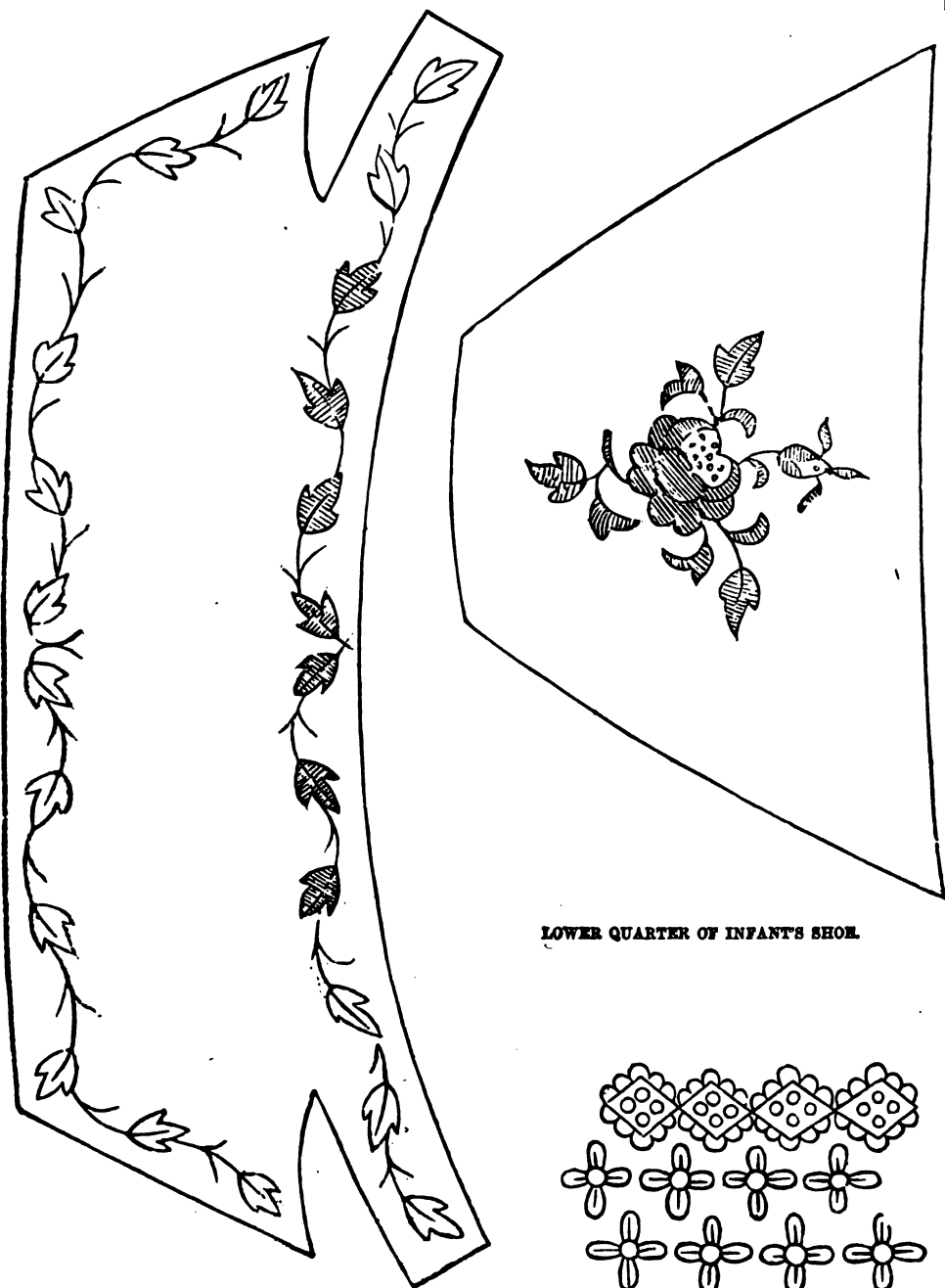
OPERA HAT.



HEAD-DRESS.

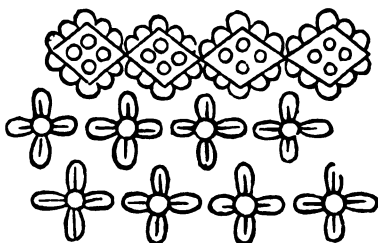


FOR CHEMISE YOEK.



UPPER QUARTER OF INFANT'S SHOE

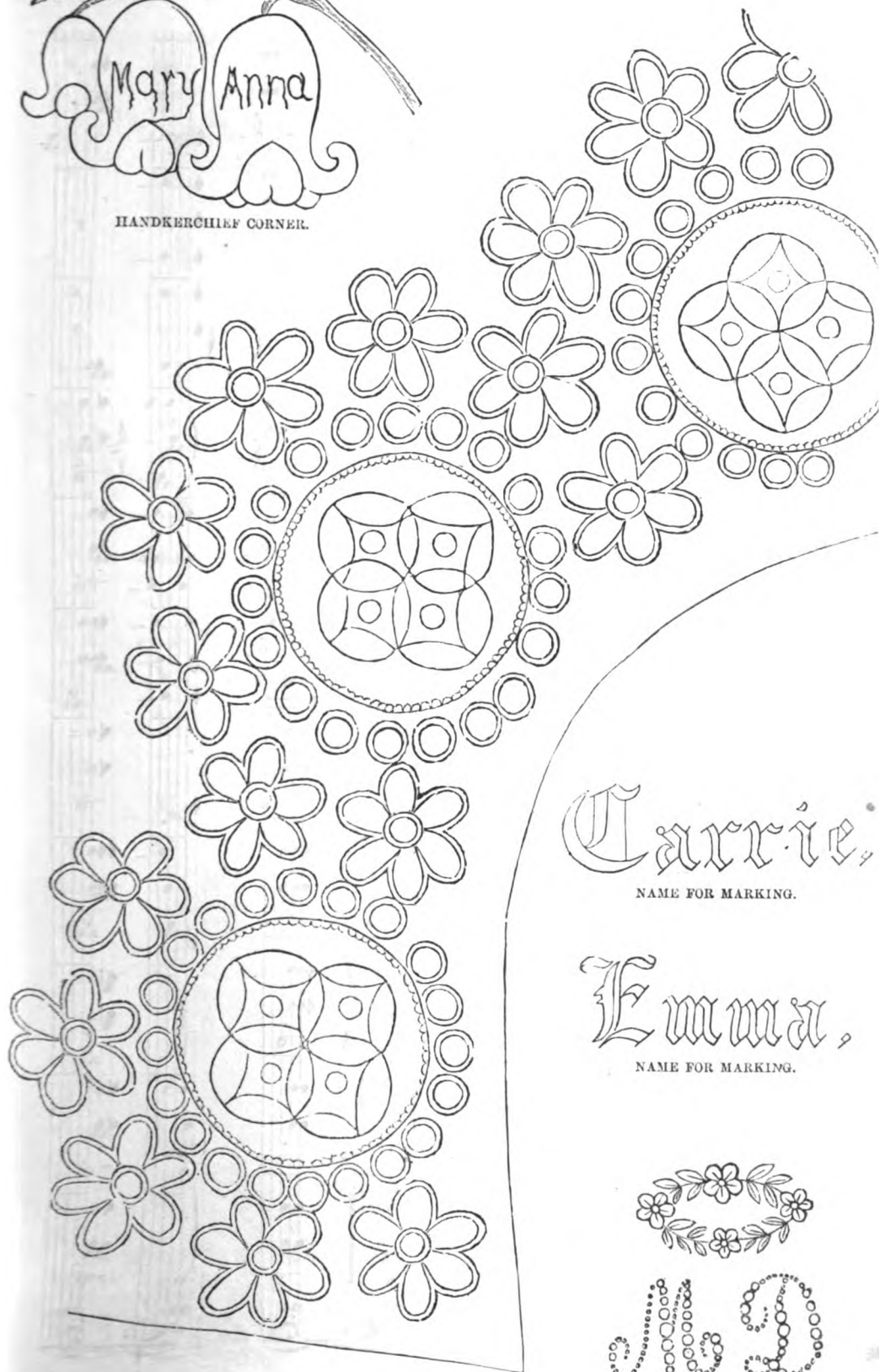
LOWER QUARTER OF INFANT'S SHOE.



EMBROIDERY.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



Carrie,

NAME FOR MARKING.

Emma,

NAME FOR MARKING.



J. B.

THE AMETHYST WALTZ.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

TEMPO

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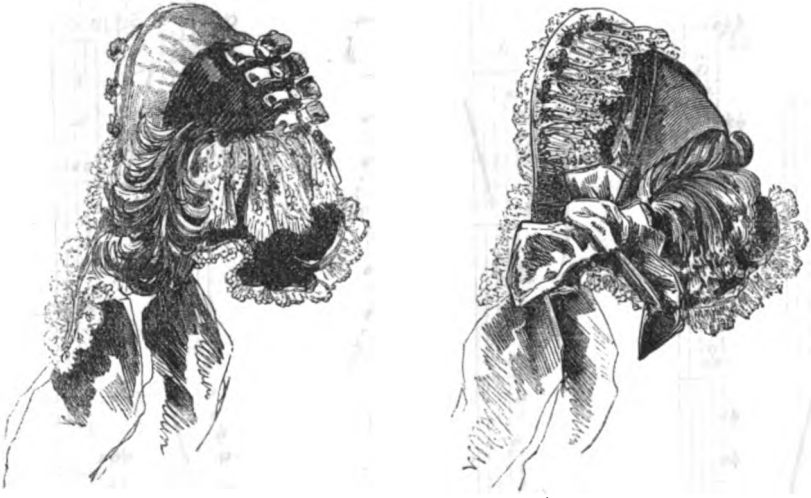
WALTZ.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of three systems. The first system begins with a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, marked *mf* and *Ped.*. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The second system continues the piece, featuring a *Fine, dolce con esp.* marking. The third system concludes the waltz with a final cadence. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical score system 1, consisting of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps). The system contains several measures of music, including a long melodic line in the upper staff and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the lower staff.

Handwritten musical score system 2, consisting of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major. The system continues the musical piece with various note values and rests.

Handwritten musical score system 3, consisting of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major. The system concludes with the instruction "D.C. al fine." written above the final measure of the upper staff.



LATEST STYLES OF BONNETS.



VELVET CLOAK.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXV. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1859.

No. 2.

THE ROMANCE OF CEDARVILLE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

We had laughed until we could laugh no longer. Miss Flint had been unusually comical, and we now sat in the half exhausted state which followed a day of unbroken merriment.

Stout, fresh-looking, and utterly unfatigued, sat the cheerful maiden lady, whose mirth-provoking use of language had kept us all laughing so long.

"Did no one ever try to run away with you, Miss Flint?" asked a would-be facetious youth.

"Never!" she replied, in a tone of solemn conviction, that drew forth a fresh burst of laughter.

"Oh, Miss Flint!" exclaimed Lilla, just at home from boarding-school for the vacation. "do tell us something about your offers! But no," she added, "don't tell us, either—write it, please, and give me the manuscript!"

"Ex-actly," replied Miss Flint, "that would be 'so romantic,' you know; 'blotted with tears at such a place'—'deeply underlined at such a place'—'long blank at such a place,' &c., etc."

Lilla was laughed at for her pains, but she continued, coaxingly, "Ah, please do. Here is a sheet of paper, and a penoel for you, now. There, begin."

"I will begin and finish at once," was the reply, "if it is the history of my offers that you want." And Miss Flint, to Lilla's chagrin, and our amusement, drew a large, round O on the paper, which she presented to the petitioner with mock politeness.

"Why, Miss Flint!" exclaimed the youth above alluded to, "you don't meant to say that you never had an offer!"

"I don't think I ever did, quite," replied the lady, unconcernedly.

"Did you ever make any matches, Miss Flint?" was the next query.

Miss Flint reflected for a few moments, and then she began to smile.

VOL. XXXV.—7

"The only match that I ever really did make," she began, "was one that I had no idea of making, but I have seldom meddled with such affairs, they are dangerous things to tamper with. I had always such an excess of spirits, that, as a girl, I was a perfect nuisance; a reckless, heedless, boisterous creature, who was continually defying propriety, and putting fastidiousness to the blush. Sober people looked upon me as a young tornado, and I was seldom quiet for two minutes together.

"But, notwithstanding this dreadful character, two quiet, elderly ladies, cousins of my father, who lived in a retired country village, became so infatuated as to suppose that it would be a pleasant variety to have a visit from me; and as I could enjoy myself anywhere, I accepted the invitation.

"Cousin Rachel and cousin Etta were perfect samples of well-meaning, elderly, maiden ladies, whose lives had been passed in seclusion on a moderate competency. They had one train of ideas, one style of dress, and one form of expression. If cousin Rachel conversed, she largely quoted 'sister Etta,' and deferentially referred to her opinion; and cousin Etta did the same thing for 'sister Rachel.' They were always 'considering what was best,' and I believe never even hemmed a pocket-handkerchief without holding a solemn consultation over it. They walked carefully through the house, and spoke in such subdued tones that one would suppose there was some indefatigable sleeper whom they were afraid of arousing. Their village home, which had been named Cedarville, for what earthly reason I never could ascertain, was the most monotonous of all country places; and had there not been a large dog on hand, I should have pined for want of a companion.

"When I was fairly established under the roof of my quiet relatives, and they were brought

into close contact with my harum-scarum propensities, I could plainly see that they were frequently paralyzed with amazement. They had never dreamed of such things; and I began to think that the placid faces could never discard a look of surprise. Not that I did anything really wrong or improper; but I was young, and full of life and spirits; I did not weigh my words before I spoke, and I did not stop to consider whether Mrs. Smith would like this, or Mrs. Jones approve of that. The consequence, of course, was many ridiculous scenes; and while respecting my relatives' goodness, I used to laugh in secret at their walking-on-eggs style of proceeding.

"So little were the inhabitants of Cedarville given to dissipation, that a visit to tea was a great affair; but as strangers were unusual sights, various stiff-looking people called and invited me to their houses. These invitations were always accepted for me by my cousins; and early on the eventful afternoon, cousin Rachel would don a brown silk dress, fastened at the neck with a brooch of hair surrounded with small pearls, while cousin Etta appeared in a grey silk, fastened ditto.

"The conversation at these companies invariably turned upon a Dr. Slingworthy, who was, it seems, a widower with three or four children; and whose wife's sister, Amanda Tibbits, (I became quite familiar with his name,) was 'keeping house' for him. What combustible materials were these for a country village! The topic appeared inexhaustible; and I was amused at the variety of opinion expressed upon the subject. Some thought that it was highly improper in Amanda to stay—others, that it was perfectly natural for her to look after her little motherless nephews and nieces—others descanted upon Dr. Slingworthy's admirable qualities, and pronounced the woman at whose feet he laid himself, and his four children, a fortunate one—others, again, declared that Amanda was a treasure, and that a man might think himself well off to get her.

"From all that I could gather, it appeared to me a very suitable match; but Miss Tibbits had now ministered to the little Slingworthys for two years, and things remained just as they were at first.

"'I don't believe,' said one lady, impressively, 'that it would ever enter Dr. Slingworthy's head, he's such an innocent kind of a man.'

"'He's a dreadfully absent-minded man,' rejoined another, 'if that's what you mean by innocent. A man who will go into the street, as he does with only one stocking, and send my

Mary Jane red beans that were given to him for seed, instead of calomel, don't know what's best for him—and somebody ought to put it into his head, for it's my belief that Amanda likes him.'

"Mrs. Grimby paused, and her speech evidently made an impression on the company.

"I fell to meditating upon what seemed to be the romance of Cedarville; and as I had seen the two principal figures, I began to take quite an interest in it. Miss Tibbits was a tall, delicate-looking lady, with a mild, colorless face, not young, but quite refined and interesting in appearance; and Dr. Slingworthy reminded me of a gigantic owl, such a look of concentrated wisdom was on his face, which had the 'far-off expression' that characterized Mrs. Jellyby. He was one of those aggravating men who are always looking at nothing; and what Miss Tibbits saw in him I was at a loss to imagine. But perhaps he was one of those rough, excellent characters like 'Bear,' in 'The Neighbors;' and I thought that if she did like him, it was a great pity that he had not the sense to appreciate her.

"Miss Tibbits had called after my arrival; and, one day, to my great delight, cousin Rachel and cousin Etta announced to me that it was time to return the visit.

"But very solemnly was I prepared for the ceremony. I was warned that it was very possible the doctor might be visible, and on no account must I, by word, look, or action, testify to the slightest knowledge of any remark made in my hearing respecting the two.

"'The doctor is very peculiar,' observed cousin Rachel, 'and it would be a sad thing, as sister Etta says, if any one, by thoughtlessness, should spoil the whole affair. Do be careful, cousin!'

"They addressed me most frequently as 'cousin,' perhaps because it was unpleasant to pronounce my atrocious name.

"'Sister Rachel!' exclaimed cousin Etta, in an almost animated manner, 'what a dreadful thing it would be if cousin Flint should forget, and call Amanda Mrs. Slingworthy. You know that you are apt to do such things, cousin,' she continued, turning to me, 'but do, pray, remember that she is Miss Tibbits—the doctor is so peculiar!'

"The unwonted anxiety of the two worthy ladies fairly made me nervous; and when I thought of encountering the doctor, who was 'so peculiar,' this uneasiness increased. We all set forth with solemn faces, and I devoutly hoped that the doctor would not be visible; while a confused idea of the sister-in-law as Miss Slingworthy, Mrs. Tibbits, and everything but the right designation, bewildered my brain.

"We arrived, and were ushered into the parlor by the doctor, himself, who looked more formidable than ever; this circumstance, and the unwonted task of remembering something that I had been implored not to do, destroyed my self-possession, and as Miss Tibbits approached me, I addressed her quite audibly as 'Mrs. Slingworthy!'"

"A flood of rich color rushed over her pale face, and in the half-involuntary glance that she cast toward the doctor, I read her heart. It was a woman's heart, a gentle and loving one, and I respected it. As for Esculapius, himself, he looked quite fierce, and his hair bristled up like porcupine quills; but he blushed, too, and glanced at Miss Tibbits with a sort of surprise.

"Now you've done it!" was the expression on the faces of my horror-stricken cousins; and as I had done it beyond all repair, I took a sort of mischievous satisfaction in watching the results. How the mistake was smoothed over I cannot remember; I have a recollection, though, that it was a constrained and awkward visit, and that we very soon took our leave.

"Oh! cousin, cousin!" was all that my relatives could say, 'how could you?'"

"I laughed, almost for the first time that day, for the ridiculousness of the whole thing struck upon me in its full light; but my cousins evidently considered this a sign that my conduct had been prompted by willful maliciousness, and I quieted my visible faculties as soon as possible.

"Perhaps," said I, 'it may do them good.'

"No," they replied, with a mournful shake of the head, 'Amanda will go home, now, and nothing will ever come of it.'

"Mark my words!" I exclaimed, with a sudden inspiration of prophecy, 'I feel sure that something will come of it, and that very soon.'

"But cousin Rachel and cousin Etta evidently had no faith in me, for prophecy or anything else; and, by tacit consent, we dropped the subject, and waited, like people expecting a thunder-clap, or something dreadful.

"The next day, I sat in the window of my own apartment, which looked out upon the road, when I was startled by the unexpected apparition of Dr. Slingworthy, who had tied his horse to a post, and was now deliberately lifting the large brass knocker. I trembled, like a guilty individual as I was, and wished him miles away; but cousin Rachel entered my room, exclaiming,

"Cousin, what can it mean? Dr. Slingworthy has just entered the gate!"

"As she spoke, there was an involuntary glance at the mirror, and a smoothing down of hair already painfully smooth.

"Cousin Etta followed almost immediately.

"Sister Rachel," said she, 'what is to be done? Here is Dr. Slingworthy inquiring for cousin Flint! Do you think it proper to send her down unaccompanied by one of us?'"

"I won't go down at all!" I exclaimed, in terror and indignation. 'It is nothing to me whether he marries Miss Tibbits or not. I'll have nothing to do with it!'"

"Cousin Rachel gave her sister a peculiar sign, on which she left the room; and then, taking me affectionately by the hand, my eldest cousin began, in a voice of grave importance,

"Cousin, I hope that you will listen patiently to one who is considerably your senior. You are young and flighty, and have seen but little of the world; therefore, it is most desirable that you should have a guide and protector who is more sedate. Such things are quite unaccountable to me, but we do hear of good and wise men becoming infatuated with thoughtless girls; and it is very evident that Dr. Slingworthy has called for the purpose of improving his acquaintance with you, with a view to such a result, and to offer you his hand and name at once. It is a most respectable name, cousin, and I advise you to accept it; but do nothing rashly, and pray treat the doctor with the respect due to his years.'

"Here I could contain myself no longer. My worthy cousin had delivered this speech seriously and deliberately, evidently impressed with the idea that it was just the right thing; but when she requested me to 'treat with the respect due to his years' the man whom she had just advised me to accept as a lover, I was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, to which I freely gave vent.

"Without replying to the imploring expression of cousin Rachel's face, and, intent now upon mischief, I ran down stairs, and found myself face to face with Dr. Slingworthy.

"Then I began to tremble again; and the doctor, as if to confirm cousin Rachel's surmises, took my hand in quite a love-like manner, and led me to the sofa. I was quite passive, and waited for what he had to say.

"Miss Flint," he said, deferentially, 'our very short acquaintance, I know, would scarcely warrant such a proof of confidence on my part, but I believe you will deal with me frankly.'

"Well," thought I, 'something is coming of my mistake, sure enough, but not exactly what I expected.'

"The doctor became embarrassed, and so did I.

"I am a straightforward man," he continued, more composedly, 'and I am about to speak of

what very nearly concerns my whole future happiness.'

"Now, if one is threatened with a whipping, it is not agreeable to be told of it continually, and have it put off indefinitely; and I sincerely wished for some means of bringing the doctor to the intended point, or of frightening him away from it altogether.

"Well, sir?" said I, a little impatiently.

"I beg your pardon," he replied, 'but, yesterday, Miss Tibbits and myself were placed in a most embarrassing position. She has been very kind, very kind indeed; and I wish to know if you, a stranger, think her position in my family a singular, or questionable one? Not for worlds would I have had her feelings wounded by such a mistake!'

"It was a very natural mistake," said I, smothering a laugh, as I thought of cousin Rachel, 'and I do not believe that her feelings were wounded.'

"I know that she is very much attached to the children," continued Dr. Slingworthy, 'but you don't think,' said he, with a glow of delight, as the possibility of the thing flashed upon his mind, 'you don't really think that she could take up with an old fellow like me?'

"What I think is of no consequence," I replied, 'but were I in an old fellow's place, I would take no opinion upon the subject but hers.'

"I believe," said the doctor, looking supremely happy, 'that I have been a great fool; and, depend upon it, my dear, young lady, that I shall be eternally grateful to you.'

"Here the doctor wrung my hand, as though it had belonged to Miss Tibbits, and was gone, the next moment.

"Cousin Rachel made her appearance in time to catch the last words.

"Then, you have not refused Dr. Slingworthy, cousin?" she exclaimed, with evident pleasure.

"No, ma'am," I replied, demurely.

"Oh, cousin!" exclaimed cousin Etta, following her sister as usual, 'have you really accepted Dr. Slingworthy? I am so glad!'

"Not for myself," said I, 'he did not give me a chance to do that—but I have almost accepted him for Miss Tibbits.'

"When I had given the particulars of the interview, cousin Rachel said, 'Well, now, who would have thought it?' and cousin Etta declared that she never was so surprised in her life; and yet they, with all the rest of the village, had been wondering that the thing had not happened long ago!

"The wedding came off during my visit; and as my eye rested upon the bright face of the bride, I felt happy in the consciousness of having performed a good action, although it was done by mistake."

NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY ANNE L. MUZZEY.

COURAGE; oh! fainting heart, be brave;

Drown not God's blessed sunshine in thy tears;

Swiftly thy life is flowing, wave on wave,

Into the cold, dark bosom of the grave;

Swiftly and surely nears

The earthly end of all thy hopes and fears.

Duty implores thee! Pause not now

To mourn o'er broken dreams. Such grief is vain;

Cast off the gloom and shadow from thy brow,

And, in the sight of Heaven, sternly vow,

Never, in woe or pain,

To doubt God's wisdom, or his truth, again.

Courage; God knows what is the best

For us, in this blind life of anxious care;

Do what thou can'st for good, and leave the rest

To Him whose name is ever to be blest;

Courage; oh! why despair?

Trust, and believe, and pray. Action is prayer!

Up, ere the dew of youth be gone,

Work, ere the frost of death thy pulses chill;

Let the brave sword of truth be boldly drawn,

And, in the name of right, walk firmly on,

So shall life's very ill

Bow to the triumph of thy conquering will.

Over the cross shineth the crown!

Better than thou, for truth have fought and died;

Bravely bear up, though earthly hope go down;

Stand to thy faith, though the world scoff, and frown.

Angels are on thy side,

And Heaven about thee, let what will betide.

Courage; "whatever is, is right!"

Believe it, and fear not; God is our fate;

Darkly comes down earth's drear and solemn night,

Grandly in Heaven beameth eternal light;

Peace, restless soul, and wait!

God's angels, once like thee, were desolate!

THE RESULT OF AN IMPULSE.

BY CATHARINE PROCTOR.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, heaven is very kind!" I said, as it were, involuntarily. I was startled. My speaking was, as it were, a riddle to myself, as I lay quietly and wearily behind those heavy, purple curtains, on those large downy pillows.

My whole life had been a bitter rebellion against Providence; my whole tone and thought antagonistic to every reverential feeling, to everything like Christian spirit.

So heavy the burden I bore, so weak and helpless my powers to struggle through and buffet the tempests, that, instead of prayer, complaints had ever been upon my lips; and I had gradually come to allow myself to be borne aimlessly, and at the will of every surrounding object in any direction; and now that my tongue had involuntarily given heaven praise, I was in bewilderment.

The day had been one of wondrous beauty; wondrous, for the resurrection of earth from her torpid estate is ever beautiful. It is like the gradual but startling development of a child's intellect, ever seeming endearingly original, yet in every child the same, except when it is now and then frozen back by unkindness or imbecility. The days had grown so warm that every well, living thing left roof and covert, and went out to gather the manna of sunshine, falling broadcast over the earth. Oh, pity for the sick and helpless, that all the spring warmth and light they could feel, must come through windows and doors! Pity for the soulless, that they could plod every hour for the earth's sordid gold, when the heavens were so bountiful with that, which, not only fills the hands, but the hearts of men!

I had ever loved storms better than sunshine. Something there was of sympathy between the darkness and tumult of the elements and the grim, restless spirit in me. I had finished my tasks; completed every repulsive item in the little round of daily drudgery, and then, without one joyful feeling, with only an undefinable and never-ending desire to get away from myself, I went to the woods. My eyes were blinded with the same dark shadow which hung upon my heart.

My whole being was fettered, and I did not

care to see. I knew a place where the river was very deep, and made sluggish by being dammed below. It looked to me as I had imagined the bayous of the South might—dark, sullen, and yet quiet; then suddenly breaking away from the mirrored shadows, and the dripping fringes of brake and hazel, from the heavy, molten sun at midday, and from the white, motionless moon at night, it flung itself, like a suicide, maddened and desperate, in white impetuosity over the stones and timbers of the dam, then struggling for awhile with pitiful roaring, subsided to an even flow. I loved it. It was the miniature of my stream of life—only quiet never could reach me, until I floated out upon the dim, far-away ocean of eternity, glimpses of which I imagined I had had through the turbulence and mists of the torrents of my ungoverned passions.

It was now swollen high with spring rains, and instead of the sullenness which the gloomy skies of winter, and the heavy shades of summer cast upon its face, it was as clear as the spring heavens, and glowing as the sun.

A multitude of children were at play upon its banks, some gathering the blue violets, some with fishing-rods, stoically waiting a bite. All were gleeful and happy.

"Margaret!"

It was the frightened scream of children's voices, a simultaneous shriek at once of petition and fear. I saw a convulsive plashing of water, and, without thought of doing a good deed, I sprang to the bank and into the stream. The first dash at once strangled and invigorated me. The child had gone under, and I just saw a flutter of her blue dress. The first time she rose, I reached, clutched her dress, and took her in my arms, but in so doing I had lost my footing, and I was but a very slight thing to stem the current if we should be carried out. It was an effort such as I never put forth before—and it was successful. I pushed her in reach of the dozen little hands stretched out for her; and then, without motive for exertion, chilled through, I sank down and was drifted out. I was just conscious of the renewed screaming of the children; and that was all.

I woke warmly nestled in bed; the light

subdued by the heavy purple curtains made me close my eyes again.

I should have died but for a small clump of bushes, which the water, in its unusual height had overflowed, and where my dress caught. The assistance, which the screams of the children brought, rescued me.

I lay there, quiescent from weariness, yet thinking calmly. I had never before been so subdued, my bitterness of spirit was all gone, and, "Oh, heaven is very kind!" were the first words I uttered.

Was heaven kind, or was my destiny sorrow?

CHAPTER II.

"MARGARET."

The same name, but not the same voice, now spoken low and tenderly, not uttered, as before, in fright; now not the call for aid to me, but a bolt of anguish, which shook me as only the first fury of a storm can; blinded, stunned me.

I will give you the details.

My life had been one of poverty, ignorance, and struggling, until, from the effects of an impulse, I was lauded as heroic, and then, Margaret's father, who was the one most grateful for my childish heroism, being a wealthy man, gave me the best advantages for an education. My mother being dead, he insisted on my sharing Margaret's mother's care. My father readily consented to the proposition, as my invariable moroseness had, in a measure, alienated his love. But I was not grateful; what free spirit is for charity? I had strong desires, however, to learn, and therefore I tacitly accepted his bounty.

I progressed with unusual rapidity in my studies, and was termed a genius. My craving for books was insatiable. Margaret, on the contrary, grew up with a dislike for study. Simple, affectionate, and cheerful she was, but not brilliant, as her parents desired. I learned her tasks as well as my own. She was not envious, but willingly ceded me superiority, while she won the love of all by her wilful simpleness and innocence. She admired and petted me, and never treated me otherwise than as a sister.

She had a cousin, Fritz Wolcott, who spent his summer holidays, while in college, with us. He was of that intellectual and poetic temperament which we admire in men, but which seldom meets with sympathy if found in a woman. Passionately fond of reading and study, he evidently enjoyed my society; and I, with my hero-worshipping spirit, was perfectly fascinated with,

what seemed to me, the congeniality between us. We would discuss and argue questions for hours; and yet there was no jarring; all was in harmony, even when we disagreed. After our long, animated conversations, during which Margaret always observed a perfect silence, busily plying her needle in embroidery, he would turn to her, and playfully addressing her as "*ma belle*," or "*ma petite cousine*," would ask for a song, or challenge her to a game of chess. Her face would light up, and she would utter some piquant remark, or laugh in her merry, musical way, seemingly so grateful that the literary storm had subsided.

I thought he liked her as a companion for pleasant relaxation, but not as an intellectual equal.

It was another spring day, drawn to an early close. The half moon came timidly up, and the sky twinkled faintly with stars, before the glow of the sunset had faded away. The leaves were scarcely open upon the trees, and the warmth of the days had not sufficiently penetrated the bosom of mother earth to prevent a chilliness coming on with the night.

Margaret, with her love of out-door life, and distaste for any confining employment, reveled, like a lark, in the fresh, invigorating air; and now, as evening came on, in a flow of unwonted spirits, she wheeled a large chair out on the portico for Fritz, and an ottoman for herself, and insisted on having a "summer time."

"But you will take cold, *ma belle*," he insisted.

An incredulous toss of her pretty head, and some mischievous whisper, which annoyed, while it pleased him, was her only heed of his remonstrance.

She had been provokingly merry and wilful all day, while Fritz had been unusually sombre. I had endeavored in vain to engage him in conversation, but my fascination failed me, or else he was in trouble.

I seemed to be entirely forgotten in the "summer time" arrangement, for no chair was wheeled for me; so I sat down by the parlor window, which had been open, the blinds remaining shut, all day. Faint bars of the faint moonlight checked the carpet; I sat, besides this, in deep gloom.

Margaret's ottoman was drawn close to the chair of Fritz. I could see them plainly, but heaven knows I had no intention of eaves-dropping. Their conversation had been at all times so unconstrained in my presence, that I did not consider myself a listener. I was thinking intently, and was as if withdrawn from myself,

hearing only the murmur of their voices, without distinguishing the words.

"Margaret," spoken tenderly and questioningly.

I was brought suddenly from my dream-land of thought.

Bewildered, and momentarily stunned, I was as if smitten by a blow. The one utterance of that name had awakened more thought than a volume. I had heard it myriad times spoken by that same voice, but never before did it convey so much unspeakable happiness to one, unutterable wretchedness to another. I had lived in a sweet misunderstanding of everything around me, even of my own heart; that explained all, and showed me my idol shattered, my beautiful air palaces in ruins.

I heard vague words besides, but not until Fritz said, "My treasure, how reckless I am of your sweet welfare," did I comprehend my position as a listener to a tale spoken for one ear alone. I arose hastily, and, passing into the back parlor, entered the hall, and sought my own room. Darkness was to me preferable to light, so I sat down by my open window, and watched the dense shadows waving, almost without sound, on the grass of the lawn. The shock had unsettled me so that I could not even think of my despair. The pain was in my heart, piercing, heavy and incurable.

CHAPTER III.

It must have been quite late when Margaret sought her room adjoining mine. By this time the moon had risen, so that the shadows of the trees no longer darkened my window. She listened at my door a moment, and then opened it quietly.

"Why, Kitty, how like a ghost you look in that moonlight!" she said, laughing softly, and coming toward me.

"Ah!—you, Margaret?"

"Yes. I say you look like some goblin, so erect and definite. You—why, Kitty, you are cold as a toad! I am afraid it is your ghost; had you no light?"

It was well, probably, that she came in, for I had fallen into an apathetic state, almost a swoon; except that stinging anguish at my heart. She closed the window, wheeled my velvet-lined rocking-chair toward the table, and sat me in it, while she knelt at my feet, and rubbed my hands vigorously.

"You model of prudence, to soar so far into the clouds spiritually, that your little mortal body is abused. Why one degree more of night

air coldness and you would have been solid! It has made you white as a ghost; what is the matter, Catharine?"

She was becoming alarmed at my passive silence; I tried to rouse myself.

"Bring me a little wine, deary; or stop—my volatile salts!"

I shook off my lethargy, and that her happy heart might not know disquiet, that night at least, I told her falsehoods.

"I had a very hard headache, and, overcome with a weary sort of nervousness, I thought cool air would benefit me: and I have had too much of it. Go to bed now, I am better."

"I cannot sleep; let me stay here; I will extinguish the light."

"Do you wish to tell, or ask me anything?" I said, imprudently, disclosing my thoughts. I was glad she did not observe it.

"Some other time, I have something wonderful to tell you, but you are too frozen for sympathy now; I will wait."

Her happiness of heart would not allow her even to speak pitifully to me.

"Tell me now, I cannot sleep; and if tears are to be shed, I can manufacture some for your accommodation."

She drew close to me, and looked up with her sweet, childish eyes full into my face, and told me what I knew she would.

"I saved her from death once; if I can, I will save her from sorrow now," and so I smoothed her soft hair, but with so heavy a pressure, that it aroused wonder in her face. But it was all done earnestly.

"Good night, my darling."

"Wait," she said, "you are older than I; you know more, much more. Is it wrong for cousins to marry? Is it wrong for me to love Fritz?"

Why this thought could arise in her mind, I could not divine, and I said, "No, no; you cannot help it; it is natural."

Then she left me, taking her light, and passing gently as she came, like a beautiful vision.

"Oh! heaven is very kind," said my rebellious heart, "to her."

At morning, the same depression of inner pain prostrated me. It was with difficulty that I appeared at breakfast. Nevertheless I did so, and they all remarked the paleness of my face, and expressed sympathy for me in my illness, giving me an abundance of warnings never again to allow the spring night air to catch me asleep. I was sincerely glad they were deceived. What was so constantly in my mind, and almost upon my tongue, I fancied must be visible to every eye.

There were no more talks on books and philosophy that day. I kept my room closely, and Fritz and Margaret were too happy to observe anything in me except the results of imprudence.

I, of course, gradually recovered from the effects of such severe mental excitement.

I pursued my old round of study, but now generally alone. When Fritz was kept in by rainy days, at his feet, or by his side on the sofa, was such a happy little witch, that philosophy would not only have been misplaced, but irksome to all.

At Margaret's request, I, "her sober little aunt," acted as bridesmaid. The Sabbath before the marriage, as we were passing from the church, I overheard one lady say to another,

"She to be the bridesmaid? why, I thought she was to have been the bride!" and the wicked thought came up, "but for a deed I did one bright morning, years ago, it might have been."

I owe to that one act the first dawning of a power within me, to throw off the net of sin, which was tangling and involving me inextricably. I am well repaid, though that power, in developing my capacity for enjoyment, also enlarged my capabilities for suffering. For our spiritual perfection we must wear chains of sorrow, must turn aside from the paths of enchantment which selfishness opens, and walk over the thorns, and under the shadows of self-sacrifice, for that only leads us out into the glory of God.

JENNY AND JOHNNY.

BY J. A. TURNER.

SAT in the garden, Jenny,
Flowers about her feet,
Flowers above her, many
Flowers and maiden sweet.

Flowers above her bloomed,
Flowers around her grew,
Never a bower perfumed
Curtains lovelier drew.

Emeral drapery bound her,
Hid from human eye,
Humming-bird around her,
Bee and butterfly.

"Oh! humming-bird," said Jenny,
"Hover round my lip,
Sweets are wasting, many,
Johnny dare not sip.

Butterfly, come sip some,
Sip some, honey-bee,
Taste this glowing lip, some
Nectar you'll agree."

Hid near the bower, young Johnny
Peeping from a tree,

Longing, sighed for the honey
Offered to the bee.

Slumber sweetly closed
Jenny's drooping lid,
And a theft proposed,
Timid Johnny bid.

Softly crept he to her,
Stole a single kiss,
Bashful, timid wooer,
'Mid a world of bliss.

Back to his covert hasted
Johnny in a trice;
And the kiss she tasted
Wakened Jenny nice.

"Humming-bird," she spake out,
"Butterfly and bee,
Why don't your feast you make out?
Dainty feast to me."

Despite this wasting honey
Johnny went to school:
Who'd have thought that Johnny
Had been such a fool?

THE SUNSET JOURNEY.

BY N. F. CARTER.

THE casement opens to the sunset skies;
A flood of glory bursts on languid eyes!
They kindle in the crimson light!
The pale lips part with glad surprise,
She whispers as with Heaven in sight!

"Mother, around me now thine arms entwine,
One more soft pressure of thy lips to mine,
As token of thy love for me,
Another blessed smile of thine,
And let my ravished soul go free!"

And then the mother clasps her in her arms,
With love's red wine her ebbing life she charms,
She smiles with tenderness once more,
And in her heart of hearts embains
The flush of joy the dying wore!

And thus, a blossom of the early May,
In angel loveliness she passed away,
As fades the morning stars from sight,
Ere she had known an Autumn day,
Or bid the Summer flowers "good night!"

THE OLD STONE MANSION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "MABEL," "KATE AYLESFORD," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson. In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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CHAPTER V.

By this time a hundred people had collected on the beach, the hotel emptying itself as if by magic. Suddenly there was a shout, accompanied by a name passed from mouth to mouth. I looked around. Five or six fishermen, who had chanced to be in the bar-room, had come running to the scene. At their head was one famous for having rescued, the preceding winter, more than a hundred persons from a single wreck. The ship had gone ashore, at nightfall, during a violent snow-storm; and before morning dawned, half of her human freight had perished. When the cold, misty day broke, the people on shore first became aware of her exact position, though they had heard, all night, guns firing, and, they thought, shrieks and cries for help, in the pauses of the gale. At first no one would venture out, for the surf was mountain high. At last the fisherman I have spoken of came up, and offered to go, if a boat's crew would volunteer. His reputation for daring and skill was such that half a dozen men stepped forward immediately. Three times they attempted, in vain, to launch through the breakers. The fourth effort was successful, but the boat stood, for a moment, almost perpendicular, before the stout arms within it got the mastery. I remember how my heart swelled, and the tears rushed to my eyes, when I was told of this heroic act. "And had he no family," I said, "the thought of whom deterred him?" "It was that, on the contrary, which influenced him most," was the reply. "He said that when a man saw women and children drowning before his eyes, it made him think how he would feel if his own little ones were wrecked."

He had dashed into the surf, before I saw him, and now stood, looking back for an instant, telling his companions to join hands with him and form a line. The red shirt he wore was open at the throat, revealing a chest like that of the Farnese Hercules; his face was the color of bronze; his dark hair was blown about by the wind: I shall never, to my dying hour, forget that picture, as it stood out, in bold relief,

against the green back-ground of the sea. His look of high courage, his vast physical strength, the halo of his past deeds, restored me back to hope.

I saw all this in a single moment. Then my eyes sought again the spot where Rosalie had disappeared. Was that her rescuer? Yes, thank God! And others saw him also, for shouts arose on every hand, "there they are," "how bravely he swims," "they are saved, they are saved." What followed, seems to me, even yet, like a wild dream. I saw the line of fishermen extending out into the breakers, their leader standing at their head, like a rock, while the waves rushed over him; I saw the swimmer swept in with the velocity of lightning; I saw that he carried a child; and I was in the surf, waist deep, before I knew it, laughing and crying hysterically; and then I held Rosalie in my arms, the first to receive her, and was assisted, almost carried to shore, by one of the fishermen.

They told me afterward that the nurse was quite insensible when they dragged her in; and that Mr. Talbot said that it was the desperation with which she clung to him, that had pulled him under and kept him there. "Had I not shaken her off," he added, "the whole three of us would have perished." Fortunately for her, a huge roller had flung her within reach of the fishermen, just after the other two were saved.

We were in too excited a state to make our appearance again that day. Even Georgiana forgot her flirtations, excused herself from a drive, and sat, with her mother and myself, in Rosalie's room. Mr. Elliott had gone to the city, but when he returned, at night, he hurried up to us, pale and breathless, and remained, for the whole evening, holding his child's hand and tenderly regarding her.

The next morning I was the first of our party down; and was beset by inquiries. Before I could extricate myself, I saw a now well known form come in. Mr. Talbot, for it was his, recognized me quite across the room; our eyes met; and he was approaching to speak, when my uncle, entering, stopped him. I thought I

detected annoyance in Mr. Talbot's face, at my uncle's pompous gratitude; certainly his look brightened up wonderfully when the set speech was over.

The breakfast bell had now sounded, and the crowd was moving toward the dining-room, bearing the with it. Mr. Talbot and I were thrown together, for an instant, at the door. He held out his hand, as if he had known me for years, asking after Rosalie. I told him that she was as well as ever now, and added how much we all thanked him for what he had done. He smiled in reply, saying he had only performed a duty, and then we parted to go to our different seats; but there was something in the smile, which kept me, during all that meal, in a flutter of strange happiness.

I was in Georgiana's room, just before dinner, assisting my cousin to complete her toilet, and my aunt was looking magisterially on, when there was a knock at the door, and my uncle entered, redder than ever in the face and puffing with the labor of coming up stairs. He plunged down on the frail bedstead, all the chairs being occupied, till it creaked under him, exclaiming, as he mopped his brow,

"I've got news for you, Georgy. Who do you think this Mr. Talbot is?"

"I'm sure I don't know, papa. But he's handsome; and a hero: how lovely he'd look in uniform."

I bit my lip to conceal a smile. My uncle went on.

"Pooh! pooh! All stuff about hero and regiments. He's the Mr. Talbot, the famous Mr. Talbot, the ablest lawyer of his years in his city, as Senator Clare has just told me." And the handkerchief was used, this time, to fan his face. "I thought I recognized him. When I was over there, two years ago, I heard him at a public meeting; it was about the Hungarians; Kossuth, you know, was expected then; and he actually made me cry."

"Made you cry?" said Georgiana, opening her Juno-like eyes, and laughing a light laugh of incredulity.

"Yes! Nor was I the only one. You needn't shake your head, you puss. Do you think we old fellows have no feelings?"

The only reply was a shrug of the pretty shoulders, which were unusually bare to-day. For some reason, indeed, my cousin had taken great pains with her toilet. My uncle paused, as if half ashamed of his confession, and then went on.

"But this gentleman is rich too, very rich; needn't practice if he didn't want to. I tell you

what, Georgy," and he looked at her seriously, "you'd better give up flirting and set your cap for him."

"I intend to," said my cousin, gayly, rising as she spoke, "and I'll bet you, pa, that I succeeded." She tapped his cheek with her fan. "Is it done?"

"The day you are Mrs. Talbot," was the reply, "I'll give you ten thousand dollars in diamonds."

"Will you, you precious old papa?" cried Georgiana, and she fairly took his head in her hands and kissed him, a feat I had not seen her perform, in full dress, for years.

CHAPTER VI.

GEORGIANA carried out her threat. It gave me a new idea of her intellect, if I may call it such, to see the tact with which she adapted herself to Mr. Talbot's tastes. Their intimacy progressed rapidly. Though he was a hero in the eyes of all the young ladies, and, therefore, welcomed by each with smiles, she seemed, by some art known only to herself, to be able to while him away at will. I believe they began, at last, to hate her. I own to having, more than once, been secretly annoyed at the successful *nonchalance* with which she would approach, when Mr. Talbot was conversing with me, make some gay remark, and finally carry him off triumphantly. There is a manner acquired by persons who live much in society, which is often more serviceable than higher mental qualities. This Georgiana possessed in perfection. Her taste in dress also was exquisite, and her means of gratifying it unlimited.

"Your cousin always looks like a picture," he said to me, one evening, as Georgiana floated into the drawing-room, her light, voluminous robes falling cloud-like about her. "She has the rare gift of knowing precisely what will become her; and in that respect is a true artist."

At other times he would praise what he called her feminine nature. "She seems to love all things that are beautiful," he once said. "It is, as developed in her, a purely feminine characteristic. I often think, that, to the extent to which a woman has it, is she truly womanly. Men, instinctively, seek turmoil and strife; they delight in something to conquer; and the best of them, I believe, prefer those women who are most entirely their opposites."

One morning, Georgiana appeared with her hair brushed back from her face, and wearing a light colored robe, that opened in front, displaying a superbly embroidered skirt: the robe was

trimmed with cherry-colored ribbons, and became her magically.

"She looks like a French Marquise of the last century," said Mr. Talbot. "What a high-bred air! One would think she had walked out of a picture by 'Greuze.' I must go and talk to her, and fancy I am in the Little Trianon, in the first years of Marie Antoinette."

These conversations always left a pang behind them. In vain I chided myself, in secret; in vain I said I was envious: I could not prevent a feeling of pain whenever Mr. Talbot thus eulogized Georgiana. I, who knew her so well, could not understand the glamour which she seemed to have cast over him.

Yet there were occasions when I doubted if Mr. Talbot cared for her. I could not forget what I had overheard him say about myself. And his manner to me, though not the least like that of lovers I had read of, was such as often to set my heart beating. It was different, at all times, from what it was to Georgiana. It had a high and knightly bearing, an under-current of acknowledged sympathy, which I never observed in his manner to her. To my cousin he talked of fashion, the topics of society, European travel, the opera, the Springs: with me his themes were of a loftier character; and I could not but be flattered by the distinction. Art, literature, social progress, heroic souls, deeds that would live forever: these were the subjects we discussed. Ah! how his eye kindled, how his voice deepened with enthusiasm, as he spoke of the great dead; men, who had lived, not for their own selfish aggrandizement, but for the good of mankind; martyrs and patriots, who, in the cause of country or of God, had taken their lives in their hands, and gone forth to do battle with the Appolyn of their age. It was at such times, that, looking at the rigid mouth, and eye that challenged defiance, I felt that he also could die for what he thought the right, yes! could pluck his own heart out, if need be.

But I was not foolish enough to think he loved me. Whenever an hour had been spent with him peculiarly agreeable, or whenever he seemed to prefer my society to Georgiana's, I used to say to myself, when I was alone in my room: "Margaret Gray, don't be silly; gentlemen, even the best of them, like to amuse themselves with girls: you must not suppose, because Mr. Talbot talks to you, that he forgets you are poor."

Yet, as soon as we met again, I ceased to remember this. I learned to detect his footstep, before he was in sight; to know him, by his gait, when he was so far off that I could hardly distinguish him. Once or twice he had joined me,

in the customary ramble, which I took, at sunset, up the beach; and on these occasions he was always strangely eloquent. He seemed to give himself up to the hour and to his company, talking as if I and Nature were parts of himself. This was a silent recognition, I said to myself, that I was worthy to share his higher thoughts. And then I chided myself for saying so.

On another occasion, we sat watching the moonlight on the sea, till, in listening to his talk, I forgot the time, and was surprised and a little abashed, when Georgiana came in search of me at a late hour.

"Dear me," she said, with an affectation of surprise, "you here, Maggy. I hadn't the least notion of it, and ran down, tired out with the silly fops in the drawing-room, to look at the ocean." But I knew better; I knew she had come to watch me.

Meantime a fortnight passed. There were daily rides, or sailing excursions, or parties to go crabbing; mornings spent in the bowling alleys, evenings devoted to dances or charades. In one respect, our acquaintance with Mr. Talbot had been of advantage to me, it procured me a share in these pleasures. Before his arrival, everybody considered me a governess, and as my uncle never asked me to participate in the sports constantly going on, nobody else thought it worth while. But now the fact that Mr. Talbot often invited me, and the knowledge that I was not a hired dependent, procured me, almost always, a share in such amusements. I frequently heard, "Is not Miss Gray going?" or "We can't do without Miss Gray," or "Miss Gray must come on our side, or the game won't be fair." I was quite a different person from the plain, neglected automaton of the month before.

One day there was a crabbing party at Point Breeze, a shady promontory on the Chincotee river, within a convenient drive of the hotel. It was a sultry morning, for a land breeze was blowing, and we had all repaired there, because, at such times it was hottest at the beach, but was comparatively cool at the Point, there being a long stretch of river and bay to the westward, which impregnated the wind with something of its own refreshing temperature.

Georgiana, too fine a lady to join in our sport, was sitting under an awning, fanning herself languidly, when Mr. Talbot looked up from his line.

"What do you say to a sail, Miss Elliott?" he said. "You seem dreadfully bored. Come, I will be your cavalier; a modern Cavendish, if you will; and we'll go in search of new El Dorados."

Georgiana glanced around, with secret triumph in her eye; but affecting hesitation, said,

"If you don't think it will be too hot?"

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Talbot, in a blunt, decided way, he often had; and throwing down his line, he continued, "your parasol will keep off the sun; and it's cooler on the water than here."

"Well, if Margaret will come also," said my cousin, rising gracefully, for she never forgot the proprieties.

I was not particularly pleased at a second-hand invitation like this, especially as Mr. Talbot remarked, quite coolly, "Oh! to be sure," as he jumped from the pier to hoist the sail of the boat; but I knew Georgiana would pout, after we got home, if I did not go, so I consented with the best grace I could.

There was a light breeze, which wafted us slowly out into the bay. I have always been fond of the water, so I soon forgot my momentary vexation. Mr. Talbot had the reputation, not only among the amateurs, but with the fishermen also, of handling a sail-boat skillfully; and certainly nothing seemed to be easier for him than to direct our light craft, as he sat, rudder in hand, carelessly chatting with Georgiana. Annoyed at the manner of my invitation, I held myself aloof, as much as possible, especially as neither of my companions appeared to notice my reserve; so I sat humming a low tune to avoid overhearing the half whispered conversation back of me, now watching the white, fleecy clouds that hung about the western horizon, and now dipping my fingers into the wave, as the boat glided noiselessly along like a white gull skimming the waters.

We had gone about six miles down the bay, and were approaching the Highlands at its mouth, when I woke from a long reverie to hear Mr. Talbot say to Georgiana that a thunder-storm was coming up and that we had better return. Glancing to the west, I saw that the fleecy clouds had disappeared, and that a purple black bank of vapor, like a distant mountain range, had taken their place. My cousin was already uneasy.

"There's nothing to be alarmed about, Miss Elliott," said Mr. Talbot, as he turned the boat homeward. "We have ample time. It will be an adventure to talk of."

Our progress was now comparatively slow. Instead of slipping smoothly along before the wind, we had to describe a zig-zag course, tacking continually as it is called, in order to beat back to the pier. But the motion, to me at least, was more exhilarating than it had been before.

Now the boat rushed along, leaning far over to the left, the water shooting past her like fences past a railroad train. Now she seemed to stop in mid-career, obedient to the guidance of Mr. Talbot, and fluttering her sails for an instant, poised like a bird about to wheel, and then darted off at a sharp angle to her former course, dashing into the head-waves with a thud that sent the spray often back to our faces. The blood danced riotously in my veins. I realized what Byron felt when he spoke of the sea bounding beneath him like a steed that knew its rider. I was in no hurry to be ashore.

Not so Georgiana. The constant stooping to avoid the boom, as the sail was shifted, and the changing her seat each time to get on the higher side of the boat, for she was afraid to remain on the lower, made her, at last, exclaim,

"Why don't you go back like you came, Mr. Talbot? It's much more comfortable, I'm sure. You lose a great deal, too, by crossing from side to side of the bay, in this way."

"Ah! I see you're no seaman," replied Mr. Talbot, with a smile. "Going down, we had the wind after us, and could carry what sailors call 'a free sheet.' But now what little breeze there is, is nearly dead ahead, and our only chance is to work back, as I am doing. It's very slow," he added, dubiously, glancing at the threatening clouds to the west, now rapidly rising to the zenith.

"You don't think we'll be caught out in the rain?" said Georgiana, in alarm.

"You're not much afraid of a wetting, are you?" he answered, gayly.

"We shall be drowned, I know we shall," almost shrieked my cousin, looking from Mr. Talbot to the approaching storm, and she rose quickly.

"Sit down, I beg of you," said Mr. Talbot, half authoritatively. "You might upset this light craft." And he added, in a soothing tone. "Indeed, there isn't a particle of danger. Is there, Miss Gray?"

This was the first time, since we embarked, that he had spoken directly to me. The alarm of my cousin had made me, for a second, a little nervous; but this now all passed away; for I saw Mr. Talbot felt perfectly secure, and I knew we could trust in him.

"I feel no fear," I answered. "Georgy isn't used to sailing, or she wouldn't mind it either."

For some time, nothing more was said. Mr. Talbot was busied in working his way along, taking advantage of every puff of air, of every current, and had no leisure to talk. My cousin covered on her seat, her head buried in her

hands, or glanced up fearfully at the clouds, and then at the long stretch of water which still separated us from the pier. I watched the approaching tempest.

I wish I could describe the spectacle. Never before had I seen such a deep purple-black in the sky, or such inky water. An ominous twilight was all around. The birds, after skimming low down, had fled frightened to their hiding-places. The wind had finally died out. Above, wild, dusky-brown clouds, rolling over and over, sped before the tempest. A foreboding hush was on everything. Suddenly, far to the west, I saw the water begin to glisten; the black sky lifted just enough to show a narrow streak of light along the horizon; and a strange, unearthly sound pervaded space, as of Nature sobbing at her approaching dissolution.

"Miss Gray," said Mr. Talbot, in quick, almost stern tones. "Here."

I was at his side in a moment.

"The squall," he said, rapidly, "will strike us directly: you can see and hear it coming. Take this tiller. I must get in the mainsail, or we shall capsize," he continued, running forward. There was a little shriek from Georgiana, but he took no notice of it. "Listen to what I say. When I cry 'luff,' put your helm over to the left; that is the way. Perhaps there'll be no necessity, but if the squall comes before I get back, it's the only thing that will save us. If I say, afterward, 'down, hard down,' jam the tiller down with all your might."

He stood at the foot of the mast, as he spoke, and was already untying the ropes, which held the huge sail up. I could, at that moment, have braved anything.

Down came the mainsail, clattering, Mr. Talbot pulling it in, hand over hand. A few quick, decisive knots tied it fast to the boom. The squall was now close to us, whitening the wide bay before it, roaring like the surf at high-tide in a north-easter. Mr. Talbot did not hesitate an instant, but springing to the bow of the boat, began to let down the triangular sail, which ran from the bowsprit to the top of the mast. The canvas had half descended, and he was stooping to fasten it, when he thundered, rather than shouted, "luff, luff," and then "down, hard down, harder." The boat heeled over till I thought it had upset: described a quick curve in the water; and then danced up into the very teeth of the hurricane, her bow, as it plunged into the waves, throwing the spray almost over the mast-head, and completely drenching me. For a second, and while I thought we were going over, I saw the sail nearly dragged, as I thought,

out of Mr. Talbot's hands; but he pulled it down, with the strength of a Hercules, and by a rapid, dexterous turn fastened the rope to the side of the mast: all this time his eyes never leaving me and Georgiana.

"Thank God!" he said, almost under his breath, and unconsciously, I believe. His face, lately so troubled, cleared up magically, and glancing for a moment ahead, he came back to where we sat, saying cheerfully, "Now it may blow great guns, Miss Elliott, it can't harm us: what prodigies we shall be in the eyes of everybody; we have really had an adventure. Keep the tiller a little while longer, Miss Margaret, while I improvise a shelter from the storm for your cousin."

It was quite time, for the rain, at first descending in a few huge drops, was now pouring in a torrent, almost beating me down. Georgiana, in a minute, was housed under the sail; but by that time I was drenched through. Mr. Talbot, though in no better condition, shook his head as he saw it, and taking the tiller from me, whispered,

"You're a brave girl, Miss Gray. But go now and get under the sail too, for you're not used to this sort of work. Oh! never mind me," he added, interpreting my glance. "Such an old water-dog as I am is all the better for a drenching occasionally. The squall is past, and I'll soon carry you into port."

CHAPTER VII.

From that day, there was a perceptible change in Mr. Talbot's manner toward me. I did not go to the dinner table, but obeyed his parting injunction, to take a hot drink he said he would send up, and to lie down till evening. He came up, at supper, extending both hands, in a frank, unconventional way he had when pleased.

"How glad I am to see you. What a color you have. I hope you've taken no cold."

"None at all," I said, gayly. "Nor has Georgiana either."

"You relieve me," he replied. "I was almost afraid to ask. Do you know," he added, offering me his arm, "that, for a moment, I thought it was all over. If it hadn't been for your ready apprehension of my orders, and your quick obedience, the boat would have been upset."

"And one, or all of us, been drowned," I replied: and I shuddered slightly.

"You have never been so near death before?" he asked. "Did you realize it?"

"Yes! I saw from your face how it was!"

"And wasn't you afraid?"

"There wasn't time."

"You had to act, you mean. Nobly said. Do you know, Miss Margaret, that I believe you'd have made a Joan of Arc?"

At this moment, my aunt came up, and began alternately to chide my companion for having taken Georgiana sailing, and to thank him "for saving," as she phrased it, "the dear girl's life."

"I'll take the blame," gallantly said Mr. Talbot, "for I deserve it. But the praise belongs to Miss Margaret, who saved all of our lives." And he withdrew a step, so as to put me into the foreground.

My aunt looked at me, at first in amazement, then with indignation, which she tried, however, to conceal from my companion.

"Oh! to be sure. I'd heard of it," and she laughed a little constrained laugh. "We're all obliged to my husband's niece. She's quite masculine, always was," and with this homethrust, she left us.

Georgiana did not make her appearance till the next day; but Mr. Talbot was the first to welcome her; he even attended her to breakfast, taking my uncle's vacant seat; for Mr. Elliott had gone to town.

Still, though in this, and other things, he was as attentive as ever to my cousin, I could see, after a day or two, that she was jealous of me. At first, the possibility of such a thing seemed incredible. But when she grew, daily, more cold toward me; when she treated me often superciliously, even pettishly, I could no longer doubt it. My aunt took even less pains to conceal her indignation. All this could not but render me unhappy. Yet, when Mr. Talbot was at my side, I forgot everything. Not unfrequently, also, the jealousy of my cousin sent a thrill of joy through me, because it confirmed me in what, at other times, I still thought a vain delusion—the hope that I was not indifferent to Mr. Talbot.

One night, there was a subscription ball, given by the gentlemen of our hotel. It had kept the ladies in a state of excitement for a whole week preceding; hair-dressers had been sent for from the city; new wardrobes had been ordered; several army and navy officers, with various other guests, distinguished either socially or politically, were expected. More than half the girls were speculating as to the conquests they would make.

I wore my simple robe of muslin; and my hair *a la Grecque*. I will not deny that I thought of Mr. Talbot, and of what I had overheard him say about this costume, on that first evening. Georgiana was to appear in a new and costly

dress, which she had sent for from her milliner. I saw, from her eye, that she had determined to stake everything on that night's success. Never shall I forget the look of contempt that welcomed me, for a moment, as I entered her room, preparatory to going down.

Mr. Talbot, in spite of the crowd of uniforms, was still the most popular person there. My heart fluttered when I saw him approach where Georgiana and I were sitting. There was a moment of doubt, during which he paid his compliments to both of us; then he asked me to dance the first set with him. I really pitied my cousin, till I saw the angry flush on her face, as I turned to go, and the threatening look of her eyes.

But I soon forgot everything but my partner. There was a subdued manner about him, different from what I had ever observed toward other women, which made me feel at once happy and embarrassed. Perhaps he observed my nervousness, for he suddenly became lively; never had I known him more entertaining; and I soon grew at ease again. I felt the magnetism of his intellect; I was in extravagant spirits.

When the dance was over, a group gathered about us, and I heard more than one whisper, "Miss Gray is unusually brilliant to-night:" indeed my situation became so public, that I drew my companion out to the piazza, under pretence of wanting fresh air. "I shall never," I thought, "become habituated enough to society to endure being stared at."

All through that evening, I saw my aunt watching me with an angry scowl. But I was too happy to think of this except for the moment. Twice, Mr. Talbot danced with Georgiana, and several other young belles were honored, each once, with his hand; but I was the only one whom he led out frequently. It came to be so natural for me, at last, to expect his return, after a waltz or quadrille with others, that, unconsciously, I kept, whenever it was possible, a vacant seat for him beside me.

When I went to my room, that night, I felt, that, if I never was happy again, I had been so, superlatively so, for once in my life. I did not audibly even whisper it to myself, but the hope was never so strong before that I was beloved. Mr. Talbot's manner, all the evening, had been what a woman would rather have than any amount of mere intellectual admiration: and it had never been so before.

I woke, the next morning, with a heart as light as a bird. I began to sing at my simple toilet. I knew that Mr. Talbot was to rise at day-break to go fishing, and I did not expect, therefore, to see him at the breakfast-table; but

I could not avoid stealing a glance at his usual seat, and blushing, guiltily, when I caught my aunt's eye fixed severely on me.

"I wish to see you in my room," said my aunt, coldly, as we rose from the table.

I followed her up stairs. She told me to lock the door.

"A pretty state of things!" she exclaimed.

"So you think you can wheedle Mr. Talbot into marrying you."

I made no reply. But I felt the blood rush to my forehead: then leave me pale as ashes, but trembling with suppressed indignation.

"As if he would ever do more than amuse himself with one like you," she continued. "Oh! you needn't look in that way. I always told Mr. Elliott you were a treacherous, ungrateful minx. I declare you make me ashamed of my sex, to see how impudently you throw yourself into this gentleman's way."

"I am not treacherous," I said, rallying to defend myself, "I am not ungrate——"

"Stop! I won't have a word. Such unblushing effrontery I never saw. You will make yourself the talk of the whole place, if you haven't already done it! If you've a right to disgrace yourself, you've no right to disgrace us. Mr. Talbot sees you are throwing yourself into his arms, and no doubt laughs about it to the other young men. The idea of going off walking, alone, up the beach, with him; of sitting out in the arbor, late at night; of following him with your eyes; of always keeping a place for him, by you, on the sofa."

At this last allusion, the color rose to my cheeks, for I felt partly guilty. She had paused for breath, but when she saw my embarrassment, she resumed,

"Oh! you admit it, do you? You're not so brazen but what you blush for it. And remember, Miss, what I see, others see. I know that your conduct was remarked on, last night. There, not a word; but go now. I want no explanations, but only more prudent behavior. Get him, if you can; I'm sure your uncle and dear Georgiana, as well as I, will rejoice at your good luck; but don't disgrace us by indelicate behavior."

I left the room abashed and humiliated. I knew well that it was envy and rage that made my aunt speak in this way. But I could not avoid fearing, for all that, that my conduct had been such as to cause remark. I felt guilty of having loved Mr. Talbot. What if I had betrayed myself, as my aunt said?

Such a possibility almost maddened me. Beyond all things else I loathed scheming in a young girl. To me it was inexpressibly un-

maidenly. To be accused of it by strangers, to have given even the faintest cause for the accusation—oh! it was degrading. I hated, for the time, Mr. Talbot; I hated my aunt for her injustice; I hated Georgiana for having been the cause of it; but I hated most myself. Bitterly I resolved that neither she, nor others, should ever have it to say again that I courted his society: and in this mood I took a book and walked angrily down to the arbor overlooking the beach.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAD been reading for a little while only, when I heard a familiar footstep; and Mr. Talbot approached. Still smarting from what my aunt had said, and determined to afford no cause for such remarks again, I gave him a curt reception.

He seemed astonished: then offended: then appeared to think it was absurd to get angry. But having made one or two further efforts to draw me into conversation, which I answered only in monosyllables, he was about to go, when Georgiana came up. I had left her reading a sentimental novel in her room, where she declared she would stay till dinner; but I have no doubt she had seen Mr. Talbot join me, for her window overlooked the sea, and that she had come down purposely to interrupt us.

To do her justice she was looking charmingly. She pretended to explain her presence, by saying she had been searching for me all the morning; and sinking languidly into a seat, she glided into conversation with Mr. Talbot. He doubtless mentally contrasted her affability with my sullenness, for his manner changed immediately, he grew animated, he devoted himself almost entirely to her. She, on her part, played off all her pretty, coquettish arts on him. In my existing temper, I smiled, ironically, at this, behind my book. "Even the most sensible men," I said, scornfully, "are victims to vanity, and so fall a prey to these poor feminine tricks."

I was in no improved mood, therefore, to answer a question which Mr. Talbot suddenly addressed to me.

"What do you think of it, Miss Margaret?" he said. "I see you have been reading, and not listening; and I don't wonder," he continued, glancing at my book, "for 'Undine' is a story to entrance one. But pray, forget Hildebrand and his water-nymph, for awhile; and be umpire between Miss Elliott and myself."

"I haven't the first qualification for the task, sir," I answered, coldly.

But he was not to be rebuffed.

"At any rate," he said, "hear the point. Your

cousin maintains that women are not justly treated, by the laws; that, in fact, they are little better than slaves to the stronger sex."

Now this was the subject, on which, above all others, I felt most strongly: the one in which my pride and sensitiveness controlled me, perhaps, more than my intellect. I had so often contemplated the possibility of having to leave my uncle's house and earn a livelihood for myself, that I was morbidly awake to the inadequate wages which women received, to the few avenues of employment open to them, and to the loss of social caste which laboring for their bread often brought upon them. I was already angry; and this question, thus put by Mr. Talbot, made me angrier, because it implied that he palliated, if he did not defend, the course of the world at large toward my sex.

But I need not have been so. I was well aware, that, though Mr. Talbot was a firm believer in the progress of the race, and though he advocated enthusiastically every measure which he considered a reform, he was not a visionary, and that many superficial thinkers, on this account, would have called him a conservative. We had, indeed, never talked before on this theme, but I knew enough of his sentiments on social questions generally, to be aware that he was no friend to sudden and radical changes, even where they were possible, because he had no faith in their permanence under such contingencies; and I was not ignorant that he considered there were very few sudden social reforms which were practicable at all. "A reform, which is not founded on public sentiment," he had once said, "is no reform at all; for things soon fall back to their old condition; no law can last which is not an exponent of the popular prejudice as well as of the popular intellect." Earnestly as I felt on the subject of woman's wrongs, I was well aware that it was one of the most difficult social problems of the age, and that to solve it wisely would require the best thoughts of the best minds for more than one generation. I would have known, in a calmer moment, that I could not expect Mr. Talbot to take the radical view of the question, to which I, in common with others of my sex, inclined. But, in my present mood, I disregarded all this, and replied bluntly and passionately,

"Slaves! So they are." And as I spoke, the whole catalogue of woman's injuries, as dealt out to her by laws made by men, rose up before me; and my heart swelling with what I thought a righteous indignation, I continued with kindling cheek. "The chain may be gilded, but it is still a chain."

Georgiana's big eyes opened to their full width, less at the matter than at the manner of this speech. It shocked her conventional notions of fine ladyism. Mr. Talbot smiled, and that smile provoked me to go on, more passionately, if possible, than before.

"What equality has woman before the law?"

I said. "You do not allow her to vote, yet you make her pay taxes. You tell her it is indelicate for her to preach, yet say she has a soul to be saved. You give her property, when she marries, to her husband; but don't give her his, but only a third of it, and that not till he dies. And if a woman is poor, and has to earn her living, you put her at once out of the pale of good society, and degrade her to a lower class."

"You are vehement," said Mr. Talbot, gravely, as I paused exhausted of breath. "Permit me to ask: have you considered all these things as fully as your very decided language warrants?"

The tone of superiority, in which this was spoken, provoked me still more.

"Decided language? Vehement?" I cried.

"On such a subject one cannot be too vehement."

Mr. Talbot was silent. I continued heatedly,

"Take the case I last spoke of. Is the world just to a woman who has to earn her livelihood?"

Still he did not reply. He was writing on the sand with the end of his light bamboo cane. I cannot describe how this simple act irritated me. I began again,

"Nor is this all. Society, that shuts the door of nearly every employment against woman, pays her inadequately even for what it allows her to do. No female earns as much as a man; she is not permitted to do it. In my city, women wait in stores, very generally; but even there they receive only half as much as young men. In your city, they are shut out even from this avenue. So it is everywhere. Yet a woman has blood and bones, must eat and dress, must have fire and light."

"A man is paid as the head of a family; a woman as a solitary individual; and the majority of men are heads of families, as the majority of women are not," said Mr. Talbot, looking up.

"Are women never heads of families? Are there no widows, with orphan children? It is the old story of the lion. Men make the laws, and make them to suit themselves. Oh! if woman could, for but one day, have control of the halls of legislation."

"Honestly now, Miss Gray," he said, and he looked me full in the eyes, "do you think the world would be the better, if women followed

trades, did merchandizing, wrangled at the bar, cheated at the stock-exchange? Isn't there something in a truly feminine character higher and diviner than can co-exist with these things?" I thought bitterly of what he had often said of Georgiana. "Suppose, for argument's sake, that the avenues to all pursuits were thrown freely open to women; that, for every purpose of money-making, the two sexes were put on an equal; that woman was made the head of the family—do you, on your honor, believe that society would be improved by it?"

I made no reply. Secretly, I felt that he was right. He waited for awhile courteously: then proceeded,

"If my mother had been hard, scheming, lucre-loving, what a wretch I would be now! And she would have been all this, I fear, Miss Gray, if she had been engaged, her life through, as men are, fighting, first for bread, and then for fortune. Under God," he continued, solemnly, his voice trembling with emotion, "it is because women are preserved, as I would say; excluded, as you phrase it; from the rougher contact of life, that we men begin, at least, with some high and holy feelings; and if we lose them afterward, or if they often grow cold within us, it is because we are thrown, like gladiators, into the arena, and forced often to fight for our very lives. By her organization, indeed, woman is more delicate, more refined, more ideal, more religious than man is; but even her organization cannot entirely resist the cold teachings of a selfish world; for few women, I say it with regret, who play the part of men, whether they play it from choice or necessity, but become more or less mannish; and to the extent they become mannish, to that extent they cease to be really lovable."

Much of this moved me. Much of it I felt to be true. But it irritated me all the more. I believed he was indirectly telling me I was too masculine. I answered,

"Is what you call womanly, really so? Haven't all men a false ideal? Wouldn't they rather have a toy than a companion?"

"No," he replied, with sudden energy, "a thousand times no! In proportion as a man is strong himself, he wishes, longs for, will have, a companion, and not a toy."

"The ivy and the oak," I answered, scornfully; "it's ivy man wants, after all."

"You don't argue, you sneer," he said.

"I do argue. I have given you examples enough."

"And your examples were all exceptions."

"Oh! that's always the answer," I said. "It

is eternally the same equivocation about exceptions to general rules."

"But society, as you surely know, has to make general laws," he said. "It flows from the fallibility of the human intellect; and under general laws it is impossible always to prevent injustice to the few. Besides, I don't see that women suffer more than men. If there are thousands of educated women, doomed to a poverty that is the more painful because of their culture, and compelled to labor at hateful tasks for a livelihood, there are quite as many men. The majority of my own sex, if I am to believe their words, are discontented with their lot. It is very certain that where one is born, as the proverb goes, 'with a silver spoon in his mouth,' a dozen are born without."

"We cannot talk on this subject," I said. "We differ too irreconcilably." And I moved to go.

"Nay! stay," said he. "Hear me out. Is it man, or woman, who is to blame for this ostracism, of which you spoke, awhile ago? Are not your sex the first to drop the acquaintance of a woman reduced to work for a livelihood?"

I acknowledged, mentally, that he was right; but remained silent. Georgiana now interposed.

"You have converted *me*, at least, Mr. Talbot," she said, with a wonderfully natural air of frankness and innocence. "I confess I had never thought much on this subject, but had taken up the popular cry of my sex."

"I wish you joy of your convert then, Mr. Talbot," I said, curtsying scornfully. "But it is, at least, thoroughly feminine on the part of Georgy. I suppose most of us women are so, and that is why man holds us in the slavery he does. You were right," I added, bitterly. "We betray ourselves." With which parting words, and a glance, like a Parthian arrow, shot at my cousin, I swept proudly away.

But I had not reached the house before I was heartily ashamed of myself. I had given way to temper. I had shown jealousy of Georgiana. I had exaggerated my opinions. "Vehement, was the word he used," I said: and I felt its justice. I was self-condemned. I crept up to my room, double-locked the door, threw myself on the bed, and gave way to tears of mingled shame and remorse.

That night there was another "hop." I had looked forward to it, only that morning, with unalloyed delight. But now I could not hope that Mr. Talbot would be with me. He would never be to me again what he had been. He might forgive my opinions, distasteful as they were to him; but he could not forget my too evident loss of temper.

My fears were realized. I instinctively avoided him, even turned my back, and looked away, to save my pride. So, except a stately, but studiously polite bow, when he first caught my eye, he gave no sign of his being aware of my presence. He was the life of the party, meantime; affable to all; but to Georgiana he was absolutely devoted. Once or twice, in waltzing, he and she nearly ran against me; but except a hasty, indifferent, "pardon me," there was nothing said.

I did not want for partners; but I was abstracted in spite of myself, and was glad to escape early to my room.

How miserably unhappy I was! But I no longer thought, with regret, of my vehement manner. A sense of injustice and cruel neglect possessed me.

"Let him scorn me," I said, bitterly. "What do I care? I told him nothing but the truth. We women *are* unjustly treated in all things; and from the cradle to the grave. If I had deferred humbly to his opinion I might——"

I stopped, with a haughty gesture. I would not suffer myself to think that I had ever dreamed so foolish a dream. But I lay awake nevertheless for hours; and I had never been so unhappy, even when a child. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

EARTH.

BY ANNE L. MUZZEY.

Oh, Earth! Oh, Earth
How fair, how beautiful, how grand
Thou art, oh, Earth!
Thou star-eyed pilgrim in that tireless band,
That sails forever, with bright, shiny wings,
Around the light of lights! Beloved land
Of sweet and holy things!
Garden of dreams!
Wherein the 'prisoned soul delights to roam,
Believing all that good, and lovely seems—
Mountains, and vales, and woods, and crystal streams—
Dim pictures of that far-off, angel home,
Whose glory breaks through stars and sunset gleams:
Realms of undying flow'rs, and nightless skies,
Love-lighted Paradise!
Oh, Earth! Oh, Earth!
Down through thy years, like falling leaves we stray,
Seeking the path that leads to truth and light,
But evil things have dimmed our spirit sight,
And oft we lose our way—

In the drear shadows of sin's starless night.
Then the world mocks us, and we turn and flee,
Tired, sick, and tempest-beaten, back to thee!
Oh, mother, mother Earth!
After life's feverish battle there is rest,
Rest for the worn, and weary, calm and deep
In the cool hollows of thy quiet breast,
Thy soul-sick children may lie down and sleep,
Until the light
Of Resurrection's golden morning gleams
Holy, and bright,
Over corruption's darkness, and we rise,
Glorified, from our dreams,
On flaming wings upborne to fairer skies.
Oh, blessed, blessed Earth!
Lo! let us walk with soft and reverent tread
Among thy thrilling beauties, sweetest Earth;
Holy and stainless Earth,
Land of the spirit's birth,
Rest of the sainted dead!

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

ROARED the wild swelling billows
Out on the lonesome sea,
Up sprang the foamy white-caps
Chasing the winds in glee!
While the grey skies melancholy
Low in their mockery bent,
Like the dismal drapery of funerals,
Or coffin cément.
Light gleamed in the fisher's cottage,
Streamed thro' the heavy night,
Crimsoned the weary woman
Waiting there sad and white—
Listening the loud winds' roaring,
Praying the vengeful waves
To guide him in thro' the darkness,
In from the sea's black graves.

Over the mountain of waters
Struggled the fisher boat,
With never a hand to guide her,
Never an oar to float!
Down in the soft paved temples,
Naiads the vigil to keep,
Sleepeth the bold fisher sailor,
Low in the halls of the deep.
Woman! extinguish the watch-fire!
Give thy strained ear rest;
One there is up in Heaven
Doeth all for the best.
Lie down on thy lonely pillow,
Ask for the dream-calm's spell—
For down in the sea thy husband
Sleepeth soundly and well!

FLIRTING IN EARNEST.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

ONE bright, sunny, June morning, not many years ago, Nellie Maybes, a pretty, lively girl of eighteen, and the somewhat spoiled, only daughter of widower Maybee, was summoned before the paternal judgment bar, and the verdict being "guilty of paleness, want of appetite, and hard flirting," she was sentenced to banishment among the green hills of Vermont, for a time expiring at the judge's pleasure. In vain the fair culprit plead for an extenuation of the sentence, or even for a delay in its execution; in vain she urged that important business required her longer presence in Boston. For this business, on cross-questioning by the learned judge, proved to be only the completion of two flirtations. "One at such an interesting stage—just got as far as rose-buds—the other long past forget-me-nots, and within a few days of proposal point"—(so this saucy little flirt stated the case)—"and she did not see how her dear, indulgent papa could be so hard-hearted as to destroy all her innocent amusements so, indeed she did not."

But the judge was firm; stern was his reiteration of the charge of hard flirting, and his determination to send her where this amusement would be impossible—to the plain farm house of one of his early friends.

Nellie was obliged to submit, but she took her honest, feminine revenge in sundry spiteful speeches, such as—"She should like to know when the law was made that girls shouldn't flirt: for her part, she could not help flirting. It was a pretty girl's normal state—it was a natural instinct, like hunting and fishing with men. And he should see all his crossness should not stop it—she would flirt still up in down East, even if it had to be with the bob-o'-links and tomtits."

That Mr. Maybee was a man of nerve and indomitable firmness, is proved by the fact that Nellie, within a week, was immured in the desert social of farmer Wilson's farm.

Mr. Wilson was, as I have said, an early friend of Mr. Maybee's, they having been raised on neighboring farms; but while the latter, like most New England boys, had gone to the city, and won himself a name and fortune there, the former, with an old-fashioned easiness of temper,

very unusual now-a-days, had settled down on the old homestead after he had got his schooling.

It will very naturally be concluded, that Nellie found these good people, though worthy, rather slow. She sadly missed the various excitements and amusements of town life, and found the only compliment she had as yet received, farmer Wilson's well meant remark, that "She was a fine, likely gal enough"—rather meagre fare after the feast of sweets to which her pampered palate had been accustomed. Besides, the sudden stoppage of all the delicate and complicated machinery by which flirtations are carried on, (for absolute want of grist to put in the mill,) occasioned a great jar among the mental wheels, followed by a fearful vacuum. She found herself in Othello's admired situation with regard to occupation, but with no one to admire, or even pity her.

In time, however, being blessed with a fine flow of animal spirits, and being, with all her vanities, not quite without a soul, she was just learning to lift her eyes in reverent admiration to the beautiful hills among which she was dwelling—beginning to acquire a new sense, so to speak, that of the appreciation of the charms of nature—when presto! all these newly-acquired faculties were dissipated, and the natural instincts reinstated, as in the case of the metamorphosed cat in the fable, by the unexpected appearance of a legitimate object of the chase—I mean, that she one day chanced to catch a glimpse of a tall, handsome man as he bounded over a fence at the back of the house, and then entered rather stealthily by the side door. He was sun-browned, indeed, and clad in simple, country fashion; but, that he was no mere country clown, even the most hasty glance attested. His features were delicate and refined, and his noble brow bore the stamp of intellect. Nellie decided at once that he was worthy to be looked after, and immediately instituted inquiries as to who, and what he was. Judge of her surprise on being told that he was, and had been from the first, an inmate of the same house with herself. He was the son of her host, but from excessive timidity, or rather bashfulness, the country-bred youth had preferred to take all his meals by himself, and to skulk in and out

of the house by side doors, to encountering that unknown and wonderful creature—a young lady.

Perhaps it was an instinctive feeling that members of this genus are as dangerous as they are beautiful, that filled him with undefined dread of proximity—it might have been that, or it might have been simple rustic bashfulness: but at all events the only desire he evinced, with regard to Nellie, was to keep out of her way.

Of course the young lady was not long in discovering this determination on the youth's part, and from that time she did not want for amusement. Her merriment was constantly excited, by observing the hurried retreat of her cowardly foe to the friendly covert of pantry, cellar, or stable, at her approach; and nothing delighted her spirit of mischief more, than by sallying forth suddenly twenty times a day, to put the enemy to ignominious flight. Seldom was poor Nathan allowed to enjoy a meal without having to drop his knife and fork at least once, during its course, to take refuge in some neighboring hiding-place, till the coast was again clear. Rarely did he escape from back or side door without being made aware, by some saucy token, that a pair of roguish eyes were watching him from window, or porch. Even when at work in the fields, a little, jaunty form sometimes tripped by with bright eyes looking defiance, or a fresh, merry voice was heard singing odd scraps of mocking songs. In the farm-yard he was no more secure; for no sooner did Nellie's eagle eye detect his form moving about there, than down she came, and perching herself on the fence, wanted to know "when he was going to appoint that afternoon to teach her to milk, as he had so faithfully promised?" Of course this promise only existed in the imagination of the relentless tease; Nathan's patience was sorely tried.

Now, notwithstanding all I have admitted about Nathan's senseless bashfulness, he was a good, sturdy, manly fellow. Most men, even the bravest, have their cowardly points. I will even venture to say there is something every man is afraid of, and I am sure there is more sense in being afraid of a woman than many other things, for, there is nothing more dangerous, as too many of us have found out; but, in time, Nathan's timidity waned before his righteous wrath, at Nellie's audacious persecution. He mentally passed a series of spirited resolutions. He would let this bold, forward girl know that he admired, as little as he respected her. He would give her to understand that his personal freedom was not to be thus interfered with. He

would endure her saucy insolence no longer. Such his valorous resolves. His timid practice continued to be precipitate flight at the least rustle of a silken petticoat, whenever flight was possible. I am ashamed of such inconsistency in a hero, but people seldom carry out resolutions any better, so I trust they will be lenient to a fellow sinner.

Meanwhile, Nellie, unaware of the revolution that was progressing in the mind of her victim, was gathering more and more audacity from his apparent total submission. Like a little poodle at sight of a flying foe, her valor rose in exact proportion to her security, and she grew so saucy and aggressive, as to be almost unbearable. Not content with routing the enemy at pleasure, she sometimes amused herself by cutting off his retreat, and many a forced parley, where the talking, however, was all on one side, was poor Nathan obliged to hold in some narrow exposed pass of entry or stairway.

One evening, just before dark, the young man was engaged in the homely, but useful office of driving the cows home from pasture, when Nellie, and Nathan's sister, Priscilla, who had been taking a walk together, encountered him at the cross-roads not far from the house.

Miss Priscilla stepped forward and joined her brother; and Nellie, nothing loath, followed. There could be little continued conversation between the brother and sister, as the extreme deafness of the latter required too violent efforts on the part of the person ambitious of reaching her tympanum, to be long of duration, or often repeated. So, in a little while, the whole party marched on behind the cows in solemn silence. At last, Nellie, overcome by the ludicrousness of the situation, burst into a laugh, in which, to her surprise, she was joined by Nathan, after a few moments' inward struggle.

"What is it? what is it?" inquired Miss Priscilla, in the eager manner of deaf people, "what are you talking about?"

"We have not said anything yet," answered Nellie. "I am laughing at the good thing Mr. Nathan is going to say."

Nathan closed his lips firmly, as though resolved no good thing should by chance slip through, a prudent precaution, but apparently uncalled for.

"Well, Mr. Nathan," continued Nellie, after a pause, "since you have determined not to say that good thing to me, I have a great mind to say some pretty things to you. Do you know," pursued the incorrigible tease, as she simpered with affected affectation. "Do you know, sir, that, ever since I first saw you, I have been

determined to make a conquest of your youthful affections?"

"And pray, Miss," exclaimed Nathan, roused at last to righteous indignation, "how do you propose to effect that end?"

"How?" drawled Nellie. "Why, by assurance to be sure—assurance, the most new-fashioned of the virtues."

"Being a plain man myself," returned Nathan, sturdily, "I am so simple in my tastes as to prefer to all others the old-fashioned virtue of modesty."

A reproof so well timed and cutting could not well fail to be felt. A deep blush of mortification flushed Nellie's cheek, and, for once in her life, she had no repartee ready. Indeed, I doubt whether the totally dissimilar case of the unexpected development of the powers of speech recorded in Scripture, astonished Baalam as much as this modern miracle astonished Nellie. She was so taken aback, that she was glad to escape to the house, with Miss Priscilla, who was inquiring, in an excited manner, what they were saying.

From this time Nathan appeared to Nellie in a new light. That he should have had the courage, in spite of the effort it cost him, to administer so sharp a reproof to her, increased her respect for him. She saw there was something in him besides awkward bashfulness. She saw, too, that he by no means admired, or even respected her. Of course, under these circumstances, it was her first natural instinct, both as coquet, and woman, to change his way of thinking; therefore, from this time, what had been a mere childish love of teasing, changed into a firm determination to win this scornful youth's regard, or, at least, admiration.

Her views were aided by a change in Nathan's habits, for, instead of taking the same pains, as heretofore, to avoid her, he resumed his place in the family as before her coming. He seemed to either despise his former weakness, or to feel a contempt for a foe too mean to demand the vigilance with which he had hitherto guarded himself. Nellie had now an opportunity of seeing him in his true light. She saw him devotedly loved and respected by his family, and the generous warmth with which his affection was requited. She saw his never-weary good-nature, with the never-ending calls of father, mother and sister on his services, never exhausted. It was, "Nathan do this, or that for me," from one week's end to the other; and, great as was the demand, Nathan's kindness and willingness were as great. Sometimes, Nellie, observing the number and variety of these claims,

coming, as they generally did, after a hard day's work in the fields, got up within herself quite a warm, little indignation-meeting about it; but she did not express her thoughts aloud, and nothing of the kind ever seemed to suggest itself to Nathan, or the others, for that matter. All seemed to agree that he was to do everything: mend all the breakages, carry about all the heavy things that are eternally wanting moving in every family, bring the wood, pump the water, make up the fires and the accounts, wheel up his mother's chair, read the papers to his father, and shout to his sister all that everybody said: in short, such a variety of "odd jobs" as would have appalled David himself. This Napoleon of "chores," however, achieved them all with a large, careless kind of ease, that almost made you sorry you could think of nothing more for him to do.

Little by little, Nellie formed such an estimate, both of the heart and mind of this country youth, as made her blush whenever she remembered how she had treated him. She would now as soon have thought of stepping upon the woollack, and pulling off the Lord Chancellor's wig, by way of a joke, as of attempting to make game of Nathan. And, humiliated by the recollection of her past impertinence, she grew as modest, at least in Nathan's presence, as even his old-fashioned notions on that point could demand.

Women are queer creatures about certain things. If Nathan had sought her, or appeared to admire her, Nellie would have led him a pretty rig, and then laughed at and despised him. But as he avoided her, and seemed to really have no feeling for her, but one of mingled dislike and contempt, she thought of him night and day, and often could have cried for vexation to find she could not please him. Consequently Nathan ceased to represent to her a bashful, country boy; he represented the man too proud to seek her, too superior to admire.

If Nathan perceived anything of this change in her feelings, he did not betray any consciousness of it; he was consistent, at all events, for in spite of her beauty, and grace, and pretty, winning ways, he seldom appeared conscious of her presence. He never talked with her, though sometimes she did think she caught him looking at her, or smiling furtively at some of her merry nonsense with other members of the family. That was her only encouragement, and the weeks passed by, and the summer was gone, and the time for her return home at hand.

On the evening before she was to leave, she went, about dusk, into the little field back of

the house, to caress, for the last time, a little cosset lamb, of which she had grown very fond, and, feeling rather low and melancholy, she put her arms about the creature's neck, and was shedding some childish, sentimental tears, and murmuring something very silly about, "no one missing her when she was gone, except poor, little cosset," when hearing a slight noise she looked up, and saw Nathan, standing with his arms folded, looking at her.

Nellie would have been no true-hearted woman, if rage had not instantly filled her soul at the idea of having her sentimentalizing scrutinized, and perhaps understood; so, true to this feminine instinct, she turned sharply on the intruder,

"Well, Mr. Nathan, I don't know what you want, spying round that way!" Having made which vixinish speech, she seemed ready to burst into tears.

"I don't know why you are angry with me, Nellie," said Nathan, sadly, as he drew nearer, "you never had less cause; for if you are grieved at parting with your poor, little, pet lamb, think how I must feel at losing mine, forever."

Nellie looked up in surprise.

"Of course you don't understand me," continued he, "and it's nonsense to talk about it, but often when I have seen you fondling that little creature, I have thought of my name-sake in the Scriptures, and how, like him, I had too my one little ewe lamb, though hidden deep in my secret heart. Oh, Nellie, I know well enough that you have never thought of me. I have never dreamed of any return—but it has been such a happiness to me simply to love you—it has been like the opening of a new world to me—it has been gazing into heaven; and to-morrow I must return to earth!"

"Oh, Nathan, you do not, you cannot possibly love me," cried Nellie, all of a tremble, "you have never said anything to me—I thought you hated me—I cannot believe it—I cannot——"

"There is no need you should," said Nathan, "since that would not alter the case."

"I wish you would not take things for granted so," said Nellie, pettishly. "Whether it would alter the case or not, I should like to be convinced."

Whether the country lover would have been able to convince her, to her entire satisfaction, was not proved, at that time; for just as he had got to fourthly in the argument, Miss Priscilla appeared at the fence, peering curiously at them through the twilight, and exclaiming,

"Dear me, what can you two be doing out there in the dark, and on the wet grass? You'll catch the rheumatism, both of you."

"Mr. Nathan is trying to convince me he likes lambs," replied Nellie, demurely, "and I can't believe him."

"Well, you hadn't ought to, dear, he never touches lamb when he can get beef."

Nellie laughed, and stooped to give her pet one last caress, before following Miss Priscilla to the house. On the way thither, Nathan continued his arguments in an under-tone; while Miss Priscilla held forth on the absurdity of choosing such a time and place to discuss the merits of beef and mutton, and announcing sharply, that if they "carried on" that way, they would not live long to eat either.

What Nathan's final arguments were, and when he found time to state them, I never ascertained; but that Nellie heard them, and found them sound, is probable; for soon after her return home, Nathan astounded his father and family by taking a trip to Boston: and soon after that the engagement between the young people was generally known. Of course every body was taken by surprise at Nellie's choice, and no one more so than her father, at first; but being greatly pleased with the unassuming, straightforward manners of his son-in-law that hoped-to-be, and finding in him all the moral requisites for making a woman happy, he went to work like a man of sense and smoothed the way to matrimony by the donation of a fine farm; where, in course of time, Nellie, the flirt, was gradually transformed into one of the sweetest and loveliest of wives and mothers. She declares herself happy to her heart's content, and almost the only tears that have visited her eyes, since her marriage, have been those that rise there, when she says, with a voice trembling with tender passion, "Nobody but myself knows how good and noble Nathan is!"

LOVE: FROM THE GERMAN.

No fire or coal,
So fiercely glows,
As secret love,
Which no one knows.

No rose, no pink,
Can bloom so sweet,

As when two souls,
Together meet.

Before my heart,
Your mirror set,
And you shall see
Love can't forget.

G. W. B.

NOT SATISFIED.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Good morning, Mrs. Nichols."

"Good morning, Mr. Wilcox," echoed the soft voice of the lady, as she stood in the window, and pulled away one of the woodbine bells from the vine that matted it with jewels.

The gentleman lifted his head with a grace that would have done honor to the court of a grand monarch, then he lightly gave the reins of the noble animal on which he had just sprung, while the lady's eyes followed him, as he dashed down the road. He was a striking, rather than a handsome man, for his dark hair, eyes, complexion and moustache, gave rather a stern expression to his face. He had a remarkably fine figure; tall, lithe, well developed limbs: and he was still young, not more than thirty: a man with such bearing and presence as would be apt to strike a woman's fancy. But the lady, the lady who stood by the window of that brown manorial-looking residence which rose so stately among its evergreens of pine, and spruce, and hemlock: she was a dainty, dainty little woman, with lips like spring rose-buds, and eyes like some blue wood-spring, with long, thick curls of golden hair, and the whitest arms and hand.

Rosaline, or Rose, as she was usually called, and the name was no misnomer in her age, for it just suited. The pretty little creature had no great depth of intellect, perhaps not of heart, still, she was, on the whole, an average sort of woman, just the kind that men are most apt to get in love with, rave about, to swear, it may be to shoot each other over.

A very few words will comprise all of her history it is necessary for you to know. She was the only daughter of a New England farmer, petted and spoiled from her youth.

At eighteen she was as perfect a little coquette as ever blossomed in the quiet atmosphere of a New England farm house, being vain of her beauty, and prizing herself mostly for the number of offers she had received.

She was warm-hearted, impulsively generous, and could be roused by a tale of suffering to make a great sacrifice for others.

But, whether she could have made an enduring one, whether she would not have subordinated the interests of her dearest friends to the gratification of her own petty vanity, whether, in

short, with all her social brightness, and winning courtesy, she might not, were the temptation strong enough, have been guilty of a great wrong, or meanness, is more than I can venture to deny; and you, reader, if you are an acute student of human nature, will understand of how few individuals this can be denied; and if you are a loving student of this same nature, and God forbid you should be otherwise, the knowledge will not embitter your heart, but rather stimulate your pity and charity for your fellow man. But, to return to my heroine, at eighteen she met the man who certainly struck her fancy, and, mayhap, sounded her heart deeper than any other had ever done. Ruel Wylie was in his twenty fourth year when he visited his aunt at Longwood, and first met with Rosaline Wayne. He was always an intense admirer of a certain kind of beauty, and became desperately enamored of the lady at first sight.

In less than two months they were engaged, and would probably have been shortly married; but the young gentleman was poor, though of good family, and he was about to sail for South America on mercantile business.

So with many vows of eternal constancy on both sides they departed. Shortly afterward both Rosaline's parents died, and she went to reside with an aunt, at whose home she first met Hugh Nichols, "Hugh Nichols, Esq.," as they called him on Wall street.

He was a rich man, both by inheritance and his own good business tact, for he was now a bachelor of thirty-seven, but his hitherto unsusceptible heart succumbed at once to the charms of the dainty little village maiden.

At first, Hugh Nichols did not find his suit a very successful one, although he had the influence of all the lady's friends in his behalf; but the memory of her absent lover grew fainter in Rosaline's soul as his letters grew fewer; and the elegant home and its beautiful surroundings, which the rich man promised her, began to occupy her imagination.

Then the little girl-woman was beset on all sides by her friends, who thought it would be madness to let such an opportunity slip.

At last, her consent made Hugh Nichols the happiest of men, and two years had Rosaline

called him husband, when one morning her old lover presented himself before her.

The mistress of that stately mansion turned from the window, and walked, with a clouded forehead, up and down her magnificent drawing-room.

"How handsome Ruel looked, even better than he did before he went to South America," murmured the lady. "I declare, it has brought up all the past before me so vividly, and I could not believe, as I sat by his side, that three years had rolled by since last I was there, and that for two of these I have been a wife."

She did not pronounce the name with a tender and triumphant joy, which comes so beautifully from the lips of a young wife, but sadly, almost bitterly.

"How different our meeting was from our parting! That was at the old garden-gate, where he held me so fondly to his heart, and left me with his kisses and his blessings: and now he only took my hand and congratulated me on my marriage, but the words didn't come from his heart. I could tell they didn't, and I knew when his eyes rested on me that he had not forgotten. I wonder how I looked this morning?" and the lady paused before the long mirror, whose gilded top touched the ceiling; her brow cleared a little as she stood there, and gazed on her own sweet picture. Her morning-robe of sky-blue silk, with the pretty Honiton lace collar running round its neck, especially became her very fair complexion, and she threaded her white fingers through her curls, that were like the gold of that October morning, looking just the sweet, girlish thing she did on that night when Ruel had kissed her at the garden-gate.

"I couldn't help jesting him a little just for curiosity, about those beautiful South American women; and I understood what answer that sad smile meant. Ah, Ruel, Ruel!" and now there were tears in the lady's blue eyes, and she paused and drew a little circle of violets from a cushion of moss, that sat on the marble table in a basket of Sevres china, and tore the sweet flowers to pieces with her impatient fingers, as she kept on her walk up and down the room.

"I don't know how I came to marry Hugh. Yes, I do though, aunt Electa and all the rest of them would give me no peace, just because he was a rich man: and I am a rich lady now." She glanced with a gloomy dissatisfaction over her gorgeous parlor. "Hugh is a good, kind husband, but after all, he isn't my ideal. I want something of grace and chivalry, and delicate appreciation that isn't in him. He doesn't

enjoy music at all, though he's always ready to get it for me; and as for poetry, he'd much rather be poring over his ledgers than hear me read it. Then it's precious little he cares for beautiful scenery,

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

We are not in the least congenial. I feel it more to-day, after seeing Ruel, than I ever did before. Ah, if I'd only known—if I'd only waited: but I was so young and so easily influenced by others. Well, it's too late to mourn now; but with all your wealth, and with your husband that's so fond and proud of you; with many to envy you your circumstances and your station, are you, this day, Rosaline Nichols, a happy woman? Oh, dear, there comes Hugh!" and the lady started as she heard the sharp, quick sound of footfalls on the front steps: but her brow did not brighten.

"Well, how does my little puss feel to-day?" asked the loud, cheerful voice of Hugh Nichols, as he bustled into the drawing-room and caught his young wife in his arms, and lifting her up, kissed her on either cheek.

He was a loud, bustling sort of man, tall and corpulent, and, on the whole, good-looking, though there was a certain coarseness in the lines of his face, and a physiognomist would have read his character very readily.

He was a thorough business man, with ready, though not keen wit, with a good deal of social *bon homme*, and that off-hand good-humor which gives a man in clubs the reputation of "good fellow."

His complexion was florid; his eyes and hair dark; his features were large and agreeable.

"There, Hugh," pettishly exclaimed the young wife, as she smoothed her rumpled dress, "just see what you've done. I do wish you would be a little less rough in your movements. You really give my nerves a terrible jar when you bustle into the room, and catch hold of me after this fashion."

"Do I, my dear little dumpling? Well, it's too bad. Promise to make up this time, and I'll agree not to offend again," and the gentleman put down his face for a kiss of reconciliation.

It was given, but so cold and indifferently, that if Hugh Nichols had been a more sensitive or exacting husband, it would have struck like ice into his soul.

"Got the blues to-day, puss?" he asked, bending down, and searching the clouded face, for this was a mental epidemic to which Hugh Nichols considered his wife particularly liable.

"Yes, I don't much care what becomes of me."

"Oh, come now, don't give up after that fashion. What makes her feel so bad to-day?" and he seated himself on an ottoman, and pulled the lady on his knee just as one might a vexed child.

"Nothing particular as I know of. Don't disturb yourself about me, Hugh."

"Well, I've got some news for you that'll drive the blues into next week, at least. Guess what it is, pet."

"I can't, Hugh. I never was good at guessing."

"Now don't tell me that, you dear, little Yankee: there never was anything in the world at which you weren't good, if you'd only a mind to be."

"Thank you for the compliment. Now do tell me what it is, Hugh?" with a faint show of interest.

"I've been buying a certain naughty little girl, the finest little Oregon pony to be found in the state. She is a perfect beauty, black as night, and graceful as a young fawn. Oh, my love, I long to see you on her."

The lady's brow brightened. "Hugh, you are a good soul. How much I shall think of that pony!"

"Yes, and to-morrow afternoon, if it's pleasant, you and I are to have our first ride. I've bought you a new cap, with plumes, to match your riding-habit, and it will be sent home to-night."

"Goody! goody!" She clapped her white hands with a momentary effervescence of delight. "Won't I be glad to let Mrs. Wilson see me! Our riding-master says I am a better equestrian than she is now."

"To be sure you are, my dear. You look much finer on horseback than she ever pretended to."

"Not in her husband's eyes, I presume; there, Hugh, don't lean your arm so heavily on my shoulder. I wonder if you think I'm made of iron or wood, or some other insentient material?"

"No, my dear, I think you're made of the daintiest flesh and blood that ever was put into one of Eve's daughter's! But, my dear, have you marked my handkerchiefs this morning? You know you promised."

"So I did, but I forgot all about it. I wish you would hire them done, Hugh. Every few months you get a new dozen, and then I'm bothered about the marking."

"Oh, no, daisy, I don't wear out more than two dozen handkerchiefs a year, and I do like to see your handwriting on them, it's such a dainty little hand."

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"Well, betwixt my calls, and headache, and music, I haven't had any time to attend to them this week. Perhaps I can next. If I don't, I'll put the seamstress at it."

Just then the bell rang for dinner, and the husband and wife went down stairs together; and though Mrs. Nichols' ill-humor was half dissipated by the thought of the beautiful pony her husband had promised her, the pleasure was greatly neutralized by the thought that Ruel Wylie was such a fine horseman, and that her husband, instead of that gentleman, would ride out with her to-morrow.

"It is a plain gold ring, Rosaline, and you will wear it for the sake of old times, I am sure."

They sat together in the drawing-room, Ruel and Rosaline Nichols, that October afternoon, whose wondrous mellow beauty was the latest miracle of the year. The earth lay still and glorified under her banners of mist and her pillars of sunlight. There was no stir among the forest leaves that afternoon, a gift sent and sanctified of God to the earth, over whose face seemed, for a moment, to slumber the curse that once woke up the echoes of the Eden, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake."

"No, Mr. Wylie, I do not think my husband would be willing I should receive and wear such a gift from any gentleman, so you will accept my thanks for it, and excuse me for refusing it for his sake," and with true wifely dignity, Mrs. Nichols put back the ring in the gentleman's hand; when there pleaded for its acceptance a very tender voice in the depths of her own heart.

"Ah, Rosaline, I had once hoped to place another ring there, and——"

"Hush, hush," interrupted the young wife, and there was a tremor of fear in her voice, and a flush half of indignation, half of some other feeling in her cheek. "Whatever we were then, you know I am now the wife of Mr. Nichols, and as such I can never hear any allusions to the past. You must never forget this, Mr. Wylie, as surely as I never shall."

Ruel Wylie rose up with a sigh. He looked down with a feeling of new veneration on his beautiful hostess, and man of the world as he was, and irresistible as he deemed himself to all women, he felt that here he could go no further, that whatever feelings Mrs. Nichols might still entertain for the love of her youth, they would be buried in her own soul; that she would be true, even in word, to the husband of her election.

And to the honor, the everlasting honor of Rosaline Nichols, be these words written; one great temptation was placed before her, and she resisted it.

She was as fond as any other woman of admiration and affection. She had only to look into the eyes of her former lover to assure herself that there was no lack of either in his feelings toward her. But for womanly pride and wifely honor she would receive them not.

So Ruel Wylie took the hand she gave him at parting, with the respect due to the wife of another man, and gravely bowed, and pressed his lips upon it.

"Good-byë, Mrs. Nichols: for the sake of the past we may be friends."

"Always friends," echoed the lady's soft voice: and he felt it would be nothing more.

"Oh, dear, dear! I wish he hadn't come. I would I hadn't seen him," murmured the little lady, as she paced up and down her chamber, with the tears staining her cheeks, and quick sobs heaving her breast.

"It was so hard to refuse that ring, and it would have been easy enough to deceive Hugh about it, for he's not very penetrating at the best.

"But I am his wife, and I couldn't make up my mind to tell a lie, or even deceive him when he has such confidence in me.

"I don't love my husband though. I don't believe I do the least bit in the world; and I should have been happier to have lived in a cottage, and on a crust with Ruel, than to be the mistress of all this splendor.

"How handsome he looked! how my heart ached as I bade him good-bye—there, there goes Hugh's ring of the bell," and a bitter, almost fearful expression darkened the lady's face. "I'm beginning almost to loathe—I believe yet I shall hate him."

There came the sound of heavy feet along the hall, and the next moment the door was abruptly thrust open.

"Oh, Hugh, I think you might have courtesy enough to knock at the door, before you storm my chamber in that way," was the ungracious reception which met the gentleman.

"Well, I'm sorry if I burst in upon you, but to tell the truth, I'm quite worn out," and Mr. Nichols threw himself into his wife's cushioned easy-chair. "Do come here, Rosaline."

"No, thank you; if you choose to sit, I feel more like walking; only I must beg you not to talk to me."

"Why, Rosy, you're in a bad-humor to-night, I think," leaning his head heavily against the cushions.

"Very possibly."

"Well, do dear, come here, put your hand on my head. It burns and aches horribly, and

somehow I feel as if the soft touch of your fingers would soothe and cool it."

Under ordinary circumstances Mrs. Nichols would have complied with this request, but her whole soul was jarred and embittered by the events of the afternoon, and her husband's entrance had been most inopportune.

As it was, however, she answered coldly, "I can't do your head any good, Hugh, as I'm not used to turning nurse. If it aches, you can go down and get Rachel to bathe it for you."

Hugh Nichols rose up. His wife had stung him at last, for fond as he was of her, and indulgent to her humors, he was not usually an easily led or weak man.

"Rosaline," he said, almost sternly, "when your head has ached, and you told me of it, I would sooner have cut off my right hand than answered you thus," and he left the room.

Mrs. Nichols' conscience smote her so much for a moment, that she was half inclined to spring after her husband and beg his pardon; but her own selfishness triumphed.

"If his head does ache, so does my heart, and I can't wait on him now," she muttered to herself.

Mr. Nichols did not present himself at supper, and the domestic said he had gone up to his room, and was in a sound sleep: so his wife concluded not to wake him.

In the evening, some friends came out from the city. As Mr. Nichols' residence was only a few miles from this, the hostess was occupied until a late hour with her guests; and on being apprised of their arrival, her husband had sent down the apology that he was too ill to see them; "and turned over had gone right off to sleep again," muttered the domestic, in an undertone, to Mrs. Nichols. Whereupon, that lady thought her husband very discourteous to herself and her company.

After they left, however, she again sent up to his room, to learn how he was, and received in reply that "he was no better, and didn't wish to be disturbed again until morning."

"How very unusual it is for Hugh to send me such an unkind message!" murmured Mrs. Nichols, that night, as she drew the pins from her golden hair, "I presume he was offended because I made him such a reply when he told me his head ached. Well, I can't help it now, and I guess it will all be right in the morning."

But, the next morning, Mr. Nichols was unable to leave his bed, and made such incoherent replies to his wife, when she visited his chamber, that she immediately concluded he could not be

in his right mind, and, in much alarm, sent for a physician.

The doctor looked grave on seeing the sick man, and said that he was threatened with typhoid fever, and the words struck a cold terror into the heart of Rosaline Nichols.

Two weeks had passed, passed amid fluctuations of hope and fear, such as the anxious watchers by the bedside of that terrible fever can best understand. For most of the time, Mr. Nichols seemed in a state of stupor, although he had occasional seasons of wakefulness, and rare lucid intervals. His wife had watched most tenderly over him night and day, until the bloom had left her cheek, and the light was quenched in her blue eyes.

Memory and remorse had been very busy in the heart of the young wife, and she had made many blessed resolves for the time when Hugh should be well again: and then, once in a while, a thought would rush across her soul, a thought so terrible that it seemed to palsy both heart and brain, and she would moan out wildly, "Oh! God, not that—spare him! spare him!"

But at the end of two weeks there was no abatement of the fever, and all perceived, what the young woman would not admit, that the sufferer was rapidly failing. A consultation of doctors was held that evening: and when they had all left, the old family physician sent for Mrs. Nichols to tell her the result.

She entered the room with so much eager anxiety in her eyes, and with such a worn, white face, and the bright golden hair put away in heavy wrinkles from the smooth forehead, that, looking on her, the old man was strangely touched.

"Now, doctor, what do they all think of my husband—that he will be better very soon?" She asked the question with touching childish eagerness.

"My dear child," said the old man, "it grieves my heart to tell you; but——"

She understood him, and a shriek burst from her lips that rang through the house, and stirred the stupor of the dying man; then she stood still, white and paralyzed.

"Oh! Hugh, I can't let you go, I can't!" murmured the stricken wife, as, an hour later, she stood by her husband's bedside. "You've been such a good, kind, tender husband to me; you've petted, and watched over, and cared for my lightest wish: and how can I live without you now? Do get well, Hugh, so that I can show you how sorry I am that I've not made a better wife; that I've been so careless, and cruel, and so indifferent to all your kindness. Oh! Hugh,

don't die and leave your Rosie!" and so, parting away the damp hair in his dying hour, as she had never done in his living ones, Rosaline Nichols made her cry over her husband. Alas! alas! how many such vain cries have been made over dying bed-sides; but the guest that, sooner or later, crosses every threshold, was entering, and all his wealth would not buy back one hour of life to Hugh Nichols.

Once he opened his eyes, and smiled faintly on his wife. She put her arms around his neck, and begged him not to leave her, with words that showered the cheeks of every listener with tears. A look of agony came over his face; and the clergyman, who stood by, bowed himself in prayer, and the dying man's eyes softened as he heard him, and there was faith and hope in his face, as he looked upward; but just as the prayer closed, the soul of Hugh Nichols went down to the river—the river where all life flows unto death. Oh! blessed be God, the river over which all true life passes to the shores of eternal rest.

A year and a half had passed. It was a beautiful evening in the early May. The stars filled the sky with their illuminated lettering, and the young moon laid her golden sickle on the azure sky. The apple trees, clothed with white blossoms, looked like tents pitched in the distance, and the winds sent up sweet, fresh fragrance from the woods. Mrs. Nichols' parlor was lighted that evening almost for the first time since her husband's death, and on a divan in one of the alcoves, sat Ruel Wylie and Mrs. Nichols. She looked very beautiful in her half mourning, and there was a soft flush on the lady's cheek that reminded her companion of the days of his early wooing: and although nine years lay between that time and this, the bloom there now was fair as it was then.

"How beautiful the moon is to-night! and she looks in upon us with her old smile. Ah! Rosaline, have you forgotten that night under the willow?"

"I have not forgotten it," echoed the soft, fluttering voice of the lady.

"And now, Rosaline, my heart must speak the secret it has held so long and heavily. Believe me, that young love was the love of my life, and though I have met many women, beautiful, accomplished and high-born, yet none of them has ever taken the place of the little girl who laid her golden head on my breast under the apple boughs that night. And, Rosaline, tell me if this long, silent affection does not now deserve some recompense?"

And so with such tender, poetic words, as ever win the hearts of the daughters of men, he won

the beautiful widow; though for a year after her husband's death she had mourned him sincerely, and resolved in her soul never, never to wear any name but his!

Once, it is true, a thought of him came darkly over her new happiness that night.

"Oh, Ruel!" exclaimed the impulsive little woman, with the tears bubbling into her blue eyes, "what would Hugh say if he knew this?"

And Ruel soothed and comforted her, as the living love can comfort for the dead one.

And somewhat after this fashion were the young lover's thoughts that night, as he rode home through the still country.

"Well, I'm a happy man anyhow, this night. I shall have one of the handsomest wives in Christendom, and that's worth a great deal to a man that values beauty as much as I do. And I always did think more of Rosaline—bless her dear, little soul! than of any other woman, and if I don't do all I can to make her happy I shall be a great scamp.

"Then what a 'snug nest' I shall set myself into. Nichols' estate was valued at least a hundred thousand, and that is no small consideration to a fellow that ill-fortune has dodged all her life.

"Well, anyhow, she could not have done me a greater favor, nor herself either, than to have married that Nichols; and didn't he die just in the nick of time?

"You're a knave, Ruel Wylie, to allow such a thought to cross your brain, but as it's gotten in there, you may as well take a cigar on it, and console yourself that you are not marrying for interested motives, because you selected Rosaline Wayne, above all other women, when she hadn't a dollar in the world; and now if Rosaline Nichols brings you a hundred thousand of them, you certainly have a right to rejoice over that fact."

And taking out a cigar, and whistling a tune, Ruel Wylie saw the city spires rise in the distance, and heeded not their language nor their prayer.

After all, do not think too harshly of him, reader. He did not consider himself a selfish man, and all men granted he was an honorable one in business. He had a good deal of impulsive kind-heartedness, and he was utterly unconscious of the vanity and selfishness that poisoned his character, for he was the only son of his mother, petted and flattered from his youth; and self-discipline and high principles of action were lessons that life had never taught him.

Two years have passed, as we look in once

more upon the pair wedded for the love of their youth.

It is late breakfast time, and Mrs. Wylie sits before her silver urn, seeming in her lilac silk robe with its dainty blue linings, scarcely older than when we saw her last, and yet her face does not wear the light and joy which we might fancy for the wife of Ruel Wylie.

He sits opposite, and that tasteful worsted dressing-gown is certainly most becoming to his tall, fine figure. He is busily engaged with the morning paper, and takes his cup hastily from his wife, and bows without speaking.

Two minutes later he does speak, however, and in anything but a bland tone,

"What miserable stuff this coffee is, Rosaline! Really, it's provoking that a man can't have a decent breakfast." Ruel is a great epicure, his wife has discovered this long ago.

"Well, really, not occupying the position of cook here, I don't know that I'm responsible for the coffee, besides, you know, I shall have to drink it as well as you."

"If you are not cook, Rosaline, I believe you are mistress, and as such I do hold you slightly responsible for the state in which our meals come up to us."

"Well, I wish, in future, you would make your complaints to the cook. It will save me a great deal of annoyance, and so long as I provide the table I think I do my share."

Rosaline regretted these words had passed her lips the next moment, for she knew that nothing irritated her husband so much as any allusion to the money which she had brought him. But the thing was done. He looked up with a glare in his eyes that almost startled her, and she saw him knawing his under lip to keep down the tide of angry words that were in his heart.

But Rosaline had little to fear, and she knew it, for Ruel Wylie was a quick tempered man, but he did not bear malice long, and his anger usually disappeared with a sudden explosion.

But both husband and wife being pettish and exacting, both having been accustomed to a great deal of attention in their youth, neither, of course, understood the secret of making little sacrifices for the other.

Hence they were in a state of frequent irritability by those discords and jars, which mar all the happiness of life.

Mrs. Wylie, had she been a more judicious woman, might have preserved harmony between herself and the husband whom she loved, but her habit of petty complaining and fault-finding, was by no means likely to conciliate a man of his temperament.

"Where were you last night, Ruel?" she asked, in a somewhat milder tone, for that fiery glance had had its effect on her.

"I was at the club—any objections?" For in one way or another the bitterness which Rosaline's allusion had created must have vent.

"I presume it will be of little consequence to you whether I have or not, though one might readily imagine a wife would feel somewhat lonely, to pass her evenings away here in the country, while her husband was off till midnight enjoying himself in the city."

"I believe you usually accompany me, Mrs. Wylie, except when I go to the club; or when, as so frequently happens, I have been unfortunate enough to have incurred your displeasure, and you refuse my invitations."

But there is no use in going into the details of this quarrel, petty as the folly and weakness of human nature could make it. Alas! its type may be found in so many fair homes, by so many breakfast-tables. It ended in this wise.

"Ruel, you will take me out to ride this morning, won't you?" asked Mrs. Wylie, as she rose from the table. "It will be perfectly delightful in the woods."

"I should be happy to accompany you, Rosaline, but I'm under an engagement in the city, and must be there by eleven."

"That's always your excuse if I want you to do anything for me. If it was any woman but your wife who asked, I'm sure you'd be ready enough to go with her."

"I do wish, Mrs. Wylie, you wouldn't make quite a fool of yourself, by such absurdities as these. I might retort on you, that if any other man had asked you to sew a button on his dressing-gown, you would, most likely, have done him the favor; but as I have the honor to be your husband, you have not thought it worth your trouble to oblige me," glancing at his gown, from which a button was missing.

"Hugh never asked me to do these things. Hugh was never so unkind to me," murmured the lady, as she sunk upon a lounge, and burst into tears—just those sort of angry tears which only serve to irritate men further.

So betwixt her new allusion to her first husband and the sight of her tears, the gentleman lost what slight control he had before maintained over his temper.

"I declare, Mrs. Wylie, you're enough to drive a man mad. Positively I can't stand this much longer, and if you go on in such fashion, I'll set sail for California, and see if I can't find a little peace for my life. You needn't expect me home to-night. I hope, I sincerely hope I may find

you in a better humor to-morrow." And without even bidding his wife good morning, the husband left the room, slamming the door after him.

It stood apart, that solitary grave, in the woods, telling, amid all the awakening and rejoicing of the year into a new spring, its story of death.

A costly iron railing enclosed it, and a magnificent marble monument threw its shadows over the moss, with which careful hands had cushioned the grave; and the marble told the passer-by that Hugh Nichols, in the fortieth year of his age, was buried there, that he was a most indulgent husband, the truest of friends, the best of citizens.

The violets, that made a dark-blue fluting around the grave, were tolling their bells of fragrance to the light wind, when, suddenly, the iron gate was opened, and, with a flushed cheek and hurried step, Rosaline Wylie entered the enclosure, and threw herself down by the grave of the man who had been her husband.

"Ah! Hugh, dear Hugh!" she said, while thick sobs shook her frame, "I wish you were back again to pet your little Rosie! You never spoke a cross word to me, you never did an unkind thing to me all the days we were together, and I didn't prize you half enough until you went away and left me; and now I haven't anybody to love me half so well as you did!" and here the sobs choked her voice, and she buried her cheek in the short grass, and wept bitter tears for the dead.

At last she grew calmer: and perhaps that fair spring morning, with that peaceful grave, quieted somewhat the uneasy heart of the woman.

"I'm sure it isn't my fault that Ruel and I don't get on well together," she murmured to herself, "Hugh and I never had any trouble together, and all I want is to be understood, and petted, and caressed, as my nature demands. Then, I'm sure Ruel has no right to complain. Just think what a fortune I brought him, and how he has the whole management of it. Perhaps I ought not to remind him of this; but then, what woman could keep her temper through all his aggravating speeches? But I guess I'll go home and take a ride, and I'll dress myself in just the prettiest way I can for Ruel to-night. He's so fond of seeing me well dressed. I know that was only a threat of his not to return; and if he's in a good-humor I'll kiss him."

Then she plucked two or three violets from Hugh's grave, and twined them among her curls, and went home, no wiser, no better; not dreaming that it lay with herself to disentangle all the

threads and make sweet harmonies out of her present life.

And so she had found her early love, only to prove it a disappointment.

And, reader, is it not often so with the dreams of time? If the cups we thirst for were lifted to our lips, might we not find them bitterness and sorrow? And the green fields to which we look off with such longing eyes, full of thorns did we but tread them?

"Not satisfied, not satisfied!" is it not the cry of every human soul who expects from the world happiness, that "something it cannot give us?"

Oh! the paradises of enjoyment and rest which our fancies build for us in this world are never realized, and if the good gifts we crave of the treasury of time—love, fame, wealth—were showered upon us, we should still find the disquiet and the weariness.

Not out of, but in ourselves, must be our rest; and the living for others, the doing good as our hands and hearts find it to do, will alone give us contentment. "Open Thou our eyes that we may see, and our hearts that we may understand."

JENNY.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

When Jenny was a wee thing,
And tottled o'er the floor,
And used to hide my lavish gifts
In doll sized pinafore.

Miss Jenny wasn't prudish,
Would kiss the grizzly phiz,
That thro' her dainty eyeglass now
She only sees to quiz.

When Jenny was a wee thing,
And stood beside my knee,
I taught her many a lesson
Of that Friend we cannot see.

And taught her, lowly kneeling,
To lift her heart in prayer
To Him who hath the humblest
Forever in His care.

Then Jenny was a wee thing,
She's tall and stylish now,

And only deigns in Grace Church
Her contrite knee to bow.

And 'tis no vulgar leather
Must bind Miss Jenny's prayers,
She likes religion handsome
To match the dress she wears.

When Jenny was a wee thing,
Her heart was warm and true;
But now she mocks at feeling,
And truth is passe too.

Ah! Jenny is quite different
From the Jean beloved of yore,
The little curly, laughing thing
I dandled is no more.

But there's a haughty lady
That rules the world of pride,
And thinks to walk the golden streets
On the patrician side.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY MISS ELIZABETH MILLER.

Homeward bound! across the ocean,
O'er the billows bright and blue!
Heaves each heart with warm emotion,
As the distant shore we view.
Home, sweet home, thou land enchanted!
Fairer far than all beside;
By a thousand sweet thoughts haunted,
Memories of love and pride.

Favor, oh, ye winds, our vessel!
For her crew are homeward bound!
Yet, if need be, we can wrestle
With the storms that gather round.
For the hands work bravely ever,
When the heart is busy too;
Love gives strength for all endeavor,
Love is strong to dare and do.

Homeward bound! We have been roving
O'er the world; and long away;
There were those whose tender loving
Would have lured our longer stay.
In our hearts awoke the yearning
For the old home loved so well;
And with joy we are returning,
High with hope our bosoms swell

If this be, oh, friends, so cheering.
Think, shall not our joy be more,
When our barks of life are nearing
Canaan's fair and lovely shore?
For the loved await us yonder,
Warm embraces wait us there!
Homes from whence we need not wander,
Joys unchecked by pain or care!

ALONE WITH A MANIAC.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

I WAS smoking in my study at Port P—. As I leaned back in my easy-chair, I became the subject of the most delicious vagaries. My senses were carried away on the wings of the most grotesque imagery; "castles in the air" rose like magic, and long vistas of paintings and statuary opened to my gaze at every turn.

Perhaps this was owing to the segar; perhaps to my hat (which sat rather rakishly on my head,) pressing upon my organs of humor and ideality; perhaps because I was just then satisfied with the world in general, and with myself in particular. Be that as it may, I was for once, matter-of-fact man as I am, indulging in the most absurd yet enchanting vagaries.

Some segars lay on the table, which, together with the way I cocked my head at unusual noises, revealed that I was waiting for a companion. And so I was; I was waiting for Frank Rivers.

A glorious, whole-souled fellow was Rivers; sensitive to a fault, rather visionary in his views, (perhaps only so in comparison with myself,) warm, brave, impulsive, and very strong in his likes and dislikes.

He was never to be cornered in an argument—not he. His antagonist's reasoning was warped into the most ludicrous shapes; sophistry, flashing with the scintillations of his wit, enveloped it in her folds: and when these failed, his ringing laugh, so peculiarly contagious, would carry him off, undefeated still, upon the strong wings of its sonorous echo.

Interest him in an argument? forsooth! you might as well try to upset Bunker Hill Monument with a yard stick, or attempt to shave yourself with a rolling-pin!

While I was sitting in my reverie, I heard footsteps coming up the stairs.

"There's Rivers at last!" I thought.

But it wasn't; the door opened and in stalked a man whom I had never seen before. There was something majestic in his tread, something intellectual in his countenance, something demonical in the glare of his eyes.

"Are we alone?" he asked, in a low voice, looking uneasily around the room.

"Exclusively so," I replied, eyeing my visitor with more than common curiosity. "Take a chair, Mr. —, Mr. —?"

"Yes, yes—I see. Mr. Miles—Abner Miles," he replied, taking my hint to introduce himself at the same time that he took the chair.

"You are a philosopher, Mr. Reed—a mechanic and a genius. I know this because I have inquired; I know this because I have seen the light burning in your room at late hours. I have something to exhibit to you. You will be able to understand me, your percepts are largely developed, your constructiveness very large, your reasoning powers more than ordinary. I, too, am a genius. For many years I have been devoting my attention to a new motive power—and my labors have at last been crowned with success. You said we were alone?"

"I did, Mr. Miles."

"Well—you are waiting for me to expedite business, ain't you?"

"Not particularly so—though I expect a friend here shortly."

"You do?" asked he, glaring at me. Soon his eyes, however, assumed their usual expression. "You are quite complacent, Mr. Reed."

"Thank you," I replied, lighting another segar, and becoming slowly convinced that I was alone with a maniac.

Taking a small box from his bosom he made room for it on the table—shoving, as he did so, my books, papers, microscopes, pistols, &c., into a glorious heap of confusion.

"Disarranging your table slightly, ain't I? But never mind it."

He opened the box and took out its contents. It was a miniature wagon, neatly fashioned out of brass and steel, with machinery about it that was quite a mystery to me.

Taking the light in one hand and the little car in the other, he sat down upon the floor. Giving the fly-wheel, which was higher than the other wheels, and stood clear of the floor, a sudden twirl, the car went across the room with considerable velocity. Going to the farther end of the room, he started it again. It flew across the room, increasing in velocity as it went, and running up against the wash-board with a force almost sufficient to have demolished it.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"A great invention, indeed," I said. "But what is the motive power?"

"Patience, Mr. Reed. I am not through yet. Now watch how rapidly and how beautifully it revolves in a circle."

He started the car in a circle of some four feet in diameter. It commenced slowly to make the circuit—then faster, faster, faster—until it seemed to lie on the floor a large ring of polished steel, perfectly motionless. I watched it for about ten minutes. I was thunder-struck; my brain was becoming bewildered.

"Beautiful! splendid!" I cried, in ecstasy.

Mr. Miles took up the car with an evident air of satisfaction, and placed it on the table.

"I am delighted to know that you are pleased with it," he said. "I was sure that you could appreciate it. It would run for hours in that way. A large car can be constructed on the same principle; of course, some person must be on board of it to control and govern its velocity. There's a motor, Mr. Reed! No expense—no cost—no fuel, water or heated air!"

"But you have not told me what the motor is, Mr. Miles."

"Haven't I? Well—bend your ear over."

He glanced rapidly around the room, and there was such a fire streaming from his eyes, that I would not have thought it strange had there been a smell of singed whiskers in the room!

He whispered in my ear, in a very low, soft, dry tone,

"Quicksilver, sir!"

"Quicksilver!" I cried, half jumping from my chair.

"Hush—hush! For heaven's sake exercise more caution. Yes, quicksilver. Look here."

As he spoke, he unscrewed a small cap at the end of one of the arms in the fly-wheel, and poured some quicksilver out of it into the hollow of his hand.

"Are you convinced, Mr. Reed? These arms are all hollow, and partly filled with the liquid metal. As the wheel revolves, the quicksilver, in flowing from the hub to the tire, and back again, keeps up the motion, and increases it with each evolution. Of course, by additional machinery, an even, regular motion could be obtained."

Astounded as I was, a thought flashed across my brain, and I very indiscreetly out with it.

"Ah, but—Mr. Miles—how will you get it to run up hill?"

His countenance assumed a look of blank dismay—he pushed back the bushy hair from his forehead—then rose abruptly to his feet.

I shrank away from the burning, maniacal glare of his eyes.

"Up hill? Up hill? It has no business up hill! If it has, that can soon be remedied. Not another objection to it, sir. Look here, Mr. Reed—you alone possess my secret—a discovery for which I have studied and toiled and labored for years. The secret shall die with you."

Seizing my revolver, which, as I have said, lay carelessly upon the table, he leisurely drew sight upon my vest buttons.

I sprang back to the farthest corner of the room. My face was livid, and the perspiration oozed from me in great drops. His eyes glared upon me like a tiger's—like a demon's.

He pulled the trigger—a report followed, a line of smoke curled away from the sweating barrel, and I lay writhing in agony on the floor.

How long I remained in that position I know not. I at last became conscious of a violent shaking, accompanied with,

"Mr. Reed—Mr. Reed! Ho, Ralph!"

Opening my eyes, I beheld my friend Rivers bending over me.

"What in the world is wrong, Reed?" he asked, half seriously, half comically.

"Who shot?" I asked.

"Who shot?" and Rivers' musical laugh filled the room. "Who shot? why I shot you with a champagne cork! Look here!"

He led me, still bewildered, to the table. Two bottles of delicious wine were in readiness.

"Oh, I see!" I cried, rubbing my eyes, "you have brought in some——"

"Champagne—and you have been experimenting in——"

"Hachisch!"

We had a merry time that evening, and¹ it costs Rivers a new set of vest buttons whenever I refer to my being "ALONE WITH A MANIAC!"

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

I GAZE upon her marble brow,
Where death has set his signet now;
She wears a look so sweet and mild,
It seems as if she only smiled,
Her form is pulseless, cold and still,
And yet the gazer feels no thrill,
Such is the softness and the grace

That resteth on her calm, pale face
It speaks of gentleness and love—
Of peace that cometh from above,
And of a pure and holy faith,
That giveth victory over death,
Such as I hope to prove with her,
When he shall be my conqueror.

A. A. P.

CHRISTIAN FORD'S TROUBLES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun had gone down behind a mass of dark clouds, and the twilight cast deep shadows over the lake, which an hour before had been golden with the sunset.

Christian Ford stood by the water's edge, looking dreamily upon the distant hills where a clearer light still lingered, though the shadows were slowly creeping up almost to their summits.

It was a pretty scene by daylight, that quiet lake, with the rocky hills crowding down on one side almost to the margin of the waters; on the others a broad sweep of level plain, with a little village sleeping in the distance, so completely embowered in trees that only the church spire was visible from the spot where Christian stood.

The road passed close to the lake, winding in and out the picturesque curves, with several dwellings scattered along, from whence lights began to gleam forth as the evening drew on.

But Christian Ford was not thinking of the beauty and quiet which had so often charmed and soothed her. Very grave and pale she looked standing there in the gloom, and one familiar with her face would have seen the changes of a great sorrow in her misty eyes, and the patient sadness of her mouth.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by quick, impatient footsteps on the turf, and at the sound Christian's features contracted with suffering, then by an effort of her strong will settled into a pallid calm, which gave little evidence of the emotion so sternly repressed.

"Why, Christian, one would think you had been trying to run away from me. I waited for you at the house till I was tired, and at length it occurred to me that I might find you down here."

Christian turned toward the speaker, quiet and self-possessed.

"I had forgotten that it was so late; shall we walk back to the house?"

"Oh, no, stay here, I beg; I don't feel to-night like being shut up in-doors."

"As you like," Christian replied, in the same changeless tone, turning her face a little away as if she were still gazing far over the hills from whence the light had wholly faded.

The young man was moving restlessly to and fro, his breath coming quickly like one agitated

by strong excitement, and his eyes fastened upon Christian, as if they would have asked some question which his lips refused to utter.

"Why do you stand there so cold and silent?" he said, hastily. "One would think it displeased you to have me near you."

There was a slight quiver about Christian's mouth, but she mastered the agitation bravely, and looked at him with a smile.

"You are a little unjust to me, as is often the case, Mr. Gray."

"Why do you speak to me in that way?—can't you call me Robert? Forgive me if I have been abrupt and rude; I am troubled and anxious. Listen to me, Christian! You know very well why I have come here to-night. I leave this place to-morrow, and I could not go without some certainty, some understanding."

She stood there so motionless, one might have thought she heard no syllable that he had spoken, and he went on in his quick, earnest voice,

"You asked for time to reflect, Christian—I have given you three days! Now answer, do you love me?—will you be my wife?"

His wife! How Christian's womanly heart throbbed at the words, then grew sick with the thought that the sweet name might never be hers.

"You know how I love you, Christian—I cannot talk of it—I have no fine words at my command—but you feel it, do you not?"

She struggled a little with herself, and then said, with the same forced composure,

"I believe that you think so now, Robert."

"Do not treat real affection with insult, Christian," he exclaimed, angrily, "even if you do not care for me; no woman has a right to return true love with scorn."

"Nor had I that intention, Robert; you know me too well to think me capable of it. Yes, I believe that you love me, but whether that love is the one which is to last through life, or only a youthful passion, neither you nor I can tell."

He made an impatient gesture, but she forced him to silence with the soft pressure of her hand upon his arm.

"Hear me out, Robert; I am not saying this to wound you, but because it is true. You

are very young yet—barely twenty; and I am twenty-three—a woman schooled and disciplined by trials, while you, from the careless ease of your life, are still a boy in heart.”

He flushed angrily as any very young man does at that word.

“I don’t see any necessity of your constantly reminding me of that!”

“It is not to annoy you, only to remind you of the impossibility of your knowing at present whether your affection for me will continue unchanged. Be just to me, Robert; remember how terrible is the fate of a neglected wife.”

“Can you not trust me?—do you believe me brute enough to treat you unkindly?”

“Never that; but to know that your heart had changed toward me would be worse.”

“But when I tell you that can never happen! Oh, you do not love me, Christian; you treat me like a child—my love is only idle play to you.”

She made no answer to his passionate reproaches, only looked at him with those clear, penetrating eyes, in whose depths darkened such a world of sadness.

“Why don’t you speak to me, Christian? I believe you are made of marble; I cannot find a touch of genuine feeling about you! Do at least be angry; even harsh words would be better than this stony silence.”

“Do not your very words prove how unfitted we are to each other, Robert? You are passionate and exacting, and I cannot reply to your bitter words, although they wound me no less deeply.”

“Forgive me—I will not speak so again! Only be kind to me, Christian—you seem so far off—I feel as if a great wall separated us, which I cannot pass. Tell me that you love me; do not torture me in this way, I cannot bear it.”

Torture him! Her feelings, her sufferings were unthought of; only the inborn selfishness of his sex spoke in his passion!

“We could not marry for many, many years, Robert! I am poor, and you are dependent upon your mother, I am certain that she would never give her consent.”

“I am not a child, to be governed by her.”

“Hush! Do you think I would become her son’s wife against her wishes? Then too I have a sacred trust; my poor, blind aunt is entirely dependent upon me—I would marry no man now.”

“But she should be my care too! Think how happy we might be, Christian! We would live in some quiet little nook—here perhaps—happy in each other, asking nothing of the world but

its forgetfulness, till life would seem a real fairy dream of delight.”

Her heart beat rapturously at his romantic folly, then the stern reality checked that outburst.

“But such an existence would not be life, Robert! We were put into this world to be of use, we should have no right to settle down in idleness, even had we the means. Then too we should grow old, and romance would not last forever.”

“How can you be so calculating, Christian?”

“Because I look at life as it is—another proof how much older I have grown than you.”

“I cannot argue, Christian, I will not! Answer me at once—will you be my wife?”

“When?”

“Now—why should we wait?”

“That you know to be impossible.”

“But if I go away and toil hard for a name, will you marry me when I return?”

“Oh! Robert, it is not success that would move me—you would be even dearer in adversity.”

“Then you do care for me—you will not send me away wholly wretched?”

“I will not fetter you by an engagement. Go away with your mother as she commands—I have reason to believe that she wishes to separate us.”

“But she has never mentioned you to me! Promise, Christian—give me a hope.”

“None, Robert; you have no right to ask it.”

“And you have no right to torture me in this way! I must have this hope to build upon, or I shall have no courage.”

“Go, Robert! Be the time long or short, you will find me unchanged—whether circumstances then will allow me to speak I do not know.”

He stamped upon the ground in hot rage, and broke into a torrent of reproaches. In that very love he showed himself more boyish than anything else; no wonder that clear-sighted woman could not trust his earnest protestations, even had there been no other reason to hesitate.

“Then you will not speak?”

“You must go perfectly free, Robert; I will have you bound by no vow; years hence, honor shall not force you to bring back to me the ashes of a spent affection.”

“Farewell, then!” he exclaimed, turning to go. “This is your work; whatever happens now, remember that it is your doing.”

She did not answer. Again he came to her side.

“Will you not hear me? Oh, Christian, be mine! Speak, do speak!”

"Farewell, Robert!"

He dashed aside her hand, and went away without a word, completely overpowered by the insanity of passion which had rushed upon him.

Christian Ford stood for an instant like one stunned by a sudden blow, then she started forward, and his name, uttered in a tone in which all her long repressed tenderness broke forth, died faintly on her lips,

"Robert! Robert!"

But he was far beyond the sound of her voice, and already the echo of his hurried footsteps was lost in the distance. Christian buried her face in her hands, and a shudder of pain swayed her form to and fro. At length her hands fell to her side, she looked up without a trace of tears upon her white face, and murmured,

"It is over—better to part thus; I can bear it!"

The full moon had come up while she stood there; a soft, indistinct light displaced the shadows which had lain so heavily around, tingling the waters with silver, and shining broad and clear over the distant hill-tops.

There was the sound of approaching footsteps; for an instant Christian trembled, but her heart had deceived her; when she raised her eyes, she saw a tall woman approaching the spot where she stood. The moonlight fell full upon that cold, proud face, and Christian recognized Robert Gray's mother. The girl stood quite still till the lady came close to her, and said quietly,

"Good evening, Miss Ford; I see this lovely night has tempted you out also. I have strayed so far from home that I grew quite startled, and was really glad when I saw you standing here."

Christian bowed, and remained quietly looking at her with an expression which showed how useless were all those shallow artifices.

"I leave this pretty spot to-morrow," continued Mrs. Gray, "and I quite regret to go. I am sure I shall miss you very much."

"You are very kind."

"I hope, although my poor health has prevented my seeing as much of you as I could have wished, that you will remember me as a friend."

"Mrs. Gray honors me by the desire."

"I wish I might really speak to you as a friend," continued the lady, after a little nervous pause; "I really wish I might, Miss Ford."

"I shall only feel gratified by any expression of interest."

"Thank you, my dear," she answered, putting out her hand and taking Christian's cold, unresisting fingers in her clasp.

"You see you are so sensible a girl that one feels safe in being perfectly frank with you, and has no fear of giving offence. Now I want to

talk to you like an old woman of the world—may I?"

"I am listening, Mrs. Gray."

"I knew you would. I always say you are the only sensible unmarried woman I ever knew;" and she pressed the icy fingers very tenderly. "Perhaps what I am going to say will surprise you. The truth is, that silly boy of mine has taken a fancy that he is dead in love with you—has he ventured to tell you so?"

"Yes, madam."

"Oh, the little dunce, how you must have laughed! I have never said a word to him on the subject, certain that you would manage him better than I could, but I did not quite like to go away without some explanation."

"Any that I can give, madam, I am ready to offer."

"Has he been here to say good-bye?"

"He left me only a few moments since."

"Indeed! heart-broken, no doubt! Oh, dear, he falls in love so very often; it is really a great trial—and few girls are like you. Now Robert is only nineteen, and you are——"

"Almost an old maid; you need not hesitate."

"Oh, my dear, no, no! But no man should have a wife older than himself! Besides, Robert has idle, expensive habits, which quite frighten me; and I am not as rich a woman as people suppose; he must marry money—it's the only thing for him, don't you see, my love?"

"Mr. Gray's mother is the best judge."

"Of course!—your good sense again! But what I want is this—now you won't be angry?"

"Pray go on."

"I knew perfectly well that your feelings were not interested," continued the woman, resolutely averting her eyes from the pale face, "so I thought it best for all to have a frank understanding. Now I hope Robert will go away convinced that he has nothing to hope. You may even be harsh; don't spare his feelings, for you may be quite sure that if we come here next summer, you and I shall laugh at him on account of some new love."

Christian did not wince under that cruel probing of her wound; she would have died then and there sooner than have given any sign.

"Perhaps you will see him in the morning?"

"It would be useless."

"That will be best—you are always right. I am so much obliged to you, dear Miss Ford; always consider me your friend—now do, I beg. Dear me, how late it is! I am so glad I chanced to meet you; my mind is quite at ease now."

"I am sorry it should have been disturbed."

"Oh, you mistake," she said, striving to recall

that half confession; "it was only that I dislike that boy to be so silly; I knew he was nothing to you. I dare say he will write to you; of course, you will pay no attention—it would only be cruel to the poor fellow."

"Mrs. Gray," replied Christian, coldly, "I trust that in all that regards the conduct of a true woman, I have no need of a lesson. Your son is perfectly free, and there is no necessity for prolonging this conversation."

"You are quite right, and I must say good-bye! Don't stay out in this damp, and you have nothing on your head; draw up your shawl, pray. Good-bye, dear Miss Ford—good-bye!"

She shook Christian's hand with the utmost cordiality, and hastened away. The girl's face expressed only quiet scorn as she looked after her for a moment, and then retraced her steps to her home.

When she entered the house, Christian found many duties to perform, and she went through them unfalteringly; assisted her blind aunt to her chamber, sat by her bedside until she slept, and then stole softly away.

She was free at last to give vent to her anguish! The confinement of the house was like a prison, it stifled her; she unlocked the side door and went out into the garden. The dew lay heavy upon the grass, drenching her garments as she walked up and down the narrow paths, but she took no heed. She was no stoic after all, poor Christian Ford! Under that cold exterior beat a woman's heart, and now it cried out in strong suffering which would be heard.

That girl had led a quiet, uneventful life, watching over her old aunt, and educating herself after her own fashion. She had gone on thus to her twenty-third birthday before there came any change.

It was only a few months before that Mrs. Gray had sought that retired spot, bringing her son as a companion during the retirement which her delicate health had rendered necessary.

How Christian's acquaintance with Robert Gray had grown into intimacy she herself could hardly have told. He was a wild, impetuous boy, impatient of restraint, and at that period, when his real character had been so little awakened, that any strong influence would have swayed him at will. Time and earnest struggle with the world would change him, and bring out the real nobility of his nature, but the teaching of his youth had not been of a class to have that effect.

His love for Christian Ford was passionate and mad, like every other feeling in his soul, but from the first she had been too clear-sighted

not to feel that in returning it, she ran every risk of wrecking each beautiful life-hope in her soul. And yet she loved him; ay, spite of all she loved him! It was in vain that her reason warned her of the danger, in vain that she strove against it with every energy of her strong nature: that love grew and entwined itself about every fibre of her heart, till it had become that affection which no influence of time or years could change.

But Robert Gray never knew this; from the very first she had warned him of the fallacy of his hopes, had striven to make him understand the great changes which a few years must produce in his mind and feelings, but without effect; he only returned her counsel with wild protestations, and reproached her for thus cruelly doubting him who had flung every good impulse of his nature at her feet.

Now all was over! Christian Ford sat down in that moonlight garden to review that brief past, in which the bitter sweetness of a life had been concentrated, and to look shudderingly upon the bleak future.

There had always a mad hope slept in her heart that he might return unchanged, that in his soul likewise that affection would be lasting, but her interview with his worldly mother had crushed it out. They must never meet again, that was the only sting left now—separation!

Christian would have torn her heart out sooner than entered any family an unwelcome inmate; mingled with this too there was a feeling nobler than her great pride; she had exaggerated ideas of the duties of children, forgetting that parents have likewise theirs no less imperative and binding.

That was the first hour of Christian's suffering, and even she was wholly mastered by the rush of agony that swept like black waves over her soul. So the night wore on long and terrible, hours which sear their way through the human heart, and whose trace may never be entirely obliterated. When the dawn broke in the east, Christian returned to her chamber, not to sleep, but to subdue herself into the calm with which she must go to her daily duties.

Very early in the morning she saw Robert Gray approaching the house, but she did not falter in her resolve. She called the women who aided her in the household cares, and gave directions stern and decided. She heard Robert's voice raised in eager inquiry—heard the muttered execration which followed the woman's reply—then there was a silence of many moments, during which she crouched upon her knees, hiding her face in the bed-clothes. The

outer door closed—he was gone! Unflinching in her self-martyrdom, she did not even approach the window to catch a last glance as he departed. Then the woman entered with a letter, the pages blotted and torn, and full of reckless passion. Christian read every word, firm as before, laid it carefully aside, and then her tried strength gave way.

The records of the next three days were best unwritten; no mortal ear ever heard their sufferings; and when Christian Ford descended from that darkened chamber, she was quiet and composed as of old.

CHAPTER II.

A YEAR went by; the long winter passed, the mocking sunshine of midsummer paled, and it was autumn again.

Christian Ford was there in her lonely home, patient and resigned. She had stood by the bedside of the dying relative, whose declining years had been cheered by her love, and was now wholly alone in the world.

Once there had come a letter from Robert Gray, but it only brought renewed pain, and she was glad that the months passed without tidings. Soon after that letter, she had heard his name spoken—he was leading a dissipated life and causing his mother much trouble—that was all she knew.

One bleak, autumn evening, Christian was returning from a visit to a sick woman in the village. The wind blew in chilling gusts, and she hurried on impatient to be at home. As she entered the grove, which was near her house, she caught the flutter of a woman's garments on the hill above. In a moment they had disappeared—but again and again she saw them as if the person were pursuing her, and yet dared not approach.

She reached her own gate and stood looking back, when through the night a woman's form appeared, falling at her feet, while a voice of wild anguish cried,

"Save me, Christian Ford, do save me!"

Christian raised the suppliant and looked in her face, so pallid and worn that she did not recognize it.

"You don't know me," moaned the girl, "oh, no wonder—no wonder! Christian, Miss Ford, I am Lucy Dean."

Christian tottered back in horror and surprise; a year before she had seen that face in the glow of girlish loveliness, and now it knelt there pale, haggard with wretchedness and want.

"Don't leave me," pleaded the girl; "I went home first, but they drove me away; there was

nothing left but the lake, I thought, and then I saw your face. Don't send me away, Christian, for God's sake."

Christian Ford did not pause to answer; she raised the shrinking creature and led her into the house. The domestic was absent, and she took her into her own room where a bright fire was burning. She brought her food, and the girl ate eagerly.

"It's the first morsel I've tasted to-day," she said.

"And take off your shawl, Lucy," Christian said, "and when you have slept you shall tell me all."

"No, no; I have no right here, you will drive me away as my father did!" she cried, in her frenzy. "Look at me, Christian Ford, I was so handsome and proud—see where my beauty and pride have led me—I am ruined, lost, with nothing but death before me."

She fell upon the floor and hid her face in Christian's dress, resisting every effort to raise her.

"I am going to tell you all," she moaned; "don't touch me, don't look at me! I was tired of living here, and a year ago I left my father and went to New York. My relations weren't very kind to me, and I wanted to leave them. Then I saw that Mrs. Gray, the lady who lived here once, and she took me to live with her. She had a son—oh, I can't tell you!"

She broke off abruptly and crouched lower down. Christian Ford sat upright in her chair, her eyes staring wildly, and her hands clenched together.

"Mrs. Gray was very kind, and petted me like a child! I was always sewing in her room, and Robert used to come there. He had some great trouble, and I was very sorry for him. It was all my fault—I couldn't help but show I loved him—and—oh, you know, Christian, you know!"

Christian did not speak—did not stir—but in her excitement the girl did not heed it.

"At last it all came out; Mrs. Gray drove me from the house when Robert was gone. I came home the best way I could and told father everything; but he cursed me and drove me away—oh, Christian—Christian!"

That plaintive cry roused Christian; a shudder of horror came over her as she shrunk away from the wretched girl; but when that moan was repeated it passed.

"You must go to bed now, Lucy," she said "I will be your friend, remember that."

The girl clung to her with passionate tears, but Christian put her gently away—she could

not bear her touch—she seemed to see the trace of his kisses upon those pale lips, the shadow of his caressing hand upon her streaming hair. When the girl was in bed, Christian sat by her until she fell into the deep slumber of exhaustion; then she went down stairs to seek counsel in reflection.

Late in the evening there was a knock at the door; Christian knew who stood there, but she rose up and opened it, looking out with her white face as Robert Gray tottered into the room.

"Christian," he groaned, "Christian!"

"I know," she said, "Lucy Dean is here."

He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands, while she stood before him white and cold.

"Curse me, Christian, reproach me; anything is better than this!"

"Of what avail now, Robert—it is too late."

"It was all my mother's doing! Oh, Christian, I meant no wrong! I was mad, and that poor girl was so gentle and kind! It is all over now—I am a wretch—a lost, despairing man."

Christian did not heed his words; she walked up and down the room for many moments, and then returned to him.

"Are you willing to atone for this wrong?" she said.

"With my life! When I found that my mother had driven her away, I followed here, and some good angel sent me to you."

"Robert, you must marry Lucy to-night."

"Oh, mercy, have mercy, Christian! And you——"

"Hush, you would not dare!"

"Forgive me, no! Do what you will, Christian, I am ready to obey you."

"Wait for me here," she said, and taking up a shawl that lay on the table, she left the room.

A heavy storm of sleet was falling, but through the night and the tempest Christian Ford hastened on. Half way to the village she stopped before an old-fashioned house, went round to the side, from whence gleamed a light, and knocked softly at the door.

It was the parsonage, and the old minister was sitting alone in his study. He opened the door and saw Christian Ford standing there, white as a ghost, but perfectly calm.

"What has happened?" he exclaimed, in alarm; "are you ill, Christian?"

"Well, very well," she answered, in a hollow voice. "I have come for you to go to my house; there is no time to lose, and I will explain to you as we go."

The minister prepared himself without a word, and followed her, for there was that in Christian

Ford's face which would have brought obedience to any command.

On their way she told the story in a few brief words, which fell with difficulty from her parched lips. When they reached the house, they found Robert Gray sitting there with his face bowed in his hands; and Christian left the old minister alone with him, while she went up stairs.

She entered the chamber where the girl was sleeping, and spoke her name; low as the voice was, it roused the sleeper.

"What is it?" she cried, wildly, raising herself on the pillow; "who spoke?"

"It is I—Christian. Be quiet, Lucy; I have something to tell you—Robert Gray is below."

"He has not deserted me," she cried; "he will save me. Oh, Robert, Robert!"

For an instant Christian gave way; she staggered against the wall, and clasped her hand over her mouth to repress a groan.

"Christian!" Lucy called; "I can't see you."

"I am here. Get up, Lucy, and dress; you are going to be married."

The girl sprang to her feet, wild with the fever which had been consuming her for hours, repeating the words almost in a shriek.

"Be quiet!" Christian said, sternly. She brought a white wrapper, and put it on her, brushed out the tangled hair, and gathered it smoothly in its place, folded a shawl about the tottering form, and seated her in a chair.

The minister was speaking words of encouragement to the wretched youth when Christian returned to the apartment.

"All is ready," she said; "follow me."

The old pastor was forced to support Robert up the stairs, while Christian went in advance without once looking back. When the door opened, and Lucy Dean saw the young man standing white and pale before her, she began to sob like a frightened child, moaning,

"Forgive me, Robert, forgive me!"

Then his true nobility of character mastered the selfish agony he had felt. He went up to her, took her hand gently, saying,

"Don't cry, Lucy; don't tremble so. I am here to make all the atonement in my power."

The old pastor motioned them to rise, and joined their hands. Christian stood leaning against the wall, watching with her strained gaze, but uttering no sound. When the brief ceremony was concluded, the clergyman knelt down and offered up a prayer. For the first time Christian wept; those tears harmonized her again. Before that there had seemed a mental catalepsy upon her which turned her heart to stone.

She motioned the pastor to lead Robert away, and again laid Lucy upon the bed. The girl was almost insane with fever, and very ill. Christian went down stairs, and whispered to the clergyman to see that the young man left the neighborhood at once.

Robert obeyed them unresistingly. At the door he paused, and raised his weary eyes to Christian's face.

"It is all over, I know," he said, slowly; "but I swear before heaven, Christian, that you shall never have to blush for me again."

She laid her hand upon his and looked full in his face,

"I believe you," she answered. "God bless you, Robert!"

Thus they parted; he to take his misery back into the busy world, and she to return to the bedside of the poor sufferer who lay moaning in the delirium of fever.

The next morning Lucy Dean's old father was found dead; but there was no need to tell the sick girl. Before night she was the mother of a child, and with its first breath she had closed her eyes upon this life—freed from its sorrows and pain.

CHAPTER III.

Six years had passed, and Christian Ford had reached her thirtieth birth-day. She was living still in that quiet cottage, but no longer alone. Lucy's child had been her constant charge, for with her last words the dying girl had exacted a pledge that she would never forsake it. She had reared it tenderly as if it had been her own, with no bitterness and no heartache, full of thankfulness that she had now something to love.

With Robert Gray she had held no communication since the night of his marriage. The old minister had informed him of his wife's dying wish, and he was only too happy that his child should be thus cared for.

The babe was now a bright, sturdy boy of six years, who well repaid the love which Christian lavished upon him. She never inquired concerning his father, though his name would at times reach her—for Robert Gray had begun to make a reputation in his profession.

The turning point in his life had been passed, and his future loomed out clear and undimmed. During all those years Christian's memory was the load-star that drew him on; and yet to his own heart he confessed that in the beginning his passion had not been the true love. Without that great trial in which she saved him from deeper sin, and a life of misery, the fascination of a season would have lost its power.

Even now he never dwelt upon that which might be. Christian had grown to be regarded by him as something too bright and pure for earthly thoughts and desires; and he could not believe that she had ever possessed for him any feeling stronger than the affection of a friend.

So life passed on with each, and the child, which might have been a bond of sympathy and union between them, seemed only to make their separation wider and more lasting.

One day Christian heard news, which for a time broke up the calm into which she had schooled herself. Mrs. Gray had returned to her house near the village. It was in the morning when Christian was told of it, and that evening the doctor called, on his way past the house, and informed her that Mrs. Gray was very ill with typhus fever, and almost destitute of attendance—for several of her servants had left the house through fear of the disease. What was worse, her son had sailed for Europe on important business only the week before, and probably the first letters he received would inform him of his mother's death.

"Are you going now to Mrs. Gray's house?" Christian asked.

"At once," the physician said.

"Wait for me five minutes, and I will accompany you."

"But have you no fear?—no——"

She only smiled, and checked his expostulations. Very soon she was ready to start; the boy left in charge of her faithful woman, and cautioned to be obedient.

When the carriage stopped before the door all Christian's past sorrow rushed heavily over her soul; but she subdued the weakness and entered the house.

Mrs. Gray was delirious and recognized no one; but during that long illness Christian never forsook her post. At length the disease reached its crisis, and the sick woman fell into a deep, untroubled slumber, from which she woke, weak as an infant, but perfectly conscious.

It was several days before Christian permitted her to know that she was there, lest the excitement should prove injurious. On the third afternoon, she was watching her while she slept, when the sick woman suddenly woke and gazed full in her face.

Christian was sitting in the shadow, so that her features were partially hidden from view.

"I was dreaming," murmured Mrs. Gray; "I thought she was here—Christian, you know—who are you?"

"I am Christian Ford," she replied, softly.

The sick woman pulled feebly at the curtains.

"Let me see your face—quick!"

Christian drew aside the draperies, and Mrs. Gray looked eagerly in her face.

"Yes, you are Christian Ford," she said; "I know you now. Have you been here long?"

"For some time."

Mrs. Gray caught her hand, crying out,

"It is you who have watched over me—no wonder I kept dreaming of you! It is to you that I owe my life; and after all the wrong I have done you."

"Do not talk now," Christian said, soothingly; "you are too weak yet."

"I must speak! Say that you forgive me!"

"I did that long ago, Mrs. Gray."

The woman laid her head back on the pillow, weak and exhausted; but from that hour she began rapidly to mend.

Days passed, and she was able to sit up and be wheeled to the window; but no other allusion to the past escaped either of them, no word concerning that man whom each in her own way so fondly loved.

It had been the habit of Christian's attendant to bring the boy every day into the yard that she might see him, though she had not been allowed to enter the house from fear of infection. One morning Mrs. Gray was sitting by the window when the boy entered the gate.

"Whose child is that?" she gasped.

Christian did not speak, but her eyes answered the appeal.

"His!" exclaimed the mother; "and you have cared for it and loved it—oh! Christian!"

The proud, worldly woman leaned her hand on Christian's shoulder and wept aloud, tears such as wash out the stains of earthly weaknesses and errors.

"He must not come up here yet," she said, at length. "Go down to him, Christian."

Mrs. Gray sat watching the meeting, and soon she saw Christian point to the window, and the child kiss his hand as he looked up.

Six weeks had passed since Mrs. Gray's attack, and she was now able to go down stairs to see the grandchild, whose existence she had so

haughtily denied, to receive every day new proofs of Christian's kindness and attention.

One morning, Christian had returned home to look after her house, leaving the boy in his grandmother's charge. While Mrs. Gray sat listening to the child's prattle a letter was brought her—her son was in America, that note only preceded him by a few hours.

It was evening when Christian returned; she walked slowly back through the sunset, full of a quiet contentment which she had not known for years.

She entered the little parlor in which Mrs. Gray often sat—but she was not there—only a figure dimly visible at the other end of the room.

Before Christian could move or speak, she found herself face to face with Robert Gray.

"Tell me, Christian," he cried, grasping her hand, "have I made atonement? May I hope again? Yesterday I had not dared, but my mother has almost banished those fears. Say, will you be my wife?"

Christian Ford released herself from his arms, and stood looking in his face which had grown so old and changed, but from whence beamed a pure light of truth and integrity, nobler far than the youthful beauty of other years.

"Speak, Christian!" he said, troubled by her silence.

"Yes," she answered, "for you know yourself now—I have no fear."

There they stood in the twilight of that room, with a world of peace and hope opened before them, leaving far behind the wild sorrow and the mad follies of the past, ready to accept life as it is, neither dreamers nor idlers, and sufficient always to one another.

Then the door opened, and Mrs. Gray stole in, leading her grandchild by the hand.

"Christian, have you forgiven us?" she whispered.

Christian's eyes answered for her; the mother joined the hands of those hardly tried ones, and when she embraced and blessed them, Christian felt upon her forehead not only her kiss of motherly love, but the pure tears of repentance.

THE BUDS OF HOPE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THE buds of hope, like flowers fair
Oft wither ere they bloom;
Consigning all our future bliss
To an untimely doom;

Or, as the snow-drops, pure and sweet,
They into being start;
Bloom in life's Spring—then wither in
The Winter of the heart.

WHERE'S THE DIFFERENCE?

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A POOR man sat at his window—no—I am wrong; it was the window of his hired house. It was a small mansion, a little tenement painted white, and surrounded by richer establishments that seemed to look down with a sort of crimson contempt upon their humble neighbor. The occupants of those stately homes were very much annoyed by the simple little house, and the simple little children that played on its steps, and generally kept their curtains down on the side that looked toward them.

But, as I said before, a poor man sat at one of the windows overlooking the street. He was a thoroughly noble-looking man too, with handsome Roman features, and an eye like a hawk. With the exception of his coarse clothes, he was much more gentlemanly and dignified in appearance than any merchant in that princely row.

A pile of bricks had been emptied quite near his doorway; they were for repairs. As this man looked out, he saw two or three children with his own little ones, humming and buzzing about the bricks. Their dainty little hands were eager to fashion houses and bridges, and all sorts of momentary architecture. Suddenly the poor man bethought him of a pastime of his own when he was a child, and his heart having retained the pure and sweet emotions of youth through the cares and hardships of maturer life, he hastily threw on his hat, and going down he taught them a new trick. It was this, to place a row of bricks on end, quite near to each other, forming a long line: by touching the last one an impetus is given to every brick by its next neighbor, and the row is presently swept down in regular order. The children clapped their hands, and shouted so loudly that some of the rich neighbors, coming to their windows, saw how their little ones were employed, taking lessons in amusement from a poor and almost unknown man.

"What a fool!" said one, sneeringly, "I should think the man was an overgrown baby. See him laugh! See him play! Shame on him! a man grown; we must call our children in."

And from all those windows went the laugh and sneer. Men with gold-tasseled caps set on perfumed locks laughed the poor man to scorn; women in beautifully embroidered robes turned

down the corners of their pretty lips, and the children were speedily called in.

Years passed, the poor man had grown rich. Wealth had come to him, not through toil; but it did not corrupt his good heart, his simple tastes. Still he loved children and their sports. He built himself a splendid mansion, however, and lived in the style his great revenues permitted.

Again, as in the days of yore, there was a load of bricks left in the vicinity of his home. Again little children gathered to "play house," and again the man sat watching them at his window. Yes, it was his window now—a window whose glass was costly plate—and he sat there no longer the tenant of a hired house in coarse clothes, but attired in the richest broadcloth. Again, as he looked at the busy, beautiful group below, his heart kindled with the memories of old, and he felt himself compelled to go down and teach the juveniles his brick-game. So, in a moment after he stood in their midst, and stooping picked up the bricks, arranging, and then setting them in motion.

How the children laughed, and their bright eyes sparkled! The noise brought the aristocratic neighbors to their windows.

"Well to be sure! There's Mr. B——, that wealthy gentleman opposite, playing with the children. Isn't it a pretty sight, dear?"

"Yes, and what a fine-looking man he is, to be sure. What freshness of heart he must have to enjoy their little games with so much zest! I declare it's quite touching!"

"So it is; they say he is all of two million. Hasn't he a fine figure?"

"Splendid! Do see him clap his hands! I declare it really brings the tears to my eyes."

"Wipe 'em away—wipe 'em away, Mattie, they're crocodile tears!" cried a young stripling of seventeen.

His sister, a maiden lady of an unutterable age, looked round indignantly.

"Fact! sis, they're real crocodile tears, and I'll prove it. When I was seven years old, that same gentleman came out of a little white house and taught us children that same trick. And, sis, you and mother both called him an 'old fool,' as I distinctly remember; and I, for one,

received a tremendous injunction not to speak to his children or notice them in any way."

"Nonsense, Fred!" said his sister, turning red.

"I know it was nonsense, but you did it. You called him all sorts of names—a 'ridiculous old goose,' a 'grown-up baby,' and I don't know what not. Now here's the same old fellow up to the same old trick; and oh! gracious, there never was such a beautiful, charming, delightful scene! Really I ought to write a poem on it—guess I will, and entitle it 'Then and Now;' or, 'The Fool Grows Wiser as he Grows Richer;' which would be the best, sis?"

"Hold your tongue!" snapped the lady.

Fred's sarcasm was not misplaced.

What is called the poor man's simplicity, is entitled the rich man's sublimity. It was the same noble, tender, loving, great heart standing by the little ones in his coarse coat, jeered at and insulted with impunity by the rich, that now bent his fine broadcloth to the dust in order to be on a level with the little ones; but not to the neighbors! Poor! all his nobleness was but dress in their eyes. Rich! and his weaknesses would be heavenly lustres, since their offset was the almighty dollar.

YON STREAM AND MILL.

BY MRS. FANNY SPANGENBERG.

THE varied scenes of later years

Have vanished from my dreaming mind,
Wrapped in a veil of falling tears,

I leave them all far, far behind:

Forgetting all the present hours,
My thoughts have wandered to the past,
Those days of joy, enwreathed with flowers,
That fled away, aye, all too fast!

I mind me well those halcyon days
Of Summer, when I was a child,
When roving through the forest ways,
I, like the birds, was free and wild.
Methinks I hear the murmur sweet
Of that bright stream where oft I strayed,
And list again the clacking beat
Of the old mill wherein I played.

What matters it to me that old
And worn the time-stained mill doth seem—
The spider's webs like threads of gold,
To my still partial fancy gleam?

The present, with its hopes and fears,
Into the future seems beguiled,
Forgetting all the lapse of years,
I know myself again a child.

And gazing on the crystal wave,
I lose all cares and sorrows too;
No sweeter draught the world e'er gave
To cool my lips nor bless my view.
The mill-wheel in its ceaseless round,
Throwing the foam like feathery snow,
Still echoes back the self-same sound
So dear to me long, long ago.

Yon stream and mill! Yon stream and mill!
Across the vale of Time ye come,
And with your murmuring voices still
Recall the wandering footsteps home;
Breathing a lay all bright and fair
Of other days and scenes as dear,
Lighting the heart of half its care,
Yet filling the eye with memory's tear!

THE STREAMLET.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOWELL.

LITTLE streamlet, clear and bright,

Sparkling, bubbling, singing fountain,
Dancing in the quivering light,
Flashing downward from the mountain.
Like a vein of living light

Ever onward thou art sweeping.
Scattering gems o'er flowers bright,
As from rock to rock thou'rt leaping.

Broader now the little stream,
And less musical its flowing,
Winding through the meadows green,
Life and loveliness bestowing.

Little vessels gayly glide
O'er the tiny, glancing billows,
Where, into the sunlit tide,
Sweep the drooping silver willows.

Now it swells, a mighty tide,
Rolling onward to the ocean:

Stately vessels o'er it glide,
With a light and graceful motion.
Thus it is with human life,
Childhood, with its sunny hours,
Is the brook with gladness rife,
Singing through the mountain bowers.

Youth, the softly murmuring stream,
Still its onward journey urging,
Flashing in the sunlight's gleam,
In the mighty river merging.
Manhood is the swelling tide,
Sweeping to the boundless ocean,
Losing there its strength and pride
In the billows' wild commotion.

And the vast, mysterious sea,
Still to Heaven its anthem sending,
Is that dim eternity
To which man is ever tending.

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Daniel Hart was left alone, he sat for a moment stunned by the news that had fallen so suddenly upon him. At first he could not believe in its truth. His sister alive, her husband and child beneath his roof, and she absent no one knew where. How could this be?—why had her friends so long been allowed to think her dead? What had she done or suffered that this singular state of things should exist?

Daniel Hart thought over these things till the great, brave heart in his bosom swelled heavily, and he arose from his chair, pacing up and down the room with his hands locked behind him, and the balls of his two thumbs pressed against each other, as was his habit when drawn to deep or disagreeable reflection. He was not aware that the tramp of his heavy shoes resounded through the house, but kept on step, step, step, like a sentinel on duty, till at last the door opened, and the bright face of Gillian Bentley looked in.

"Ah, it is you, uncle Daniel, and all alone," she said, closing the door after her. "I'm so glad. Everything seems strange and still here, I cannot sleep try ever so much. Don't look at me so, indeed I tried, but the moon came blinking in through the hickory branches, and up I sprang, put on my dressing-gown, huddled myself into a shawl, and sat down by the open window till I am quite chilled through."

"It was dangerous business," said Hart, with a quiver in his voice. "Like your mother, too, very like your mother, gal."

"Ah, I was thinking of her, my poor mother, when the moonlight came in: it seems as if she must be somewhere in this old house waiting for me, uncle Hart. You're not, I am sure, by the way you walk. Do sit here in this great chair, and let me snuggle down on the footstool by your knee, while you tell me about my mother—my splendid, beautiful mother, for I have her features here deep, deep in my heart. It was the first memory of my life buried there, uncle Daniel."

Gillian threw one arm over the farmer's shoulder, and with a little gentle force led him

back to the oak chair, while she sunk down to the stool at his feet with the grace and sweep of a bird of paradise when it settles to rest.

"There now, unole Daniel, just imagine me your daughter Hannah ten years old, determined to be naughty and keep you up half the night, while I make believe that you've given me one good scolding, and made up as a dutiful papa is bound to do."

"Wall," said uncle Daniel, and a broad smile swept over his face, spite of the trouble that spoke in his voice. "Wall, now, what shall we talk about?—what can an old chap like me have to say to a fine lady that comes down at midnight in her silks and satins like a queen, and wants to make believe sociable? It's like a fed cock coming in among a lot of guinea hens and turkey gobblers; they have nothing to do but give up the yard and huddle under some old cart out of the way."

"Am I so very unlike everybody here then?" said Gillian, in a tone of childish mortification. "What is it, my poor old dressing-gown and this shawl?—indeed I'd nothing else. Somebody packed them on the very top of the trunk."

With a pretty flush on her face, and a degree of eager haste, which proved her quite earnest in her shame, she wrapped the blue silk dressing-gown, with its soft facing of swan's-down, close about her, and strove to cover it under the rich folds of a camel's-hair shawl with a delicate golden ground, and overrun with great palm leaves, in which a thousand gorgeous tints struggled into contrast, or slept in harmony.

"There now, dear uncle, that I am getting respectable, please tell me if I look the least bit like my poor mamma?"

The old man gazed down on that bright face till his eyes filled with tears. He did not speak, but lifted his hand and laid it on her head.

"A little," said Gillian, smiling through the mist that shone in her eyes. "Just the least little bit, please; say that much."

"Yes, gal, you're like our Sarah—just as a wild rose from the swamp puts you in mind of a damask rose in the garden. I should a known

you was her darter if I'd met you in Kamskatha. She hadn't your fine feathers, but no one could mistake about your being birds of the old nest."

"Yes, that's it," cried Gillian. "That's the way I feel here, like a poor, little bird that's been flying and flying among the myrtles without settling down anywhere; but once under the old hickory tree that is rattling its nuts down to the frosty grass this minute, the tired birdie longs to fold its wings and feel at home. It's like living a dream over again to find myself here."

"And this is the way she used to talk," said Hart, gazing with looks of wistful fondness into the beautiful face uplifted to his.

"Who? my mother? Did she feel like a bird glad to rest?"

"No, like a bird forever wanting to try the wing. From the time she was ten years old she was always talking of the foreign parts she intended to visit; the people she meant to know; and the books she should some day write."

"The books she would write? Why, uncle Daniel, did my mother write books?"

"Yes, yes, in her fancy, just as she traveled over strange countries."

"But she was very young. Not much over my age when she died."

"When she died?"

"Yes, when she died. Two or three years older perhaps, but not more than that."

"Then you remember the time?"

"Yes, but not the circumstance. We were in Naples, I remember their coming to the convent where I had been left for some reason, and telling me I no longer had a mother, that she was gone."

"And was this all?"

"No. One day when I asked for the place where my mother was laid, the old nurse took me up to a beautiful spot back of Naples, where you could hardly see the graves for the roses that blossomed over them—not for a week or a month, but all the year round—and told me that was the place where I must seek for her."

"And did you find the spot?"

"I don't know; neither the nurse nor I could read, we could only guess where she lay by the brightness of the roses; but we found a little hollow on the hill-side, completely choked up with blossoms. The loveliest spot you ever set eyes on, so shaded that the softest moss crept over the little marble slabs all around, except one, and that was pure and white as snow. We picked that out for the one and come away."

"And this is all you know of your mother?"

"What more should I know, poor, little child

that I was? Papa never speaks of her; no other human being that I ever saw knew anything about her, that was why there was no sleep for me to-night, till I had come down and had a talk with you."

"It was the way she used to come when anything troubled her," said Hart, looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"And that proves how much we are alike. I wasn't so certain about the nice old lady, or even cousin Hannah; but the moment I felt your hand on my head I was sure of you."

The old farmer shook in his chair; he was almost crying.

"That's right, gal—that's right. It's the way Sarah Hart's darter should feel on coming home. It's the way she would have felt herself if she—but what has become her? God help us all—what has become of her?"

Gillian turned suddenly pale, while her eyes grew wild and large.

"Oh, uncle, what a strange question!"

"Everything about her is strange," muttered Hart, shaking his head doubtfully. "I don't know how to talk or what to say; secrets always trouble me, especially when I don't understand them. In all these years never to have heard a word: and now to be, as it was, knocked down with a single fact, and left to brood over it. Young lady, what kind of a man is your father?"

"My father—my father! Why, uncle Hart, who ever thought of asking that question before? What child ever did ask it? Why he is a grand, true man, gentle as an angel, and proud as—as an emperor. With wise men he is always the wisest; with good men he seems best of all. I never saw a human being that dared to take a liberty with papa, and yet he is mild and kind as a little child."

"But you haven't dared to ask him right straightforward about your own mother and her folks."

"That's true, and yet I could not tell the reason to save my life."

"It's because there's something kept back."

"No, I hope not—I hope not," murmured Gillian, thoughtfully.

"You wasn't afraid to ask me about her?"

"Not in the least. I only hesitated a little about the time of night, that is all."

"Now tell me what you want to know."

"Everything."

"Very well: why not? There ain't nothing to tell that a body need be ashamed on; and you'll never see the day, gal, bright and peart as you be, that Sarah Hart mightn't have gone ahead of her own child."

"I'm sure of that. It's just what I was hoping to hear. It's so pleasant to look up to one's own parents. Well——"

Gillian folded both her white hands over the farmer's knee, and looked up to him with her eyes brimful of tender agitation.

"Well!"

"Sarah was a good deal younger than I or than her sister Hetty; but neither on us could hold a candle to her. When she set her mind on a thing, she would have her own way, and always got it in the end. There was only three of us, and she, being the youngest, was the pet of the whole family, till like pets in general she took the lead."

"Of course," said Gillian, laughing softly. "Why not? I dare say she was just the sort of person to lead off with a grace. Well, you spoiled her among you, and of course she paid you for it: nothing can be more natural."

"I dare say, gal—I dare say it all came in the natural course of things; but she was a downright good-natured creature after all, and loved us, I'm sure of that."

"Of course she did: who could help it? Why, uncle Daniel, it isn't ten hours since I saw you on that great, fat, darling old horse, and I love you dearly already; certainly she loved you."

"Yes, yes, I don't doubt it though; to own the truth, I never could quite understand our Sarah. She was like an April day; you couldn't tell whether it would be storm, or sunshine, or a dull, heavy rain, twenty-four hours together! She was a great reader, and took up painting flowers and writing poetry, and all sorts of fol-de-rol accomplishments, naturally as a bird takes to fruit. I declare it almost took my breath sometimes to find out all she knew. Your aunt Hetty was considered a girl of pretty good learning, but she had to study hard for the knowledge; while Sarah seemed to pick up her lessons on the wing: but the two girls loved each other dearly. I raly believe Hetty would have died for her sister any day; but as for Sarah, she was capable of something more than that, she used to pet and protect Hetty in any little difficulty, as if she had been the oldest. She had to do this a good deal, one time or another, for your grandfather was a stern, old man, and kept a tight rein on his family, especially the gals."

"We lived on the old place here, and might have got along in the world, but the old man endorsed for one of his neighbors, and when called on to pay up, he was obliged to mortgage the homestead, and that gave us all the first hard start down hill."

"Father was a proud man, and looked upon

debt as a disgrace. After this trouble came on, he was more severe and rigid in all his notions than ever; this made everything gloomy and uncomfortable for the gals, and even Sarah began to feel down-hearted at times. The old man used to say it wasn't so much the money that troubled him, as the feeling that his fellow men was ready to take advantage at every step on the highway of life. His confidence in mankind was shook, and that is a terrible misfortune with a man like your grandsire, I can tell you. Your grandfather raised the money on his place down in York, from a young fellow that had more than he knew what to do with. That led to the rich man's coming up into these parts to look at the property. His name was Bentley."

"What? my father?" cried Gillian, deeply interested.

"No, but your father's cousin, a handsome, genteel young feller as you ever set eyes on. He'd just come of age, and felt his oats, I can tell you. Of course your grandfather invited the young chap to put up at the homestead, that was now a'most as good as his own property. It was winter time when he came up, and such sleighing; you don't find anything like it now-a-days, snow three feet deep on the turnpike, and tread down as hard as a miser's feelings. We had two spans of horses in the barn that would match anything this side of the river; and a great, double-seated sleigh, not to mention a pony and a cutter that skimmed the snow like a bird flying. Besides all this, it was mighty comfortable in-doors. Grandma was great on buckwheat-cakes, and we had lots of maple molasses; and as for her mince-pies, they beat everything."

"With all this the homestead wasn't a disagreeable place to stay in. The gals did their part, too, and kept a bright hickory fire in the out-room there in the wing, which was enough of itself to light up the red and green stripes of the home-made carpet, and made the tall, brass andirons glitter like gold on the hearth."

"It raly was a purty sight in the evening, when the gals came down stairs sleeked up like a couple of new pins: Hetty, with her brown hair twisted up behind, and shining like velvet; and Sarah, with her hair in soft, thick curls, that seemed to catch the firelight the minute she came in. Oh, she was a bright, happy creature—was sister Sarah in those days; springy as a willow branch, and rosy as an apple tree in bloom. I remember that winter she wore a blue merino dress that fitted close up to her neck, with sleeves tight to her arms, which sloped down beautifully to her wrists. Little ruffles—

I've seen her crimp 'em a hundred times with my penknife, fell over her hands, and stood up like a pretty border of snow round her neck. I tell you she looked like a princess by the side of little Hetty, with her shy, brown eyes, and her dark dress, and her half frightened way.

"I didn't go a great deal into the out-room while young Bentley was there. What with feeding cattle, getting out fence rails, and doing up the chores, I got purty well tired out afore night, and so sot down in the kitchen with the old folks; besides I had a little business of my own to attend to across the hill, that took up my Sunday nights: and maybe an evening or so in the week time.

"My Hannah's mother lived over in that direction; and when the gals were in the out-room with young Bentley, I naturally engaged myself best tother side of the hill. I don't pretend to compare the gal that I married in the end to our Sarah; that wasn't to be thought of; but she had a way about her like my oldest sister, and in all the neighborhood there wasn't a better house-keeper, or a kinder wife, than she made me up to the time of her death."

Here uncle Daniel drew one hand across his eyes, and paused a moment to get his voice. Gillian took the other hand in hers, and laid her cheek against it in a sweet, caressing way, that made the old man sob out,

"Oh, don't, don't, it goes too straight home!"

Then Gillian dropped his hand quite reverently, and bent her eyes on the fire, afraid of disturbing him again.

"When a young fellow is in love, it's like a dream, you know, and almost anything may happen around him without being noticed. I was too much taken up with my own feelings for any very distinct idea of what was going on at home. It sometimes did strike me that Mr. Bentley staid a good while at the homestead, and that Sarah seemed to enjoy his society very much; but it gave me no sort of uneasiness, for though the young fellow was a splendid-looking critter, and rich enough to buy out half of Bockland county, our Sarah was a match for him, or any other man that ever wore shoe-leather. As for Hetty, dear, quiet Hetty, I never thought about her at all, she wasn't the sort of gal, you know, to take much to the young fellows. She was so hard to get acquainted with, always keeping, as it were, behind her harnsome sister.

"Sometimes I would just go into the out-room in the edge of evening, not to appear unsociable, and everything seemed comfortable enough. Sometimes the girls had their knitting work out, while Bentley read to them; sometimes I

found him holding the skein of yarn on his two hands, while Sarah stood before him winding it off. She had a dexterous way of twirling the ball round in the fingers of her left hand, that made it come out sloped like a lemon with a hole in the centre. Your grandma taught her the trick, and young Bentley used to torment her to show him the way it was done; but he was sure to spoil the shape of her ball, when she was ready to box his ears, and never let him off till he unwound it again.

"One evening, I remember going in after he had tangled up her yarn, so that it was impossible to unravel it. She was on her knees before the hearth, blushing and laughing, as she tried to make the thread run evenly from a heap of yarn he had left on the floor; the firelight struck through her curls till they shone like floss gold, and she now and then lifted her eyes to his in a way that brought my heart into my mouth. It was frank and open like a child's: but he was looking down upon her, and I didn't like the way her eyes fell, or to see her neck and face turn scarlet when she saw Hetty and I looking so steadily at her.

"Hetty seemed to be took back more than I was. To own the truth, mebbly I shouldn't have noticed it much if she hadn't looked so white, and if her eyes hadn't met mine with a wild sort of glitter in them that I had never seen before.

"Well, after a little, Sarah, what with breaking and pulling, unsnarled the yarn, and got up from her knees, laughing in a forced way, and flinging back her curls with a sarcy toss of her head, which made me a'most want to kiss her without another word; but Hetty looked more sober than ever, so I put on a serious face, and says I,

"'Well, gals, what do you and Mr. Bentley say to a sleigh-ride? The moon's out, and the sky is chuck full of stars. There's just frost enough to give the snow a glitter, and to make the bells heard a mile off. Supposing we take a drive over the hill, and call on——'

"'Oh, yes,' says Sarah, clapping her hands, 'it'll be an excuse for Dan to call at the Deacons' three times this week; I thought he looked restless at tea time. What do you say, Hetty, dear?—as for Mr. Bentley, of course he goes or stays, as we determine.'

"Mr. Bentley laughed and said, 'He was ready to follow the ladies anywhere;' at which the gals ran up stairs to get their things, and I went to the barn to hitch up the team.

"In less than ten minutes I was at the front door, with as hornsomen a span of grey horses as you ever saw, all covered with bells, and

crazy to be off. It was a double-seated sleigh, with plenty of buffalo robes, and two little foot-stoves in the bottom, that your grandma brought out to keep the gals' feet warm.

"Out came the two gals in their long cloaks, trimmed with fur, and black velvet bonnets with ostrich plumes fluttering at the sides, each with her purty face buried in a muff.

"Hetty came down to the side of the sleigh first, while Sarah stood dancing up and down on the steps to keep her feet warm.

"'Come, Hetty,' says I, a holding out one hand, 'you set with me and help drive.' She seemed a little out of sorts, you know, and I saw her turn away from Mr. Bentley when he came up. This was the reason I asked her to set in front with me.

"She drew back behind her muff, and I saw her look suddenly up at Bentley.

"'Oh, yes! get in, get in!' he said, smiling. 'Come, Miss Sarah.'

"Hetty caught hold of my hand and sprang into the sleigh without a word. I was busy holding in the team with one hand, and pulling up the buffalo skins around Hetty with the other, and scarcely noticed what the pair behind were doing till Bentley called out,

"'Here we are, snug and comfortable; touch the horses up with a flourish, Hart; I feel like a bird to-night!'

"'A bird of passage, or a bird of prey?' said Sarah, mischievously; 'one thing is certain, Dan, he is in the wrong nest. I would much rather have sister Hetty by me.'

"Hetty did not pretend to hear, but I felt her shiver as if with the sudden cold, and pulled the robe over her again, saying, softly, that 'Hetty belonged to me.'

"As I tightened the reins and shook out my whip, it seemed to me that I heard a sob, but that minute the horses started, the bells gave a loud clash, and away we whirled around the house, and up the turnpike like a flash of lightning set to music.

"If you want to see rale downright fun, gal, try a genuine sleigh-ride on a night like that. Horses with their blood on fire—bells running over with music—roads beat down to marble—snow-balls rattling from the horses' hoofs—clouds of steam pouring from their nostrils and freezing into little icicles on the under jaw—whip crackling on the frosty air, and all the naked trees, with every twig and bough pictured on the snow-crust that spreads and glitters miles and miles around you; with the moon smiling over head, and lots on lots of stars blinking and sparkling in its path. I tell you agin, gal, if there is genuine fun in the world, that's it."

"Oh, how I should like to have one good ride like that," said Gillian, sparkling all over with excitement.

"You shall, gal—when snow comes you shall, or my name isn't Daniel Hart," said the farmer, heartily.

"With such horses, plenty of bells, and you to drive, uncle?"

"Yes, yes, we'll have the old times over again; trust uncle Dan for the team. He's up to a winter campaign yet."

"And we shall take the same road, and stop at the deacon's?"

The farmer drew back in his chair.

"The same road, gal? Stop at the deacon's? God help us, gal, the deacon, his wife, and that young creature, has been dead these ten years. The old house is torn down, and the grave-yard crowds close up to the road as you pass. No, Gillian, you shall have the sleigh-ride, but we must go round the hill, not over it, as we did that night."

"Well, you had a pleasant evening, then, uncle; and that is a great deal, because the memory of one happy evening lives forever, you know—forever and ever; so tell me of that one happy ride, and we will trust heaven for the next, which is sure to come—for I always find my wishes sooner or later, like fairy gifts, dear uncle."

The old man looked down upon her with a glance of hearty affection.

"Always chirk and full of hope, just as she was!"

"But I'm afraid—just the least bit afraid, you know, uncle—that my dear mamma was making a fool of Mrs. Bentley; you remember about the back seat, and all that?"

"It may be I don't pretend to understand it up to this day. Your mother was a young critter that none of us could calculate upon; not even Hetty, who always says that we had no right to judge her, because she was so far above us all."

"Then that pale little lady—aunt Hetty—how strange it seems that you should be telling of sleigh-rides which she enjoyed, just as I should now. That nice little lady remembers and loves my mother yet. I'll go and kiss her in the morning, hang back as she will—just see if I don't."

"Yes, if ever one human being loved another. Hetty loved your mother; to this day, she never mentions her name without growing pale and shivering, as if she was a-cold."

"Dear lady!"

"That night she seemed troubled about

something; but we had not driven a mile before she took her hand out of its muff, and turning round, held it out to Sarah, smiling so sweetly in the starlight, and saying, in her low, mild way,

“‘Is not this a lovely evening, Sarah?’

“Then Sarah stooped forward and pretended to whisper, while she kissed Hetty on the cheek, and insisted on changing seats, which Hetty would not think of, till young Bentley leaned forward and whispered something, which I could not hear in the clash of the bells, but Hetty got up pleasantly, while Sarah threw back the buffalo robes, and sprang over into the seat at my side, laughing gleefully all the time, and flinging her arms around me to steady herself. Then we all settled down again, and I started the horses with a crack of the whip that set them off like lightning; and in less than ten minutes we were sitting round a great wood fire in Deacon Warner's west room, with a tray of red cheeked apples glowing on the hearth, and a great stone pitcher of ginger cider hissing under the red-hot poker that the deacon was warming it up with.

“Bentley rather hung back when the deacon handed round the cider-mug covered with yaller froth, but after he fairly took hold there was no stopping him.

“I dare say you wouldn't have thought much of that evening; but I consider it about as near heaven as a feller is likely to reach on this side the grave. There was my two sisters, looking like angels in the fire-light; and there was the gal I loved better than my own life, holding the tray of apples on her knee, while she tried one, and then another, with her thumb and finger, searching out the mellowest for them; and there was Mrs. Warner, knitting away for dear life by a little round candle-stand, and Deacon Warner on both knees in the corner cracking but-nuts with a big hammer, which he handed round after the apples and cider. Yes, Gillian, that was a pleasant evening, take it all together; we counted apple-seeds, and swung red parings three times round, dropping them into letters on the floor; mine always would turn out an H. Our Hannah was named after her mother, you know—and both Sarah's and Hetty's were exact B's, at which both blushed and looked at each other so shyly. It really was a very pleasant evening, especially after I went back the last time, after settling the rest in the sleigh, and took a last drink of cider, and a kiss that was worth ten thousand times as much. Certainly it was one of the pleasantest evenings that I ever spent.

“A little while after this Mr. Bentley went down to New York; and, in a week or two, Hetty started down there on a visit to an aunt of ours in the city; she only went for a visit of two or three weeks, but, somehow, it was spring before she was ready to come home, and I remember very well the daffadowndillas were out in the garden before she got back. If it hadn't been for my wedding I don't believe that she would have came back so soon, for she seemed restless and homesick enough all the spring.

“I forgot to tell you that Sarah went to visit her aunt late in the winter, and came home with Hetty. She, too, was a good bit sobered down, and all her sparkling cheerfulness died out. I couldn't help seeing, at times, that she cried a good deal in the night, for her eyes were red, and she looked worn and tired of mornings, as if something lay heavy on her mind.

“I asked about Mr. Bentley, and if the gals had seen him often; but they seemed shy of the subject, and I calculated that he hadn't been sociable in the city, as they had a right to expect he would be. Altogether everything at home seemed to go wrong, and if it hadn't been a busy time with me just before my wedding, I should have insisted on knowing the reason why.

“But I got married, and while my young wife was getting ready for housekeeping, I spent purty much all the time at Deacon Warner's, so happy myself, that I near about forgot the gals. Something happened, though, that troubled me a little. The post-office was about half way between our house and Deacon Warner's, and one morning, when I was riding home, bright and early, who should I see but our Sarah, with her white sun-bonnet and shawl, a going into the post-office with a letter in her hand. She came out after a minute, and, before I could ride up, turned into a foot-path that gave her a short cut across the meadows. I always stopped at the office for letters and papers as I went along, and so rode up to the door, calling out to know if there was anything for our folks. The post-master came to the door with a paper in his hand and a letter, which he handed to me saying,

“‘Mr. Hart, I can't quite make this direction out: it seems to be for New York city, but the writing isn't clear.’

“‘I took the letter. It was directed to William Bentley, Esq., in Sarah's handwriting, but I could hardly make it out; the letters seemed to have been tumbled down over the paper.

“The whole thing took me by surprise. What on 'arth could Sarah be writing to that young feller about? And why didn't she wait and send

the letter by me, as everybody else did? While I sat puzzling over it the post-master stood a looking at me.

"'I reckon you can't make it out more than I can,' says he, laughing, and eyeing me sort of curious, as if he thought there was something strange about the letter. This brought me to myself.

"'Oh! yes,' says I, 'it's all plain enough; put it into the York mail and it'll go straight. If you've sent any before you ought to know that.'

"'It was mean to pry into Sarah's secrets in that way, but I didn't think of it then.

"'No,' says he, 'I never sent any in that handwriting afore, and I shouldn't a known it if Miss Sarah hadn't brought the letter herself.'

"'Well, she's saved me the trouble,' says I. 'Good morning,' and off I rode.

"Just where the footpath crossed the road below our house, I met Sarah, walking along with her head down, as if she was counting the dandelions in her path.

"'Hallo! Sarah,' says I, a riding up to the fence just as she came up, 'what on earth brought you out so early in the morning?'

"She looked up with a start, and half a scream; then I saw that she had been crying, for drops hung on her eye-lashes, and though she tried to laugh, it was more like sobbing.

"'Oh! Dan, is it you?' she said, turning round so that I needn't see her brush the tears away. 'It's a beautiful morning, isn't it? I've found ever so many violets by the brook up yonder, and as for dandelions, the whole meadow lot is golden with them; then the peppermint is just beginning to sprout: capital weather for whitening cloth, isn't it? has Hannah got her webs on the grass yet?'

"She spoke all in a hurry, huddling her words together, and catching breath at every stop; her eyes kept turning from one thing to another, and the color came and went in her face, as if she was half frightened to death; and so she was, poor thing!'

"I felt like choking, it seemed so unnatural for Sarah to act in that way, and at last I says, 'Sarah,' says I, 'what have you been writing to Mr. Bentley about? And why didn't you keep the letter for me to carry?'

"She turned as white as new milk, and her eyes glanced on me with a wild look, as I've seen rabbits do when the trap was opened; but this look didn't last long; all at once her eyes brightened up, and she turned on me in her old, saucy way.

"'What is it to you how my letters get to the post-office,' says she, 'or who I write to either? One woman's as much as you can manage, and she lives over the hill. Leave me to take care of my own business!'

"'But what can you have to write about?' says I, feeling my face grow hot, for it was no joke to wrestle with our Sarah when her grit was up.

"'Well,' says she, trying to laugh, 'supposing I wanted him to send me a book of poems that's just come out; is there any harm in that?'

"'No, not if you sent the money to pay for it, and father made no objections.'

"'Father?' says she, and her lips turned cold and white. 'Father, what is the use in mentioning a trifle like that to him?'

"'It isn't a trifle if you make a secret of it, Sarah,' says I, almost sternly.

"'You—you won't mention it,' says she, coming close to the fence, and clasping her hands on the upper rail. 'That's a dear, good brother now, do mind your own business; scold Hannah, I dare say it will do her good; but don't concern yourself about what you will never understand, it can only make mischief.'

"'This is very strange, Sarah,' I was going to say, but she stopped me with a wave of her hand.

"'There—there! I tell you, Daniel Hart, I am doing everything for the best. You have no right to think otherwise. Let me alone—oh! let me alone!'

"She held up her clasped hands when she spoke, as a little child prays, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as I've seen the dew fall from a rose in the morning. I shook my head; then her face fell forward on her hands, and she began to sob.

"'Oh! Dan, brother Dan, you are cruel to me, very, very cruel; this comes of getting married, you do not care for us now. It would be a nice thing to get your poor sister into trouble about nothing. You and Hannah would enjoy it, I dare say. She put you up to it, I know that. Well, I have lost my brother, that's all—my only brother, that never refused me anything till now!'

"'Sarah,' says I, after a swaller or two—for somehow I felt the tears rising—'Sarah, I dare say it's all about nothing, only you want to be romantic, and have secrets, like the heroines in books; but somehow these things don't work themselves out clear in real life. You're young, and so full of wits, that I sometimes feel anxious about you. It would break my heart, dear, if any harm should come to you; so don't be mad

because I ask questions—it's all for your own good, Sarah.'

"She began to sob like a baby.

"I know—I know it is; but don't say anything more about that letter; it's given me trouble enough without that, I'm sure.'

"I felt sorry for the poor gal, but yet it didn't seem right to let her go on writing to a dashing young feller in secret. 'If it goes so agin the grain to talk with me, promise one thing, and I'll be content; just tell sister Hetty all about it. She's a sober, steady gal, and won't sanction anything that has danger in it; tell her about the letter, and I won't interfere.'

"She looked up, looking earnestly into my face; at last her eyes began to sparkle, and she laughed.

"Hetty?" says she; 'you will leave it with Hetty?'

"Yes, I can trust Hetty; only tell her all about it, fair and square—promise that.'

"Oh, yes, I promise that!" says she, laughing again, though her eyes filled with tears; 'but you must make me a promise also.'

"Well, what is it?" says I, laughing too—for I was relieved at the thought of trusting the affair with our Hetty.

"That you won't mention the letter to any living soul—not even to your wife.'

"Well, I promise that.'

"Nor mother; and above all, not to father," she went on, earnestly.

"I thought it over a minute, and made the promise.

"Nor—nor to Hetty either," says she, looking at me as if afraid that I would refuse.

"Well," says I, 'pledge me your sacred word of honor that you will tell Hetty everything, and I will not mention the subject again. She will keep you straight, I'm sure of that.'

"I pledge my sacred word of honor," says she, gravely, while the tears swam in her eyes.

"That's a good gal," says I, reaching out one hand. 'There, now, give me a kiss, and jump on behind.'

"She sprang to the top of the fence, puckered up her lips till they glowed like an apple blossom, and gave me an old-fashioned kiss, that went straight to the heart.

"There, you old darling," says she, throwing her shawl across the horse, springing up behind me as light as a bird, and clasping my waist with an affectionate hug, 'there, you blessed old darling, we're friends again; so now strike into a trot as quick as you like, but don't tell anybody that I've been farther than the Spring Meadow, or they'll torment me to death with questions.'

"I promised to keep her secret, and put the horse on his metal. He was used to carrying double, and went off like an arrow.

"Hetty stood on the stoop as we rode up, looking down the road. She turned and went into the house without speaking a word, and Sarah followed her, looking down-hearted enough. I suppose she hated to tell about the letter.

"Well, about a week after this, an answer came to the letter in Bentley's hand-writing. I had told Sarah not to inquire for it, for the manner of the postmaster didn't quite please me. I was right; for when the letter came, he made a great mystery about it, and wanted to send a private message; but I cut the matter short, asked for the letter, and carried it off. Sarah trembled like a leaf when I gave it to her—tore it open, then put it into her bosom, blushing and turning white every instant, while Hetty stood looking at her, still as death.

"Remember your promise," says I to Sarah.

"She took the letter from her bosom, and going up to Hetty, handed it to her, though she had not read a word herself.

"There," says she, flushing red, and turning her face full on mine, 'will that satisfy you?'

"Hetty took the letter without a word, and seemed to read it steadily, but she did not turn over the page, and after setting still awhile, got up and went into the house.

"Sarah followed her, and just as I was preparing to go away again, came to the stoop smiling, quite out of breath.

"There, it is all right," she whispered. 'Next week Mr. Bentley will be here with his cousin—another Mr. Bentley—and then you will know what he has been writing about.'

"I felt relieved by her words, and rode over to the deacon's, happier than I had been for a week.

"I saw but little of the gals after that, for they were too busy preparing the house for visitors; everything was at sixes and sevens—carpets taken up—curtains hung—counterpanes whitened—and ceilings whitewashed on the day that young Bentley and his cousin was expected; everything was in order, and the old homestead looked cheerful as a spring morning. The fireplaces were full of hemlock and pine-tops; and at every corner you found an old mug or pitcher crowded full of apple-blossoms, lilacs, and snow-balls, till the rooms were scented like a garden.

"The gals looked as purty as picters that afternoon, in their white muslin dresses, bowed up in front with blue ribbons; but they seemed

restless and anxious, too, as if they didn't know what to do with themselves.

"Toward night we all went out into the stoop—for my wife had come over, and looked as nice as any of them—if Sarah was the most beautiful; and they made a putty show, fluttering around in their white dresses, like so many pigeons, waiting to be fed. At last, just as the sun was beginning to sink behind the hills, we saw a carriage coming round a curve of the turnpike, that you can see from the stoop away down the valley. It was moving along what we call the dug road, with a steep hill on one side, and a precipice below—a dangerous spot always for skittish horses, and one I never liked to travel in the night.

"Just as we saw Mr. Bentley's carriage appear on this road, a stage coach came over the hill, thundering along as if it had lost time.

That minute the blast of a horn rung through the valley, and while it filled the air, a sharp cry from one of the gals made us all catch our breath.

"See! see!" shrieked Sarah, flinging up her arms. 'Oh, my God, have mercy!—have mercy!'

"Her wild eyes were bent on the distance—we followed them in terror. The stage was thundering down the hill; we caught one glimpse of the carriage, which went over and over down the precipice; the sharp yell of the horses came to where we stood—and then all was still. I looked around; Hetty lay cold and stiff as death on the stoop, while Sarah fell down at her side, shielding her with both arms, and moaning as if her heart was broken."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG—THE MAID OF ARDEE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

(AIR, JENNY JONES.)

The ship in the offing was rocked by the billows;
The signal for sailing at length was displayed;
The lovers both sat on the brook edged with willows,
Where oft in the long summer evening they strayed.
"I'm going," said Jimmy, with tender emotion,
While blinked the big tear in his bonny blue 'ee,
"To buffet the tempests on life's stormy ocean,
And leave far behind me the maid of Ardee.
"Farewell, then, to Jenny—farewell to my dearest;
Repine not that fortune should call me away;
When the cloud is the lowest the rain-drops are nearest—
The darkness of night's but the opening of day.

The goal is before me—my heart it is in it,
As long as the guerdon is coupled with thee;
Never fear but young Jemmy will dauntlessly win it,
And bring home the prize to the maid of Ardee.
"Farewell, then, to Jenny; may heaven's protection,
Vouchsafe to my darling its sheltering care;
Never fear but young Jemmy, led by its direction
Shall win, and with Jenny his trophies shall share."
One last look he took with such tender emotion,
And kissed the big tear that tricked down from her 'ee;
When his boat like an arrow shot over the ocean,
And Jimmy's soon lost to the maid of Ardee.

OH! FOOLISH MILLER!

BY MARCELLA M. HINES.

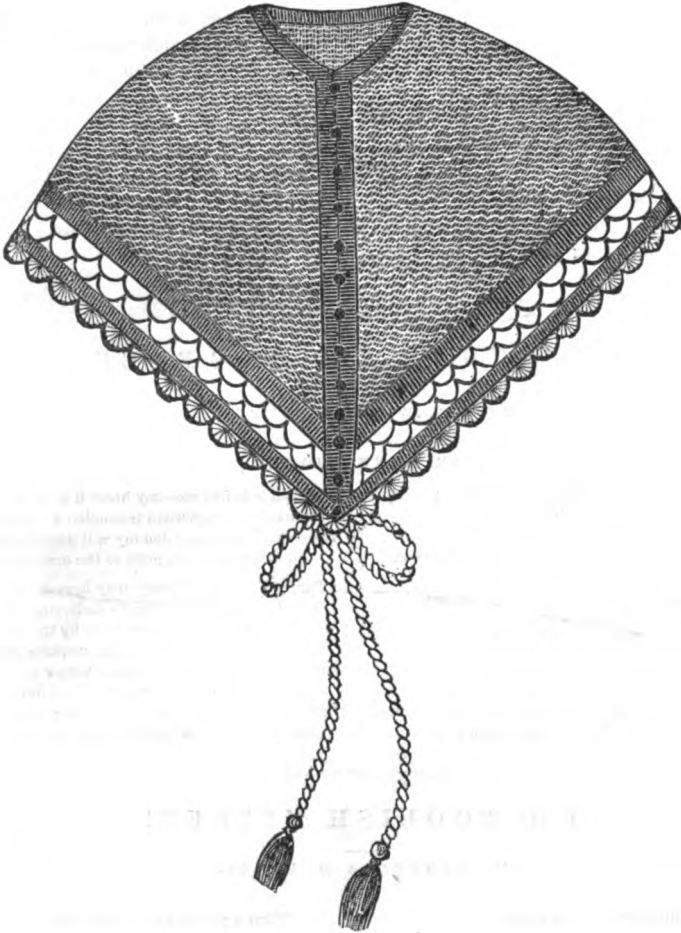
Foolish Miller! circling, fluttering
Nearer to the brilliant light;
Don't you know it cares not for you—
That its touch would kill you quite?
Go away, the sky is pleasant
Out of doors; the night is sweet,
And the air is pure and fragrant,
With the breath of flowers replete.
Go in peace! infatuation
Stronger grows while near you stay;
And the light burns clearer, brighter—
You had better go away,
Break at once the magic circle—
You are quite bewildered now,
Thinking how 'twere best approaching—
You had better not learn how.

What a pleasant song the taper,
In low, fitful murmurs sings,
'Tis not best that thou should'st listen,
Foolish Miller, lost thy wings?
Up the light in triumph rushing,
Folds him in its blinding glare;
Wrecked in beauty and in being—
He bemoans too late the snare.

Ah! how many with a birthright
Far above the silly moth,
Circle round some gay temptation—
Drawing nearer, nothing loth;
Heeding not this simple lesson;
Counting not the fearful cost,
Till one day a weeping angel
Writes—a priceless soul is lost!

TO KNIT A SONTAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—2 oz. blue zephyr, 1 oz. black zephyr, 1 pair bone needles, 1 bone crochet hook.

With the blue wool cast on 16 stitches, knit plain—widening 1 stitch at the beginning of the row. The best way to widen, is to knit the first stitch, then instead of taking it off on the second needle, put it back upon the first, making an extra stitch. Knit 99 rows—making this extra stitch at the beginning of every row. This forms the back. Then take off upon a third needle, one half the number of stitches, and eight be-

side. Keep these in reserve for one front of the work. The stitches upon the second needle, knit as before, continuing to widen, though only at the beginning of every other row—the intermediate rows are to be narrowed 1 stitch at the beginning of the rows. Knit until the work is wide enough to fit the figure. Bind off all the stitches upon the needle, and 16 of those on the reserve side, to form the neck. Then knit this front precisely as the first one.

FOR THE BORDER.—Use the black wool and

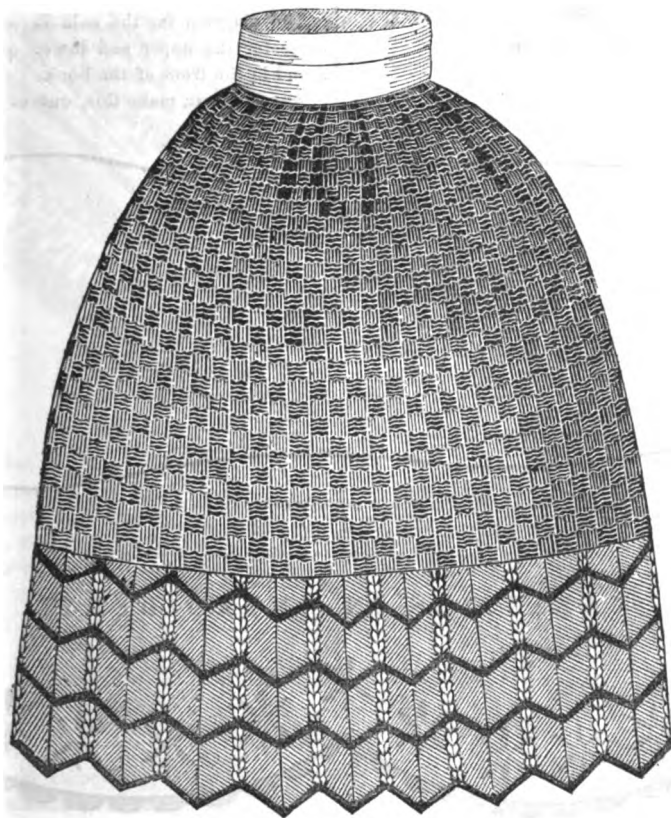
crochet hook. Crochet in single crochet from 6 to 10 rows, all round the work. Then make a chain of 8 stitches, work it in the 5th stitch of last row; 8 chain again in next 5th stitch. Repeat until this row is complete. Work 2 rows in this way—1 row single crochet. Edge with 1 row shell work, which is done by making 7 dc

stitches, (in one stitch of plain row,) * 1 ch, 7 dc in the 8th stitch from the 1st shell pattern *.

FOR THE BUTTON.—Procure some large wood moulds. Crochet a small circle (with the blue wool) in single crochet. Cover the moulds with these pieces. Cord, color of buttons. Cord and tassels for the waist, and the Sontag is complete.

TO KNIT AN INFANT'S PETTICOAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—6 oz. white Saxony wool, small wooden needles.

Cast on 428 stitches.

1st Row.—Knit plain.

2nd Row.—Purl.

8rd Row.—Knit plain.

4th Row.—Purl.

5th Row.—Knit 2 stitches plain, throw the thread forward, knit 11 *, take off the 12th, knit two together, bind the 12th over this narrowed

stitch, knit 11; throw the thread forward, knit 1; throw the thread forward, knit 11 * to the end of the needle.

6th Row.—Purl.

7th Row.—Same as 5th. Repeat this for 12 pattern rows; then knit 4 rows alternate plain and purl stitch.

Knit this pattern until you have a border $\frac{1}{2}$ yard in depth. The upper part of the skirt is knitted either in blocks or plain. The design is

in blocks, which is done by knitting 4 stitches plain, 4 purl, 4 rows deep—observing to make the 4 plain stitches come together on the 4 rows—the purl the same. The next row of blocks, the plain stitches must come over the purled ones—the purled ones over the plain, as may be seen in the design.

INFANT'S SHOE.

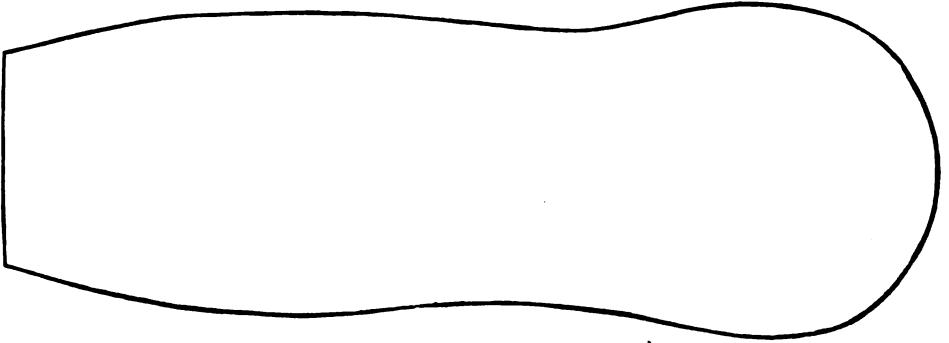
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, this month, a pattern for an Infant's Shoe, with full-sized diagrams by which to cut it out.

The diagram for the sole is annexed below: those for the upper and lower quarters will be found in the front of the book.

Any lady can make this, out of such material as she prefers.



SOLE OF INFANT'S SHOE.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



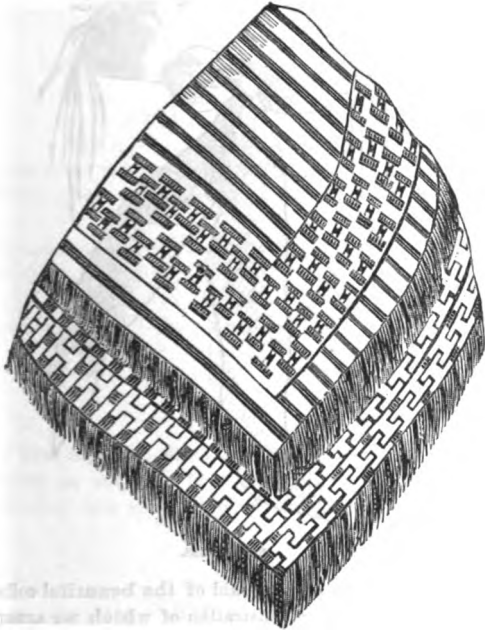
FOR CHEMISE YOKK.



EDGING.

VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

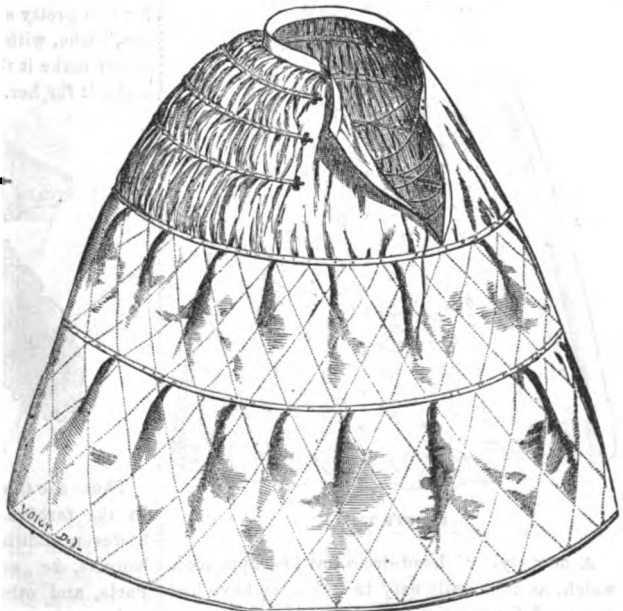


CHENILLE SHAWL.

and black. But if you wish the shawl to have a gayer and more dressy look, by turning the other side, stripes of scarlet and black are shown with a border of a plainer effect. The fringe is grey, with here and there a drop of scarlet and black chenille. These, and similar tasteful shawls, can be sold from prices ranging from ten dollars to fifteen.

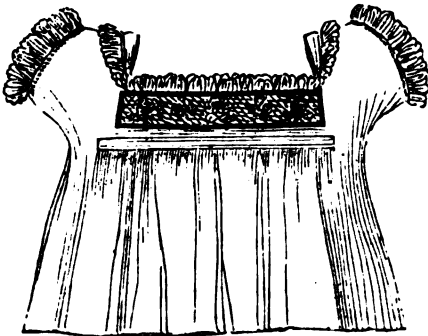
The Isabella Skirt, made by Douglas & Sherwood, New York, is peculiarly adapted to the present season, combining as it does all the advantages of a hoop and quilted skirt. The bottom is bordered to the depth of half a yard or more with white quilting, edged with a heavy cord. Three light flexible steel hoops are introduced in the upper portion of the skirt. The back forms an ad-

We are glad to see that shawls are so extensively popular this winter. For several years we have called public attention to the graceful character of this description of wrap. No mantilla, ever made, equals the shawl in beauty. Among our wealthier classes the India shawl is becoming quite common. Square shawls of this exquisite fabric may be had for all prices, from one hundred dollars up to six or seven hundred; and long shawls for sums ranging from three hundred dollars up to a thousand, or even more. L. J. Levy & Co., of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have had, for several years, the finest assortment of these Cashmeres ever imported into America. Shawls may be had, however, of every price, both at their establishment and elsewhere, of great beauty; for in no other department of manufactures, perhaps, have such strides been made in taste, as in women's shawls. T. S. Evans & Co., another fashionable dry-good's firm of Philadelphia, have a beautiful Chenille Shawl, an engraving of which we give, and which is one of the novelties of the season. When folded on one side the shawl is of a plain grey color, with a Greek border in scarlet



THE ISABELLA SKIRT.

justable bustle, while the front is composed of a series of upright bands of white tape, placed at equal distances, and extending from the band to the quilting.



CHEMISE.

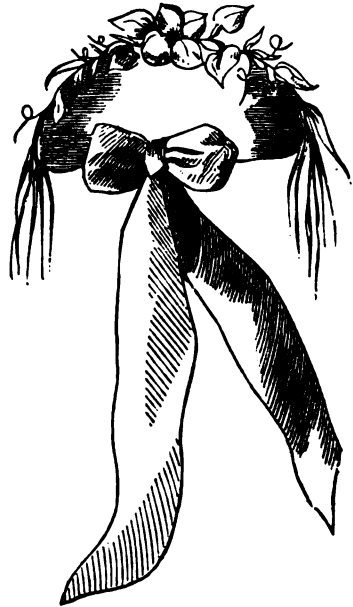
Genin, of New York, has a great variety of elegant linen, for infants and ladies. Among the most tasteful is a chemise, trimmed with lace, an engraving of which we give. Another very elegant affair is an infant's robe, of which also we give an engraving.



INFANT'S ROBE.

A new style of head-dress has just appeared, which, as it is quite easy to make, we have had engraved for our hundred thousand subscribers. The materials are ribbon and artificial flowers,

and from the pattern we give, any lady of taste can prepare one for herself.



HEAD-DRESS.

The same may be said of the beautiful collar and neck-tie, an illustration of which we annex. There is hardly a country store even, with any pretensions, that cannot furnish the materials for this pretty article: nor any reader of "Peterson," who, with the aid of the engraving, cannot either make it for herself, or instruct another to make it for her.

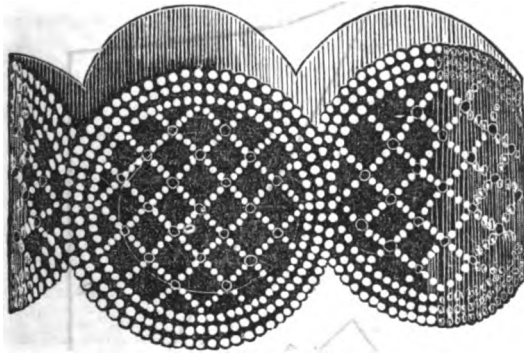


COLLAR AND NECK-TIE.

These are the principal novelties of the month. In the fashion department proper, are given, however, additional patterns, comprising cloaks, bonnets, &c., some from designs imported from Paris, and others from articles made up, by fashionable *modistes*, in Philadelphia and New York.

NAPKIN RING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS elegant article is to be worked with steel beads on velvet. It is at once economical and tasteful, one of a kind of ornament which we should like to see more popular; for it is entirely a false idea, which thinks nothing can be beautiful unless it is expensive.

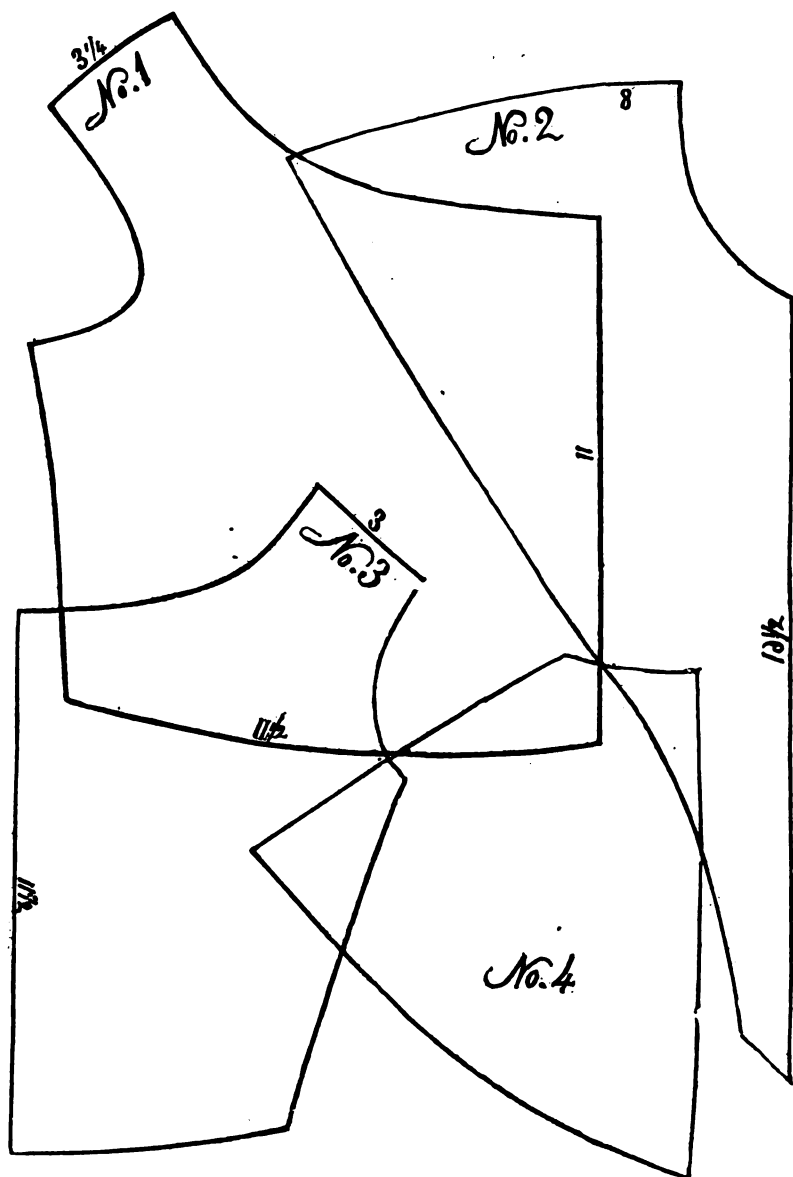
THE SURPLICE DRESS BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS graceful dress body has just appeared, in Paris, where it is very popular: and accordingly we have had it engraved for "Peterson," and a diagram prepared by which to cut out a paper pattern. Such a pattern can be made, by any subscriber, by enlarging the diagram, the size of each piece being marked, it will be observed, in inches along each side.

- No. 1. HALF THE FRONT.
- No. 2. FRONT OF PELERINE.
- No. 3. HALF THE BACK.
- No. 4. BACK OF PELERINE.



EDGING.



SPANISH POLKA. FOR A CHILD OF TWO OR THREE YEARS OLD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—6 oz. claret 4 thread Berlin wool; 1 oz. of white Pyrenees ditto; a pair of knitting-needles with heads, No. 8, and another, No. 10.

With the claret wool and finest needles cast on 242 stitches, and knit two plain rows. Now tie a bit of white thread at the 36th from each end, and at the 56th from them. These four pieces of cotton serve to mark the places where you are to decrease by knitting three together in every alternate row, after the 24th.

Begin the pattern, which is ordinary brioche stitch, adding three stitches at the end of every row, until there are 36 more at each end; in the next row cast on 21 more at the end, and when you come to the end of the next row do the same. Meantime after 24 rows done without decreasing, you will take in three stitches at each of the white threads, in every other row, until you have decreased, in each place, 27 stitches. To produce the proper effect take in first at one side, and then at the other of the white thread, so that a ridge from each side disappears alternately. You may then do 60 rows, without increasing or diminishing. It will be necessary to make button-holes at one edge, at the distance of every 30 rows, thus: Knit 6 stitches, cast 9 off the left-hand needle, by passing one over another without knitting them; then cast on 6 on the right-hand needle, in this way diminishing by 3 at every button-hole; at the other edge do not decrease at all. You now form a gusset for underneath the arms by making a stitch on

each side the ridge which runs up from the side of the outer decreaseings, nearest to the front: at each you will increase 18 stitches in as many rows, as the alternate ones only have the made stitches. Continue to knit in the brioche stitch.

In the next row, knit as far as the first 18 stitches. Turn back; cast off the 18, and knit the others backward and forward as usual, forming one side of the front, up to the shoulder, for 36 rows; always continuing to make the button-holes at equal distances, if this is the side for them. Now cast off a stitch loosely at the end of every row, until one stitch only is left. Draw the wool through. Now continue the piece for the back, from the gusset; knit across the back, to the end of the other 18 stitches, turn; cast them off, and do 36 rows; then cast off a stitch at the end of every row, until 8 ribs are cast off at each edge. Cast off the remainder. Do the other side of the front to correspond with the first.

FOR THE SLEEVES.—Cast on 99 stitches, knit 2 plain rows, then the brioche stitch. Gradually decrease two ribs at each edge, and knit about 6 inches. Now cast off 24 stitches at each edge, and knit eight rows before casting off the remainder.

THE COLLAR.—Cast on 102 stitches, and do the depth of an inch with claret wool, and cast off. Then with the white wool, and the same needles, take up stitches along the two ends and one side, and knit one row. 2nd. † Knit 2, make one by bringing the thread before the needle. † all round. 3rd. Purl. 4th. † knit 2, make 1, knit 1, make 1, † repeat to the end. 5th. Purl. 6th. Cast off. This finishes the collar.

The deep lace frill, which gives so elegant a finish to this polka, is done with the coarse needles in Pyrenees wool. It is double, and is to be done as follows. Cast on 30 stitches, and knit one plain row.

1st Pattern Row.—Knit 7. † make 1, knit 2 together, knit 6. † repeat till 7 only are left. Make 1, knit 7.

2nd Row.—Purl 5. Purl 2 together, † make 1, purl 1, make 1, purl 2 together, purl 3, purl 2 together. † to the end; purl the last 5.

3rd Row.—Knit 4, knit 2 together, † make 1, 163

knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, † to the end, when make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 4.

4th Row.—Purl 3, purl 2 together; † make 1, purl 5, make 1, purl 3 together, † to the end.

Those four rows form one pattern, and must be repeated five times, after which do two plain rows, and slip all the stitches on a finer needle.

Do another piece with a depth of only two patterns, and two plain rows. Then holding the two pieces of lace together, knit one row with a stitch off each needle, thus uniting the two frills. Do another plain row, and a series of holes, thus: Knit 3, † make 1, slip 1, knit 2 (not together,) pass the slip stitch over. † repeat to the end, when the last three are to be knitted plain. 1 purled row; 1 plain ditto. Cast off To be sewed round the bottom of the jacket.

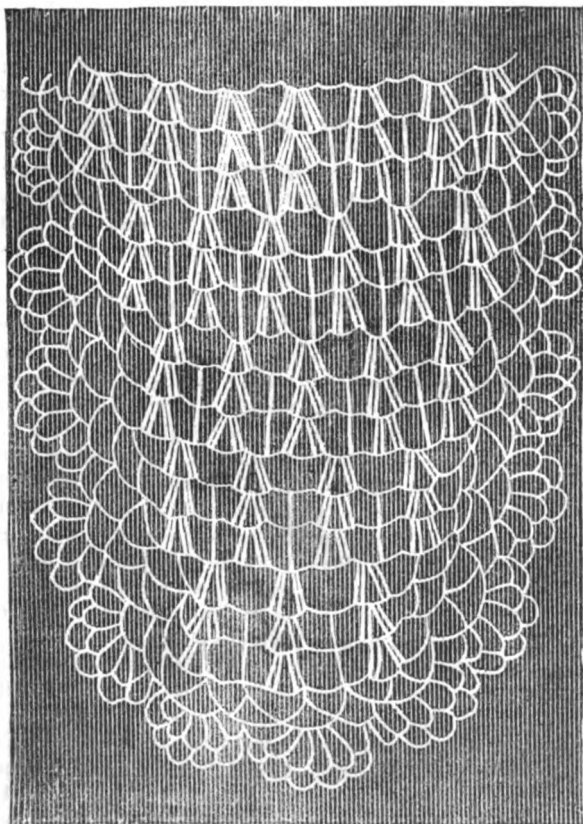
To trim the sleeves, cast on 96 stitches, and work in the same way. When three patterns are done, begin the upper frill, to which do two before joining them. Complete like that for the body, and sew on to the sleeve, closing it up the edge.

Now sew up the shoulders, add the collar and sleeves, and plait some white 8-thread fleecy, to make the trimming down the fronts and round the neck. The buttons are covered also with pieces of white knitting, so that, every part washes.

Those who are not acquainted with brioche stitch may be glad to learn that it is simply—† bring the thread in front, slip 1 as if purling, knit 2 together, †. The wool of which these polkas are made is the finest Spanish.

CROCHET COIFFURE.

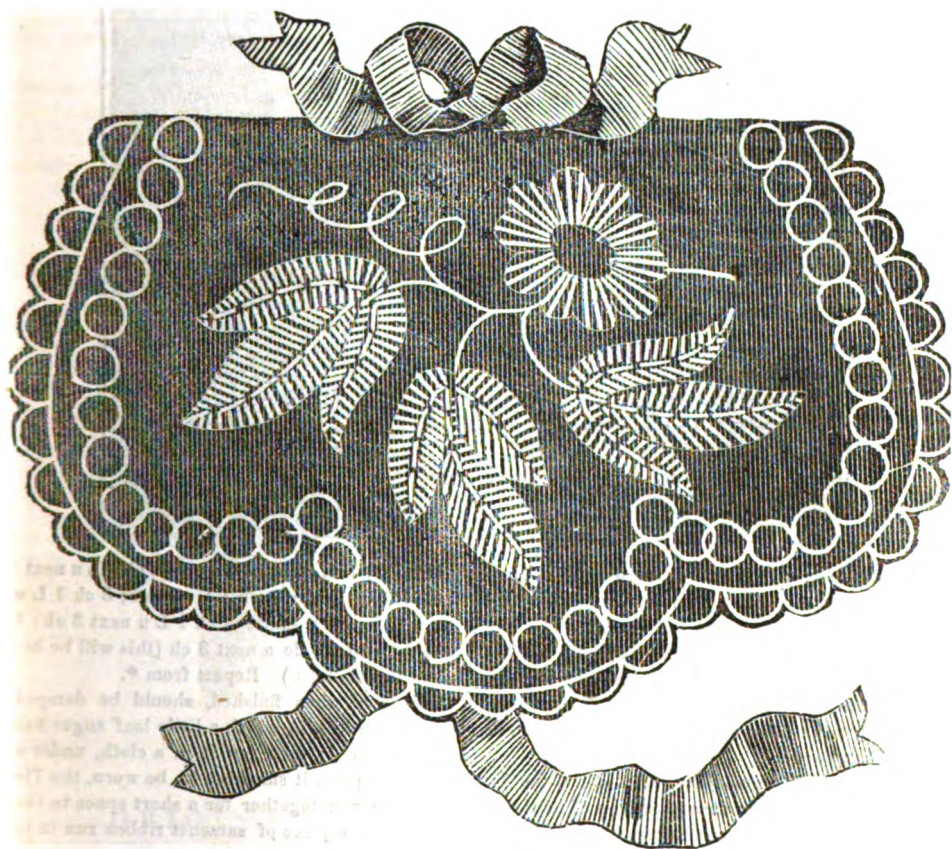
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A **PRETTY** coiffure, which may be crocheted } The pattern is so easy that a detailed description
in any color that suits the taste of the wearer. } will not, we think, be necessary.

A NEEDLE BOOK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



From this pattern a very pretty needle-book } gold, green and gold, or other colors that har-
may be worked. It may be done in blue and } monize.

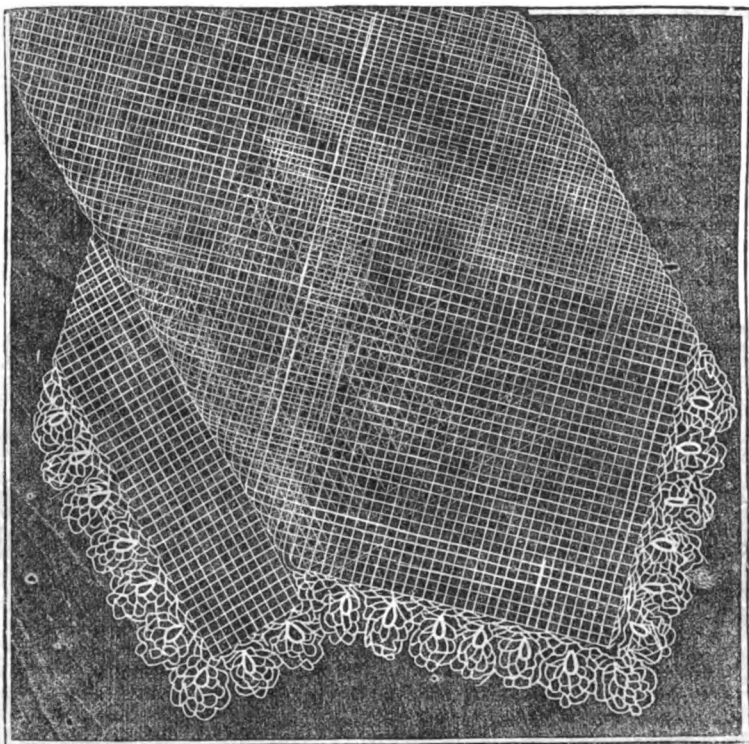
GENTLEMAN'S NECK-TIE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS is becoming quite a fashionable article for gentlemen to wear at evening parties. The present pattern is taken from an English journal, and has been engraved for "Peterson's Magazine" for some time; but has been crowded out by more important things.

The Neck-Tie is netted. The materials are two skeins of fine black purse silk, and 1 skein very fine indeed, for border at the ends. A netting needle, and No. 14 steel mesh, No. 8 Penelope hook.

Make a foundation of some other material 200



stitches long; net 2 or 3 rows to make it firm; then commence with the silk, and after the 2nd row, or diamond, increase 1 stitch at every alternate row at each end, until 35 rows are netted; then decrease 1 stitch (by not netting into the last stitch) of every alternate row at each end, until 35 rows more are netted, end with 2 rows of 200 stitches.

FOR THE BORDER.—1st Row.—Dc *u* the 1st loop of netting; 5 ch dc *u* each loop of netting.

2nd.—T (or turn on reverse side;) 5 ch dc *u* 1st loop; * 3 ch 1 L *u* next 5 ch; 5 ch 1 more L *u* same; 8 ch 1 L *u* same; 8 ch dc *u* next 5 ch. Repeat from *.

3rd.—T, 3 ch dc *u* 1st 3 ch; * 3 ch 1 L *u* next: 3 ch 1 L *u* 5 ch; 3 ch 1 L *u* same; 5 ch 1 L *u* same; 3 ch 1 L *u* same; 3 ch 1 L *u* next 3 ch; 3 ch 1 L *u* next; do *u* next 8 ch (this will be between the scallops.) Repeat from *.

This Tie, when finished, should be damped with cold water, in which a little loaf sugar has been dissolved; then put it in a cloth, under a weight, to press it smooth. To be worn, the Tie should be run together for a short space in the centre, and a piece of sarsenet ribbon run in to keep it firm.

COLLAR IN EMBROIDERY.

This beautiful collar, the illustration of which is given in the front of the number, has been forwarded to us by a subscriber, who designed it herself. The small wheels and large one are worked separately: cut out of the cloth and tacked together as in the collar. The small wheels are worked in button-hole stitch entirely. The large wheel is done in English embroidery in the middle, and button-hole stitch on the outside to prevent it from raveling. The round circle is worked in chain-stitch. If wished, the collar can be worked narrower.

FIRE-SCREEN OF PHEASANTS' WINGS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



FIRE-SCREENS composed of the wings of pheasants, or other game, are both pretty and useful, and when hung at the fire-side, below the bell-pull, form a nice addition to the decorations of a drawing-room. The wings must be cut off when the bird is fresh killed, and as near the body as possible; being careful not to ruffle the feathers. The wing must be stretched as in this



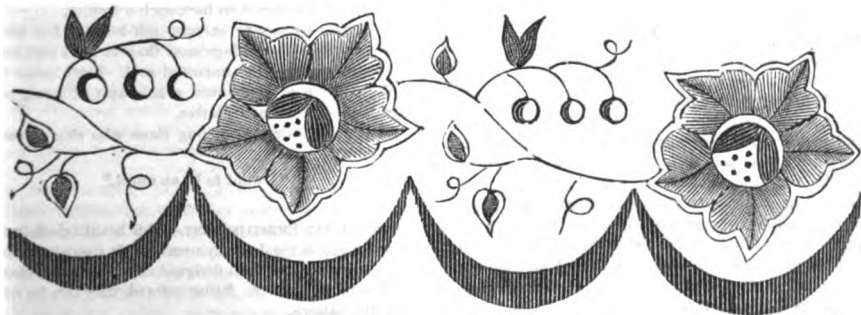
cut. To put them together, place the inner edges together, and sew them up to near the top feathers thus: when sewed, lay the screen



on a table, right side downward, and, having placed a double paper over the sewing, press it with a hot iron. When that side is done, turn the screen, and place a weight on the right side to give it a flat back; it is then fit to attach to the handle, a gilt one looks best: form rosettes of the large scarlet chenille, and sew one on each side so as to cover where the handle joins; a pair of scarlet chenille tassels and silk cord are required, as seen in design: the screen is hung by the loop of cord.

ORIGINAL DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



FOR SILK EMBROIDERY ON MUSLIN OR FLANNEL.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

LITTLE CHILDREN.—We have often tried to imagine what the world would be without babies. Deplorable reverie! during which our speculations have been the brownest kind of brown. No little flowers upspringing—no crocuses goldening the black and crusted earth—no tender grasses with delicious tints of emerald—no delicate vines; but instead a wilderness of great trees and deformed bushes, with scraggy foliage and demented trunks, with names cut upon them, on the outside, but hopelessly full of dust and ashes. No graceful little hills or rivulets a spans breadth—no trickling waterfall's murmuring music—no silvery and incessantly busy little tongues—nothing but the high, heaven-soaring mountains, cracked and seamed, and broken with the convulsions of past centuries—nothing but vast, earth-swallowing oceans and tremendous Niagaras.

Oh! dear—a world full of men and women—but no little children! Think of it. There wouldn't be a bit of the milk of human kindness in this subliminary habitation, and we are constrained to think we should be overwhelmed with a deluge of vinegar.

Still, it gives us a sort of topey-turvy feeling to come upon a squad of infantile Hibernians, with countenances like animated molasses cakes, and giving indisputable evidence of their origin from the dust of the earth, though in their case the dust has been plentifully mixed with water—I say it gives one a topey-turvy feeling! There we see all the helplessness of babyhood, all its trickery, all its bald, know-nothingism, without the blessed influences of soap and water—sprawling instead of falling into graceful attitudes—or if falling at all, immersed in gallons of dirty suds—its dimples crusted with filth—its eyes filled with sand—its hands—“description can no farther go.”

That sort of babyhood is very distressing to sentimental people, and yet there is a kind of pleasure in noting how thoroughly the little monkeys enjoy themselves. No screams of “Don't touch that!”—“Don't do this!”—“Don't do the other!” No costly Honiton laces, for pulling which many an embryo lover of the fine arts gets a hearty slapping, and the heart-ache beside—for slaps don't always stay on the outside, mind you! They penetrate and remain printed on the moral nerves, long after the red impression of the hand has faded.

Poor little chicks! it requires a gigantic amount of faith to see school-teachers, and ministers, and senators, and presidents, and all sorts of good things, emanating from those questionable pug-nosed babies, and yet they have a better chance than the silken scions of wealth and leisure, who study the first principles of evil on a refined plan, that makes them, many of them, admirably developed villains in time.

And yet, it strikes us that there are very few real, living babies. What with the pinning and the bandaging, the mint-teas, the tossing, the irregular feeding, the rocking, the bare legs, arms and bosom, the overwrapped spine, and other known persecutions, the babies don't thrive. They are said often to be brought up by hand. We think in some cases it would be better if they could be brought up by machinery. So much pressing and worrying seldom result in the turn out of a healthy, happy, red-cheeked, energetic boy, who smashes almost everything he touches; but if trained right, smashes to good purpose when his hand acquires its man's strength and cunning. Who adds something to the world's wealth and thought and happiness, and makes the mother and the father exult with an honest pride that they have given character, as well as bone and sinew to the being they have trained.

Blessings on children—blessings on the mothers who have common sense enough not to spoil them before they can walk.

GLUTTONY.—“Do for pity's sake let the child have all he wants. How can I blame him for indulging in what I love and can't possibly do without!”

And so little Georgy had another piece of pie, and another doughnut, another cup of sloppy tea, and another dish of preserves.

Who wondered at his distressingly lazy yawns as he turned from the table? Who wondered that he lolled from sofa to sofa, grew cross and troublesome as night came on, and was finally carried grumbling and hateful to bed.

The feeding process is commenced in the morning. “Georgy wants pie—go get it out of the pantry. Jenny, cut a slice of fruit cake for the dear child to carry to school. Have you had enough, dear? Just a little more coffee—put plenty of milk in, Jenny. Dear little fellow! how he enjoys his food!”

Yes, and how he lounges over his desk at school! How his red eyes, glued with an unmeaning stare to his book, wink and blink! Hear his heavy sighs, the result of a distended stomach. See him forever yawning on the playground, only intermitting to slich—on the sly—a bit of plum cake or an apple from his pocket. Your gluttons are always stingy, mean and contemptible.

Parents—do you not know that an improper indulgence in rich and highly seasoned food has an effect not only upon the body, but the imagination, and the whole moral being?

To a child, especially to one possessed of a nervous temperament, and fine organization, with a mind so liable to be overwrought as of itself to feed upon life and wear it away, gluttony is a formidable enemy. It stimulates the passions and brings them prematurely into action. It weakens the power to resist temptation in more ways than one. It renders the blood, which should flow steadily onward, like the pure river from its exhaustless fountain, thick and turbid in its swollen veins. It makes the drunkard, the debased and ruined debauchee. More vile animal natures in mature life are caused by this sinful selfishness, fostered by parents, than the world is aware of. More criminals fill the lonely cell, and sleep upon the damp flags of prison floors, brought there directly through the indulgence of the vice of gluttony, than can be estimated.

So please don't let Georgy eat till his eyes stand out. Please don't send him to school overfed to worry some poor teacher, who ought to have the patience of four-and-twenty Jobs all compressed in one. Don't say that you like to eat all you want, and, therefore, Georgy shall do likewise—because you may like the man who could digest ten-penny nails, and children seldom have such a faculty.

No—teach Georgy to exercise self-denial. Let him see that you value some things more than victuals and drink—his future welfare—his immortal soul. Don't make him a walking batch of doughnuts, a holocaust of mincepies, a hecatomb of meats and gravies.

Remember Georgy is among those who sing so sweetly sometimes,

“I want to be an angel.”

OUR COLORED EMBELLISHMENT.—This beautiful affair excels even the one in the January number. It consists of a purse, and a traveling bag, both designed expressly for “Peterson,” by Mrs. Jane Weaver. Being colored, they can be worked from the pattern.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."—We hardly ever look over a file of exchanges, without finding some story or poem, originally written for this Magazine, copied without credit. Generally, we suppose, this omission of an acknowledgment is unintentional; but it is to be regretted; for it deprives us of a merited due. We try to publish the very best stories, and the fact that so many are copied is some proof that we do—is it not annoying, therefore, to find that we get credit for those very stories only about once in half a dozen times? Very frequently, the tales have been copied from English journals, which have pirated them from "Peterson." Lately, a leading Boston Journal printed a sketch, which it heralded as translated from the German, but which we found to be one of our own bantlings, that had been kidnapped by a Berlin periodical, and from that translated back into its original mother-tongue. Will our exchanges oblige us, when they copy stories from "Peterson," by giving this Magazine the proper credit?

"PAPA'S BREAKFAST."—The mezzotint of "Miranda," in our January number, was universally praised. So also was "In the Bitter Cold." But we think "Papa's Breakfast," and "A Winter Night," will be equally popular. Neither of them require a description at our hands. "Papa's Breakfast," especially, is very beautiful. What a charming little dear it is! How carefully she carries the precious treasure that has been entrusted to her, and how proud she will be, when she reaches the field where her father is at work, and when he praises her, as he is sure to do, for having brought his meal so deftly! The "Winter Night" is hardly less beautiful, some may even think it more so. Certainly, nothing can excel the fidelity, with which the artist has reproduced the effect of moonlight, as seen on a still and frosty night.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.—A charming photograph, representing the bride conducted home, has been published by J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, after a design by F. O. Darley. The picture is for sale, in Philadelphia, by W. G. Hazard. The precise lines in the poem, which the artist illustrates, are the following:

"Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they
crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a
dream of love through its bosom."

A WORD TO NEW CONTRIBUTORS.—It is useless to send stories to us for publication unless they are of first-rate merit. Indeed, we have so much manuscript on hand, and so many contributors regularly engaged, that we shall be able to accept nothing, even if meritorious, unless it is short and to the point. Stories, from two to four printed pages long, are the only ones we want at present; but they must be racy and terse, or they have no chance of being published.

AVOID HASTY WORDS.—Be careful how and what you say, especially if you are angry or worried. A harsh word is easier spoken than recalled. A little monosyllable, hastily uttered, may pain a father, mother, husband, sister, or child for hours, perhaps for days. The Bible has said, "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Remember that, when your patience is tried, and speak gently, instead of angrily. Nothing is more lovely in woman than amiability.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, have just published "Lillian Lee," written and composed by J. McNaughton. S. T. Gordon, New York, has published, "Come Meet Me To-Night," a serenade, the words by J. McNaughton, the music by Francis H. Brown. Firth, Pond & Co., New York, have published "The Good Time Has Come," song and chorus, written and composed by J. McNaughton.

A FINE POEM.—Professor Lowell, of Harvard University, is the author of the following beautiful poem

Godminster! is it Fancy's play?
I know not, but the word
Sings in my heart, nor can I say
I dreamed the name, or heard;
Yet fragrant in my mind it clings
As blossom after rain,
And builds of half-remembered things
This vision in my brain.

Through aisles of long-drawn centuries
My spirit walks in thought,
And to that symbol lifts its eyes
Which God's own pity wrought;
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,
The Church's East is there,
The ages one great minster seem
That throbs with praise and prayer.

And all the way from Calvary down,
The curven pavement shows
Their graves, who won the martyrs' crown,
And safe in God's repose;
The saints of many a warring creed,
Who now in Heaven have learned
That all paths to the Father lead
Where Self the feet have apured.

And as the mystic aisles I pace,
By aureoled workmen built,
Lives ending at the Cross I trace
Alike through grace and guilt;
One Mary bathes the blessed feet
With ointment from her eyes;
With spikenard one; and both are sweet,
For both are sacrifice.

Moravian hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend,
To speak the soul's eternal want
Of Him, the inmost friend;
One prayer soars cleansed with martyr-fire,
One hoarse with sinner's tears,
In Heaven both plain with one desire,
And God one music hears.

While thus I dream, the bells clash out
Upon the Sabbath air,
Each seems a selfish faith to shout—
A hostile form of prayer.
My dream is shortened, yet who knows
But in that Heaven so near,
This discord into music flows
In God's atoning ear.

Oh, chime oh! of blessed Charity!
Peal soon that Easter morn,
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost, when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all can say, My brother here,
And hear My son in Heaven.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND.—The Bloomington (Mo.) Messenger says:—"If there is one Magazine we receive with more pleasure than another, it is 'Peterson.' It is the best and cheapest work of the kind published." This is a sentiment which not less than a hundred thousand fair ladies also echo this year.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Wild Flowers. Drawn and Colored from Nature. By Mrs. Badger. With an Introduction by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Large Folio. With twenty-two page Colored Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner.—This volume, superb in its mechanical execution, has never had its equal in America among works devoted to illustrations of natural products. It contains the finest specimens of our field and forest flowers, those beautiful strangers that, in the recesses of our woods, or by our mountain streams, so often call forth the traveler's exclamations of delight, and which are here preserved in their exquisite perfection; not a tint faded, not an atom of

brilliant down brushed from their petals; fresh and bright as when first gathered from their native wild soil. The volume has, indeed, "the voice of bird and the breath of spring." Mrs. Sigourney's poem is a fitting tribute to the beauty of these flowers. Several specimens are given with appropriate accompaniments in other plants of their season. Here we have the dogwood flinging its snowy sheen over the spring woods; the wild geranium, with downy leaves and purple head, bending its slender stalk lifted amidst the May grass; the modest ground pink and the trailing arbutus; the mayflower of the Pilgrims; the hood-leaved violet; the wild columbine, gleaming in scarlet and gold on the barren hill-side; the spring beauty, half seen in the grass bordering the tangled wood; the delicious wild apple blossom and the pink and crimson honeysuckle clinging to the arms of the forest. Among summer visitors we have here the gorgeous yellow lily, with the harebell from its rock-shaded nook; the sweet-brier, loading the air with fragrance; the tulip tree, the belle of the forest; the kalmia, making gay the mountain woods with delicate bloom; the lovely wild rose, the daisy, buttercup and red clover; the evergreen rhododendron; the butterfly weed, with its bright orange clusters veiled by the luxuriant meadow grass; the wood lily, and the delicate purple-fringed orchis; the cardinal flower, or Indian feather; the purple wild aster and fringed gentian, late woodland visitors, when "the melancholy days are come." A brilliant cluster of red maple leaves is given, touched with the warm tints of early frost. The indefatigable authoress has not only drawn all these groups from nature, but has colored over ten thousand impressions with her own hand, to secure absolute fidelity to the models. The delicate fringe and colored down, and the fine shading, are wonderfully true to nature, and creditable to the perfection of art. The volume should be on the centre-table of every lady of taste.

A History of Philip the Second, King of Spain. By William H. Prescott. Vol. III. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We think this volume even more interesting than those which have preceded it, for, with the exception of two chapters, which are devoted to Philip's personal character and habits, it is occupied by a narrative of the great Morisco rebellion, that last desperate effort of the Spanish Arabs to recover their lost Granada. It is in such narratives that Prescott excels. His rapid, graphic style; the masterly manner in which he groups events; the vivid pictures of the scenery amid which the action of the story is carried on; the dramatic force with which he often brings out his characters; all these render Prescott without an equal in this department of history. Our author, also, is as thorough a student as he is a successful delineator. He never sits down to write till he has mastered every detail, and become, not only accurately informed of the minutest facts, but infused with the very spirit of the times which he is about to describe. Moreover, he is always charitable, though he does not hesitate to censure, when the censure is deserved. Motley, who has written upon some of the same events, is more minute, more declamatory, and more eloquent, as many may think. But his heat sometimes suggests the possibility of partisanship. The calmer mood of Prescott preserves the latter historian from every such imputation. We rise from the perusal of this volume, feeling our incompetency to praise it as it deserves, and regretting that there are not more of such books of history in the language.

Sunshine; or, Kate Vinton. By Harriet B. M'Kever. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Lindsay & Blackiston.—The aim of the writer of this book, has been, as she says in her preface, to present a youthful Christian, in the midst of much infirmity, still adorning the doctrine of God, her Saviour, in all things. This aim Mrs. M'Kever has successfully carried out. It is just the book for mothers to put into the hands of their daughters. The publishers have issued it in a very neat style.

The Tenant-House; or, Embers from Poverty's Hearthstone. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: R. M. Dewitt.—The author of this book was appointed by the Legislature of the State of New York, to inquire into the tenant system of New York city. We have no doubt that this fiction grew out of the startling facts he became acquainted with in the discharge of this duty. Mr. Duganne always writes well, but has never done more credit to either his heart or his intellect, than in the volume before us. The philanthropist, who reads for high and noble purposes, as well as the mere novel reader who seeks only for amusement, will find the work of the greatest value and interest. Some excellent illustrations adorn the volume.

Wild Sports in the Far West. By Frederic Gerstaeker. Translated from the German. With eight crayon drawings, executed in oil colors, from designs by Harrison Weir. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.—The author of this volume is a German, who spent some time in the western part of this country, and, when he returned to Europe, wrote the spirited account of his travels now before us. The book is one of the most interesting we have read for a long while. Allowances, of course, must be made for the author's prejudices of education, and for a love of exaggeration that seems to be natural to the man. The embellishments are very showy, and in a new style.

Night Caps. By the author of "Aunt Fanny's Christmas Stories." New York: Appleton & Co.—A book of stories for little children, with eight illustrations. "Aunt Fanny" writes charmingly for the little ones. "The Doctor," and "Dame Trot and her Cat," are two side-splitting stories; while "Little Alice," and "Good Little Henry," fully bear out the author's intention, when she says in her preface, "Especially have I tried to exhibit the beauty and goodness of virtue, so entwined in the thread of every story, as to render unnecessary a dry moral at the end for the children to skip, as they invariably do."

Buds from the Christmas Boughs, and other Tales. By Virginia F. Townsend. New York: Stanford & Delisser.—A most seasonable book by one of our favorite contributors. Miss Townsend's stories are always charmingly written, and they are unexceptionable in their high religious tone. Old and young will pick up the little volume before us, and but few will put it down till they have read it to the last page. "Right Across the Street," is one of the most beautiful stories we have ever read.

Mela Gray; or, What Makes Home Happy. By M. J. McIntosh, author of "Aunt Kitty's Tales," &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The announcement of a book by Miss McIntosh, is sufficient to insure its sale. The volume before us is adapted to young ladies particularly, and is written in the author's usual happy style. No mother need be afraid to place this volume in the hands of her daughters.

The Fair Maid of Perth. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We have here the forty-third and forty-fourth volumes of the now famous "Household Edition of Scott's Novels." Every lady of taste ought to have this edition of the romances of the great Wizard of the North; and as the series is now nearly at its close, the present is a fitting occasion for purchasing.

The Yule Log. A series of Stories for the Young. New York: Stanford & Delisser.—This little volume will be a prize for children who love fairy stories: and what child does not? The volume is issued by Stanford & Delisser, in their usual superior style.

The Muskie. By B. F. Presbury. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.—A new novel, intended to depict American life, but whose merits we cannot speak of, as we have not yet had time to peruse it.

Mount Vernon: A Letter to the Children of America. By the author of "Rural Hours." 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The writer of this interesting little volume is the daughter of the late J. Fenimore Cooper, the novelist. She is already known in literary circles as the author of "Rural Hours," a book of unusual merit. In the present work she endeavors to interest the children of our country in the purchase of Mount Vernon, and for this purpose gives an admirable sketch of the life and services of Washington, bringing out, in bold relief, those portions of the great hero's character and services which will particularly strike youthful minds. Two excellent illustrations adorn the volume, one of them being a portrait of Washington at twenty-five, copied from a miniature presented by the general to his niece, and never before engraved. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have the volume for sale in Philadelphia.

Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics. By Rev. F. W. Robertson, M. A. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—By this time the name of Robertson is familiar to thousands of earnest, reverential minds in this country. His sermons, republished by Ticknor & Fields, have found their way into numerous households, where they have created a warm admiration for their author, have incited the readers to live a truer life, and have awakened deep regret that a preacher so pure in heart and charitable in sentiment should have been called prematurely from earth. Most of the addresses, in the present volume, were prepared for the working men of Brighton, but they can be read with profit by all persons, and will, by some, be preferred to the sermons. The book is printed and bound to match the former volumes of the series.

From Poor-House to Pulpit. A Book for Youth. By Wm. M. Thayer. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co.—This is a narrative of the life of Dr. John Kitto, who, though originally a deaf pauper, rose, by his own personal exertions, to eminence among Biblical and theological scholars. Such an achievement, Mr. Thayer well says, naturally suggests the inquiry, "how was it done?" This question, accordingly, Mr. Thayer answers; and he answers it in a way to stimulate youth to similar exertions with those for which Dr. Kitto became celebrated. We commend the book heartily to parents. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the Philadelphia agents for the publishers.

Willie Winkie's Nursery Songs of Scotland. Edited by Mrs. Silsbee. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a collection of nursery songs, written by some of the best poets of Scotland, with the laudable design of elevating the tone of this species of literature. Mrs. Silsbee has changed the Scottishisms into English words, and made a few other judicious alterations, so that the work is now admirably adapted for circulation in the United States. The publishers issue the volume in a style of great taste. Hereafter no other nursery songs ought to find admission into families.

Trying to be Useful. By Mrs. Madaline Leslie, author of "Cora and the Doctor," "Courtesies of Wedded Life," "Household Angel," &c. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.—This is another of Mrs. Leslie's fine series of stories; books dedicated to the children of the New England Sabbath schools. They are noble books, with a noble aim. We think no girl can rise from the perusal of the volume before us without new impulses for good, and fully realizing the "beauty of unselfishness."

The Age of Chivalry. By Thomas Bulfinch, author of "The Age of Fable." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.—This is a well executed abridgement of the romances of chivalry, put into a shape adapted to modern tastes. The book is divided into two parts. The first contains the legends of King Arthur and his knights, while the second is devoted to the Welsh popular tales. Several spirited embellishments, printed in colors, adorn the volume.

The Land and the Book. By W. M. Thomson, D. D. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of these two volumes was a missionary in Syria and Palestine for five-and-twenty years, and is, therefore, peculiarly competent to write about the Holy Land and its Biblical associations. We have perused his work with the greatest interest, and can recommend it as excellent in every way. The publishers have illustrated it profusely with engravings.

Howard and his Teacher, The Sister's Influence, and other Stories. By Mrs. Madaline Leslie, author of "Cora and the Doctor," "Courtesies of Wedded Life," "Household Angel," &c. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.—This is a series of most pleasant and instructive stories for young people, though many of them can be read with much profit by persons of any age. "Howard and his Teacher" we can particularly recommend.

Poems. By Frances Anna Kemble. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We have only time, this month, to announce these poems. In our next number, we hope, however, to speak of them at length. Meantime, we advise all who like good poetry, especially poetry written by a woman, to add the volume to their library. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have it for sale in Philadelphia.

The Queen's Domain; and other Poems. By William Winter. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co.—These poems are by a writer who is new to us, but who has, if we mistake not, the true metal in him. They are gracefully written, in a simple, earnest manner, and are, altogether, worthy of the superior type and paper which the publishers have bestowed on them.

Bye-and-Bye. By Virginia F. Townsend. New York: Stanford & Delisser.—We are glad to see another volume on our table by Miss Townsend. She cannot give us too many such. The stories in the one before us are of a very high character. The volume is printed in good, large type, on excellent paper, and has an excellent illustration. We cordially commend it.

Life Among the Children. By the author of "Aunt Fanny's Stories," &c., &c. New York: Stanford & Delisser.—A book suited to little folks, as any one of them who will read the stories of "The Doll's Wedding," and "Little Peter," will soon be convinced. It has three pretty illustrations, and is in uniform size with the other books noticed, issued by this house.

Thorndale; or, The Conflict of Opinions. By William Smith. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The best English Reviews praised this volume, when it was first published in London. Now, that it has been reprinted here, we recognize the justice of their eulogies. It is a volume that commends itself particularly to reflective and inquiring minds. The publishers have issued it in a neat style.

Oriental Tales of Fairy Land. New York: Stanford & Delisser.—These oriental tales seem to be remarkably well translated, and contain information of Eastern life, which children of much larger growth, than those for whom they purport to have been written, will be interested in. The book has three beautiful illustrations.

The Banks of New York, Their Dealers, The Clearing House, and The Panic of 1857, with a Financial Chart. By J. S. Gibbons. Thirty Illustrations, by Herrick. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A capital book, full of curious information, and exhibiting not a little humor. The embellishments are very spirited.

Fred Freeland; or, The Chain of Circumstances. By Willis Loveyouth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co.—This is a story for boys and girls, written in a pleasant style, and inculcating an excellent moral. The volume is neatly printed and bound, and embellished with a good illustration.

OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.

BILL OF FARE

FOR A LARGE AND ELEGANTLY APPOINTED DINNER.

Upon the table should be placed a soup, and large sized dinner-plate for each guest, together with knife and fork, napkin, (handsomely folded,) a wine, champagne, hock, and finger-glass, and a goblet for water. A pyramid of flowers should occupy the centre of the table. Extra plates, glasses, dishes of ice, broken in pieces, &c., &c., should be placed upon a side-table, ready for use. The courses are to be served in order.

First Course.

Green Turtle Soup.

Sherry. Madeira.

Second Course.

Salmon, boiled. Holland Sauce. New Potatoes.
Haut Sauterne Chateau T.

Third Course.

Sweetbreads.—Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms.

Lamb Cutlets. Green Peas. Tomatoes.

Mashed Potatoes.

Liebfraumilch.

Fourth Course.

Soft Shell Crabs. Turtle Steak with Olives. Wood-cock.

Fried Potatoes. Roast Potatoes.

Moët.—Flour de Sillery.

Fifth Course.

Lobster Salad. Broiled Chickens. Chicken Salad.
Chateau la Rose

Pâtisserie.

Mernigues, with Cream. Wafers. Macaroons. Vanilla Ice
Cream.

Harlequin Ice Cream. Strawberries and Cream.

Strawberries with Wine and Sugar. Cream Cakes.

Biscuit Glace. Roman Punch. Charlotte Russe.

Old Burgundy. Port.

Dessert.

Oranges. Bananas. Pine Apple. Cherries.

Almonds. Raisins. English Walnuts.

Strong Coffee.

Old Nectar Cognac. Marsachino.

Annisette. Curacao.

SOUPS.

Peppercot.—Take four pounds of tripe, and a small knuckle of veal, and put them into a large pot, with as much water as will cover them—some whole pepper, and a little salt. Let them boil slowly, keeping the pot covered closely. When the tripe is quite tender, and the veal well boiled, skim the liquor, and strain it; cut the tripe into small pieces, and put them back into the pot, with the soup. Have ready some sweet herbs, chopped, or rubbed fine—some sliced onions, and sliced potatoes; make some small dumplings with flour

and butter; season the vegetables with pepper and salt, and put them into the pot. Have ready a kettle of boiling water, and pour on as much as will keep the ingredients covered while boiling, but take care not to weaken it too much. Add a large lump of butter rolled in flour; put in the dumplings, and let all boil together till thoroughly done. The tripe must be boiled the day previous, and be set away in the liquor.

Calves Head Soup.—Boil the calf's head in water, adding as much salt as you desire, and a few cloves. When well done, that is, so that the meat readily leaves the bone, cut it up in small pieces, seasoning it with salt, pepper, and sweet basil, also a small quantity of parsley—over which dredge some flour. Then throw the meat, &c., into the pot again, adding some dumplings and forcemeat balls. The tongue should be scalded and skinned before it is boiled with the head, and afterward be cut in slices, and seasoned with the meat taken from off the head.

Vegetable Soup.—Put on four or five pounds of lean beef to boil in six quarts of water, with a little salt in it. About an hour before you serve the soup, add in (according to the time they require to boil) two roots of celery cut into slips—some cabbage, turnips, potatoes (all cut into small pieces,) and carrots. Season with pepper, salt, and potherbs; if you please, you can add a handful of barley.

FISH.

Fish—Caveached.—Cut your fish into pieces the thickness of your hand; season it with pepper and salt; let it lie an hour; dry it well with a cloth; flour it, and then fry it a fine brown—in oil. Boil a sufficient quantity of vinegar to cover the fish, adding to it a little garlic, mace, and whole pepper, as much oil as vinegar, and salt to your liking. Mix the oil and vinegar well together, and when the fish and liquor are quite cold, slice some onion, lay it in the bottom of a pot, then add a layer of fish, another of onion, and so on till the fish is all used; the liquor must not be put in till it is quite cold.

Fish—Stewed.—A good way to stew fish is to mix half a tumbler of wine with as much water as will cover the fish in the stew-pan, and put in a little pepper and salt, three or four onions, a crust of bread toasted very brown, one anchovy, and a good lump of butter, and set them over a gentle fire, shaking the stew-pan now and then, that it may not burn. Just before you serve it, pour your gravy into a saucepan, and thicken it with a little butter rolled in flour, some catchup and walnut pickle; beat all well together till it becomes quite smooth, then pour it on your fish, and set it over the fire to heat. Serve it up hot.

Terrapins.—Have ready two pots of boiling water; put the terrapins in one, and boil them until you can skin them; then throw them into the other pot, with salt to your liking, and boil them until the shell will open with ease. When you open your terrapin be careful not to break the gall bag; take that, and the sand bag out, (with care) cut up the flesh, and warm it in a gravy made with a quarter of a pound of butter, pepper, salt, flour and nutmeg. Just before you dish your terrapin, add wine to your liking. The above proportion of ingredients are enough for a vegetable dishful of terrapin.

White Fish Sauce.—Wash two anchovies, and put them into a saucepan, with one glassful of white wine, and two glassfuls of water, half a nutmeg, grated, and a little lemon peel. When it has boiled five or six minutes, strain it through a sieve, add to it a spoonful of white wine vinegar, thicken it a little, and then add nearly a pound of butter rolled in flour; boil it well, and pour it hot upon the fish.

MEATS.

Turkey—Roasted.—When your turkey is well cleaned, and properly prepared for roasting; stuff the craw with

bread stuffing, or a forcemeat made of the crumbs of a very small loaf, a quarter of a pound of suet, shred fine; a little mace meat, or veal chopped very fine; nutmeg, pepper, and salt to your liking, mixed up lightly with eggs. When you have stuffed your turkey, spit it, set it at a proper distance from the fire, dust it with flour, and baste it several times with cold butter; this makes the turkey look better than when it is basted with butter out of the dripping-pan. Make a good gravy, adding the gizzard and liver chopped fine.

Pig's Feet.—Boil the heart and liver of your pig for about ten minutes, and then cut them up very small. Let the feet boil till they are pretty tender, then take them out, and split them. Thicken your gravy with flour and butter; put in the liver and heart, a slice of lemon, a spoonful of white wine, and a little salt, and boil it a short time. Beat the yolk of an egg, add to it two spoonfuls of good cream, and a little grated nutmeg; put in your pig's feet, and shake the pan over the fire—but do not let it boil. Pour the gravy, &c., into a dish, and lay the feet in it, with the skin side up.

Goose Giblets—Stewed.—Cut the pinions of the goose in two parts, and the neck in four pieces; slice the gizzard, clean it well, and then stew them in two quarts of water—or, mutton broth—with a quantity of sweet herbs, one anchovy, a few whole peppers, three or four cloves, a spoonful of catchup, and an onion. When the giblets are tender, put in a spoonful of good cream, thicken it with flour and butter, and serve them in a deep dish.

Goose—Roasted.—Make a stuffing of bread crumbs, a few sage leaves, and two or three onions, (chopped fine) together with a good lump of butter, a teaspoonful of pepper, and two teaspoonfuls of salt. When your goose is well prepared, put in the stuffing, spit it, dust it with flour, and set it before the fire. When it is thoroughly hot, baste it with fresh butter. If it be a large goose, it will require an hour and a half to roast. When cooked enough, dredge and baste it.

Haunch of Venison—Roast.—When you have spitted your venison, lay over it a large sheet of paper, then a thin, common paste with another paper over it; tie it well to keep the paste from falling. If the haunch be a large one, it will require four hours roasting. When done enough, take off the paper and paste, dust it well with flour, and baste it with butter; when it is a light brown, dish it up with brown gravy.

Venison—Hashed.—Cut your venison in thin slices. Then put a large glassful of red wine into a pan, with a spoonful of mushroom catchup, the same quantity of brownings, an onion stuck with cloves, and half an anchovy, chopped fine; when it boils put in your venison, and let it boil three or four minutes; pour it into a deep dish, and lay currant jelly round it.

Onion Sauce for Ducks.—Boil eight or ten large onions, changing the water two or three times while they are boiling. When cooked enough, chop them on a board, (to keep them from growing a bad color,) and then put them in a saucepan with a quarter of a pound of butter, and two spoonfuls of thick cream; boil it a little, and pour it over the ducks.

MADE DISHES.

A Calf's Head—Dressed.—Procure a calf's head—scald off the hair and clean it thoroughly. Cut it in two, take out the brains, and boil the head very white and tender; take one part quite off the bone, and cut in it nice pieces with the tongue, dredge it with flour, and let it stew over a slow fire for about half an hour in rich gravy, made of veal, mutton, and a piece of bacon, seasoned with pepper, salt, onion, and a very little mace; it must be strained before the last is put in. The other part of the head must be taken off in one whole piece: stuff it with nice forcemeat, roll it together tightly, and stew it tender in gravy; then place it in the middle of a dish, laying the hash round it. Garnish it with

forcemeat balls, fried oysters, and the brains made into little cakes dipped in butter and fried. You may add wine, or whatever you please.

Croquets.—Take sweetbreads, cold veal, or fowl, with a small portion of the lean and fat of ham chopped together—add of stale bread half the quantity of the meat, with salt, pepper, mustard, two tablespoonfuls of ketchup, and a good sized lump of butter. Knead the ingredients well together, until the mixture resembles sausage meat, then roll it into small balls, and dip the balls into the yolks of eggs, well beaten, cover them with bread crumbs, and fry them a pretty light brown.

Chicken Salad.—Boil a chicken that does not exceed in weight a pound and a half. When quite tender, take it up, cut the meat in small strips, and prepare the following sauce: Boil four eggs three minutes, take them out of the shells, wash and mix them with two spoonfuls of drawn butter, twelve spoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of mixed mustard, the same of salt, a little pepper and essence of celery.

Curried Chickens.—After your chickens are properly cleaned and cut up, let them stew in as much water as will cover them, for half an hour, or until they are nearly done; add a small quantity of salt to the water. Then put into the pan one or two onions, cut fine, and stew the chickens five minutes longer; then add as much butter and flour.

Cheese—Stewed.—Cut some cheese very thin, lay it in a toaster and set it before the fire; pour a glass of ale over it, let it stand till it is all like a light custard, then pour it over some toast and serve it hot.

PASTRIES.

Apple Dumplings—Boiled.—Have ready the quantity of flour you may require, (according to the number of apples,) put into it a little salt and sufficient boiling water to make it the proper consistency; beat it well, roll it out, and put in the apples—separately. Tie them in cloths, and boil three-quarters of an hour. They may also be made of rice, previously boiled in salt and water—the apples surrounded with the rice, and put in cloths as above.

Beef-steak Pie.—Take cold roast beef, cut it into thin slices about an inch and a half long. Take raw potatoes, peel them, and cut them into thin slices. Have ready a deep dish, lay some of the potatoes at the bottom, then a layer of beef, and so on till the dish is filled. Season it as you would chicken pie, fill it with boiling water, cover it with a crust, and bake it.

Potatoe Fritters.—Ingredients—Two pounds of mashed boiled potatoes, half a pound of butter, one pint of milk, half a pint of wheat flour, two eggs well beaten, and one glass of good wine. Mix the whole well together, and make it into a stiff batter; drop the batter into lard or butter; only fry it until it becomes of a brown color. Serve the fritters with wine sauce.

Potatoe Pies.—Rub together three quarters of a pound of sugar and half a pound of butter—well beaten; add one pound of grated potatoes, (previously boiled and allowed to become cold,) and a wineglassful of brandy-wine and rose-water, mixed. Make the usual pie paste, and fill it with the mixture.

Rice Fritters.—Boil half a pound of rice in water till it becomes soft; pour it out to cool, and add to it one pint of milk, half a pound of flour, and a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Fry them in butter or lard, and serve them with wine sauce.

Pumpkin Pie.—Ingredients.—Half a pound of stewed pumpkin, three eggs, quarter of a pound of butter, one pint of milk, half a pound of sugar, a wineglassful of wine and brandy, mixed; spice to your taste, and rosewater, if you like it. Bake it in a crust.

Batter Pancakes.—Beat three eggs with one pound of flour, add one pint of milk, and a little salt; fry them in lard or butter, and grate sugar over them.

Paste for Custards.—Put half a pound of butter in a pan of water; take two pounds of flour, and when your butter boils, pour in your flour, with as much water as will make it into a good paste, and work it well.

Puff Paste for Four Pie Plates.—Take half a pound and two ounces of flour, and one pound of butter; mix it with half a pint of water; roll it out with the addition of half a pound of flour.

PUDDINGS.

Nameless Pudding.—The ingredients are, one cupful of butter, three cupfuls of sugar, five cupfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, five eggs, one wineglassful of rose brandy, half a nutmeg grated, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Rub the butter, sugar, flour, and cream of tartar well together, then add the milk and yolks of eggs; beat it ten minutes, and then add the soda, dissolved in boiling water, and the whites of the eggs. Bake this pudding one hour in a moderate oven.

Pumpkin Pudding.—Add together three pints of pumpkin, well stewed and squeezed, one quarter of a pound of butter, eight eggs, well beaten, half a pint of cream and half a pint of milk, one glass of brandy, one glass of wine, cinnamon, and nutmeg, and sugar to your taste. Bake the whole three quarters of an hour.

Indian Pudding, No. 1.—Ingredients.—One quart of milk, three or four eggs, half pound of currants, half pound of raisins, and half a pound of suet. Make a tolerably stiff batter with some Indian meal, and add a little salt; sweeten, and add lemon or spice to your taste. Bake it about one hour in a moderate oven.

Gipsy Pudding.—Cut stale sponge cake into thin slices, spread them with currant jelly, or preserves, put two pieces together, like sandwiches, and lay them in a dish. Make a soft custard, pour it over the cake, while hot; then let it cool before serving it.

ICE CREAMS.

Observations upon Creams, Custards, &c.—When you make any kind of creams and custards, take great care that your pans be well tinned; put a spoonful of water into your pan, in order to prevent the cream from sticking to the bottom of it; then beat your yolks of eggs, strain them, and follow the directions of your receipt. As to cheese cakes, they should not be made long before you bake them—for standing makes them oil and grow sad; a moderate oven bakes them best; if it is too hot it burns them and takes off the beauty; and a very slow oven makes them sad and look black.

La Pompadour Cream.—Beat the white of five eggs to a strong froth; put them into a pan, with two spoonfuls of orange flower water, and two ounces of sugar; stir it gently for three or four minutes, then pour it into your dish, pour good melted butter over it, and serve it hot.

OUR GARDEN FOR FEBRUARY.

Out-of-Doors Work.—If the weather is mild and dry, the latter part of this month many hardy annual flower seeds may be sown, particularly the sweet and Tanger peas, larkspur and flos Adonis, which will do much better than if left later in the season. The annual sunflowers, dwarf poppy, catch-fly, candy tuft, nigella, scarlet pea, dwarf lychnis, mallow, Venus looking-glass, and some others may also be sown with propriety. These flowers should not be transplanted, but after digging the borders, make in them with a trowel small patches, about six inches in width, at moderate distances, making the surface even. Sow the seeds in these patches, covering the smaller seed about a quarter of an inch, and the larger deeper in proportion to their sizes. The different kinds of peas must be covered an inch deep at least. After the plants have been up some time, they may be thinned where they stand too thick: for instance, the

sunflower should stand but one in a place, the oriental mallow two or three in a place, and the smaller kinds of flowers thicker.

If, at the latter part of the month, the ground is dry and the weather mild and open, most sorts of hardy fibrous-rooted flowering plants may be put in the earth, both perennials and biennials, such as gentianella, lobelias, thrift, phlox, violets, polyanthus, double camomile, London pride, rose campion, French honeysuckles, rockets, holyhocks, double fever-few, perennial asters, carnations, golden-rod, pink, foxglove, sweet-williams, monkshood, columbine, Canterbury bells, and many others. In planting your flowers, arrange them regularly, and intermix the various kinds in such a way, as to have a variety of colors as well as a regular succession of flowers during the flowering season.

Hyacinths, Tulips, Ranunculuses, &c., of the more valuable kinds, should still be defended from excessive rain, frost, snow and cold, as described in the January number. By doing this the flowers will bloom in much greater perfection than if left fully exposed to the weather, though the more common kinds do not need this care. A free circulation of air should be maintained, if possible, except when it is actually cold enough to freeze the earth, or during cold, hard rains.

Borders, Beds, &c., should be dressed and digged if the weather will permit, and thoroughly cleared of weeds and litter. Let the surface of the borders and beds be lightly and carefully loosened on a dry day with a hoe, and then they should be neatly raked. All beds, &c., not dug and prepared before, should now be done, ready for the reception of seeds, &c.

Flowering Shrubs should now be trimmed, if necessary, and the earth dug around them.

Flowers in the House should have particular attention paid to occasional waterings and fresh air. All kinds of plants require an equal amount of fresh air, though they do not all need the same quantity or frequency of watering. Lemons, oranges, and myrtles, and many other plants of a woody nature, need water frequently, but never much at a time, and give them none at all unless absolutely necessary. The bulbous kinds will require water less frequently, and in less quantities than the woody kinds. Aloes, cactuses, &c., must be watered very sparingly, and only when the earth in the pots is very dry. In fact, all tubs and pots should be examined very carefully, and no water should be given except when needed, as a little will be serviceable, but too much very injurious at this season. Plenty of fresh air on the contrary is absolutely indispensable to the health of plants. Every day that the weather is mild the windows should be opened for a short time, but be very careful not to admit sharp winds or frosty air. The safest method (if practicable) is to lower the sashes from the top, thus allowing the foul air to escape, and the fresh to come in. Be also particular not to keep your room too hot.

GAMES FOR EVENING PARTIES.

THE ART OF CLAIRVOYANCE.—This trick is performed by two persons; one of them generally a lady, is seated on a chair with her eyes securely blindfolded—the other, either a lady or gentleman, goes round among the company, collecting various articles, such as gloves, watches, handkerchiefs, &c., all of which are correctly described by his confederate, although she is, of course, unable to see them. This trick is effected by means of the subjoined system of questions and answers.

FOR OBJECTS.

What is this?—A watch.

What have I got in my hand?—A knife.

Tell me what this is?—A ribbon.

Tell me what I have here?—A purse.

Describe what I hold.—A ring.

Name this article.—A handkerchief.

Can you tell what this is?—A glove.

The above questions are intended to show the principle on which the performance is conducted—a copious list may easily be made out and varied at pleasure during the practice necessary. For colors and materials, the confederate among the company names in his questions several at a time, but arranging them in such an order that the muffled lady would know which she should answer. For instance, we will suppose that the inquirer holds a blue ribbon—he asks, “Is the color blue, red, or yellow?” His confederate knows that the first color is the right one, supposing that this is the first question relating to color that has been asked; if otherwise, it would have been second, third, &c. according to the number of the question. All questions relating to shape, size, or material, may be answered in this manner—those relating to number are known by the question being begun by the corresponding letter of the alphabet, A standing for one, B for two, and so on. For instance, the inquirer having collected a number of pieces of money and other small articles, says, “Will you tell me how many articles I have got here?” The answer is “Twenty-three.” W being the twenty-third letter of the alphabet. The exhibition may conclude by the inquirer’s producing a pack of cards, and after shuffling them well, putting them into the hands of the clairvoyante, who names each card in succession as she lays them down, after showing them to the company. This is managed by the inquirer’s not shuffling the cards, but only cutting and then shifting them quickly into their former places—they are, moreover, all arranged in a certain order known to the clairvoyante, who is further assisted by the cards being marked with pin pricks, by the number and arrangement of which she can tell the suit, whether hearts, clubs, spades or diamonds.

The whole performance requires considerable practice, but if well managed, excites much surprise and amusement. The clairvoyante should always have her eyes covered during the time of practicing it, as otherwise the unusual sensation of being blindfolded is very apt to confuse her and cause mistakes.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

FREEZING MIXTURE.—Dissolve five drachms of muriate of ammonia, and five drachms of nitre, both finely powdered, in two ounces of water. A thermometer immersed in the solution, will show that the temperature is reduced below 32°. If a thermometer tube filled with water be now suspended within, the water will be frozen.

WINE UPON WATER.—Half fill a glass with water, throw a bit of crumb of a loaf into it, about the size of a nut, pour some wine lightly on the bread, and you will see the water at the bottom of the glass, and the wine floating at the top of it.

THE ANIMATED SIXPENCE.—To make a sixpence leap out of a pot. This is done by means of a long, black horse-hair, fastened to the rim of a sixpence, by a small hole driven through it. This feat should be done by night, with a candle placed between the spectators and the operator, their eyes being thereby hindered from discerning the deception.

TO MELT STEEL AS EASILY AS LEAD.—Make a piece of steel red hot in the fire, then hold it with a pair of pinchers or tongs; take in the other hand a stick of brimstone, and touch the piece of steel with it. Immediately after their contact, you will see the steel melt and drop like a liquid.

HOW TO COUNT ELEVEN FINGERS.—Begin from the left hand, and count all the digits of both hands, which will be, of course, ten. Then begin from the right hand and count backward, beginning with the thumb as ten, the fore-finger

as nine, the middle-finger as eight, the next as seven, and the little fingers as six. Then you can hold up the other hand and say, “and five makes eleven.”

ART RECREATIONS.

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FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—DINNER DRESS OF STONE COLORED SILK, trimmed with six founces, each of which is bordered with a blue and black plaided silk. Short Venitian sleeves, with a plaided cap, with a white cambric under-sleeve puffed lengthwise and trimmed with narrow bands of blue silk. A low silk body, over which is worn a white cambric spencer, to correspond with the under-sleeves.

FIG. II.—MORNING DRESS OF DRAB CASHMERE.—The skirt is rounded off at the front, and worn over a white flounced under skirt. The body of the dress has a slight fullness back and front, and is confined at the waist by a cord and tassel. The trimming of the dress is a cherry-colored and black plaid ribbon. The pagoda sleeves are lined with cherry-color, and the medallion trimming is cherry-color and black, with a narrow black lace around each medallion. Collar, cap and under-sleeves of fine jaconet.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF CINNAMON COLOR WITH A DOUBLE SKIRT.—Full circular cloak of black velvet, trimmed only with three rows of rich braid. White bonnet, with a blonde band tied under the chin.

FIG. IV.—WHITE MUSLIN BURNOUSE, lined with wadding enclosed in pink silk, and having a small wadded hood; the

whole trimmed with puffings, through which is run pink ribbons.

FIG. V.—**BONNET**, from R. S. Wilde's, 251 Broadway, New York. It is composed of black silk and black velvet; the front is of silk, with a drooping crown of black velvet, terminated by a rich fall of black lace, and ornamented by bows of *groselle* velvet. The sides are enriched by clusters of black ostrich plumes. The face trimmings are composed of blonde and bows of *groselle* color velvet, edged with lace, and mingled with velvet leaves of the same color; a band of *groselle* velvet, edged with black lace, passes over the head.

FIG. VI.—**BONNET** of emerald green fancy velvet, also from Wildes. The material is laid on the foundation plain; the front is edged with a narrow fold of black velvet: three similar folds extend over the crown, and are formed into knots on the left side, while the right is adorned by black ostrich plumes. The face trimming consists of a full cap of blonde, intermingled with a wreath of stock-gillflowers.

FIG. VII.—A **BONNET**, also from Wilde's, of maroon-color velvet laid on the foundation plain: the left side of the front is enriched by a wide plaiting of the velvet placed on the extreme edge, and terminated on the right side in loops, and ends of black thread lace, drooping among clusters of rich marabout feathers of the same color as the velvet. The inside is adorned with blonde, interspersed with blue and maroon velvet flowers, and bows of black lace.

FIG. VIII.—**HEAD-DRESS** from the same establishment. A graceful and pretty design, composed of black and gay colored plaid ribbon, formed into a succession of loops on the left side, terminating in two long streamers, and surmounted by a scarlet ostrich plume. The decorations on the right side consist of scarlet velvet flowers, black lace, and clusters of black jet fruit, mingled with drooping pendants of the same color.

FIG. IX.—A **SUPERB VELVET CLOAK**, from Bulpin, 361 Broadway, New York. It is exquisitely embroidered, and ornamented with the magnificent tassels and heavy medallion fringe, which is extensively worn this season, by those who can afford to be luxurious. The shape is distinguished by its graceful simplicity; the sleeves resemble the Raglan in form.

FIG. X.—**OPERA BONNET** OF PINK SILK, trimmed with flowers, and a blonde barb which ties under the chin.

FIG. XI.—**SMALL CAP FOR HOME**, trimmed with narrow velvets and blonde. Bouquet of violets on one side; barb trimmed with velvet on a violet ground.

FIG. XII.—**MUSLIN SLEEVE** with a pointed cuff, richly embroidered.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The rumor which was current some time back has gained ground, that dresses of bright colors, short skirts and short waists, and without crinoline, were to be worn. Slippers are to supersede boots, and quilted hoods are to take the place of the small bonnet, or at least so it is whispered. Plain satin, which has been so little worn for several years, is again becoming fashionable. The round corsage, to be worn with a broad sash, or belt and buckle, is decidedly the most fashionable for ordinary dress, though the corsage pointed back and front is the most elegant for a superior style of costume. For ordinary wear the close sleeve, fastened at the wrist, is popular, but a rather short, open sleeve, displaying the lace under-sleeve, is more "dressy."

WREATHS, which have been prepared for the winter balls, comprise some mounted in the circular form with pendent sprays. Others have very full tufts or bouquets of flowers on each side. A few wreaths have either on the right or on the left side, a single flower, or a small tuft of flowers differing from those which compose the wreath. For instance, we have seen a large rose placed on the left side of a wreath of violets.

One of the prettiest wraps for the opera or evening party that can be worn this winter, is a shawl of scarlet French merino, having on its lower half two rows of broad Maltese lace, headed by a broad black velvet. Some scarlet cloaks are also being worn out-of-doors by very young ladies, and it is probable that the color in this style will become general for walking costume.

One of the prettiest evening dresses for a young lady is of white spotted muslin made with a full front, having a band at the top, a wide sash of its own material, the sleeve rather hanging, worn without an under one, but relieved by broad, black velvet bracelets having long ends.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

ENORMOUS INCREASE.—There never has been a time that "Peterson" declined in circulation, not even the year 1857, which proved so disastrous to many publications. But our increase, this year, has surpassed all precedent. There is every reason to believe, from the indications, that the day is not far distant when "Peterson" will print as many copies monthly as all the other Magazines put together. We do not think there is another periodical, here or abroad, which can say, that, during an existence of nearly eighteen years, it has never seen the time when its circulation retrograded, even temporarily. Our motto—and have we not earned a right to it?—"is forward, always forward."

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of the letter, the name of your post-office, county and state. If gold is sent, fasten it to a bit of thin paste-board, of the size of the letter when folded; for otherwise it may slip out. Tell nobody your letter contains money. Do not register it. If you take these precautions, the remittance may be at our risk.

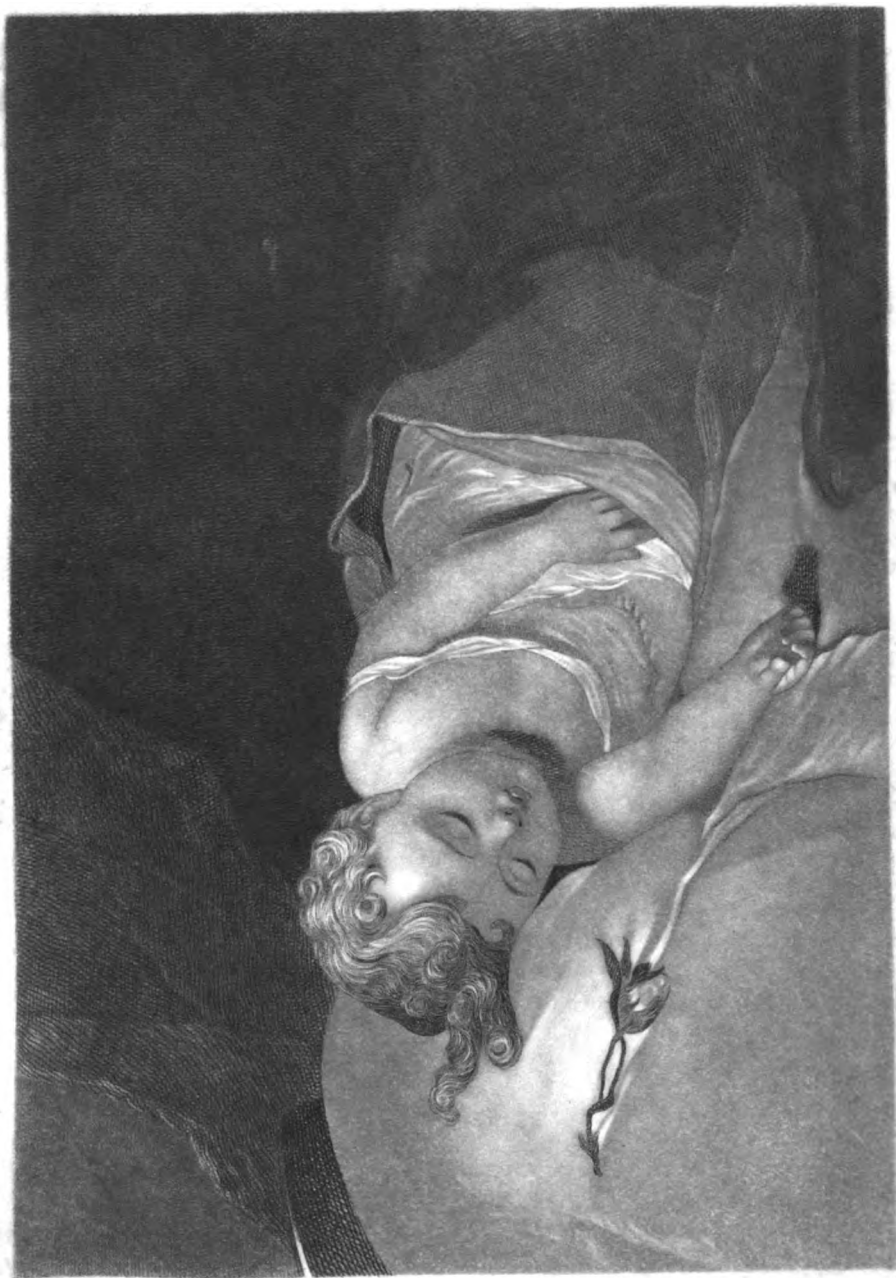
DIFFERENT POST-TOWNS FOR CLUBS.—Subscribers, in a club, can have the Magazine sent wherever they reside. If desired, it will be sent to as many different post-offices as there are members of the club.

OUR PREMIUM ALBUM.—Our premium to persons getting up clubs for 1859 will be a lady's album, in beautifully embossed gilt binding, with gilt edges, and with variously colored writing paper. It will also be embellished with several elegant and choice steel engravings. Altogether, it will be the most superb affair we, or any other magazine publisher, has ever offered to the public. It will be sent gratis, post-paid, to every person getting up a club of three, and remitting \$5.00; or to any person getting up a club of five, and remitting \$7.50; or to any person getting up a club of eight, and remitting \$10.00; and also to persons getting up larger clubs, if preferred instead of the extra copy of the Magazine.

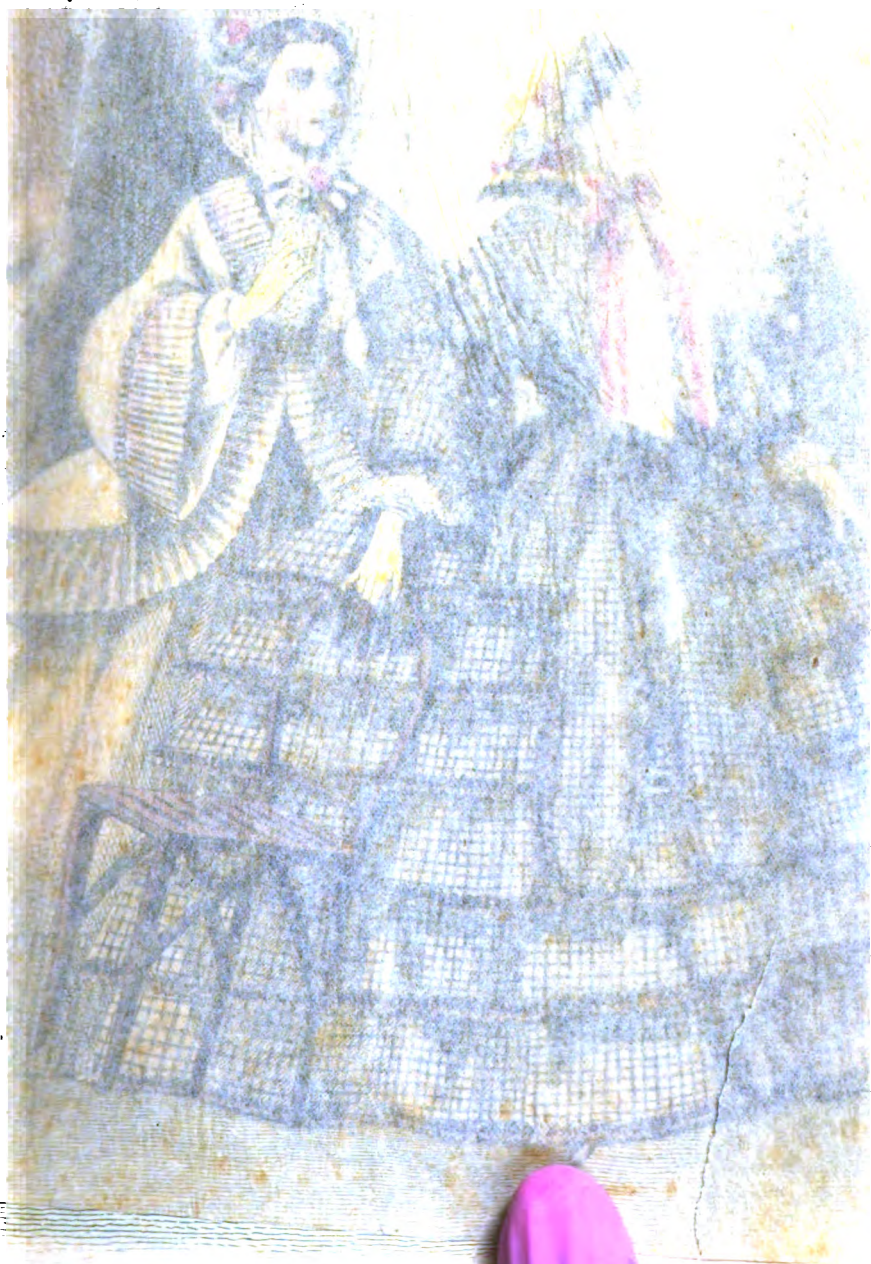
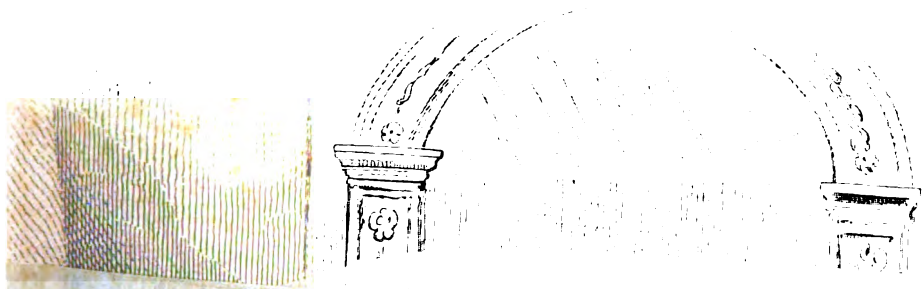
POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—This, when pre-paid quarterly, at the office of delivery, is one and a half cents a number, per month, or four cents and a half for the three months: if not pre-paid it is double this.

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PREMIUMS.—Always say, in remitting for a club, who is the person entitled to the premium.



THE SLEEPING PUTTO

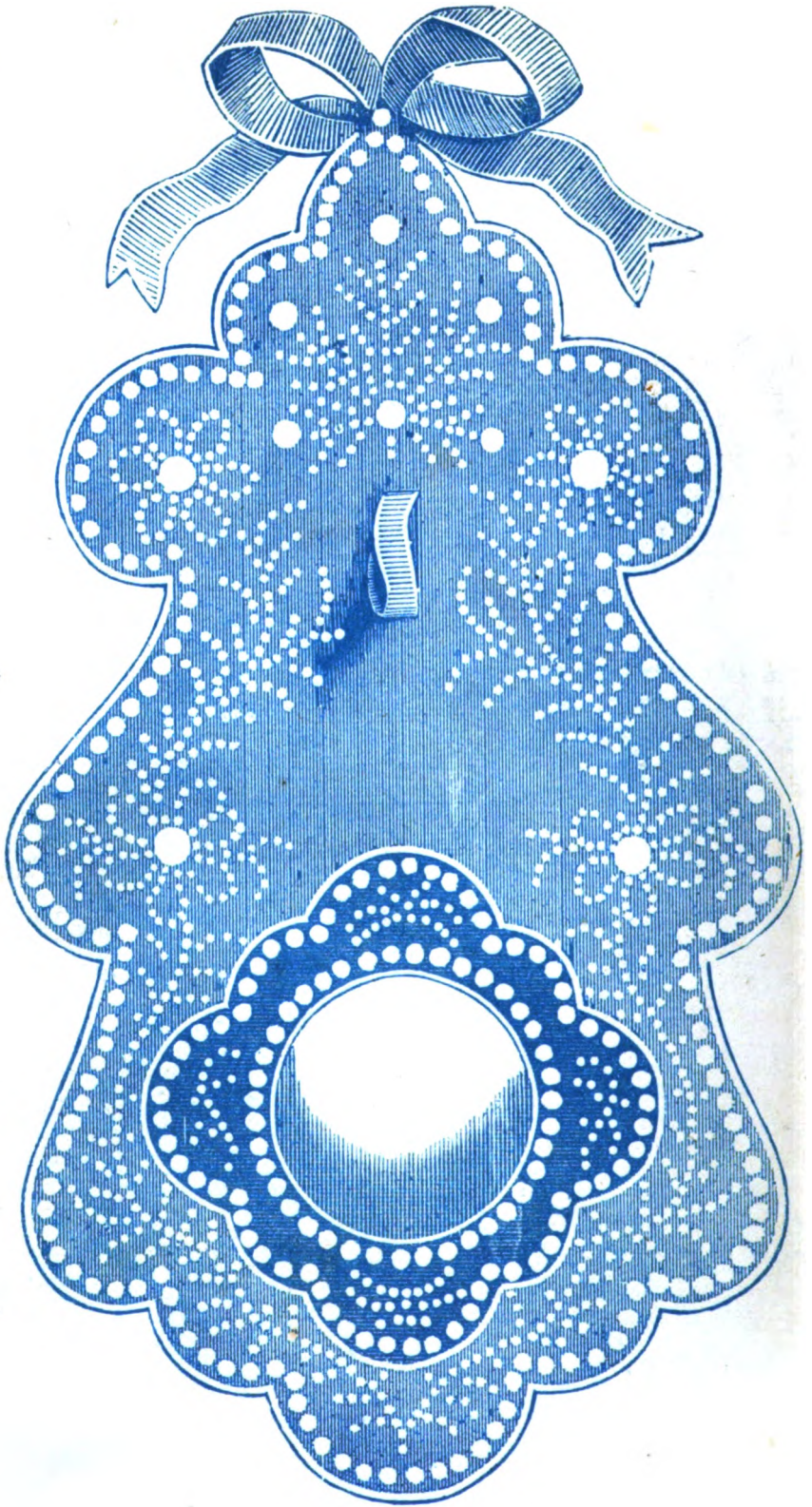


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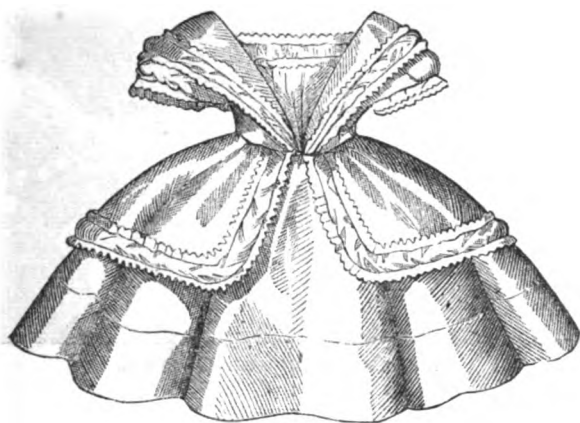


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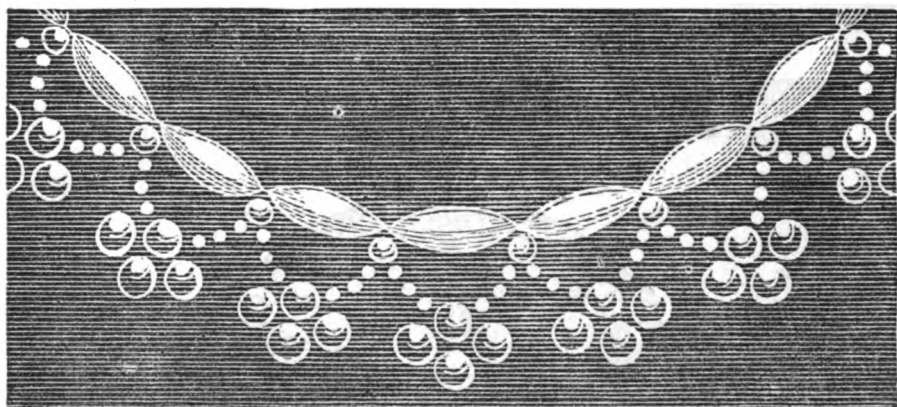




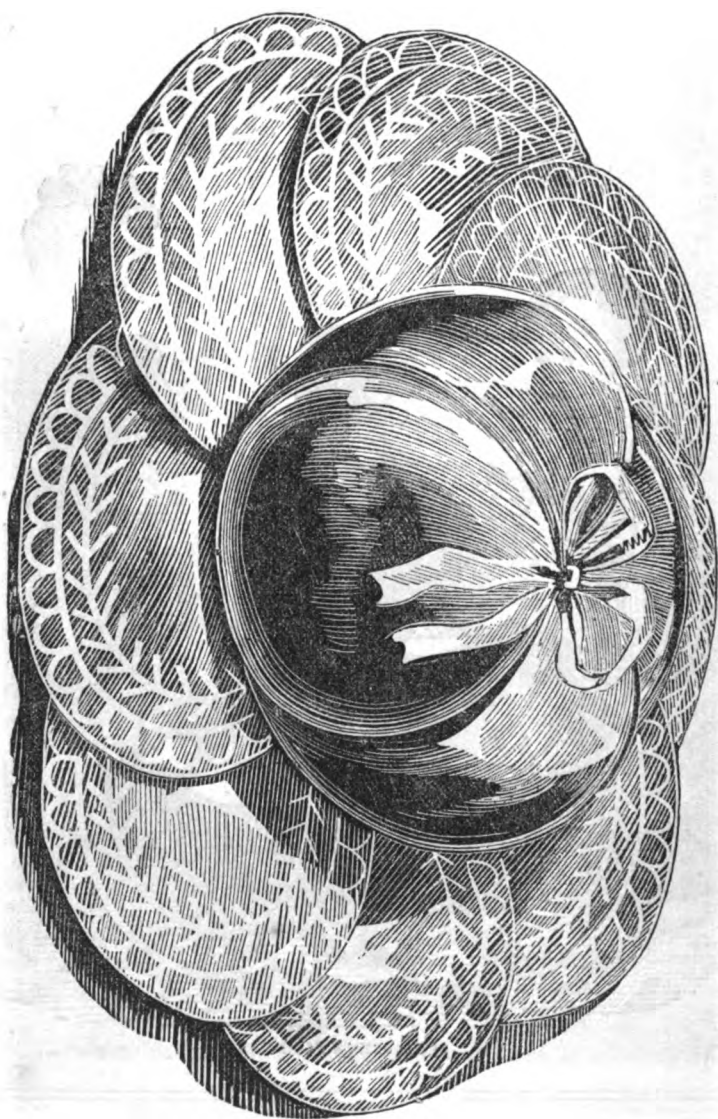
CHILD'S DRESS.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



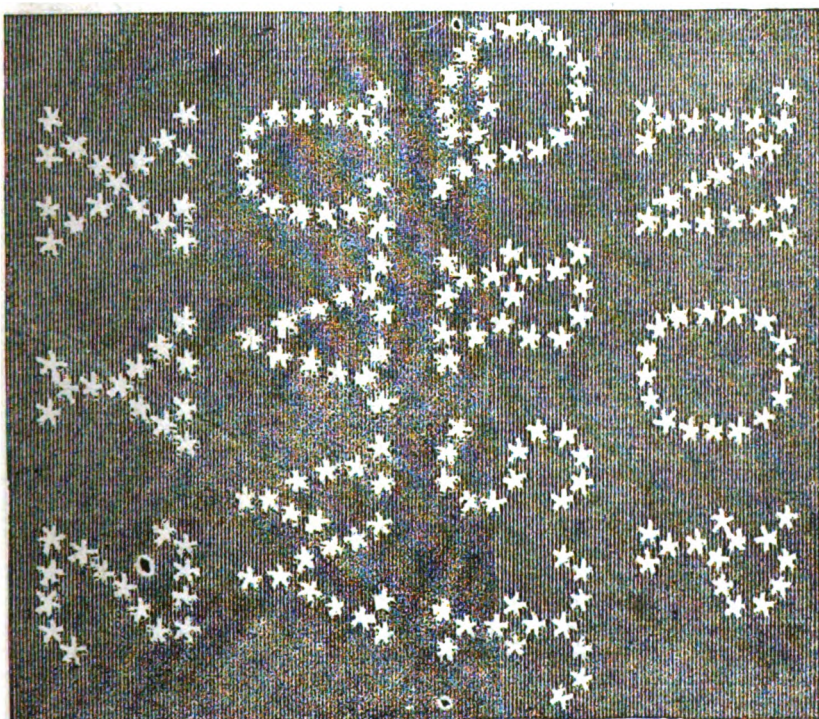
NECKLACE IN IMITATION OF PEARL.



B. BLIN PINCUSHION.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



They Told Me of thy Happy Smile.

WORDS BY J. HAY DOBBIN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Moderato.

mf

They told me of thy hap - py smile, The

smile I lov'd in days gone by; They knew not of the pain the while, That wrung my soul with ag - o - ny, Yet while I grieve thy

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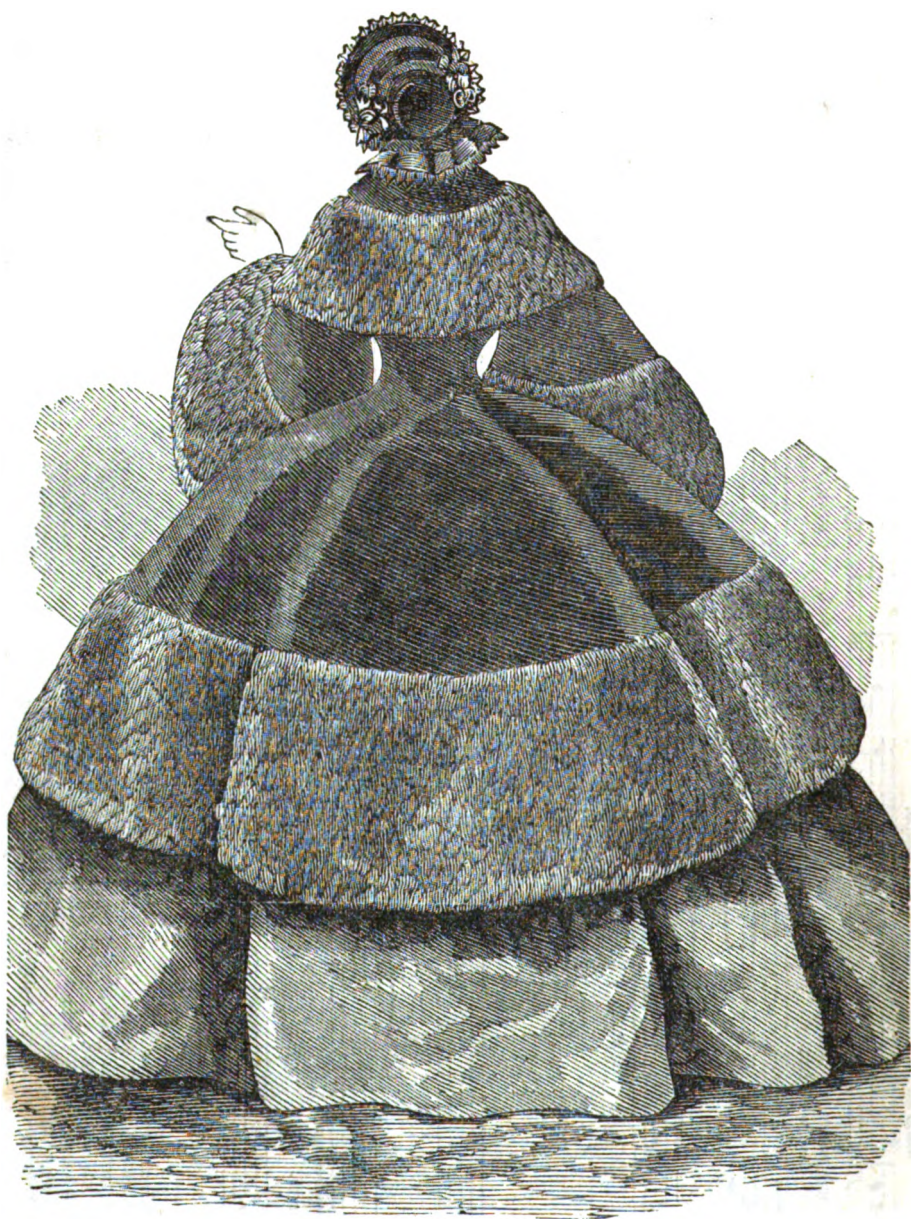
heart estranged, and mourn the past with deep re - gret, I feel, how'er thy love hath changed, Thou canst not all the past for -

get. They told me of the beaming eye That shone with Love's unclouded ray, And sparkled, with some lov'd one nigh, Like sunshine on a summer's day. They said that light would ever shine— Its brightness ne'er could fade or set; They could not know that heart of mine Still clung to thee—Canst thou forget?

2.
They said thy fair and noble brow
Had never known a shade of care;
That thy young heart was beating now
As if Time kept no record there.
They said on Life's dark, troubled main
No storm thy barque had e'er beset;
They could not know the thought was vain—
Thou canst not all the past forget.

3.
They told me of the beaming eye
That shone with Love's unclouded ray,
And sparkled, with some lov'd one nigh,
Like sunshine on a summer's day.
They said that light would ever shine—
Its brightness ne'er could fade or set;
They could not know that heart of mine
Still clung to thee—Canst thou forget?

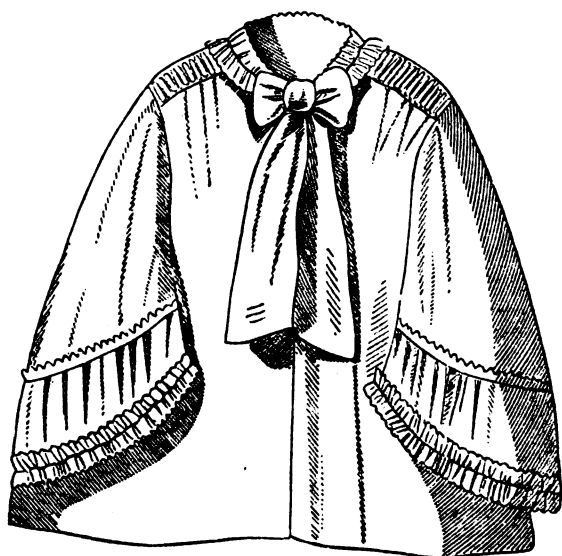
4.
Love on! I would my fondest prayer
Could give thy heart a full release;
I would not claim a portion there
When Mem'ry ever prays for peace.
So do we from the sweets distil
Of life the poison'd cup; so yet
The past will linger round thee still—
I know thou canst not all forget.



NEWEST FASHION FOR CLOAK.



NEWEST STYLE OF DINNER DRESS.



SACQUE



CAPE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXV.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1859.

No. 3.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE: ANTIQUE CHIMNEY-PIECES.

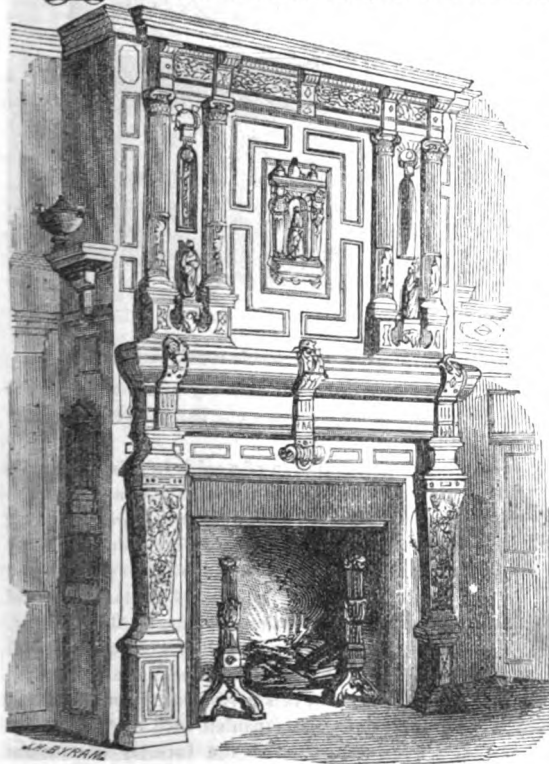
BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.



HE pride of progress, which characterizes this nineteenth century, frequently runs into boastfulness. We claim to be superior to the past in all things, when, in many things we have really retrograded. In the picturesqueness of our domestic architecture, for in-

stance, we fall behind the middle ages. The old cities of France, Germany, Italy, and even England contain antique houses, to which nothing now erected can be compared. Nor is it for their exteriors only that these dwellings are so remarkable. Their paneled, or vaulted chambers, are not less picturesque than their quaint gables, or quainter windows. But in nothing is the decline of domestic architecture more striking

than in the chimney-pieces of modern times. Formerly, this portion of an apartment was always more or less imposing. Now, especially where hot-air flues are used, it is wholly neglected. To show how picturesque many of these old chimney-pieces are, we have caused several to be engraved from drawings made on the spot. The first is particularly rich and elaborate. It occupies the head of a paneled apartment, and reaches, as will be seen, to the ceiling. It violates, it is true, the classical canons of architecture, but it is not the less picturesque on that account; for there is a freedom and originality about it often wanting in designs that are more slavishly correct. The carvings of this chimney-piece are particularly rich. Its age is not less than two centuries. What jests have been told, what songs sung, what flirtations carried on, in front of this antique fireplace! How, at Christmas time, the great logs must have roared and crackled up the chimney! It is one merit of these old firesides, that, to an imaginative mind, they are full of the poetry of the past, full of hallowing associations.



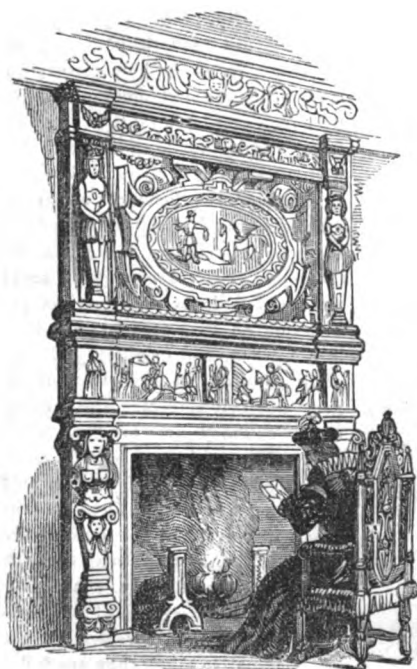
OLD ENGLISH FIRE-PLACE.

Another chimney-piece is from Cobham Hall, in Kent, an edifice of such antiquity, that it was repaired, two centuries ago, by the famous Inigo



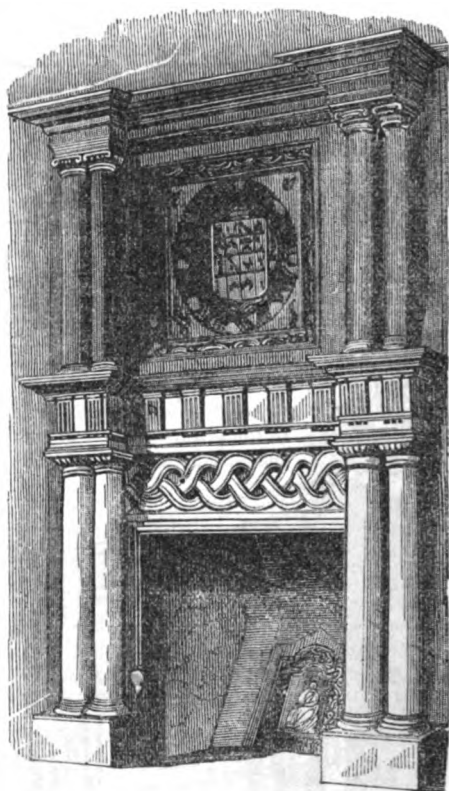
FIRE-PLACE—COBHAM HALL, KENT.

Jones. The chimney-piece is in the dining-room, and is of elaborately carved black and white marble, with quaint and curious figures. Still another ancient chimney-piece is from Charlton Hall, also in Kent, erected about A. D. 1610. This chimney-piece is on the upper floor, be-



FIRE-PLACE—CHARLTON HALL.

tween the gallery and saloon, and is carved with the story of Medusa, underneath which are two allegorical basso-relievos. Another of our illustrations represents a chimney-piece at the Duke's House, in Wiltshire, so called from the Duke of Kingston, to whom it formerly belonged. This imposing two-storied fire-place is in the entrance hall, and was carved during the reign of James

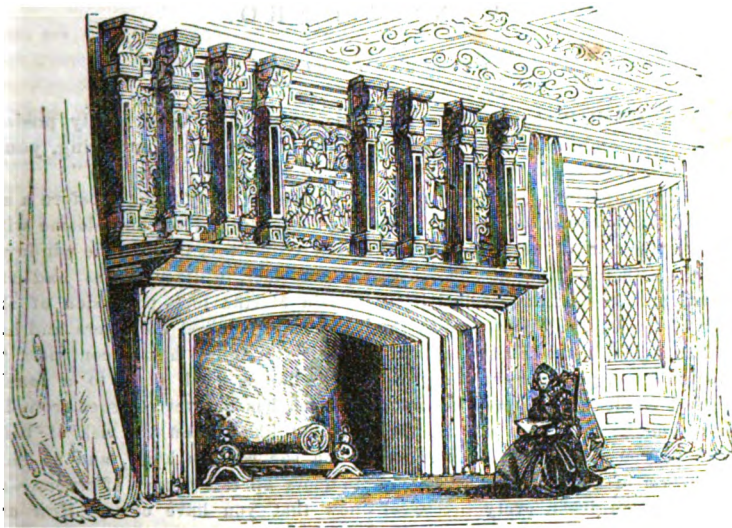


FIRE-PLACE—DUKE'S HOUSE, WILTSHIRE.

the First. Another chimney-piece, of an earlier date, and which closes our list, is even more picturesque.

The accumulation of wealth in this country is gradually improving our domestic architecture. The environs of our great cities are beginning to be crowded with suburban mansions, on many of which large sums have been expended and which frequently exhibit excellent taste. Rural cottages, in the Italian, Tudor, or Gothic style, dot the landscape, especially in the older settled portions of the United States. We have, from time to time, in this periodical, given plans and specifications, accompanied with engravings, for such dwellings. But the interior decorations of these cottages and mansions are too often

neglected. Everything is sacrificed to a hand- in which we live, even if we sacrificed something
some outside. Would it not be in better taste to of that exterior show which principally benefits
devote more to the ornamentation of the rooms only strangers?



OLD ENGLISH FIRE-PLACE.

THE CHARMED BOUQUET.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

FRIENDSHIP to Flora said, "In Anna's bower
Sits Sorrow, pining through the livelong day;
Give me, I pray, some herbs of magic power,
Whose woven spell may chase the fiend away."

The blooming Goddess heard the kindly prayers—
To grant the boon did graciously incline;
A charmed Bouquet she gave to Friendship's care,
And Friendship's hand conveyed the flowers to mine.

"Let us forget"—so ran the mystic lay,
"Those sensibilities that foster sadness;
Prosperity and Beauty may decay,
Yet should unchanging Friendship bring thee gladness.
In life's most barren hour, firm Faith may find
Some mercy still, its gratuities to waken;

Bear the heart's War with Dignity of Mind,
Nor fear that Heaven will leave thee e'er forsaken."

So spake thy flowers—and when their leaves are dust,
When their sweet perfume lost in air shall be,
Will grateful Memory to thy kindness just,
Recall the lesson, and give thanks to thee.

NOTE.—In the Language of Flowers—Yellow Rose signifies—Let us forget. Verbena, Sensibilities. White Rose, Sadness. Red Rose, Prosperity and Beauty. Arbor Vitæ, Unchanging Friendship. Flowering Reed, Faith. Campanula, Gratitude. York and Lancaster Rose, War. Centifolia, Dignity of Mind. Willow, Forsaken.

Of these flowers was the Bouquet composed.

MORNING.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

The purple clouds are folded back,
And morning stars are shining there,
Bright as some flashing gleam of hope
On the dark billows of despair.

Night's starry crown grows pale and dim,
'Neath the glad pinions of the morn,
As heart-throbs of awaken'd life
Proclaim, another day is born.

The bright-winged morning comes to all,
The earnest-hearted, and the brave,

And to the poor and sad of earth,
Whose only birth-right is—the grave.

An angel messenger of light,
To lowly cot, or marble halls,
With noiseless step it smiles alike
On palaces and cottage walls.

Our hearts in praise ascend to Thee,
Bless'd Giver of the morning light,
That Thou hast sent the golden day
To follow on the steps of night.

AGNES' HERO.

BY ELEANOR CLAIRE.

It was early on a dull, September afternoon. Now and then a few sunbeams strayed through the wildly scudding clouds, and found their way into the pleasant little parlor. But as uneasy as those flying clouds was the inmate herself, Agnes Murray. A very demon of unrest seemed to have entered the little form, that now paced the room backward and forward, now rolled itself into a corner of the sofa, and now stood by the window, half concealed in the crimson curtains, with face to the pane, gazing down the street where the great maples had already begun to put on their autumn livery. Look into that face to see if perhaps you will wish to know Agnes better. The charm of beauty is not there, yet every thought mirrors itself, every breeze of emotion leaves some unexpected trace upon it. You read tender sensibilities, a warm, true nature, and alas! a waywardness that does not brook control from without, nor know it from within. A hundred moods a day broke the otherwise still surface of her life, but underneath that changing surface lay a heart ever full of generous impulse, and a mind of no ordinary stamp. A correct early training would have made that character a more noble and steadfast one, but the father, who died ere Agnes' tenth year, loved the pretty, capricious ways of his only child too well to attempt to reform them; and the invalid mother, accustomed to lean upon her daughter's strange will, left her to her own guidance. Her energy and superior talents gave her an ascendancy in the little circle of friends in which she moved, that no one ever thought of questioning, even when her fearless independence of sentiment led her sometimes beyond the ordinary rules of girlish propriety. If she coquetted, as some called it, with one after another of her little company of admirers, it was not to break hearts, but to amuse a fancy that knew not how to fix itself long upon any object, and yet was pleased with each in its turn.

As she stood by the window now, she caught sight of a slender, erect figure coming up the street, and exclaimed aloud, "Oh! it is cousin Martha, how glad I am!" Moving rapidly about the room, she wheeled the low, sewing-chair close to the window, placed a footstool, and brought into plainer sight the vase of late garden

flowers, saying, "Now, pretty posies, which I spent so long time in arranging, you shall have cousin Martha to admire you."

It was not many minutes before a sweet, smiling face, that carried its welcome with it, made itself visible first through the window, and then at the door, whither Agnes had run. Then cousin Martha took possession of the sewing-chair, and admired the asters and balsams and pansies to Agnes' heart's content. "You have come like a good angel to a lonely mortal. Mamma has not yet returned from Lincoln. I did not like to run the risk of being abroad when she reaches home, and so shall remain in-doors all this dreary afternoon—not dreary now that you have come. How are all the children?" "In need of manifold garments as usual, little mendicants that they are," replied Martha, as she drew from the recesses of her satchel the material of sewing. "Of course I shall help you, for it will be such a comfort to have something to do. Say, Martha, were you ever in such a deplorable state—with nothing, absolutely nothing to do?" "The day is far distant," said she, with a sigh, as she thought of a thousand plans for profit or pleasure, which she had long since foregone for the sake of the instruction and care of a little troop of brothers and sisters, to which her mother's death, some years before, had left her the heritage. "Oh, Martha," said Agnes, after a little pause, "I have been thinking so much to-day." "And what was the cause of so rare an event?" "Don't laugh and I will tell you—I am tired of myself. Now I am of no manner of importance or good to anybody, as you very well know. Even to poor mamma, I believe I am more of a trouble than a comfort." "Oh, Agnes, don't you know you are a dear blessing to all your friends?" "They are few enough," said she, with a doleful face, "blind grand-ma'am Smith, to whom I read Pilgrim's Progress and Saint's Rest—yes, she's a saint herself—and old Mrs. Gruler, to whom I carry broth—yes, these, with you and unsele Stephen, are the best friends I have. Now, soberly, Martha, it seems as if I might be something noble, better if I would. But there is no call upon me. Now you have some object to work

for, but I am like——" "A flower wasting its sweetness upon the desert air," interrupted Martha. "Yes, I waste my genius upon the three kittens and the flowers, and alas! the flowers are all withering, and the ungrateful kittens fast growing into big, lazy cats. I wish there were Protestant convents—I would enter one." "What would be the practical advantage of that movement? You would not content yourself there two hours." "Yes, I would like to be under discipline like that to see if it would not sober me down into somebody—a good, patient soul like you, that thinks of others more than of itself. I have half a mind to become Catholic, and choose some good father-confessor to rule my conscience, and make me a saint in spite of myself." "Rule yourself, my dear girl," said Martha; "or better still, marry a good husband and learn to love, honor and obey him." "Oh, but how to get him!" "Firstly, then, don't flirt." "Yes, I must, and I will flirt—in my way, that is. What is there wrong about it? Did anybody ever let concealment, &c., prey on his cheek for love of me? Does Capt. Harvey, or Wallace Hall, or good John Ashly, care to straw for me? They all have reason to be infinitely grateful to me for throwing away precious time in listening to their concealed nothings. Last evening, Wallace entertained me at first with those stale college jokes of his, which he evidently thinks to be the essence of wit. At last I told him that I was tired of them, and thought such boyish tricks below the dignity of a gentleman, whereupon he got fairly beyond his depths in attempting large displays of erudition." "Why did you waste your time in talking to him? You ought to be above such men, Agnes." "Well, my dear, I hope I am, infinitely," and she rose, drawing her little figure to its utmost height, saying, "don't you see how much above Capt. Harvey I am?" Martha laughed at the contrast between the six feet of the captain, and the slender form that now stood before her, poised gracefully on tip toe. "But seriously, cousin Martha, what shall I do?" "You must marry, that is the best advice I can give you. With a husband to watch over you and keep your unruly feet in straight ways, you might make a useful woman after all." "Oh, if I could find my hero, the good, true, noble one of my dreams. Yes, when he comes, I will give over flirting, will say yes as soon as he offers, and live in quietness and good-will all the rest of my days like a perfect Griselda." "Heroes are very rare," said Martha. "But it would not make me better, you know, to marry a fop

like Capt. Harvey. I want some one better and stronger than I am, with a soul large enough to contain twenty like mine. But let us give over talking such tiresome things. I will not think any more to-day, but will bring in the kittens for you to pass judgment upon, and then you shall tell me the news." So the maiden vanished for a moment, and returned with the objects of her care scampering by her side. "Come, kittens," said she, "and see your aunt Martha and pull her tiresome old sewing straight out of her fingers." "Oh, Agnes, will you never be a woman?" said Martha, in a half serious, half comic tone. "No, we will never be women, will we, kittens? What should we be women for to plague our poor little brains about horrid things that we don't care for? No, we won't," and Agnes petted one after the other, till a spirited scratch made her desist. "Now—any news?" "Yes, Frank is coming home next week for a few days." "That is good; it is long enough since we have seen Frank. We must have rides and drives and rambles to celebrate the occasion." "He wrote us," continued Martha, "that he had recently become acquainted with a nephew of Dr. Henry's, who is soon coming to Winfield to become a partner of his uncle's." "Ah, that is news—now what of the man—is he old or young—good, bad or indifferent? A new-comer is too rare here not to be an object of the deepest interest." "Frank was greatly pleased with him. He must be young, for it is only a year since he finished his studies. He will probably come about the same time with Frank." "Now, Martha, what an addition to Winfield society, and what an opportunity for a flirtation!" "Be good for once, Aggie. If you commence a flirtation, may it be your last. Who knows, indeed, but he will prove to be your hero?" "If it be he, he shall have a warm welcome, but he has been so long invisible that I regard him as a myth, a new figment of the imagination, as Parson Lane would say. Remember, my hero is gallant and handsome, good and true. So if it be my last flirtation, let it be a merry one." Cousin Martha had gone, and the sober mood came over Agnes again. The deep, blue eyes were clouded with a shade of sadness. She sat on the low stool by the window, holding her chin in her hand, wondering with child-like wonder what future lay before her, and whether in all the great world there was a heart which would ever beat deep and true with love for her.

A violent storm had kept Agnes within doors for two days, during which she had been too busy to be restless, or to think much of the past

or the future. Her mother had returned from a short journey, weary and nervous, and Agnes, who could always tame her own unquiet nature to gentleness, had little time to care for herself in the presence of the fretful invalid. Then there was something in the wild raging of the storm which buoyed up her spirits, and gave a pleasant sense of life and energy through all her frame. But a sunny morning had arisen, bright and clear, and Agnes had sauntered forth along the garden walks to find what havoc the wind had made with the flowers. She lifted the trailing branches, sighed at the broken stems and blossoms bent down to the damp earth. "Summer has gone—summer has gone," said she, sadly, "why cannot it last the whole year long? Dear blossoms, I cannot bear to have you die." Agnes had a habit of apostrophizing inanimate objects. Had she been a Greek maiden, she would have believed most devoutly in nymphs, naiads, dryads and fauns, and as it was, felt a sort of kindred life with all that lives. She walked down the dismantled paths and stood at the gate, feeling cheery in the bright sunshine and the pleasant air. She held up her head as the maple dropped rain-drops down upon her and said, "So you have kept some of heaven's gifts to shed upon me. That was a lovely morning welcome." She cast her eyes downward again, and beheld, but a few paces distant, calling a joyous welcome, her young cousin, Frank Haven, Martha's younger brother. "You are glad to see me, I know you are, cousin Aggie," said he, with a brotherly salute. "Yes, that I am, Frank, but Martha told me that you were not coming till next week. When did you arrive?" "Last evening, in all the rain. I made a descent upon the folks dripping like a water-fowl. Reynolds thought he must come, and I expedited matters so as to have his company and give you a surprise." "And who is Reynolds?" "Don't you know? old Dr. Henry's nephew and henceforth denizen of the respectable town of Winfield. He is a fine fellow, too, and a great friend of mine. You must know him, Aggie." "Older than you, I take it, or Dr. Henry would not deign to receive him into his staid bachelor domain." "Oh, a trifle of five or ten years, or so. You are as particular as ever about age, cousin Aggie. Remember my three months' seniority." "I am not likely to forget it in your presence, Frank. It was upon that, that all your boyish claim to tyrannize over me was founded. Well, so Dr. Reynolds is your great friend—I ought to like him for that, I suppose." "Of course you ought, especially as I have told him all about you, and

so prepared him to admire you immensely." Agnes always had a horror of being talked about, and now her cheek burned with the remembrance of youthful follies which she had shared with cousin Frank, and would not, as she thought, give to a stranger the most agreeable impression of her. "What did you tell him?" inquired she, earnestly. "Of our climbing trees and running horseback races, or of our playing truant together and losing our way in the woods?" "What a memory! Really I had forgotten those creditable facts in our history, or I should have embellished my narrative therewith. But it is not too late now." "What right had you to be talking about me at all?" "Don't be vexed, you have no idea how good I made you." "Then you told falsehoods, for you know I am not good at all." "Not as good as he is certainly—he is one of a thousand. I know no woman worthy of him unless it be sister Martha, and she is not to be spared from the ranks of spinster-hood. As for you, don't get your demure eyes full of Dr. Reynolds, for I want you to wait a few years longer for me," and Frank bowed laughingly toward Agnes, whose brown hair, gilded by sunlight, and falling in waves around a face now lit up with dimpled smiles, made a sweet picture, that brought back forcibly to the young man's mind the remembrance of early days. They had been as brother and sister from earliest childhood, and in many respects they resembled each other in character. But during the past two years they had been for the most part separated, and Agnes had left him behind in growing maturity. Now at the age of nineteen, she could hardly recognize in the gay, light-hearted youth the most confidential friend of her early life. It was with a slight jar of feeling that they met, but this wore away as his overflowing spirits made Agnes more buoyant, and they were soon full of schemes for the enjoyment of the week he was to spend in Winfield.

"First, an excursion to Prospect Hill," said Frank, "when you must ride Dobbin and wear your grey riding-suit." "Dobbin is dead, and the grey riding-suit unpresentable in good society." "Dobbin dead! so has gone another old friend. Peace to his ashes. And as for the grey habit, you will never look so charming in anything else." "That is a mere boyish fancy; you shall see next week." "Of course," said Frank, "I shall invite Dr. Reynolds to join the party." "Not for this once, Frank, please; there are so few of us, and a stranger spoils such a friendly company. You are to be my cavalier, you know." "Oh, I have promised Millie that

she shall have Arthur Reynolds' escort, and I must show due regard to my sister and friend. But never mind! be as devoted to me as you please—I am glad you are becoming steady-minded." "I shall revenge myself upon you," retorted she, "by fascinating the stranger as completely as possible."

The next day was the Sabbath, and as the arrival of a new-comer was something of an event in the quiet town, not a few eyes in the church were turned upon him at his entrance. Behind Dr. Henry, with his stalwart form, his head covered with iron-grey locks and a slightly tottering step, followed his nephew, quite unconscious of the observation directed to himself. Agnes saw him too from the gallery where she sat among the singers. He was tall and slender, and his step was slow and deliberate. She saw his face at last, when he turned toward the gallery during the singing, as was the wont in the congregation. It was a calm, grave face, to which large, dark eyes lent a softness and sweetness, when she had seen him oftener. But now these were cast downward, and the expression was almost one of sternness, so that Agnes laughed a little to herself, with a mingled sense of relief and disappointment, and said, "So my hero has not arrived yet."

They met frequently while Frank Haven remained in Winfield. Agnes, at first repelled by a gravity of speech and demeanor quite unlike her own, found this repulsion slowly passing away as she saw the kind and genial feelings, the strong, good sense, and the fresh, earnest nature, undisguised by outward show or vanity. She liked to listen to his clear, ringing tones, as he told of distant lands through which he had been a traveler, and when, as now and then happened, he became aroused almost to enthusiasm, in speaking of some great question of right and wrong, her cheek would grow warm, and her heart beat high in sympathy. Her glowing face, thus lit up with animation, became positively beautiful, and began to interest Arthur Reynolds. It was pleasant to watch its changes, and to listen to the words full of originality and spirit which fell from her lips. Yet it was vexatious to see her, just after she had seemed almost inspired with noble enthusiasm, engaged in replying gayly to the wild sallies of Frank Haven, or vying with the gayest in song and dance. So grave Dr. Reynolds, who doubtless thought more of the outward appearance than was wise, took refuge in the gentle society of Martha Haven, whose placid quietness was never so common-place as to be wearisome. Yet his eyes followed the graceful motions of Agnes,

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and his ear caught with an eagerness that almost surprised himself the merry sounds of her voice.

One evening, as a little party had been out for a stroll upon one of the hills that shut in the village, and were on their homeward way, Martha and Agnes took a pleasant shaded path along the bank of a stream that had hollowed for itself a deep bed and ran foaming along its stony way, making music beneath the trees that struck their long roots into the soil above, and bent over their branches till they almost touched the water. The cousins had separated themselves from the rest of the company, and strolled quietly along, talking of little household matters, of old scenes and absent friends. As the shadows of the trees grew longer and longer in the declining sunlight, they fell into a dreamy silence. Suddenly Agnes paused, while Martha walked slowly on. She had descried a branch glowing like fire with scarlet leaves, and bending over till it seemed within her reach. She was at once full of eagerness to obtain the brilliant prize, which drooped just over the edge of the bank. So she stepped to the brink, and, standing on tiptoe, had just touched the branch when she felt the soil giving way under her feet, and heard the branch by which she held cracking above her. Yet she had scarcely time to comprehend her danger, or even to utter a cry of fear, ere a strong arm had grasped her tightly and drew her to firm ground. She looked around, laughing at the awkwardness of her situation, and beheld Arthur Reynolds, who had strayed thither by a shorter path, and was unconscious of the proximity of any one, till he suddenly came upon Agnes. "Don't laugh," said he, more sober than ever, "the danger was not trifling. Look," and he led her nearer to the brink again, still retaining his firm hold upon her. Agnes looked and shuddered. The bank, for a short space only sloping, became then steep, and beneath, the stream which had deepened and widened, formed a basin of water, whirling and tossing over huge rocks. "I should have fallen in an instant," said she, drawing back, "had it not been for you, and had I fallen there, no human power could have saved me. How can I thank you?" "You owe no thanks to me, but to the kind power that led my steps hither at the dangerous moment. And now," continued he, less gravely, "lest you get into mischief again, I shall assume the guardianship of you for the rest of the way home!" How pleasant was that sunset walk down the hillside, remembered by Agnes many and many a time in after life. At that hour, the hero of her dreams first became reality. With almost a pang, she suddenly awoke to the consciousness that a deeper

interest than ever she had known before had suddenly arisen in her heart. She felt strong in the strength of the manly presence beside her, and better in the goodness that shone from every word and look of his. For once his reserve gave way, though he used no more tender word than friend would say to friend; and Agnes, touched by the scene through which she had just passed, listened, and answered with an unwonted gentleness. For the first time, she heard of his early life, of the death of parents, and of the care and love of an elder sister who had been to him as a mother. "Only a year ago," said he, "I stood beside my sister's death-bed, and it seemed as if a glory passed away from earth, as she became a saint in heaven. I cannot tell you how good she was. While she lived, her sweet example was a constant incentive to me, and now, that I walk lonely among men, I seem to feel her beside me day and night like a guardian presence."

What a high standard of excellence is his, thought Agnes, and I—I never can seem to him more than a frivolous girl. Yes, as Frank said, I am not good enough to be even his friend. He will seek another saint like his sister, and leave me to be as wicked as I will. But the bitter mood did not come upon her to-day, nor for many days. But when she next saw him afterward, her mocking genius arose within her, and she found a sort of pleasure in seeing that her lightness, assumed though it was, had the power to pain him. She was at her cousin Martha's, as Frank was leaving, to bid him farewell, and after he had left them, Arthur Reynolds and she walked to her home together. "I am so sorry Frank has gone," said she, "it is so agreeable to be in contact with right merry spirits. For my part, I am heartily tired of good people." "You are more fortunate than the rest of the world, Miss Murray, if you have the opportunity of becoming weary of goodness." "Ah! when one's lot happens to be cast among such grave personages as you and cousin Martha, there is no luck. Say, don't you yourself sometimes grow tired of being so staid and wise?" Though he laughed, it was in so constrained a manner that Agnes noticed the impression that her careless words had made; but she simply said, as they parted, "Excuse me, if I was rude. I did not intend it." "I cannot flatter myself that I am worthy to be included in the class to which you referred, Miss Murray. Yet, tire of me if you must; but God grant that you may never tire of what is truly excellent and right," and he looked at her with an expression of such earnestness, with a faint mingling of reproach, that it made Agnes' cheek take a deeper glow,

for the moment, and dwell in her memory for a long time afterward. Ah! said he to himself, as he turned away from her, she is indeed as frivolous as I have sometimes feared. What rest could be found with such a nature as hers? And yet I thought her capable of so much, and hoped to mould that character, so impulsive, so wayward, and yet so charming. And so she told me she was tired of such persons as myself and cousin Martha. If she could have loved me, I know it would have been with so deep and strong a love that she would have overcome her faults for my sake; but now she is unworthy and I will think no more of her.

Agnes entered the house, her eyes filling with tears and a burden upon her heart. "Why was I so foolish?" said she, "I did not mean it. Why do I so trifle away his regard, if he has any for me, when I can't help knowing that I cherish it as the apple of my eye? Now, he must perfectly despise me; but I must love him still, though I must hate myself for loving thus unsolicited, uncared for. How weak I am. I wish I had never, never known him. I wish he would marry cousin Martha, and then I could at least see him every day, and prove to him that I am not altogether so vain and trifling as he has taken me to be." Poor Agnes! a heavier cloud seemed to have settled itself upon her life than ever before, and she lifted her eyes imploringly upward, and said in the depth of her girlish trouble, oh! shall I ever be happy again! But she grew stronger, and resolved in that quiet hour that henceforth she would be more staid-fast, more worthy the love of a strong and good man, even though that love were denied her, and that her future life should be more fruitful in good to herself and others. That vow, like all made with an honest and resolute purpose, was not made in vain. Days and months rolled by, and the struggle still continued, while Agnes, patient and earnest, knew not the depth of the life into which she was growing, nor guessed, in the midst of discouragements, how fast she was pressing toward the greatness of her standard. As the winter came on, her mother had become more and more feeble, and the daughter was seldom absent from her side. Her tenderness and watchful love made her indispensable to the invalid, and so she seldom went abroad, except daily for a hurried walk. Sometimes, though rarely in the absence of his uncle, Arthur Reynolds had come to the sick chamber; but, gentle and sympathizing as he always was, Agnes felt that he scarcely entertained even a friendly regard for her, and since that well-remembered evening which now seemed so long, long ago,

what an impassable barrier had arisen between them, one which neither of them, by act or word, showed any disposition to pass over.

The short, sad days of the winter time had come, and the snow lay deep and still upon the buried earth. The light of the sunset had long since grown pale, and the night-shades had gathered in the chamber where Agnes and her cousin Martha stood beside the dying bed of Mrs. Murray. Dr. Reynolds, who had been summoned in the absence of his uncle, was there also, and proposed to remain through the night. This was a support to poor Agnes, who could hardly believe that the blow, so long delayed, had thus suddenly fallen upon her. There was no thought now of other love in her mind than that which had always burned warmly toward the mother, who, in spite of all weakness and sickness, had loved her daughter with tender affection. She sank away gently, and Agnes, overwhelmed by the awful shadow of death hovering over them, and by the burdens of sorrow that filled her young heart, knew not that the soul had taken its flight till Martha, whispering softly, said, "Agnes, she has left us." Then the long-suppressed torrent of grief burst forth—she sank upon her knees by the bedside and sobbed like a child. Gradually she became calmer, and with a strong impulse to be alone, she left the chamber and stole to the parlor below. Oh, how sad and desolate it seemed. The fire burned low upon the hearth, the pale moonlight cast the long shadows of the windows upon the carpet, making Agnes shudder as they looked to her excited fancy like the broad, white tablets in the church-yard. She sat down by the window, and pressing her burning cheek to the cold pane, gazed out upon the dreary midnight landscape. How still and cold lay the earth in its snowy mantle, even as the dead lay above beneath the white coverings. She looked upward, and the stars, smiling as they used in her happier hours, seemed now mocking her desolation. "I am all alone," said she, "alone in the wide world," and in her earnestness she exclaimed unconsciously, "Alone! alone!" in tones that mocked the bitterness of her spirit, and touched a most sympathizing chord in the heart of him who had entered, all unperceived by the weeping girl. A light touch was upon her shoulder, but though she felt it in the thrill which ran through her frame, she did not move nor speak. That touch lingered a moment, and then a voice, so musical in its low tenderness, said, "Agnes!" She raised herself at the sound, unfamiliar from those lips, and met the sympathy that looked down from the deep, mild

eyes of Arthur Reynolds. She still said nothing, but turned her eyes once more out upon the wintry landscape, jealous of the intrusion upon her sacred sorrow. "I hope I do not intrude," said he, at length, "I too have borne the yoke of sorrow in my youth, and know how hard it is to bear. Yet that yoke makes us strong and patient." "But I have no strength," replied she, "to bear the burden—it seems to crush me." "No strength in yourself indeed, but look upward—there is strength there." Agnes involuntarily lifted her eyes heavenward, almost as if she expected to see an angel descending with the blessing; and though the stars looked down still as ever, their smiling now brought peace and inward consolation. "Agnes," said he again, after another pause, during which he stood regarding her with looks of longing sadness, "I ought not to speak of myself now, but I wish I could help you." "You have been a great help to us," said she, mechanically. "If I might think that I could give you such aid and comfort as one whom you loved would have a right to do." Agnes now turned with wondering eyes, and said simply, "I do not know what you mean." "I mean," he answered, earnestly, "that I love you, and would gladly make you my wife, that you might no longer be alone as you just said, but lean upon one whose whole soul and strength belongs to you next to God, dear Agnes." Agnes felt as if she were dreaming, and clasped her hands together tightly to make sure that she were really awake. First a full tide of joy rushed over her, then sadly the shadow of a deep humility gathered, and she felt herself again far removed from the comfort that had a moment before flooded her soul. "Speak," said he, at last, entreatingly, fearing she was offended and alarmed by her silence, "just one word." Agnes rose, and standing face to face with him, said slowly as if speaking her doom, "No—no, it cannot be; I am not worthy to become the wife of so good a man." He drew her eagerly, almost violently to him. "Agnes," said he, "if that be the only bar between you and me, I claim you as my own from this very hour. You are all that I want you." "Then you do not know me," she replied, while she rested, soothed and comforted by the strong hold which he kept, as if he would never again let her part from him. "Yes, I know you better than you know yourself. Once I thought you frivolous and heartless, but I have learned you better. I understand the worth of my treasure, and shall know how to value it." "Then what I am not, you must help me to become." "We will help each other in all that is right," and the

young man impressed a tender kiss on the fair, pale forehead, upon which the moonbeams rested like a halo, giving a saintly glory to the face yet suffused with tears.

The years that followed that betrothal were years of quiet joy and peace. If Agnes, some-

times in the midst of outward blessings, found her old waywardness returning, the steadfastness of her husband brought her back to serenity again, while she lit up with beauty the gravity of his nature, as the sunbeams do the strength and sternness of the hills.

CURSE HIM NOT.

BY JENNY A. STONE.

Yes, I know this world of beauty
Is a weary world to me;
Life has lost its early brightness,
Only gloom mine eyes can see;
Joy has fled our humble cot,
He is false—yet curse him not.

I have worshiped him so wildly,
Oh, I cannot waken now;
Love and hope are still entwining
Garlands for my 'wildered brow;
Music notes are sounding free
O'er the land and o'er the sea.

I was but a child in feeling,
And I gave him all my heart;
Oh, I thought that I was dreaming
When he told me we must part.
Time has passed—too well I know
Dreams and life together flow.

I was wont to bend above him
Till my ringlets swept his brow,
He was proud, and I was child-like,
Oh, I cannot blame him now;
More than human, half divine,
How could love like his be mine?

Once I dreamed he was an angel
From the bowers of light above,
And I trembled as he told me
Of his deep and changeless love.
Ah! how strangely visions fade,
Now in dust my hopes are laid.

Often in the early twilight,
As I sit and muse alone,
With fond memory's gentle magic,

That strong arm is round me thrown;
Then I weep to think no more
Love shall glad me as of yore.

Had I been of haughtier nature,
I might still have kept his heart,
For he said I was too wayward
In his life to bear a part;
And I know while weeping wild
That he always called me "child."

Yes, I know that I am dying:
Ere the Spring tide's balmy breath
Comes to bless the world with beauty,
Cold will be my heart in death;
Shadows hover o'er my brow,
What has earth to tempt me now?

Curse him not, for oh! 'tis better
That this form should pass away,
That my memory should be blotted
From the world so bright and gay;
I have loved—my heart is broken,
Fatal words those lips have spoken.

Lay me where the fragrant blossoms
Will be scattered o'er my bed,
Where the lilies and the roses
Will be clustered round my head;
Oh, 'twas there I used to meet him,
Springing o'er the flowers to greet him.

Now my dream has surely faded,
And a weight is in my breast,
Lay me 'neath the mossy covering,
For my weary heart must rest;
Let him come to that sweet spot,
Let him come, but curse him not.

"HOPE LAUGHS FORTH TO-NIGHT."

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

Oh! Hope laughs forth to-night, mother,
And gleefulness is here
With eyes so sparkling, bright, mother,
To drive away old Care.
There's no more grief within our hearts,
Our songs are light and gay,
And full of gushing melody,
Now Sorrow's gone away.

The earth around looks glad, mother,
And clear and bright the sky;
Oh! why should we be sad, mother,
Or wherefore should we sigh?

Oh! wherefore should earth's sorrows move,
Or why should shadows fall,
Since Heaven hangs so bright above,
And God is over all?

Then let our hearts be light, mother,
Let Hope our bosoms cheer,
We'll all be glad to-night, mother,
And wipe away the tear.
We'll chant in gushing melodies
The songs we used to love,
And tune our harps to sing the praises
Of Him who rules above.

MY MOTHER;
OR, EXTRACTS FROM A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S DIARY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

July 10th.

HENRY handed me a letter. It is in my mother's cramped, old-fashioned hand. She will be here the first of next week.

'Tis very foolish to think so, I know—but then those fashionable Hamiltons will be here. Mrs. Hamilton dresses with such taste, and mother will wear that old, old silk. I almost wish she had decided to come the week after—I'll write and ask her if she can put it off as well as not.

My wretchedness is unspeakable—a world of misery has fallen upon me like a cloud. I am steeped in sorrow to the very lips.

Oh! my mother! my mother!

Life is alternately light and shade, they tell me. Alas! my life is all shadow, and I seem creeping slowly down its long vista, a reproach to myself and a trouble to those I love.

My mother is dead. And I—oh! heartless! sent her such a letter! Everything is black, blank around me. My heart sinks—oh! that I too could die!

The splendors by which I am surrounded mock me cruelly. The burden on my conscience tells me I have neglected her—that I have been ashamed of her dear, hard-working hands, her homeliness, her want of knowledge pertaining to this heartless world.

How carefully she brought me up, my widowed mother, with her slender means! How she denied herself comforts that she might minister to my little wants! How proud she was of what they called my beauty! It is faded now. And I—to think of her slender wardrobe, her close Quaker caps, her unpolished language, her old-fashioned ways! May God forgive me! 'Tis the only heartfelt prayer I have breathed since the days of my childhood.

All is blank. The house seems like a vast tomb. Its splendor wearies me. Oh! could I but fall on my mother's bosom once more, and breathe out my sorrow and my penitence there! Oh! that I could see her smile again—wind my arms about her neck, feel her warm embrace.

Mother! word that I have abused, maternal heart that I have forsaken, wounded, now forever at rest in the grave.

On the 11th.

I have seen my mother. Not soon shall I forget that meek, white face, and the lips, so mute!—the gentle lips, always ready to bless me. The eyes were dim that saw nought but perfection in me.

I have been to the little cottage where I was born. Doubly dear seemed every part of that old house. The floor in the wide kitchen was white and sanded just the same as when I was last there. But over opposite in the pleasant parlor she lies placidly.

Dreary sight! They wonder at my excess of grief. They would not, knew they my self-reproaches, the crushing weight upon my spirit. As I stood by that coffin, I heard again the "God bless my daughter." It was murmured through smiles and tears on the morning of my wedding day. I remember the sad forebodings which sometimes sank in whispers in my heart when the rich stranger sought the favorite child, my wayward self. How she implored me to be humble! to bear my exaltation meekly. Can it be that she will never speak to me again? So white that brow, so stony, so cold!

On the 18th.

They have laid her away. They have buried my living heart with her. It was in a storm. The rain dripped from the windows, the turf was soaked with water. The little, white church, where she has led me so often by the hand, looked grey through the mist. The very birds chirped mournfully under their wet roof leaves. Black, and oh! so fearful, the grave yawned at my feet. Terrible! I thought she might not be dead, and I laid my hand again upon her forehead. Cold! icy cold. I shrieked aloud—I could not restrain my feelings.

That dear, grey-haired minister! Servant of Jesus for nearly fourscore and ten years, he pitied me.

Touchingly he spoke of her sweet resignation, adding that as she died as she sang,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

He told, with unsteady voice, how tenderly she had spoken of her children—of me—far away, drowned in the pleasures of wealth.

I sobbed aloud.

Nor could I look as they lowered the coffin. I shut my eyes, and for a moment felt as if I never cared to open them again.

When I looked up, ten thousand prismatic hues flashed upon my sight. The sun had burst from the thick clouds; and every round jewel of the rain caught a tint of beauty from his glowing rays.

"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither the light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

Thus said the grey-haired man. Every word sank into my soul, and I drank in their inspiration. My mother was then an angel in heaven, glorious! radiant!

Heaven never seemed so near to me before. It was but for a moment.

The earth rattled upon her grave. The clouds grew gloomy and drifted together. A quick, heavy shower set the leaves to trembling. The branches swung and sighed. My heart grew sick again.

Must we all come to this?

We walked slowly on through the graveled walks. Somebody had dropped flowers along, red and white, and sprays of mignonette, and they had faded there.

The old sexton stood at the gate with his hat off. As I passed him, I caught the words, spoken softly, "God bless her."

The Return.

The rain had ceased again. A flood of red

sunshine bathed the little cottage. The wet jasmine loaded the air with its perfume. It seemed, for the moment, as if everything around the house looked doubly beautiful. The dark back-ground of clouds, not yet broken, was the only thing in unison with the sadness of our spirits.

She was not there! We saw the top of the old chair in which she always sat at the west window.

Within—oh! how desolate! There was the little, low, rocking-chair by the corner; a stand by its side, on which lay the family Bible; and there too, lying sadly, as if conscious that their work was done, my mother's old spectacles were folded on the green-baize cover. I bent over and lifted her little work-basket. Everything was in order—the work all arranged—her little book of "Daily Food" in its accustomed nook. I took it from thence and laid it in my bosom. God helping me, I will read it as she did.

We sat down to supper, but could not talk. At every turn our eyes met something that called up tears and sighs afresh. Here, her choice flowers, her favorite geranium just bursting into blossom. There a little porcelain vase, in which she had kept her pennies for the church collection.

Hard indeed it seemed to realize how far she slept beneath our feet.

Can I forget this sorrow? Shall I plunge into the follies of fashion again?

God forbid!

TIME'S HOUR-GLASS.

BY LILIAS MAY.

Rosy youth, in morn's glad prime,
Hears a joyous, sweet-toned chime,
As, through Time's clear, crystal glass,
Golden grains, bright-gleaming, pass;
Sands of gold mark all the hours,
Tho' they fall, unheard, on flowers;
Dark-blue violets sweetly bloom,
Crimson roses shed perfume;
Gorgeous winged the moments fly,
Tints of gold bedeck life's sky;
Dazzled youth, amid the glow
Heeds not tho' the life-sands flow.

Man, amid noon's busy life,
Hears the din of worldly strife
As through Time's dim, half-blurred glass,
Pebbles, mixed with iron, pass;
Pebbles, sounding harsh and loud,
Full, unheard, amid noon's crowd;
Iron-shod the moments tread,

Clouds of grey trail overhead;
Working with o'er-wearied brain,
Struggling on life's battle-plain,
Care-worn man doth scarcely know
Life's dark sands unceasing flow.

Hoary age, at even-time,
Heareth memory's unvoiced rhyme
Chanting o'er the Past again
As a sweet, remembered strain:
Through Time's scarred and dark-stained glass
Slowly now the life-sands pass;
Yet unheard their measured fall
On Death's waiting, velvet pall;
Tear-dimmed eyes, 'mid dust and gloom,
Scarce can see the open tomb;
Dreamy hours glide softly by,
Twilight shadows veil the sky;
Feeble age doth scarcely know
Soon the last life-sands will flow.

JENNY AND MR. CLEAVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

Roxbury, Dec. 2, 1857.

COUSIN George came out this morning from Boston with his easy-going carriage, to take me in to see some of the beautiful streets and picture rooms and galleries. While we were yet fresh, having only driven awhile on the Common and along a principal street, I chanced to look up and saw the letters, "Saturday Morning Chronicle office."

"Stop!" said I, dropping my hand on George's arm. "Here's Mr. Cleaves' office; I want to see him just a minute. Do you know him?"

"Not from Adam. Who is he?"

"Editor and publisher of the 'Saturday Morning Chronicle;' a good man as ever lived, I am sure. I want to see him. You just stop and let me run up and find him. I can find his office, after the experience I had in New York, last fall."

So out I sprang; up the dusty, paper-littered stairs I went, guided by letterings along the way, up to the second landing; and there I again found Mr. Cleaves' sign—this time on a ground-glass panel—"Saturday Morning Chronicle office." I tapped, and immediately the door was opened by a bright-eyed little fellow with budgets of papers under his arms and on his arms. Upon my inquiries for Mr. Cleaves, he opened the door wide by setting his shoulder against it, and said in a pleasant voice, "Mr. Cleaves, a lady."

Mr. Cleaves looked up from his writing, rose slowly, advanced slowly, looking inquiringly into my face. We met in the middle of the room.

"Is it Mr. Cleaves?" I asked. For one of our neighbors, who used to see the "Chronicle" ten or fifteen years ago, had told me that Mr. Cleaves was then the publisher, and I expected, on this account, as well as on account of the ripe, elegant and manly conservatism which give smoothings and dignity to all his complaints of abuses, all his pleas for reform, to see a man away along in the years, a man with a pale face and many white hairs, whereas the man before me could not be more than twenty-eight or thirty. But he was old enough to be snugly married, I instantaneously reflected, and if a man is snugly married before I present myself to him, this is all I ask of him.

"Mr. Cleaves," he had answered, bowing slightly, waiting.

Now, when I was running up stairs, in fact, when I began to open my lips to speak again, I expected to say, "'Tis Miss Cabot, author of so and so, published in the 'Chronicle,' as you remember." On the contrary, a merry whim seizing me, I said, "And guess who I am. I'm a writer. I've written for you—within the last year—within the last month—guess." I was laughing at his puzzled looks. I saw that he could not bring himself to guessing clearly who I was, because there I was before him with my queer proceeding and my laughter. It was quite enough for him to get along with these. So I said, with demureness suddenly gathered, "'Tis Miss Cabot, of F——."

"Ah? Miss Cabot? how do you do?" shaking my hand heartily, laughing. "Come and sit down;" and, on one side of the green-covered table he sat down in the arm-chair from which he had risen, on the other side I sat down in another arm-chair like it. We fell at once into easy conversation; the new book by Curtis lying on the table between us, helping to start us. By-and-bye, his face brightening, he said, "I wonder I didn't guess it was you; for you are exactly like your writings. I might have expected you to look just so, and appear just so. But I thought of Mrs. Fales, a friend of yours, as she wrote me one time. She has written for my paper; I thought of her."

"Oh, no," replied I, gravely, "Mrs. Fales is handsome. She's a very handsome woman; we're not in the least alike in our persons or appearance." I said it with the painful consciousness of ugliness, the painful longing for beauty I have felt now and then in my life, but not often; I am generally content—content, that is, with the face God has given me, but filled with craving for a beautiful spirit within that shall beautify and sanctify, all my inward and outward life, making me even lovely to look upon.

"I must go," said I, rising. "My cousin is at the door waiting."

"I am sorry to have you go," replied he, accompanying me with slow steps toward the door of the room, pausing at the door with his hand on the knob. "I am pleased to have met

you: I wish you weren't obliged to be in such haste; you are staying——"

"Out in Roxbury, on B—— street."

"On B—— street? at——"

"At my cousin, Robert Hall's."

"That is lucky! my own immediate neighborhood! I know Mr. Hall and his wife intimately. How long, let me ask, will you remain?"

"A few days; perhaps a week."

"That is pleasant! I'll see you again then! We'll be in at once."

He went down with me and helped me into the carriage. I asked cousin George if I had made him cross, staying; his answer was his ever pleasant-sounding laugh, as he bowed to Mr. Cleaves and started his horse up.

"So that was Mr. Cleaves?" he said, playing his whip about his horse's side.

"Yes; isn't he a fine-looking man? Did you ever see him before?"

"No; he lives out in Roxbury close by Robert's though. He has one of the finest places out there; one of the best graperies. They had some of his grapes at Robert's one Sunday when I was out there in the fall. His wife sent them in to Harriet."

"He is married then?"

"Yes; he's got children; a girl of Het's age, I should think."

"That is good! I'm glad he is married! I have always supposed he was, he has been in the 'Chronicle' so long. But he isn't so old as I expected; and something in his appearance—I don't know what it was—made me afraid before I came away that he wasn't. I'm glad!"

"Ha!" laughed George, in his quick, explosive way. George is an "old bach," or, this is what we all call him. He is thirty-seven. I know," he added, "all about how you feel. You're my cousin; perhaps we're alike in some things. At any rate, you've turned the first corner; and of course, you know as well as I, that some women at that age manage and work so—so outrageously hard to get married, as to put a sort of disgrace on all the rest. We who are out of the noose and so supposed to be in the market, as the women say of each other, are shy of them, of most of them. Oh! these dressed out, minced up, self-conscious, vain, proud, husband-catchers, with their eyes on every old bach and widower that comes near, how I hate 'em! I won't go near enough, if I can help it, to touch one of 'em with a pitch-fork!"

(In passing, uncle Wingate, George's father, is a farmer, close by the old homestead up on the hills at F——.)

"I know exactly how you feel," he added,

after a pause. "I've thought a hundred times—a hundred! I've thought ten thousand times, that it's the only disagreeable thing, perhaps, about being unmarried, this forever recurring bother about marketable women. If these women only knew how ridiculous they make themselves, with never one natural look or action! I tell you, Jen, it makes me mad enough to swear!"

"Oh, now, cousin George, you distress me!" I cried out.

"You? why should I? it is nothing to you?"

"But I'm always worried for fear some old bachelor, or some widower will suspect me of manoeuvring, of trying to get him, if I make one single friendly advance toward him, in the way of conversation, or in the way of anything, as I would do so composedly, and with so much real pleasure, both to myself and him, if he were married, or irrevocably engaged, or were monk of some anti-Benedictine order."

"Oho! don't you be troubled! You haven't the air, or look, or make of the husband-hunters."

"So you think. You don't suspect me because you know all about me; but you suspect others whose sentiments you don't know as well. Perhaps others who don't know my sentiments suspect me; and, as true as I live, cousin George, I'd rather they would."

"Come! here you are at the square, with tears in your eyes blinding them to all the beauty."

"I don't care for beauty or anything when it comes to this!" I replied, wiping my eyes stoutly, making, however, stout exertions to bring myself up out of my trouble. "I am as glad as I can be, at any rate, that Mr. Cleaves is married. Now I can let him see that I like him, like to talk with him, and still feel easy about it."

"Yes, that you can. Now see if this isn't a pretty place."

We had a delightful day. Going about at sight-seeing with a heavy-spirited man or woman, or a super-energetic man or woman, drags me down. But good, large, genial cousin George! if my hand lay on his arm, or my arm but touched his, or I looked into his face, or heard his voice, all my soul rested as if upon down. I—perhaps I would be saved half the wear and tear I get, and shall get in life, wedded to a man like my cousin George. Only cousin George isn't always downy. This morning, for instance, before starting, when Robert and a neighbor were standing by to see how he would adjust a troublesome joint in the harness, he gave his thumb a hurt, and then, snapping it, he said with roundest vexation, "Deuce take it!" My chamber window

was let down a little. I saw and heard through the thin muslin curtain. A quick flash it was; it was over, he was laughing in a minute; but if I had a husband who would always be angry like that, whenever harness, or horse, or child, or anything went wrong on his hands, I fear I would often look back on these calm days of my single blessedness, which, if they are sultry sometimes, have no quick, uncertain lighting in them, or rumbling, or explosive thunder. Welladay! I remember what poor Southey said, "My notions about life are much the same as they are about traveling—there is a good deal of amusement on the road; but, after all, one wants to be at rest." Perhaps the poorest creature feels this want no oftener, or more deeply, than the prosperous, so-called, the famous, so-called.

Thursday, the 8rd.

I ran up stairs the moment we reached home, to lay off "the dust of travel." When I went down, George was standing close to Robert and Harriet, and they were all talking eagerly.

"Mum!" said George, to the others, the moment he saw me at the foot of the stairs. "Remember, Harriet, mum is the word! remember now!"

They assented with quick nods, and then we went in to dinner. When we spoke of Mr. Cleaves, Robert praised him, saying, "He's one of your whole men. He sees all sides and knows what he is doing."

"And his wife?" inquired I.

"Mrs. Cleaves is a fine woman. Have some butter, Harriet? You'll like her. We see them very often; oftener than we do any other neighbors. I'll go and bring them in this very evening."

But they came before we left the table. Robert and Harriet both went to meet them, and brought them in to sit with us "at the walnuts and the wine."

Mr. Cleaves sat by me. I believe he sat by me nearly all the evening; for Mrs. Cleaves and Harriet hunted up the magazines in quest of certain fashion-plates, that they might know better how to make a sack for one of the children, an apron for another, a bib for another; and George and Robert, both of whom are connected with the railroads, Robert as president of one, George as agent of another, talked over "managements," as they always are interested in doing; and Robert got out some of his papers and accounts. I think we all had a comfortable, contented evening. As for me, it seemed to me as Mr. Cleaves talked, that he opened new and pleasant paths for me into life, on all sides. I saw what beauties and delights were in them,

and longed so to walk in them! I believe that I will walk in them some day, when I am fit to enter, and that then I will know how divinely fair and serviceable an author's, anybody's days may be here on earth, if, here on earth, in the midst of the din and the dust, one will diligently and with a religious, resolute conscience, take oneself away from what is sordid and low, and keep oneself close by what is ennobling and high.

The 8th.

The next morning, while I sat writing in my chamber, I saw him coming up the walk with a basket in his hand. If it had been any other in the world whom I had met twice only, I should have sat silently behind my curtain to see with what energy and grace he approached. As it was, the old mirth of the day before, caught me, and I said, just loud enough to be heard through the slightly raised window, "*Bon jour!*"

"Ha!" starting, lifting his head; "*bon jour!* come down."

He brought books, one from Mrs. Cleaves for Harriet, one from himself for me; brought hot-house flowers, a big bunch for Harriet, "from Mrs. Cleaves," said he, presenting them; "and here are some for you," presenting me a little bunch, very beautiful, very beautifully arranged. "Keep them," said he, as I held them. "Carry them away with you when you go, and keep them till they are all dried up, and afterward. Remember."

I laughingly promised; and, breaking a little flowering spray out of a bouquet on the mantle-piece, I bade him keep that after it had all dried up.

"Yes," he said.

He came with plans from Mrs. Cleaves, he said, speaking to Harriet and Robert. He comes every day with plans, or to hear what our plans are; and so every day.

Wednesday, the 9th.

"Jen," I heard George calling out at the foot of the stairs. "Jenny, come down here, I want to tell you something."

He turned into the parlor when he saw me coming. When he saw me at the door, he met me with his large, friendly hand outstretched. He was alone. "I thought I would ride out this morning. I want to tell you something. Harriet and I both think you ought to know. I'm almost afraid to tell you. We've been as wicked as possible; we're afraid you won't like it."

"Perhaps I shall. I fear I am not a little wicked myself. What is it?"

"Mr. Cleaves isn't married; he's no more married than I am."

"Then I am angry! I am as angry as I can be! for I have told him that I like him! I have told Mrs. Cleaves—who, pray, is this Mrs. Cleaves then?"

"His brother's wife. That is his brother's place; he just spends his summers, and now and then a week, or a few weeks, as he is doing now, out here at their house."

"Well, I told Mrs. Cleaves that I like him! that I like him very much indeed! Mercy on us!" for I was horrified as one recollection came crowding after another. "I told him no longer ago than last evening, when we three—he, Mrs. Cleaves and I—were sitting here together, that his conservatism, humane and just toward all sides, collected, reasonable, philosophical and clear, at all times, upon all questions, quieted me—only think, George!—soothed me—think of that!—whenever I met it upon a disturbing topic; was what I, who am prone to over-fearing, over-hoping, over-working, and all manner of tension, and many others like me, here on the wrong-headed earth, where there is so much to disturb one, need. I told him that I had a long time seen and felt this in his writings; that now I knew him personally, and had him for my friend, I was glad of the quality, as proud of it as if he were my own brother! It was very much like this, what I told him—for I felt how good he is, and what good he does me—and I am ashamed! He will know some time that I thought he was married; but I am ashamed! and I will not see him once more! In every note Miss Perkins has sent out to me, she has begged me to come in and go to Salem with her. I will go in with you this very day; I ought to have gone before."

George—bless his calm, sincere face and voice!—said quietly, without minding my storm, "I've been thinking I should like to marry Miss Perkins, if she's any like you, if this is what makes you like her so well, if she'll have me. Will she, think, if I offer?"

"Likely as not," I told him, instantaneously pleased, instantaneously losing sight of my vexation. "Likely as not she would. She's a little, blue, shivering, cold thing; she needs just such a husband as you are to make her life warmer. Oh! but I forget! I must go and find Harriet."

Whistling softly, composedly—although I believe he made the composure this time—he opened the door for me, and saw me go.

Harriet had hid herself in the nursery. When I looked in, she crowded herself back into a corner, waiting there, watching me, with air half laughing, half deprecating; but, at last, with air wholly deprecating, she came forward, saying,

"It was too bad, darling!" and took me into her long, beautiful arms. "It was too bad! and I, as a woman, knew it was all the time. But George wouldn't listen to me. He always made me do just as he pleased at home, you remember; and I, some way, couldn't resist him now, especially as Robert thought it well enough, under the circumstances. George said there was nothing else that would make things go on right between you and—and Mr. Cleaves, whom we all like so much, and wanted you to like. He said you would be flying off, or you would just be an odd, silent thing—this is what he said, dear—every time Mr. Cleaves came in, if we didn't do some such thing to deceive you, and this is why we did it. I am sorry; I have been sorry all along that I consented; but you will forgive us?"

Yes, I said, but I must go, that day, with George, in to Miss Perkins'. And then her tears, which had been all the time struggling, came forth a stream. Mine, which also had been struggling, came; and we wept like two children. Then we kissed each other with hot kisses, as Harriet said, "Now all was spoiled—now I would never forgive them; she saw plainly that I never would. If she had only held out, in the first place, in what she knew to be right; but now all was spoiled!"

In vain I assured her that I loved them as much as ever, more than ever; the assurance was in vain, because, after I had made and repeated it, I adhered still to my determination about going. I got my release, at last, only by showing her that it could not fail of being a thousand times worse for all concerned, if I remained; for if I remained, and again met Mr. Cleaves there, I should appall him and them all by my counter-impudence and fierceness. We laughed at this, then we sighed. Harriet called it "a bad business," but acquiesced. She would rather I would go than stay and give myself and him that pain, she said; for I, as well as he, would feel better if I went, leaving the peace of those few pleasant days unbroken.

Yes, I said, begging her pardon for the pain I was giving her. I would come again, I told her, whenever she could write to me that Mr. Cleaves was traveling up the Nile, or the Senegal, or any of their branches. Again she laughed, then again she sighed, and her tears rose. When the time came, and I was about to enter the carriage, she held me, with streaming tears, and said, "I shall never forgive myself! It was a wicked, cruel lie, and I shall never forgive myself! George, I don't see how you can be so comfortable about it;" he was composedly buckling a rein, "for it was a false, cruel thing. If Jenny

hadn't the kindest disposition in the world, she would despise us always after this. I shall despise myself, dear," turning again to me, "whenever I think of it. Whenever you think of me, you may know that I despise myself for it."

"Never mind," said I, as George was helping me in; "only, never—that is, never cheat me again, or let George. I shall come again. It won't be long, perhaps, before he'll be off somewhere; and then you can see how I love you, how glad I am to come. Adieu, darling," and George and I rode away.

"I don't blame you a bit!" said George, after we had rode on awhile in silence. "I like what you are doing. There are so many women and girls"—he always says "girls" with a slight toss of his head, a slight curl of his lip, he did then—"so many who are different. I like you for it. If I ever get married, I hope she will have an equal delicacy. But, as to cheating you, I don't know as I'm much sorry." He looked at me good-naturedly and went on, "I believe I'm glad. You have had a few pleasant days and evenings, so has he. You've seen him, just as he is, for you have sat quietly to look and listen, something you couldn't have done if you had known the truth. So has he seen you, just as you are, something you would never have given him a chance to do, if you had known. Now you are going. Perhaps you will never see him again; perhaps you never will, or he you; but you up there, and he down here, will remember this time as a pleasant one, and, perhaps, be glad you've had it, both of you. I am not a bit sorry. Go, President Pierce!" he meant, that his horse, whose name is Frank Pierce, was to go out of his indolent pace into a swifter. "You'll like after this to see his 'Chronicle' brought in every Saturday morning; you'll have a good time reading what he says in it."

I did not deny. I could afford to let that go as conceded, since I was so luckily escaping. If I had been held where I must, in all likelihood meet him again, I should have threatened tempestuously to burn every number of his paper that came into our house, and that the minute it came in.

Thinking it silently over, afterward, as we rode along, I was thankful to have escaped that additional folly. It was weak, eccentric perhaps, to run away; but it would have been foolishness to stay where I would be sure to feel forced to protest and defy. So, after that, I rode on peaceably, recounting Miss Perkins' excellences, naming, among the rest, her strong, energetic will.

"Ho! and was that sure to be an excellent quality?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "with a husband like him; one who would not try to rule her, but would simply love, protect, provide; for the rest, leaving her to be a law unto herself."

"Yes, perhaps." Then, after having thought a long time, he tightened his reins, sighed a loud, long sigh, told his President to mend his pace, and added, "After all, 'tis risky business. I'm comfortable as I am. If I'm sick there'll be somebody to give me my doses and keep my fire from going out, for money. There'll be somebody to do it for money, I guess." The moisture on his lids made it a difficult thing for him to see his horse's head. I told him he was a blessed cousin George, and that if he was ever taken sick, even if it was at Timbuctoo, I'd go and take care of him. His tears rolled the higher at sight of mine.

"Did I believe I would not have a husband to keep me, in less than a year?"

"Never! my mind was made up there."

Talking of the liberty, the independence, the freedom, the—the—the—we hardly knew what else, of single life, we came into the town to Miss Perkins' door, where he dropped me and rode hastily away, before my friend had time to follow the servant to the door. He didn't even stop for adieus. But he sent them, and a big box of fruit and nuts, of various and rare kinds, by Robert, when he came round, on his way out, that evening. Robert's penitence was equal to Harriet's; ought to be greater, he said, for he had his own offence and hers, into which he helped to lead her, to be sorry for.

We shall go to Salem this afternoon.

The 18th.

Now my father reads his newspapers; my mother "does her mending;" Pete is at his never-ending song-singing, bless him! (or if he ends his song at any time, and we look up to know what he is about, we see the top of his little busy head at the seed-flask, or the water-flask, where he eats and drinks his simple, contented meal;) the old cat sleeps, and yawns, and stretches out her graceful, velvety paws, in consummate enjoyment on the green-covered lounge. Roses, chrysanthemums, and sweet Southern violets blossom in the south window; I sit in my old corner near them—near Pete, and write, now and then staying my pen to think of one and another incident in my late visit at Roxbury. I accuse myself. I call myself a weak thing. I have just been sitting, I know nothing about how long, saying to myself, with severity, that if I cannot find, at whatever times, and with whatever persons, a

sufficient composure and dignity in a clear, self-consciousness of being no husband-hunter, so that I can meet the single, the seeking and the sought-after, with a courteousness open-browed and friendly, then I am certainly a poor, weak, foolish thing, and deserve to be scolded like any shy, awkward school-girl who "forgets her manners," and——

Later.

Josey Fletcher came in without ringing, pulled a chair up closely to mine, threw back her hood and tippet, drew off her gauntlets, took my pen out of my fingers, wiped it and laid it down on the wiper, planted her feet close to mine on the cushion, and then said, "Andrew is as vexed as he can be! He says he wishes he could be married to-morrow, he don't care much to whom, if he can only be rid of this everlasting bother he has with the girls. He is plagued to death! He likes to see young ladies collected, sincere and womanly; he likes them—or would if he could find one who wouldn't the moment he speaks to her, simper and lay all her sweet naturalness by. For, Jenny, you and I both know that there are sweet girls here in this place; but, somehow, they aren't like the same persons, they are changed in one moment, if Andrew comes along where we are talking so quietly. It disappoints him. It is worse now, he is a young widower, than it was when he was free before his marriage. They all know that he has a home, and that he, of course, needs a wife, and will have one as soon as he can suit himself, and this is what does it, I suppose; but isn't it too bad. The Pearlee girls and Nanny Waite, especially, vex him. They are about the right age for him, I suppose they think, and so, wherever he plants himself in a company, if it is ever so far from them, if he takes pains to make it a long way from them, pretty soon he hears the Pearlee girls' loud laughter, or sees Nanny Waite blushing and looking at him through her eyebrows, close by his elbow; if he shows a girl the commonest attentions, she seems to think he is in love with her, and is going to propose the first good chance she will give him. It makes him angry enough to pull his hair, and I don't wonder; for what comfort is there for him?"

Now Andrew Fletcher is by no means a vain, conceited fellow, or a trifler. His sister is no silly creature to get unreasonable notions into her head, run about and talk them over, making great ado over them. This is a real harassing, stinging ordeal, to which he, without vanity or coquetry of his own, but with marriageable age and conditions of his own, with a simple intelligence and sociability of his own, a simple desire to mingle freely with people and get and give

pleasure, is daily and nightly subjected, and about which, when it brings him to hot desperation, he scolds to Josephine and to no one else, about which she in her turn scolds to me and to no one else. There are enough others who suffer the same. I dare say Mr. Cleaves is one of these, and I am glad I ran away.

Monday, the 21st.

Not one word from Harriet or George; not one outward thing to denote that I have ever been to Roxbury. The "Chronicle" comes, but not one unwonted ripple in the editorials. It is clear no pebble has fallen, any time along; no projecting snag, or rock, or sand-cliff anywhere frets the waters. I fear they all, alike, now they have had time to look it over, think me egotistical and foolish, and throw me away. There wasn't much dignity in it; that I perceive now as plainly as they can. I might have been calm and noble enough to stay, to meet him when he came the next time with serious, sincere face; to say, "Well, if I am shy, and self-conscious, and afraid, I haven't come to it without enough to make me so. I like sensible men! like to talk with them, but I am more afraid to show it than I would be to face a lion, if they are single men, and along in years, because I have known single men to be so harassed and plagued, and because I'm afraid they will misunderstand both me and my liking." I suppose this would have been more dignified than running away. They can, none of them, help thinking so. But it's done now. It's too late now to——

The 28th.

"A gentleman, Miss Jane," said Irish Mary, that afternoon as I wrote, opening wide the sitting-room door, where Pete, the old cat and I were alone. On looking round, I saw the one I expected to see, Mr. Cleaves. I was glad and ashamed. I had for many days been ashamed, and the shame by no means fled at sight of him. His face was manly and deprecatory. I think we, neither of us, spoke at first. We met half way across the room, held each other's hand, looked in each other's face. I was ashamed enough to cry. I am sure that tears of shame rose in my eyes. But by-and-bye we laughed; laughed with all our hearts, as I said, "Was there ever such a foolish thing as running off in that manner? twenty-eight, (or I shall be twenty-eight to-morrow,) and at that age one might be expected to save oneself such absurdities by a little quiet, womanly sincerity."

"Supposing you had tried the womanly sincerity," he inquired, with ingenuous face and voice, "what, may I ask, would it have led you to do, to say?"

"I don't know. It would have led me to speak, to look and act in a manner so—so becoming and so suitable that you could not have suspected me of being a husband-hunter, if I had shown ever so much pleasure in meeting you and in talking with you."

"You wrong yourself, Miss Cabot," he replied, speaking with earnestness and very great seriousness.

"Perhaps so; I presume so. But I have heard so much! If I were beautiful, I would be less sensitive perhaps. But I heard a gentleman once, when he was ridiculing a lady's obtrusiveness in dress and manners, say, 'And she's as ugly as Time!' If she had been beautiful, there would have been gentle indulgence for her. I have gathered it from the writings of gentlemen, and from what I have heard them say, that a beautiful woman has many immunities which an ugly one has not. She may set off her charms with all the accessories of ornament, for instance, and it is sweet and pretty in her; but if an ugly woman does it, or tries to do it, she draws the more eyes to the ugliness which is thus the more obvious and repulsive, so these men say; and they say—you know what they say; you have heard it more than once. Now, I know as well as any lady can, that I am ugly. I am twenty-eight; and I am as sensitive as I can be!"

"More so, probably, in all cases than you would be if you knew yourself better, knew better what your air and manners are; more so in this case certainly, than if you had known me better."

Again tears of regret and shame welled up into my eyes.

"I presume so," replied I, "and I beg your pardon. I was very weak; I shall not soon forget it. I shall turn the memory and the regret to a wholesome penance."

He was willing; he would like to have me make that use of it. I could have no clearer sense of the need and the deserving than he had of it.

"Would he have refreshment? tea?" I asked.

"No," he thanked me, "he had something at the hotel before being brought over." So we sat and talked until a late hour, when he went back to the hotel for the night.

The next morning it snowed, a regular blockade. He came over though; walked over; would walk, for the sake of wading once knee-deep in the snow; for the sake of getting his borrowed fur over-coat so filled and covered with snow, as to make a polar bear of him. What a stamping, and brushing, and shaking of coat and cap there

was under the trellis, in the hall! How I brushed him! with what blows and laughter!

"Yes! he saw!" he said. "He saw that if I could run away, I could also stand and fight. Yes!"

The cars could not go through, that day. North, they did not stir. South, they came to Concord, but came no farther. The snow came down all day, save a little while at noon, as if the clouds themselves were falling. There was not a breath of air stirring; and so, all day, every tree and shrubs along the river, on the little round island, on the hill-sides, the hill-tops,

"Wore ermine too dear for an earl."

The solemn arms of the pines were weighed down with it into a grand resemblance of the mountain pines, forever bent by wind and storm. Chickadees came to be happy with the storm. Solitary men went by with their burdens and their looks of care, heavily wading. But the villagers halloed cheerfully one to another, snow-balled one another, shoveling the paths to their doors, going by with light scrapers for the sidewalks, and a wide scraper drawn by Col. P——'s six slow, mammoth oxen, for the street. Mr. Cleaves was on his feet all day, to stand before one window or another window, in the porch or in the piazza. He had never seen such a storm with the hills and pines and graceful river banks surrounding him. He had never anywhere seen the big, feathery flakes falling with such stillness, so veiling the landscape. He was at times quite wrought up with it. He was sure he would remember that day while he remembered anything. One might go a long way seeking for the lovely, the grand, the solemn, and come back without having found anything to equal that winter day here at F——.

The next day was as fair as Eden. He was obliged to go that day, but he has written that they were all day getting through. He wrote leaders all day, he says, leader upon leader, because he felt it; because he was strong of heart, clear of purpose, and life was filled with brightness and with new hints and glorious meanings to him.

He is happy! He has me there now in spirit, he says; and by the joy this gives him, he knows what it will be when he has me in body also. All hope, all desire, all life turns now toward me.

Bless me! he writes. He blesses God for having kept him and me, and so made it possible for this great blessing to come to us. He will be up again in two weeks, he wrote. He will write so often that—yes; I see how often he will write.

And now every day, when the mail comes, chair—so, *au revoir*, but, dearest reader, *au* comes Frank and lays a letter inside our sitting-room door, looks up and says, "From Boston, *revoir*.
Miss Jane."

One, so brought, is here now. He is in the now, when—*au revoir*, best reader.

MOONLIGHT.

BY MARCELLA M. HINES.

Who can gather up the brightness
Of the moonlight, as it plays
With such living, airy lightness,
Like the dancing of the fays?
Now, with witching grace, coquetting
With the pure white clouds above,
Till they, almost half regretting,
Sweetly blush with timid love.
Beautiful in midnight splendor,
Bringing visions dreamy, tender,
Is the moonlight on the clouds.

Now upon the waters, glancing
Where the swiftest ripples whirl,
And the Naiads, lightly dancing,
Wear their richest robes of pearl—
Jeweled robes, whose varied sparkling,
Shames earth's high wrought diadems,
While the eddies' shadowy darkling
Add new lustre to the gems.
Minstrel winds make soft, entrancing
Music, for the sweet nymphs dancing
With the moonlight on the waves.

Soft its touch, full of carewring,
On the leaves that tremble much—
Tremble with excess of blessing
At that gentle, thrilling touch.
Is it strange that lovers listen
With wild joy to ardent vows,
When the softening love-rays glisten
On the overhanging boughs?
Rare love-teacher, from time olden,
Teaching young hearts lessons golden,
Is the moonlight 'mong the leaves.

Gentle fairies from their bowers
Slyly creep, cheered by its smile,
Giving their protegee flowers
Purest gems of dew the while;
Till the forest, upland, meadow,
Show rich traces of their care,
E'en the leaves the trees o'ershadow
Gleam with jewels, quaint and rare.
While our souls such beauties gather,
Bless the loving, watchful Father
For the moonlight pencillings.

THE ROSE AND THE BEE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

BESIDE the southern garden wall,
Where shone the sun the whole day long,
And where the birds of Spring were wont
To sing their first glad vernal song,
A rose-bud, op'ning modestly,
Its damask petals half revealed,
And coyly wooed the wanton breeze
To taste the charms that were concealed.

More beautiful and yet more bold
The rose grew in the sun's warm rays;
The garden flowers proclaimed her queen,
And offered fealty and praise.
Right regal was their chosen queen—
A fairer you may ne'er behold,
Though decked with costly diadem,
And garnished o'er with virgin gold.

A knightly bee on golden wing
Disporting free from flower to flower—
Now flaunting gayly in the sun,
Now reveling in honeyed bower—

Beheld the queenly rose that grew
Beside the wall in regal pride,
And whispered, "She is fairer far
Than sought for which bee ever sighed.

"Such royal grandeur in her mien!
Such grace in every flowing line!
A gem that's worthy of a king—
God help me, but she shall be mine."
With courtly flattery and praise
Her half reluctant ear he plied,
And talked of happiness and love
Until she closed her eyes and sighed.

So well his ready tongue portrayed
Love's more than sublunary bliss,
She yielded, half afraid, and gave
The wanton bee Love's nectar kiss.
Then with a mighty gush that threw
Reserve and haughtiness aside
She clasped him to her heart—but he,
The ingrate! stung her till she died!

THE POOR COUSIN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"WELL, this is comfortable!" exclaimed Harry Wyndham, throwing himself into the large, easy-chair before the glowing grate. "I haven't seen such a fire for three years. It does a man good to go from home once in awhile, to know how he is appreciated. You feel quite proud of your handsome brother, eh, sis?"

"Pshaw, Harry. Going abroad has not cured you of your vanity. But Jane," she added, turning to a young woman who sat sewing in the corner, "bring some more coal: and, Jane, do get my work-box as you come down stairs. It is awfully stupid here with nothing to do."

"Thank you, Carrie, for the compliment: but who is Jane? I have surely seen her before."

"Don't you know Jane Weston?"

"What! cousin Jenny! Is it possible! So she is exalted to the rank of an upper servant in her uncle's family. A sort of maid of all work."

"Harry! I don't ask Jane to do what I would not do myself."

"Ah, let me see, coal is apt to soil delicate fingers. I suppose Jenny does not play on the piano, and is not invited into the parlor. Perhaps my memory is at fault, but I believe her father was a wealthy lawyer, while ours was a poor cabin boy, who made his fortune by——"

Carrie's face crimsoned, and she was about leaving the room in indignant astonishment, when Jane returned with the coal and box.

"Excuse me, Jenny," said Harry, taking them from her. "Excuse me for not knowing you, but three years make great changes. I am sorry, however, that you still think me such a scape-grace, that you have not spoken to me since I came." Here Harry playfully put his arm around her, and kissed her cheek.

The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she endeavored to answer, but Harry continued,

"I am very sorry to see this, Jenny. I heard of your father's misfortunes and death, but I did not imagine that you would be treated thus in this family."

"Don't say anything, please, Harry; you can do nothing to help me."

"Why have you remained here? Jenny, you have—you must have borne a great deal. You

used to be a fine musician. It would have been better——"

"Yes, Harry," she answered, interrupting him, "I should have gone long ago but for little Effie. She clung to me and seems to depend on me more than any one else."

"Bless you, Jenny, for your kindness to her," said the really affectionate brother, "the poor child has not had too much sympathy since I left."

Here the ringing of the door bell announced the entrance of visitors, and Jane hastily retreated.

When Harry next saw her she was patiently standing by the table, ironing a delicate ruffle of his own. He had often wondered who fluted these so beautifully, but he had yet to learn how necessary Jane was in household affairs.

"You shall not do this for me," said he, attempting to withdraw it from her hand.

"Suppose I say it gives me pleasure to work for you," she answered, with a gentle smile.

"In that case, I shall say I do not deserve such kindness. But, Jenny, it provokes me to see you take everything so meekly. If you would just speak out boldly, and tell them you would not bear it, they would not dare to treat you so. I am astonished that my father can suffer his sister's child to become a menial in his house."

Jane laid her hand on his arm, and replied, very gently, "Come with me, Harry; I have something to show you."

He followed her up stairs, and she stopped at the door of a small room which she softly opened. On a low bed near the fire, lay a feeble, sickly child, whose wan face was even more pale and worn than he had ever seen it. One thin hand was under her cheek, while the other was thrown over the pillow. She was asleep.

"Harry, I think Effie is sinking, no one seems to notice it but myself. She has seemed to care for nothing for several days, and has hardly tasted food."

"Dr. Gordon must come and see her. He is to be here to-night, and I will ask him to come up."

Harry watched Jane as she moved noiselessly about the room, putting everything in its place,

and preparing something to tempt the child's delicate appetite, and thought how little the world knew of the beautiful life of patient goodness in that upper room, of the scenes of gentle kindness and unwearying devotedness daily enacted around the bedside of that little sufferer. Effie had long been hopelessly deformed, and her lower limbs were shrunken and wasted. Acute pain often kept her moaning hour after hour. Jane was for days the only one near her. In fact the child would seldom let Jane leave her, and no one seemed to think that anything could be done for her; so, in time, all became accustomed to her illness, and it was deemed hardly worth while to inquire about her. Her mother was dead, and her father believed that in asking Dr. Gordon to come round sometimes and see her, he was performing all a parent's duty, and could do no more. Carrie complained that a sick-room made her headache, and in consequence seldom honored it by her presence.

Harry was really affectionate and kind, and had often brought a smile to the pale, little face, that nothing else could. But with Jane's arrival, there had come peace and happiness to the child's heart, that had never before found place there. Jane felt that her mission on earth, though through sorrow and tears, was one of the deepest and purest joy.

That evening, the parlors resounded with laughter and song. Harry came up once or twice to see Effie, and, finding her quiet, went back again to the parlor. In the course of the evening, Dr. Gordon asked Carrie for a song, which she told him she had forgotten.

"Why, Jenny can sing that," exclaimed Harry.

"Who is Jenny, if I may ask?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh! a cousin of ours, who nurses Effie."

"A cousin! I did not know——"

"Certainly not," interrupted Carrie, "few know Jane, because she will never come into the parlor."

"She is very retiring indeed," said Harry, significantly. "I will go and see if I cannot persuade her, for one night, to overcome this reluctance to society."

Carrie bit her lip with mortification, and rapidly passed her fingers over the keys of the instrument, to preclude any further conversation.

In a few moments, a servant came in with a message from Harry, that the doctor would please walk up stairs.

"Harry was always so ridiculous about some things," said Carrie, turning to a young man

who leaned over her chair, and looked down languidly into her face.

A shaded lamp was burning in Effie's room, and Jane was holding the child in her arms. Harry held one of the little cold hands, so sadly attenuated, and she looked affectionately up into his face, while a faint smile lighted up all her features.

"Jane," said the child, softly, pressing the hand that was round her, "you have been very good to me, and God will bless you. I am going home, and I will ask Him."

The thin fingers relaxed their hold, they were growing weaker.

The doctor looked on silently, he felt that a greater physician than he was relieving Effie's sufferings.

When the morning light stole into that little chamber, it fell on the face of a still, white figure, with hands crossed upon its breast, and whose better part "had gone to be an angel."

A month after this, Dr. Gordon was shown into the sitting-room at Mr. Wyndham's. Carrie was very beautiful in her mourning silk, for it set off her fair complexion to great advantage; Jane was quietly working, in her usual dress, for it had been thought too expensive for her to have black. "She was only Effie's nurse," said Harry, sarcastically.

"You ought to be ashamed, Harry, you care more now for Jane than for your own sister," replied Carrie, with tears of anger and mortification.

"It is well that some one does care for Jane," he answered, taking his seat by the latter as he spoke.

"You know, Harry," she said, looking up quietly, as she always did, "that the dress makes no difference to me. Nothing could make her memory dearer."

A smile of peace rested on her fallow features as she spoke, a gentle, patient smile, that seemed to light up the soul within, and made her almost beautiful. She looked a moment at Harry, and then her eyes went back quietly to her work.

"If Miss Weston will oblige me," said the doctor, "I called to see if she would go with me to visit a sick woman near by. She is sadly in need of some cheering words, such as only one of her own sex can give her. She has every necessary comfort for the body, but is extremely depressed and nervous. My horse is waiting for me, and if you will get in the carriage and go with me, I will be greatly obliged."

Jane was quickly ready for the ride. The doctor handed her in, and stepping in after her, they were soon far from Carrie and all those little

petty cares, from which Jane had known no respite for many a weary week.

The fresh air seemed to impart a glow to her cheek, and a light sparkled in her eye that made her seem another creature.

When they returned home, before getting out of the carriage, the doctor said,

"I wanted to tell you this a long time ago, Jane, but I knew she could not spare you; but

my house is sadly in need of its mistress, and you will not make me wait long."

"Carrie," said Harry, about a year after this, "guess where I dined to-day. But you never will. With Dr. Gordon and his wife; and Jenny is actually beautiful. Happiness, and foreign travel, have so much improved her, and their home is so charming, that I have made up my mind to go and get married myself."

BELL SMITH AND I!

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

How oft, in childhood's halcyon days,
Ere reason broke life's fairy spell,
O'er sloping meads, by babbling brooks,
Or in the flower-laden dell—
We sauntered forth, in merry glee,
'Neath Summer's sun or twilight's sky,
With tiny feet and cheerful hearts
In confidence—Bell Smith and I!

I seem to see the willow tree
Where oft our weary feet did rest;
The orchard and the apple stump,
Where erst I found the blue-bird's nest:
And there, beyond the grassy lawn,
Where waved the tall and graceful rye,
And bushes cast a shade at noon,
We gathered berries—Bell and I

She was a sweet and charming lass!
The loveliest at home or school;
And for her dear and precious sake
I know I've often played the fool!
Yet oh! the bright ecstatic bliss
Of days which manhood ne'er can buy:
Would we might live them o'er again,
As once we did—Bell Smith and I!

But ah! the halcyon days of youth
Nor time nor wishes can recall;
Their memories rise up to view
But for a moment—that is all!
Full many a harvest moon hath passed—
Full many a Winter's blast gone by—
Since hand-in-hand, and young in heart,
We tripped the groves—Bell Smith and I.

The village grounds, so lovely once,
Now boast the name of Prospect-Head;
And all their sweet simplicity
Is shadowed o'er with Mammon's tread:
The red school-house now stands no more
The little rivulet hard by;
Nor doth the tutor's voice resound
Where wisdom smiled on Bell and I!

Young loves have grown estranged since then,
And fate hath woven many a spell;
The fresh, the buoyant hearts of yore,
Where are they now—ah! who can tell?
Some tread, perhaps, a foreign soil,
While others in the church-yard lie;
And two I hope, though parted here,
Will meet above—Bell Smith and I!

SONG.—MAGGIE DAWSON.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

STRANDGED by pride, by false glitter and show,
How oft in the city I silently pine
For the haunts of my youth, that I left long ago
When a careless content, with its pleasures were mine.
Untrammelled by wealth, unacquainted with fear,
My heart it beat light, for I worshiped alone,
The sweet, winning smile of my lassie so dear,
When I wooed Maggie Dawson, and thought her my own.

At eve, my dear Maggie, how often have I
Wandered out through the vine-tangled forest with thee,
While the loud, merry laugh that resounded on high,
Espoke of two hearts that were happy and free.
We talked not of love—but our love was revealed
By a mystical something unconsciously shown.
What are words? "Tis by those that our thoughts are
concealed,"

And without them I felt as if Maggie's my own.

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We talked not of love—yet the sensitive glow
Often told of the truth we half trembled to speak:—
In the volume of life, every thought that we know
Is writ on the page of the soul-telling cheek.
And when, my dear Maggie, I bade you adieu,
If the big swelling tear 'neath thine eyelid was shown;
Shall I slight the affection displayed then by you?
No! fain would I make you forever my own.

Ye jades of the city, though comely and fair,
Who sport in your silks and your jewels so fine,
Let you put on each grace, and each gay flaunting air,
Yet in spite of your arts Maggie Dawson is mine.
When once from this scene of dull plodding and strife,
I seek the old haunts which my childhood has known,
Then, Maggie! dear Maggie! I'll make thee my wife,
And the girl of my heart be forever my own.

THE OLD STONE MANSION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "MABEL," "KATE ATLESFORD," &c.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122.

CHAPTER IX.

IN this unhappy mood I remained for several days. Mr. Talbot had left, the evening after the dance, to be absent, as I heard Georgiana say, for nearly a week.

One day, I was sitting in my favorite alcove, above the sea, when Senator Clare approached. He and I had lately become quite friendly: at least, he often stopped to talk to me. He began now ghly,

"Poetizing beside the ocean again, eh! Miss Gray!" For the Senator would insist I was literary, and wrote poetry, in spite of my denials.

"It is unwritten poetry, then," I replied.

"Perverse as ever," was his rejoinder. "Now if I was only the favored one, who was allowed a peep into that port-folio. At any rate," he continued, observing I was annoyed at his pertinacity, "if you do not write poetry, I am sure you feel it. Your love for the sea is unaffected. Others talk of it twice as much as you do, but one sees they are not in earnest."

"Yes! I love the ocean," I answered, abstractedly. "It seems to me like some great, beautiful monster, that fascinates me beyond words."

"Mrs. Clare and I were watching you, yesterday, when you were bathing. You entered into the sprit of it as no one else does. Are you not afraid to go out so far alone?"

It was the custom at this watering-place, as at most American ones, for ladies to be attended by a husband, brother, or male acquaintance, when in the breakers. As I had neither husband, nor brother, and knew my uncle's selfishness, I always bathed by myself, for I would not permit any other gentleman to assist me.

"Oh! no," I replied. "Why should I fear? I am always careful to keep on safe ground. Besides, I swim."

"We were observing you floating. I wish every lady had your courage. When I was younger I would sport, for hours, in the breakers; but I am getting too old now."

"I think it is less strength than skill that is required. The surf is sometimes very heavy,

but I have never yet lost my footing. The knack comes by nature, perhaps."

"You bathe, certainly, as if you were born to it. I can recognize you among a hundred. Mr. Talbot was saying the same, only the other morning, when he and I stood looking at you. It was the very day he left. The waves came racing in, like greyhounds coursing. You stood, your shoulder slightly inclined to the rollers, your hat disappearing and reappearing, as they rushed over you; 'that famous hat,' he cried, 'it is like the plume of Henry of Navarre, always in front of the battle.' It was wonderful how you kept your ground. I said as much, but he told me of a certain sailing party," and the Senator looked archly at me, "and answered that your courage was never temerity, though you had the mettle of a thorough-bred. The metaphor is mine, not his, and I beg your pardon: we old lovers of the turf are often jockeys even in our talk."

It was not, however, at the comparison that I colored. My emotion arose from anything but anger. I remembered that all this had been said, by Mr. Talbot, after I had supposed I had offended him hopelessly. It was happiness that called the crimson to my cheek.

"But I declare," said the Senator, rising, "if here isn't Mr. Talbot himself. Talk of a certain personage, eh! Miss Gray. He is coming, just in time, for I know you have been dreadfully bored by an old fellow like me."

I recognized the footstep, though still distant. But I did not dare to look up. I heard it approach and stop beside me. Still I gazed immovably before me. My heart was beating fast.

"And Miss Grey too," said that rich, manly voice, thrilling through and through me, "I hope she, also, is glad to see an old friend."

I raised my eyes, and took his proffered hand, with what composure I could, stammering out something in reply. Every trace of resentment, if there ever had been any, had vanished from those frank eyes.

For a few minutes, during which Senator Clare

lingered, the conversation was desultory, even gay. If I had wished to be reserved to Mr. Talbot, I could not, in the presence of the Senator, for one so shrewd would have noticed it and read my secret; but I did not wish to be. I felt I had been miserable without cause, and was only too happy to forget the past, if Mr. Talbot had forgotten it.

When Senator Clare left, Mr. Talbot took a seat beside me, and looking archly at me, said,

"I have found out something, since I was away."

"Ah!" I said, inquiringly, not knowing what else to say, for his manner strangely embarrassed me.

"We are old acquaintances."

I looked my surprise. He evidently meant we had met before this summer; and I was not conscious of it.

"Indeed?" I said. "Are you sure?"

My hand lay on my lap. He took it up in his own broad palm, as if he had a right to it. I did not resist him, though no other man had ever been allowed to retain it even for an instant.

"I am sure as that I hold this now," he answered; and he lifted my hand to his lips and kissed it. "These little, taper fingers," he continued, looking into my eyes, and speaking in a low, tender voice, "are not more delicate than she was then."

His tone, his whole manner, revealed to me that I was loved. I was dizzy with bliss. But I tried to turn the conversation from the dangerous point, as women will, stammering something about not understanding where we could have met.

He looked at me full of infinite love; paused, and went on.

"It all came back to me, like a flash," he said, still retaining my hand, and smiling at my perplexed look. "I was walking in a certain street, the other day, when I recollected, suddenly, that I had been there, years and years ago. How vividly the scene returned to me! The snow-covered ground; the big bully of a boy; the broken pitcher; and two eyes, that looked up at me so appealingly, that I have never forgotten them. And they are the very same eyes in the woman that they were in the child."

He pressed my hand as he finished. It came back to me also like a flash. The same bold, frank eyes were looking into mine now, that had cheered and encouraged me, on that dreadful day.

I felt myself blush to the very forehead. Then my glance sunk beneath his.

"And it was you!" I murmured. "I see it all now. How could I have——"

I stopped. I blushed more guiltily than before. Yet oh! how happy I was to recognize, in him, my boyish defender.

"I wonder I was so long in discovering you," he said. "From the first hour I saw you here, I felt there was something about you, I could not tell what, which seemed to me strangely familiar. Looks would come back to me, from the far, far past, like those I saw daily in your eyes."

"But how did you know, at last, that it was I?"

"Haven't you just admitted it?" he said, archly. "I felt sure I was right," he added, in a deeper tone, "and was curious to know if you would recollect it."

Ah! little did he know, I said to myself, how well I had recollected it; how, for years, that brave lad had been my childish idea of a hero.

There was a silence, which he was the first to break.

"I had other reasons, too, for my belief. I used often to think of that little girl, and wonder what became of her: so much so, that, at last, I went to the house, which I had seen her enter, and asked about her. They told me of the death of your mother, and that you had been taken away by an uncle. Both his name and yours I had forgot, in the course of time; but they came back, all at once, as I stood in the narrow street again: and I remembered that they coincided with yours and Mr. Elliott's."

He paused a moment; then went on, his voice taking a tenderer tone.

"I had the good fortune to defend you once, dear Margaret: will you not permit me to be your defender all your life? Heaven surely has intended us for each other. I feel, that, between our souls, now that we are adults, there is a sympathy that can never die. Is it not so?"

What could I say? What I did say, the reader will imagine, from what I have told of myself before.

The engagement made a great talk. I had wished to keep it secret, but Georgiana, in a fit of spleen, proclaimed it, knowing it would annoy me. Impertinent young ladies told me how all the rest envied me, and as the mothers, generally, looked coldly on me, I suppose I was told the truth. I was quite ready, for my part, to believe that I was legitimately a subject of envy, for no nobler man lived, or had ever lived, I said to myself, than Mr. Talbot.

"Ah! sly fox," said Senator Clare, to me, "I knew how it would be. I told Mrs. Clare, long

ago, that if two people were ever made for each other, you and Talbot were. No ordinary woman would have been able to win him. He needed a strong, original character like yours, feminine, but still heroic. It is not mere compliment, my dear child," he added, in a serious tone, "when I say this. God bless you. It is an old man's hearty benediction; but it is sincere."

CHAPTER X.

We returned to the city in September. My marriage was to take place in the beginning of the year.

My uncle and aunt, though studiously polite to me, could not forgive me for having, as they thought, supplanted Georgiana. Their secret aversion was such, that I often thought, if I had not been about to become the wife of the rich and celebrated Mr. Talbot, they would have broken with me openly.

Mr. Talbot spent more than half of his time in our city. When he was with me, I was happy, but during his absences I had many sad hours; and I counted, with impatience, the days yet to elapse before I should have a right to be always with him.

Of Georgiana I saw very little. Her evenings were consumed by a round of parties, and her mornings were generally spent abroad. I learned, accidentally, from her maid, that she had become an early riser, and often took long walks before breakfast. She seemed to avoid my society; and when we met was reserved. On more than one occasion, when I saw her in society, I was struck with her unnaturally gay spirits. What little confidence had grown up between us, since we had become women, had ceased from the day Mr. Talbot had asked my hand. Thus alienated from nearly all the household, I devoted much of my time to Rosalie. We were together more than ever. Often, I said to myself, that my only regret, in leaving my uncle's family, would be my separation from her.

We had been in town about two months, when Georgiana's birth-day came around. It was to be celebrated by a great ball. The preparations for this event threw my cousin and myself frequently together, for there was much to consult about; and the great inequality of her spirits now struck me more than ever. I could not avoid the conclusion that she had some secret cause of unhappiness. Had I not known that she had never loved Mr. Talbot, but only intrigued to get him through sheer vanity, and perhaps a little pique at the unexplained departure of her supposed noble admirer, I might

have imagined it was disappointed affection. More than once I was on the point of soliciting her confidence. But she always repelled even the slightest approaches of this description, coldly and haughtily. If her mother noticed her abstracted air, or unconscious sighs, she would break into a laugh, declare it was all imagination, and say she never felt better or happier in her life.

The ball went off brilliantly. Georgiana had never looked more beautiful, or seemed in higher spirits. Her parents, proud of the admiration she created, followed her with their eyes wherever she went.

"I declare," said Mr. Talbot, gayly, "your cousin is almost as beautiful as yourself."

"Almost!" I retorted, in the same spirit. "It is well there is that saving clause. I don't think I should ever forgive you otherwise."

"It is more of a triumph to her parents than even to herself. How your uncle and aunt seem to worship her. What a strange thing parental love is."

I read his thoughts. He was wondering how Georgiana, whom he thought so silly, could have inspired such attachment. But he solved the riddle immediately.

"In fact, however," he continued, as if speaking to himself, "it is themselves, in such cases, that parents love. Georgiana is showy, full of tact, and fashionably accomplished; they expect her to make a great match; and that hope, as well as the admiration she excites, gratifies their vanity."

"You modern Rochefaucault," I said, playfully, dropping his arm on which I had been leaning, "Avaunt!"

"Why not Mephistophles at once?" he answered, laughing.

"Well then Mephistophles," I cried. "I have no patience with you. You are always looking out for bad motives."

"Not always," he said. "I don't think there's anything selfish in your love for Rosalie, for example. But, perhaps, we lawyers do look too much at the worse side of humanity. However, be it vanity or not, which makes your uncle and aunt adore Georgy, her death would be a blow none the less terrible."

"I believe it would nearly kill them."

I have recorded this conversation, because, often afterward, it recurred to me as having been almost prophetic.

Early the next morning, I went down to the deserted apartments, in order to see that the servants were prompt at rearranging them. Every one knows what a sad spectacle a ball-room pre-

went the following day. As I looked around, a feeling of melancholy, almost indescribable, stole over me. To have sat down and cried would have been a relief. I had never felt so, without sufficient cause, before; and I was ashamed of myself for being, as I thought, hysterical. Alas! it was a presentiment of evil.

The breakfast bell rang, an hour later than usual, and though every one looked haggard, all obeyed it, except Georgiana. After waiting for a quarter of an hour, her father, who was a martinet in punctuality, testily ordered her to be summoned.

"Poor thing," said her mother, apologetically, "let her sleep. We can breakfast for once without her, father. She must be quite worn out."

"Not more than we are," answered Mr. Elliott, who was always out of humor if he had to wait for a meal. "Let her get up, like the rest of us. It was for her pleasure the house has been turned topsy-turvy; and the least she can do is not to keep breakfast standing."

When my uncle spoke in this way there was no appeal. A servant, therefore, was despatched to Georgiana's door; but the poor creature returned immediately, followed by my cousin's maid, consternation on both their faces.

My uncle and aunt rose at once, divining something terrible. But neither could form words to speak. It devolved on me to interrogate the maids.

Both spoke at once. Georgiana's room was empty, they said, and her bed had not been disturbed.

Simultaneously we three, uncle, aunt and myself, rushed up stairs; my uncle with an oath, my aunt shrieking, myself with a dreadful suspicion at my heart. The servants followed after. I looked back at Georgiana's maid, and read in her face, though she strove to appear frightened, that she knew more about the affair than she chose to tell; and my suspicions and fears began to assume shape.

Mr. Elliott was the first to reach the chamber. His eye instantly detected a note, left conspicuously on the dressing-table, which he read rapidly through, threw with an oath at his wife, and then rushed down stairs, exclaiming that Georgiana had disgraced them forever, and shouting for a carriage and policemen.

My aunt took up the letter, but her hand shook so that she could not see, and I was compelled I offer to assist her. Leading her to the bed, to ordered the servants from the room, and then read the note aloud, the poor mother rocking to and fro, and wringing her hands, except when she broke into audible sobbings.

My conscience smote me as I read. Georgiana had eloped, the letter said, with one whom she knew her parents were prejudiced against, but who was all nobleness and virtue, as they would yet discover. He had loved her, she wrote, ever since he first saw her, at the sea-shore, in the summer; but had not dared then to breathe his hopes, because an old enemy of his, Mr. Talbot, had, he knew, prejudiced her parents against him. Since then, however, he had followed Georgiana home; they had met frequently; and she had finally consented to be his; indeed, she had loved him, she said, from their first meeting. The missive ended with what is, I suppose, the usual conclusion in such cases, an entreaty for forgiveness.

I had no difficulty in solving parts of this riddle. Georgiana had eloped with Mr. Despencer, the adventurer who had disappeared so suddenly, the day after Mr. Talbot's arrival. But other parts of it were still enigmatical. I had always intended to tell Georgiana this man's true character; but had forgotten to do it; and I had never since even heard his name mentioned in the family. From my aunt I could extract no information. She had never known, she said, that he had visited at the house—how then could it be supposed that she or her husband was prejudiced against him? My poor aunt, on saying this, began to reproach her child, and went into violent hysterics.

The problem was not unriddled till later in the day, when my uncle, having returned from an unsuccessful pursuit of the fugitives, and my aunt having partially recovered, I mentioned my suspicion that Georgiana's maid knew more of the affair than any of us. My uncle had her immediately summoned, and by locking the door, threatening her with a prison, and promising her a large reward, he so worked on her alternate fears and cupidity, that she finally betrayed her mistress. By putting together what she revealed; what I already knew; and what I suspected, I got at the full truth.

It seems, that, within a few days after our return, Mr. Despencer had waylaid the maid, and by a liberal reward had induced her to send him word the next time Georgiana went out alone. Thus informed, he had met my cousin, as if accidentally, and renewed their acquaintance. Georgiana, mortified by the loss of Mr. Talbot, and having always secretly liked Mr. Despencer, consented, after one or two of these apparently chance interviews, to meet him clandestinely. Hence her walks before breakfast.

"Miss Elliott," continued the maid, "used to tell me all. How that Mr. Despencer was a lord

in disguise, but that Mr. Talbot, he knew, had set you, sir, against him, so that it was of no use for him to visit here openly. How that there was no way but to elope and trust to forgiveness afterward. How that she was as good as an only daughter and you couldn't help forgiving her. And how he wanted Miss to run away long ago, but she wouldn't, hoping something would turn up, and when she gave up this hope, she told him she must wait, anyhow, till after her ball."

"So," cried my uncle, choking with rage, "you knew all this, and didn't tell me."

The girl began to whimper. I feared, that, if the scene was protracted, Mr. Elliott might do what he would afterward regret, so I took the responsibility of unlocking the door, and signing for the maid to depart. He scowled at me, but said nothing; and I also left in order to see my aunt and give her the solution to the mystery.

I will not dwell on the week that followed. My uncle raved and stormed, vowing, fifty times a day, that he would kill Georgiana's husband, "if he ever caught the villain," and that he would never forgive her, "if she crawled on her knees, the length of a continent, to ask pardon." My aunt kept her bed, where she moaned and moaned, as if her heart was breaking.

I soon found that my presence was irksome to both of them. I had told them, frankly, what I had overheard about Mr. Despencer, and they could not forgive my not having repeated it to Georgiana. My own remorse for this thoughtlessness, meantime, was great. Sometimes I fancied that Georgiana would have been saved, if she had known all. Once or twice I saw my uncle scowl at me, in a way that would have led to an explosion, I am sure, if I had not been the affianced bride of Mr. Talbot; but even in his misery, he was true to his character, and stood in awe of superior position. That I was not wrong in my surmise, events soon disclosed.

I have forgot to say, that Mr. Talbot had left the city, by the midnight train, the evening of the ball, on a business visit to Washington. I wrote to him, at once, telling him what a miserable house ours was; asking him if anything could be done; reproaching myself; and begging him, as soon as he could, to return. A hurried line reached me, on the fourth day, saying he would be back at the end of a week; and I was anxiously expecting him, when, one morning, a letter came from Georgiana, announcing her return from her bridal tour, and asking me to come and see her. The messenger, she said, would wait for me, in a carriage, as they were located, for the present, in a

country mansion, which her husband had hired, a few miles out of town.

CHAPTER XI.

I DID not hesitate a moment. I had long forgot all her unkindness, I remembered only my remorse. "If I can do anything for her, if I can help to reconcile her to her parents, I will do it, at any cost," I said.

I had scarcely uttered this sentiment, and was hurriedly tying on my bonnet before the drawing-room mirror, for I was in such haste to go that I had sent a servant up stairs for my things, when there was a ring at the door that I recognized, and which made my heart leap into my throat. I rushed to the hall, just in time to welcome Mr. Talbot.

"I have traveled all night," he said, in answer to my exclamation at his jaded appearance. "But I can't look half as worn as you do. My dear Margaret," and he drew me to him, "you take this affair too much to heart."

I burst into tears. These were the first words of kindness I had heard for a week.

"Oh! no," I said, shaking my head, "I have caused it all. If I had only told Georgiana. But indeed, indeed, it seemed so trivial, it looked so much like gossip, that I quite forgot it."

He kissed me, and soothed me, saying, again and again, that my nervous system was broken down, and that I was consequently morbid, or I would not talk so.

"But you are going out," he said, at last. "I remember seeing a carriage at the door. Perhaps it is something important. If so, we will talk of all this when you get back."

"Oh! yes, I had forgot," I answered, rising. "I am going out, and there is no time to lose. Won't you come too?" I cried, eagerly, "I am going to see Georgiana."

"Going to see Georgiana!"

The look and tone that accompanied these words threw a sudden chill over my enthusiasm. I had supposed that there could be no doubt of the propriety, nay! of the positive duty of my going; but somehow I felt now as if this was not so certain. It was evident, at least, that Mr. Talbot disapproved of the proceeding.

"Georgiana has written to me," I said, recovering myself, after a moment, "begging me to come, in order to advise her what to do." I hesitated, then added. "And I feel that I ought to go."

My heart beat fast as I spoke, for there had never been since our engagement, the slightest approach to any difference of opinion between

us. Yet I knew, that, if Mr. Talbot had a fault, it was in being inflexible to obstinacy, in regard to what he thought the right, and especially in regard to the conduct of women. On some points also I suspected that he was the victim of what, in any other, I should have called prejudice. I felt, instinctively, that this was one of those points.

Mr. Talbot was silent for a moment. He bit his lip, looking on the ground, evidently both annoyed and hurt. At last he spoke.

"You really must give up this visit, Margaret," he said. "I cannot consent to let you go."

Had he spoken differently, had his tone been less authoritative, I might have yielded. But alas! for both of us, he roused all the woman in me by these words.

The blood mounted to my forehead. Consent! Was he, then, my master? No! I was not married yet; and I could, and would, do as I pleased.

Besides, ought not husband and wife to be alike as to rights? Was not each entitled to his or her conscientious opinion? Was not any attempt, on the part of the man, to claim authority to control the woman, tyrannical?

It is true I loved Mr. Talbot. But was I, like so many other women, those recreants to their sex as I had been accustomed to call them, to abandon my principles at the first temptation? Was I also to become a slave, because I loved? My eye kindled, as these thoughts passed through me.

Mr. Talbot read my sentiments. But he was as resolute, as unflinching as myself.

"Margaret," he said, at last, solemnly, "think well what you are about to do. It is no mere whim that makes me object to your seeing Georgiana. If you could visit her without involving me, I would stop with an expostulation——"

"But now you command——"

I spoke in some heat. God forgive me! But I was irritable from that week's anxiety, and his tone, whether he meant it or not, was even more exasperating than his words.

He looked at me in surprise. Then his brow began to contract.

"I will be frank with you, Margaret," he said. "We are to be married so soon, that I think I have a right, equitably at least, to exercise some control over you even now. As my wife I cannot consent to your associating with your cousin. Her husband is a mere adventurer. Once, as you know, I had almost sent him to the penitentiary. You cannot visit his wife, without, as my wife, countenancing him; and to that extent embarrassing me. He will boast of an acquaintance, nay! connection, and so secure *entree* into

circles whence otherwise he would be excluded. He is full of tact. If you notice them at all, he will obtain character and credit in consequence of it. This I cannot consent to. I must insist, therefore, that you do not go, unless," he paused, "unless you promise, at the same time, never to repeat the visit."

I believe I would have yielded to this compromise, if it had not been for that one word "insist;" for I felt the force of his argument. For a moment, indeed, I was on the point of giving way. But a something within me whispered that I was weak; that I was surrendering to love and not to conviction; and this made me as firm as a rock.

"Mr. Talbot," I said, coldly, "I believe I am a reasoning creature as well as yourself. And I have a duty to perform to others as well as to you. Through my neglect, Georgiana has become the wife of this man; I owe her some reparation; and as long as she wishes me to stand by her, I will not be so cowardly as to cast her off."

We looked at each other. Neither flinched.

"So be it," replied Mr. Talbot, beginning to button up his coat. He was greatly agitated. "So be it." He took a step or two as if departing.

But suddenly he turned, walked up to me, and seized my hand.

"Margaret," he cried, in a voice husky with emotion. "For God's sake think what you do! Be just to yourself as well as to me. Let us not be separated on so trivial a matter. If you love me, you will make this sacrifice."

His first words had melted me. His last made me as rigid as ever.

"If I do not love you," I said, "because I will not yield, neither do you love me, for neither will you yield. But since you say I don't love, the sooner this bauble," and I took my engagement ring from my finger, "is returned to you, the better."

He did not, at first, take the ring. He was more forbearing than myself. He looked at me steadily. If there had been any relenting on his part, I might have relented also. But I saw that he was waiting, not because there was any chance of his opinion changing, but because he hoped mine would, and that I would yield. He evidently thought, that, in the relations that existed between us, it was as much my duty to obey as if I had been his wife; and he as evidently held to the belief that the husband was the head of the household. Something of this found expression.

"I was too hasty," he said, still hesitating.

"I am satisfied you love me, Margaret. Forgive me!" I was relenting fast. But his next words destroyed all. "Yet more than love is necessary. Where there is an irreconcilable difference of opinion, as there seems to be on this point, either the man or the woman must yield; and it is the wife's duty, in such cases, to surrender to the husband, else there would be no unity of action. A house divided against itself cannot stand. Society holds the husband responsible for the wife's behavior; he ought, therefore, to control it; and I shall expect you, in matters of this kind, to give up to me."

I believe no man yet ever understood a woman. These words exasperated me to such a degree, that, for the time, all love for the speaker went out from me. They seemed so logically correct, however, in Mr. Talbot's eyes, that he was apparently surprised at their effect. Ah! why did he not know, that, after marriage, a wife insensibly yields all? Why did he thrust before me, so obtrusively, the chain I was to wear?

"Sir," I said, removing my hand and drawing myself up with dignity, "I see, now, it is you who does not love. You are not my conscience-keeper. Thank God! that I find out, before it is too late, what degradation is expected of me."

This time he took the ring, which I again extended to him. One long, sad look he cast on me, a look, oh! how reproachful, and then, without a word, bowed and retired. A moment after, I heard the front door close and knew that all was over between us.

Yes! all was over. But alas! I had not that assured consciousness, which I ought to have had, that I was wholly in the right, and he wholly in the wrong. The instant he passed from my sight doubt made me its prey. Had I not been too hasty? Had I not again lost my temper? Was he not right, after all? I rushed to the window to summon him back. But pride checked me just as my hand was on the casement. No! the deed was done: I would abide by it.

Then I went over the old arguments to prove that I was right. I said to myself that he was imperious; that I never could have been happy with him; that, if I had yielded in this matter, he would have expected me to yield always, even when he was indisputably in the wrong.

I thought also of my sex. If all would do as I had done, the tyranny of man would soon be over. I congratulated myself on being a martyr. I felt a heroic exaltation which buoyed me up, for awhile, indescribably.

But it would not do. In spite of all, I was miserably unhappy. I stood, reasoning thus

with myself, but feeling more utterly desolate every moment, till at last my fortitude gave way, I burst into a passion of tears, and throwing myself on the sofa, wept as if my heart would break.

CHAPTER XII.

My passion of tears had not yet spent itself, when there was a tap at the parlor door. I commanded myself sufficiently to ask, in a composed voice, who was there?

"It is me," answered my uncle's waiter. "The cabman, at the door, has rung twice to know if you are going, or whether he shall drive off."

I had utterly forgotten my visit to Georgiana. I now rose feebly.

"Tell the man I will be there presently," I said. I waited till I heard the waiter pass down the hall, for I did not wish to be seen, and then slipped up stairs, in order to wash my inflamed eyes, and bathe my aching temples.

During the drive to Georgiana's, my thoughts were of my late interview, not of her. In vain I tried to dismiss it; the parting looks and words of Mr. Talbot would come back; and I was on the point, several times, of giving way to tears again. For the more I reflected, the less I was satisfied with myself. I felt I had been too hasty, too passionate, too proud. Oh! I would have given anything to have had the last few hours to act over again. Yet though I knew I had but to order the carriage back to town, and despatch a note to Mr. Talbot, that very pride kept me from doing it.

We left the city, by one of its northern outlets, and found ourselves driving amid abandoned fields. On the dusty herbage of some of these, sheep were grazing; others were dug up for brick-yards; on still others straggling rows of houses were being put up. Suddenly we turned into a shady lane, one side of which was bounded by a spacious park, over whose velvety turf great trees were scattered singly or in clumps, letting the yellow sunshine drop down silently between them, like gold filtered from the sky. A noble mansion, half concealed by foliage, stood at the further extremity of the park.

"It is here, I suppose, that Georgiana lives," I said to myself. "What a poetical home! It is quite the place to take a bride to." And I thought better of her husband already.

But the driver, instead of turning in at the massive gates, kept on, and when I pulled the check-string, and asked him if he had not made a mistake, he answered in the negative, with a shrug of the shoulders, that destroyed all my romantic illusions.

After proceeding a couple of miles further, we entered a lonely cross-road, and descending a hill, alongside of a sombre wood, found ourselves in a narrow, gloomy valley, through which ran a small, sullen stream, which, where we crossed it, on a rickety bridge, ran black as death below. A little to the right, in the midst of a grove of ancient white pines, stood an old stone house, which had evidently been the country seat of some rich citizen, fifty years before, but which had long been in decay. The roof was covered with moss, and damp with the drippings of the overhanging pines, and in more than one place the shingles had rotted off. The shutters were gone from most of the upper windows. One side of the house, indeed, appeared to be untenable. Weeds grew rank and high before the door, and across what had once been a graveled walk. An octagonal pavilion, on a mound, had been turned into a hay-rick, and the conical roof of an old-fashioned ice-house had tumbled in, revealing a yawning pit, full of broken timbers and stones. Most of the palings were down, that had shut in the little lawn, once, doubtless, as trim as flowers and grass could make it, but now retaining no vestige of its aristocratic days, except a gigantic box-tree, that had been formerly clipped, but had since nearly grown out of shape, and was half dead.

My heart sank as I saw the driver turn into this ruinous place. It looked as if it had been the scene of a murder, years and years ago, and had been left to rats, and owls, and ghosts ever since. When the man got down, to open the rickety gate, my blood ran cold, nor had I recovered myself, when the coach, rumbling and jostling over the stony lane, which the rains had washed into huge gullies, stopped before the dilapidated door.

Georgiana was waiting to receive me. I thought she looked disappointed when she saw I came alone. There was, at first, therefore, some constraint between us. She led the way, however, in shaking it off.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, kissing me, and conducting me into the house. "I knew I could depend on you, at least: and so I told Arthur. Poor Arthur! he is so worried, because, as he says, if it hadn't been for him, I'd never have come to this old, ruinous place; and he's no better one, till his difficulties are over, to take me to. It's not so bad, though, as it looks from the outside," she continued, opening a door on the left, and showing me into what had been a handsome room, and was still a comfortable one, for it was comparatively well furnished with modern furniture, and had a cheerful fire that

made the atmosphere feel very different from the chill, damp one of the hall. "We have this for a parlor, and a couple of nice rooms up stairs, one of which shall be yours, when you come to stay over night, which I hope you'll do often, at least till you're married. Arthur," she added, with a sigh, "has to be away, he says, a great deal."

The sigh and the tone told how lonely she was, at such times; but she did not say so. She was, in this respect, improved already.

By this time, she had taken my bonnet off, when I heard the rumbling of the coach, as if it was going away; and I started up from the chair into which she had pressed me.

"Oh!" she said, "it is all right. Arthur employed the man, and told him not to come for you till night: for I was determined to have you for the whole day. Sit down while I stir the fire."

All this was so unlike the Georgiann of a few months ago, that I could not help looking at her wonderingly. She had changed, even in the week she had been gone. There was a sad, worn look in her face, painful to see. Anxiety to recover her parents' favor could not account for that expression.

"You have no good news to tell me," she said, after a pause, and speaking with an effort. "Is father very angry?"

It was characteristic of her that she did not speak of her mother. She had always loved, as well as feared, her father most. She had been his pet and she knew it.

"I am afraid it will be a long time before he forgives you," was my hesitating answer.

She did not reply for some time. But I saw that her lip quivered and that she leaned against the mantle-piece for support.

"What did he say?" she asked, at last, with a trembling voice, looking at the fire.

I told her, as delicately as I could, all that had happened, softening her father's harsh expressions, wherever it was possible to do so without infringing on the substantial truth of my story. Once or twice she interrupted me to ask a question. But for most of the time, she stood leaning against the chimney-piece, with her face averted, crying to herself.

"But let us hope for the best," I said, when I had finished. "Men of your father's nature are passionate and unrelenting at first, but more apt to forgive, after awhile, than characters which are less demonstrative."

"That is true," she answered, reflecting for awhile; and she sighed. "I wouldn't care so much, if it wasn't for Arthur. But pa will come

round yet. He can't be so cruel." And a forced smile shone wanly across her face, as she added. "This is not very hospitable, however: you've been here an hour, and I've offered you no refreshments; what will you have? A glass of wine and a bit of cake for luncheon? Or shall we have an early dinner? Arthur won't be home till dark, and told me not to wait for him."

There was something in her manner, rather than in her words, when she spoke of her husband, that convinced me she was not entirely happy with him. She evidently loved him, but seemed to fear him. Already she was beginning, I said to myself, to drink the fruits of her waywardness and disobedience. Yet I pitied her, with all her errors, the more that I felt, that, but for me, she might have been saved.

I did my best to cheer her, though I was far from cheerful myself. She innocently made me wince, more than once, when she referred to my approaching marriage.

We dined in a back apartment, similar to the one we had been sitting in; and were waited on by an old woman, who seemed to be cook and maid-of-all-work in one. After dinner we returned to the parlor, where I began to wonder why the carriage did not return, for night was approaching. The autumn wind wailed dismally among the pines, and directly the rain began to dash against the windows. At last, the jolting of wheels was heard. Georgiana, who had been uneasy, on my account, for some time, ran to the window and said it was the cabman.

"But there is a cart with him," she added, immediately, and in a tone of some surprise. "And stay, surely I know those things; they are your trunks. Ah! I see it all," and she turned and kissed me joyfully, "you have done this to surprise me. You have sent slyly, for your wardrobe and are going to make me a visit. You don't know how I thank you."

I realized, from her unaffected delight, how lonely she had felt. But I was so much astonished, at what she said, that I hurried to the window, believing that there must be some mistake. There was none, however. The cart, by this time, had drawn up to the door, and the earman was throwing my trunks on the decayed door-steps, in the rain and wet.

At the same moment, the woman, who had waited on us at dinner, entered the room with a letter, which she handed to me.

"What can it all mean?" I said. "This is your father's writing. Ah! I understand."

These exclamations had followed each other, as I received the letter, glanced at the direction,

opened it, and began to read. I tore up the missive, to prevent Georgiana from asking to see it, as soon as I had finished perusing it; and threw the fragments into the fire; or I would transcribe it here. But its purport, and even many of its phrases, I shall never forget.

It seems that my aunt had been in the back parlor, which was separated, by folding-doors, as is still the case in many old mansions, from the front one, during my interview with Mr. Talbot. While I was up stairs, as I afterward discovered, my uncle had come in; and she had told him what she had overheard. He had immediately ascertained the number of the coach, in which I had left the house, and, when it returned to its stand, had sent for it. Meantime, my wardrobe had been collected, and packed into a cart, ready to be despatched to me. The cabman, when he came, was given a letter, with instructions to deliver my baggage on the spot, or drive me elsewhere, if I wished.

The letter itself reproached me, not very consistently, considering for whose cause I had quarreled with Mr. Talbot, with having undermined Georgiana, with having trapped her into her marriage, and with still abetting her in her disobedience. I was, it said, ungrateful, artful, insolent and treacherous. But I was, at last, found out. My very victim, Mr. Talbot, had discovered my true character, and cast me off; and the writer hastened to follow his example. I should no longer insult him, or my aunt, with my presence. They utterly disowned me, and forever. They had sent me such things as were mine, though I did not deserve it, and they wished never again to hear my name. As to applying to them, by letter, or seeking an interview, it would be useless.

My uncle was neither a coherent talker, nor writer, and this letter was one of his most involved productions. The very handwriting trembled with passion. In every sentence was revealed the hatred and revenge, which only the wealth and position of Mr. Talbot had restrained, and which now had full sway.

Pride and indignation were my first emotions, when I had finished perusing the epistle. I looked up. The eyes of Georgiana were fixed on me inquiringly. Calmly I walked to the fire, as I have said, tore the letter up, and threw the pieces deliberately into the flames. Then, as concealment was no longer possible, I told my cousin of the breach between Mr. Talbot and myself, and that her father had turned me out of doors.

She was at my side in a moment. The many slights she had put upon me, in her rich and

insolent days, were forgiven and forgotten from that hour. She was one of those, whom sorrow improves. Had I been a sister she could not have been kinder.

"You shall stay with us," she said, kissing me. "Arthur will be so glad, for he is compelled to leave me a great deal alone, and I know it gives him pain. You have come to all this, too, because you took my part. Ah! Maggy, it is just like you, always thinking of others before yourself."

I was really grateful for so hearty a welcome. For I felt that I had no other place to go to, at least that night, and that I should have been compelled to ask for a temporary home with her, even if she had not offered it. This much I saw, though I was yet too stunned by the events of the day, to reflect clearly, either on my real position, or on my future plans.

It was now Georgiana's turn to try to be cheerful. She led the way gayly to my room, superintended the bringing up of my things, and kept assuring me "Arthur would be so glad

that I was to live with them." But I was not so certain of this. Even my temporary sojourn with them, till I could find some means of employment, I began to think might be distasteful to him; for it was plain his pecuniary resources were small; and it was probable he would dislike me on Mr. Talbot's account. The events of the day had left me nervous, so that, as the hour for his return approached, I began to wish almost that I had rejected Georgiana's invitation, and gone elsewhere. But where could I go? This continually returning question, and the ever repeated answer, that I had nowhere to go, humiliated me beyond words. If Mr. Talbot had wished for revenge, he was having it already.

At last Mr. Despencer arrived. We heard him in the hall below, stamping the water from his boots; and Georgiana hurried down to meet him; while I remained, sitting in the twilight, listening to the rain beating against the casements, and feeling as if I had nothing now to live for, nothing to hope for, hereafter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"IN MEMORIAM."

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WILMINGTON: FOUNDED BY ALEXIS J. DUPONT.

BY CLARA MORETON.

NEVER of dust beneath, did sculptured stone
So eloquently speak, as this grey spire
Of thee. Oh, laborer without hire, whose day
Closed with the noon—thy Master calling thee
Straight from the field, before thy work was done,
To rest with Him above. Before thy work
Was done? We dare not say of thee—whose life
Was filled to overflowing with good deeds,
Who crowded labors, in the noon-tide hour,
So vast as this—that aught was left undone!
No! blessed be He who set thee to thy task,
And when the hours of servitude were o'er,

Redeemed the promise of our Christ, and called
Thee home to glories of thy heritage!

These massive walls defy the hand of Time!
Ages shall pass, and find them still secure:
Green creeping vines shall clamber up their sides,
And interlace their sprays. The passers by
Shall feel their hearts throb fast, at thoughts of thee,
Gazing upon its beauty and its strength;
And so, to children's children, will thy name
Go down, kindling to noble deeds, some yet
Unborn, and sowing seeds for harvest-time.

DAHLIAS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

TOTTERED with the rosal crimson fine
Which gleams blood red in princes' wine;
The regal blossoms of the South,
Ripe as some syren's luring mouth;
Fragrance ye have not! where's the need!
Such courtly grace is ample need
To win kings' hearts, and claim the praise
Of dauntless heroes wearing bays!

Filled to the brim with gorgeous light,
Alone in proud imperial might—
To sway the passions, charm the sense,
And rival star-crowned Innocence!

The rose is lovely, modest, meek;
I like its dainty, blushing cheek—
But queenlier is the dahlia flower,
A type of beauty, fame, and power!

My love must be a stately girl,
With elegance in each soft curl;
I'd have her heart a high, proud shrine,
Where I might lay this love of mine!
And on the passion of her lips
Be lost, like bees in red cowslips!
Content with this sweet Heaven below,
Which makes of life one rapture-flow!

MY NEW YEAR'S DREAM.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

It was midnight, and the last of the old year. All alone in my little room, I listened to the heavy clang of the bells that bade farewell to 1866, to welcome in his new-born brother. Alone! One year before I had been the centre of a brilliant party, each and all of whom were drinking a welcome to the New Year. I was an orphan then, but an heiress and a belle: and having lost my parents in infancy, my orphanhood did not weigh heavily upon me. One month later, my guardian absconded, and it was found that all my money was gone with him. Where he went I know not to this day. I only know he never returned. One by one the gay butterflies of fashion, who had made me their idol, fell away, and I was alone. There was one, one in whose eyes I had fancied I read deep devotion; one whose hand clasped mine with a long, lingering pressure; one whose image nestled close against my heart; one whose large, soft eyes haunted me; one on whose faith I would have staked my life: he too was gone. He was away when the news came to me; I hoped for a letter, a line to say he was the same as ever. It never came. Crushed, worn out, I left my own home, to be a governess here to Mrs. Morton's lovely daughter. She was as old as myself, but my music and languages were farther advanced, and I came to teach her what I knew of these.

The last stroke of the bells died away, and all was silent. Mr. and Mrs. Morton, Lucy and her brother, were all at a gay party, such a one as welcomed me one year before. Even the servants were out, and I was entirely alone.

A heavy weight seemed crushing me to the earth, and I longed with bitter, intense longing for one voice to wish me joy on the New Year, one hand to press mine in love and sympathy. There was none! Sadly I looked forward through years to come. Nothing could I see but toil and loneliness. "Oh!" I cried, "that I could die with the old year!"

"Peace!" said a low voice beside me, "rather wish to begin a new life with the New Year."

I started up and looked about me. All was dark.

"Who is there?" I cried.

A flood of light answered my question, and

there on the pillow, where my head had pressed, I saw an artificial flower which had fallen from my bonnet, which hung above it. In the centre of the flower stood a tiny figure, not higher than my finger, and it spoke to me again.

"Murmurer," it said, "be still. Our Father commands all things for the best. Think you that you are the most miserable being on earth? Have you not kind friends, a pleasant home, and a salary that covers your expenses? I have the power to show you how the New Year opens for my Maker."

"Your Maker?"

"Yes. I am the spirit enclosed in your new bonnet; come with me!"

Darkness closed around me again, and I found myself in the open air. Literally in the air, for I was sailing along high above the houses. We passed out of the fashionable quarters where Mr. Morton resided, and alighted in a narrow court, where dirt and misery reigned supreme.

My conductor flitted before me, and I followed. Up, up, many flights of stairs we passed, until we reached the attic of a high, narrow house. Here we found two young girls, sewing, while a third counted the contents of a little green purse.

"How much is there, Carrie?" asked one of them, laying down a wreath of tiny flowers she had just twisted into shape.

"Sixteen cents."

"Five cents a piece, and one over," said the other, bitterly. "We begin our New Year with brilliant prospects."

"Hush, sister!" and the one named Carrie pointed to a mattress, upon which lay a woman sleeping.

"What can we do? It is impossible to live in this way."

A gloomy silence fell on the party.

"Carrie," said the first speaker, "how much did Mrs. Gray give you for Miss Morton's bonnet?"

"Twenty-five cents."

I started. Miss Morton's bonnet was warranted French, and had cost thirty dollars.

"Did you find anything?"

"The materials? No, only the work. It took me two days, the lace required dainty handling. I was paid ten cents for the work in the other,

for her companion. Mrs. Gray says we should be thankful for any work."

"God help us!" sobbed the other. "Death is better than this."

"Come," said my guide, "we have one more visit." Flitting before me, he led me to another house, as poor as the one we had left. Here, as before, we found the occupants busy. It was a small room, and the fire made it close and oppressive, even on the cold January morning. Round a small table, by the light of a tallow candle, a woman and two children were making artificial flowers. The little boy twisted the vines, the little girl cut the leaves, and the mother put them together. All wore sad faces, and the mother's tears fell on the bright leaves. Suddenly throwing down the flowers, she rose and left the room. The children followed, and we too. Up again to a high attic. No fire was in this room, no furniture, except a rude coffin, in which lay a baby form. Here the mother knelt, moaning, weeping, and calling upon her child to answer her. The children's caresses were all in vain. Nature must have her way, and the mother, the widow, wept for her baby. My heart grew cold and chill, and I turned from the scene. A voice cried in my ears,

"Asleep, Lizzie? Wake up, and wish me a happy New Year!"

I started up in bed, to see Lucy Morton, in her exquisite ball dress, leaning over me for a kiss.

"Careless girl," she cried, "your head has been crushing one of the flowers which had dropped from your new bonnet. Happy New Year! Why don't you say so? You are half asleep yet, and your eyes are red. You cried yourself to sleep, Lizzie," and the round, white arms embraced me; "why will you mourn for the past? We all love you; I am sure I do, and really you are better off than some people."

"Indeed I am!" I said, "and I will begin my New Year with a thankful spirit. My bonnet, I thank you."

"Why! are you crazy?"

"No; but I have had a dream. Now tell me all about the party."

"Oh, we had a famous time. Lizzie, there were many inquiries for you. Naughty recluse! Will you help me to receive my calls to-morrow morning?"

It was an effort to promise to see her gay visitors as the governess, but I made it. I reflected that I was in a strange city, and would meet only those whom I had seen at Mr. Morton's before, and I promised to go down.

"Mrs. Bates inquired for you. Said she noticed your face at my charade party. Mrs. Ermes

said she could never forget your kindness to Laura when she was sick here. I am fairly tired out with dancing. We had a new lien!"

"Who?"

"The author of Poems by the Road-Side. You remember them? You know brother Fred insisted that you sat for Joanna. It has always been a mystery who wrote them. He preserved his incognita until to-night, but now stands confessed. He is a resident of your city, but intends to pass some months in New York. Going to publish a new book, I believe."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Walter Haven. You will see him to-morrow, he asked permission to call. One, two, three! Three o'clock, it is bed time. Good night," and kissing me warmly, she flitted away.

Walter Haven! The name fell upon my heart, causing an acute pain. I had long thought that I could bear to hear it, the pain there was so dead and sullen; but I found the old memories called up the old feelings. Walter Haven, who had never spoken of his love, yet left its impress sealed upon my heart. Ah! lips are not needed to win a maiden's heart. There are looks, there are delicate attentions, kind actions, that will prison it without one word of love passing to her ear. I loved him. Until I was poor I believed he had loved me. "I will not see him," I thought. Then pride whispered, "Let him see you can meet him calmly, without betraying any more interest than a friend might ask." There was no more sleep for me. The first morning of the year found me watching its dawning.

The calling hour came. Dressed with care, I was beside Lucy in the parlor. She looked unusually lovely. A light silk cut so as to leave the snowy shoulders and arms bare, and a cluster of blue ribbons in her fair curls, made a simple but most becoming toilet. Our visitors came in one after another. The parlor was filled with callers, and I stood half concealed by the curtains behind Lucy, watching the animated scene, when

"Good morning, Mr. Haven," fell upon my ear. I looked. He was bending over her hand, just as one year before he had bent over mine. Meet him calmly! Ah, my traitor heart beat as if it would burst, my whole frame trembled, and I knew my face was pale. He sat beside her on the sofa. Mrs. Morton was occupied receiving other calls.

"Miss Morton, are you tired of hearing happy New Year yet?"

"Not at all. Some come in all sincerity. Those I prize."

"Will you class mine amongst them? This is my last call to-day, for I have not many lady friends in New York, and I will say happy New Year to no one again to-day. I will give you the last best wish."

"Mr. Haven, you will dine with us to-day?" said Mrs. Morton, joining them.

"With pleasure, madam," and he rose to take his leave, having first ascertained their dinner hour.

Oh, that long, long day! Compliments, greetings fell upon my ear: nothing interested me. At last, wearied and sick, I sought my own room, and threw myself upon the bed. Lucy missed me, but pleading a headache, I escaped the dinner, promising to join her guests in the evening.

I stood before my little glass dressing, and a thrill of vanity passed through me. I saw large, dark eyes, soft brown hair falling in a profusion of curls, a fair, round neck and arms. My dress was simple, a dark-blue silk, but it was becoming. I wore no ornaments, no head-dress. As I looked, Lucy's bright face, the fair curls crowned with forget-me-nots, appeared beside mine. It was like an angel's face. The vanity fled, and feeling that Mr. Haven had shown good taste at least, I wreathed her waist with my arm, and we went down stairs. The rooms were filled with guests, and Lucy was soon surrounded by friends. I stole into a corner and watched them. Walter Haven was the favored one.

"Lizzie, dear, will you play a polka?" said Mrs. Morton. "I did not expect so many guests, and I have not ordered any music."

"Certainly," and in a few moments I was

securely hidden in a corner behind the grand piano. They whirled round and round, and I played. No one missed me; no one thought that I could tire. Fortunately the music was almost mechanical. My thoughts were free. Two figures came to the corner of the piano to rest after the waltz. They were Lucy and Mr. Haven. I turned my head aside and shook down my curls. Walter's back was toward me, but I could see Lucy's lovely face.

"What a beautiful bracelet," said Mr. Haven, bending over Lucy's arm.

"You have only seen half its beauty," was the reply. "See, when I touch this spring, it shows the face of the giver, Mr. Haven!"

He had grasped her arm tightly, and I trembled violently.

"Forgive me," he said; "but the giver, tho— oh, Miss Lucy, I have sought her for months. I left home to attend to the publication of my book, and was gone some months. When I returned, I heard that her guardian had stolen her fortune, and she was gone away to earn her living. She, so delicate and tender. Where can I find her?"

My hands fell upon the piano with a grand crash, and he turned. In an instant he stood beside me, while Lucy, dear Lucy, kept away the guests interrupted in their dance.

I left the corner, leaning on his arm, and we waltzed to dear Lucy's music, and nobody noticed us.

Next day he called, and the New Year that had opened so darkly, now beamed with bright hopes, and I in a few weeks was Walter Haven's wife.

THE RESCUE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

The old castle is lonely,
Dark and gloomy its halls,
Thou'rt a prisoner only
Within its proud walls;
Then fly, lady! fly, o'er the blue rolling sea,
There is freedom beyond its dark billows for thee.

Thy stern father thou knowest
Hath sworn by his sword
To a cloister thou goest,
Or weddest his ward;
Then fly, lady! fly, o'er the blue rolling sea,
There is freedom beyond its dark billows for thee.

Unworthy young Harry,
To call thee his bride,
Thou'lt a broken heart carry
If chained to his side;
Then fly, lady! fly, o'er the blue rolling sea,
Where freedom awaits thee beyond it with me.

Thou knowest I have loved thee,
How long and how well,
So oft thou hast proved me
'Twere needless to tell;
Then fly, lady! fly, o'er the blue rolling sea,
And be happy beyond its dark billows with me.

See yonder my vessel
Spreads her canvas so white,
Within sound of the vassal
That frees thee to-night;
Then fly, lady! fly, o'er the blue rolling sea,
Or thou'rt lost and forever to freedom and me.

Then ere 'tis too late,
Down the staircase of stone,
Where my bold rowers wait,
Let us haste to be gone;
And we'll fly, lady! fly, o'er the blue rolling sea,
No cloister beyond it shall hide thee from me.

LYDIA'S HUSBAND.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was the night before Lydia Jameson's wedding day, and she sat alone in the little chamber which had so long been the sanctuary of her girlish dreams and fancies. She was leaning one hand upon the window-sill, looking out into the summer night, very calm and still, though the moonlight showed her cheek pale with the varying emotions which troubled her heart, and her eyes had caught a tremulous glitter unlike their usual repose.

Lydia was not beautiful—I am sorry for it, but she was not—still, no one could have called her plain, and to those who knew her well she was always lovely. Her gentle, reserved manner betokened a quiet, methodical mind, and Lydia's nearest friends seldom caught sight of the rapid tide of feelings which flowed beneath that calm exterior. Her schoolmates had complained that she was "unromantic;" and when, afterward, they met her in society, quiet as ever, while they had exchanged the harmless folly of school-girl romance for the sentimentalism taught during a course of French novels and a foreign tour, they shook their heads sadly and decided that "she had no soul."

Lydia had not been abroad. She had never read George Sand, nor been introduced to Alphonse Karr. While her former companions had enjoyed the charms of such delightful society and literature, been embraced in the polka by half the ruined roués of Florence, and acquired "manner" from the titled ladies who frequent the same haunts, poor Lydia had been quietly watching over an invalid aunt, and pursuing a course of study which the aforesaid young females would have pronounced shockingly slow.

No, Lydia Jameson was not romantic; she was perfectly unconscious of possessing an inner nature, and never for a moment dreamed that she was unappreciated. If there were times when those vague yearnings, which every intellectual nature must feel, stole over her, she strove to forget them in useful occupation rather than to render herself wretched by indulging feelings, which, when restrained, form no unpleasant undercurrent to the human mind, but once allowed a mastery, secure the unhappiness of their possessor and all within the sphere of her influence.

Yet, with all, Lydia Jameson was a wild, enthusiastic dreamer, but hers were not the aimless reveries of youthful folly—they had taken a high and noble aim—she was an author. Even to her dearest relative Lydia had never confided her secret; and no one about her for an instant suspected it, or thought of attributing to her an anonymous novel, which, only a few months before, had attracted the attention of the whole literary world.

Now Lydia was to be married, and love, with her, had not been a passion that must inevitably be consumed from its own intensity, but a deep and lasting sentiment which had so blended with her life that it had become a portion of existence itself.

Every one marveled that Guy Havens, an enthusiastic, impulsive young artist, should have chosen a woman seemingly so unlike himself. Perhaps it was that very difference which first attracted him to Lydia, and he unconsciously felt a want of some strong, self-reliant nature upon which to lean; for, with all his talent and enthusiasm, Guy needed to outlive a thousand ficklenesses and fancies before he would make a proper use of the gifts heaven had given him, or the full powers of his nature would develop themselves. He was as ignorant of all the practical affairs of life as even a man of genius can well be, and, like the rest of Lydia's friends, was occasionally slightly horrified by her plain, common-sense view of duty to oneself and the world.

Of all these things was Lydia thinking, as she sat at her open window; and if a fear of Guy's stability and strength of purpose came across her, she felt in her own firm, self-centred character the power to aid and strengthen him in his faltering course.

The night passed, and Lydia's bridal day came on, the fairest June morning that one could desire, and amid its brightness those two young beings took the solemn vows which neither estrangement, hate, nor the wicked mockery of human law can ever annul.

A week after, they settled down in the little cottage where they had decided to pass the summer months. It was a bird's-nest of a spot—a tiny house nestled in among the curvings of the East river, surrounded by trees and so overgrown

with fragrant honeysuckles and sweet-briar, that it looked more like a bower than a substantial dwelling-place. But within everything was comfort itself, for Lydia's own taste had selected the decorations, and the house was a perfect poem.

"Well, Lydia," exclaimed Guy, as they sat at breakfast in the little library, the morning after their arrival, "I never will dispute you again—I declare the cottage is a miniature paradise."

"I should answer much better for Eve than you should for Adam," she replied, gayly, "for I am a good housewife, and if this garden was left to your care I am afraid you would prove a sorry husbandman."

"Oh! I hate weeding and musing round, but I dote on flowers—always wear them in your hair! I don't know that you care as much for them as I, but do learn to please me"

"Certainly," she said, with a pleasant mock humility. "But why do you think I don't care for them?"

"Oh! I don't know. You never seem——"

"Master Impudence! Come out here on the porch. Look down there—with all your love for flowers, can you tell the name of a single one you see?"

"Of course! These are tiger-lilies—those are clematis vines——"

"Don't go any farther, Guy! Your tiger-lily happens to be an iris; and I never before saw a red clematis. Oh! Guy, Guy!"

"I confess my error," he said, somewhat discomfited, though laughing at his failure. "How pretty this porch is! Lydia, we must take tea here: it is so delightful under these vines."

"I think you will find the library more agreeable."

"Now, don't be prosaic—do order tea here—it will be like drinking dew. Come and walk, Lydia—for heaven's sake don't wear a bonnet, a woman never ought to wear anything on her head but a veil."

They went for a walk, and Lydia wore the lace drapery, which the artist arranged about her head in classic folds. The consequence was, she burned her nose, and returned with a headache, which forced her to spend the afternoon in bed. When evening came, the tea-table was set in the porch, as Guy desired; and Lydia came down stairs feeling better, though her nose looked a reproach at Guy for days afterward.

"Now, isn't this charming, Lydia? so much more poetical than being shut up in-doors. Ugh! what the deuce is that?"

He sprang from his seat in disgust, for a green caterpillar had just dropped from the vines into

his tea-cup. "What on earth is in my hair?" he continued, giving it a nervous twist.

"Only a bug, Guy," returned Lydia, laughing. "Perhaps you would rather finish your tea in-doors."

"Horrid place!" muttered Guy, as he rang for the servant to wheel the table into the library. "I hate vines; pah! they smell like caterpillars; and as for tea, pray don't ever have another cup in the house. I abhor it."

Every day showed Guy the fallacy of some of his poetical illusions, and proved to him also, that in spite of his enthusiasm, Lydia possessed a much deeper love for nature than he with all his artistic genius.

So the summer wore on—the long, golden days, each one of which brought added happiness to those young hearts. Yet Guy worked more than he had done for months. How he accomplished it he could not tell, but some way the hours flew so swiftly while he sat painting and listening to Lydia's voice, as she read some pleasant romance, or favorite poem, that his task was ended before he was aware.

He ceased even to think that she was matter-of-fact, quite forgot his fears of not being appreciated: and, from the most incorrigible sloven, grew so particular in regard to the set of his shirts, that Lydia might have had good reason to regret his amendment in that particular.

It was late in autumn before they returned to the city, and they left that quiet haunt with deep regret.

"How happy we have been!" sighed Lydia, as they stood on the deck of the steamboat and saw their home disappear; "how happy we have been!"

"Darling," whispered Guy, "you would make any spot happy, angel that you are!"

Lydia smiled, though a little sadly; she would not tell why, but Guy's transports always filled her with a vague fear, which was almost like a foreboding of evil.

Once established in their city home, Lydia found many opportunities to pursue her literary labors without exciting her husband's suspicions: and those wise people who do not believe in the practical usefulness of a woman who writes, should have seen the young wife's house and retracted their heretical opinion.

As winter came on, Guy drew her more into the society which he had frequented before their marriage, for he was fond of excitement: and though Lydia sometimes sighed for the quiet of her home and the seclusion of the past summer, she offered no opposition to that which seemed to afford her husband so much pleasure.

One night, at a sort of literary and artistic reunion, she was sitting with resigned patience beneath the flood of raptures poured upon her by one of her husband's admirers, trying hard not to look bored, and to smile in the proper place, when she was startled by a slight bustle in the adjoining rooms.

"Mrs. Warner must have come," said her companion; "I heard that she was to be here to-night. Have you met her, Mrs. Havens?"

Lydia had not. Who was she?

"Surely you know. She writes under the signature of 'Stella'—such genius, so much soul!"

Lydia remembered having taken up, a few days before, a volume of poems, entitled "Soul Pinings," in which transcendentalism and second-hand French morality struggled for supremacy with much that was even graceful and beautiful: and she looked round with some curiosity for the approach of Mrs. Warner.

Before long she heard her husband's voice, and then a little female shriek of delight by way of response.

"Here—your wife here, Mr. Havens? Take me to her. How I long to know her! What a soul she must have for you to have chosen her! I should like to sit at her feet and drink in the inspiration which I know must beam from her eyes."

Before Lydia could recover from her astonishment, Guy appeared, looking a little embarrassed, yet delighted, and upon his arm leaned the poetess. She was a woman above the medium height, thin, with long curls banging about her face, and shading a pair of beautiful eyes better tutored than ever eyes were before. In spite of her affectation, her little cries of rapture, there was an inexpressible charm about her, and even the nonsense she talked was rendered so unintelligible by the beautiful language in which she clothed it, that, with most people, it passed for brilliant conversation; men always admire what they don't understand.

"This is happiness, indeed," murmured the poetess. "Ah! Mrs. Havens, this is too much bliss to meet in the same evening, your gifted husband and his household angel. Do you know what I called him long before I ever saw his face?—'Raphael.' And you, oh! I can find no name sweet enough. How you must dote on that inspired creature! How the genius flashes from his eyes!"

She paused, at last, for breath; and Lydia sank back, completely overpowered, staring at Guy in a sort of bewildered amazement. The poetess seated herself upon a low ottoman at

Lydia's feet, and sat looking up into her face with a tender admiration, while several of the other guests, who were also worshipers at the shrine of transcendentalism, gathered round to watch the movements of their high priestess.

"You have been out of town for some time, I believe, Mrs. Warner?" said Lydia, desirous of breaking the silence.

"Don't call me by that cold name!" pleaded the lady, clasping her hands pathetically; "pray do not put me so far away from your heart; call me Stella, as all do who love me."

"Is that your name?" Lydia asked.

Mrs. Warner hesitated; in truth, her parents had christened her Jerusha, softened by her into Jane, and finally dropped for the euphonious title of Stella.

"It is the name by which my partial friends call me," she said. "Come here, Mr. Havens, and bid your wife take me to her heart."

This was intended metaphorically, but Guy looked puzzled, and unable to decide whether the woman was the most fascinating, or the most ridiculous creature he had ever met.

"How happy I am to see you two together!" continued Stella; "how I have dreamed of this hour—"

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one!"

If Lydia had spoken her thought, it would have been far from complimentary, and she wondered what Guy's might be. He was seated by Mrs. Warner, and she was talking to him of art, really conversing well: even Lydia was forced to acknowledge that, though she had already taken an unaccountable dislike to the woman.

"Your wife's portrait—you are painting it!" Lydia heard her exclaim, in answer to some remark of Guy's, and she was seized with another spasm of delight; "I shall never rest until I have seen it—Raphael painting the angel of his life-journey! What shall I call you?" she cried, rushing up to Lydia and seizing both her hands.

"I can find no name sweet enough!"

"You are very kind," replied Lydia, very quietly, "but I am quite satisfied to be called Mrs. Havens."

The poetess appeared slightly confused; and the group of worshipers seemed shocked by such worldly reserve; even Guy looked as if he thought such enthusiasm deserved a different reception. In a moment, the lady had returned to Guy's side, with one of her little bird-like hops, and was discoursing volubly of life abroad.

"There one truly lives," she cried; "the soul is free to speak, like summons like, and souls which have a true affinity for one another, are

not divided by the cold leaven of worldly prejudices; here we are so stern, so real, so matter-of-fact. Oh! it is so terrible, unnatural!"

Unnatural enough, Lydia thought, she was in all conscience; but, wisely repressing her convictions, she moved into another room, and saw no more of the poetess until the party was breaking up.

"You see I have taken possession of your Raphael," Mrs. Warner said, as they approached her; "he is to see me to my carriage, and then I will resign him to you. Do you know what he has promised?—to show me his pictures: and as his studio is in your dwelling, shall I not see you too?"

Of course Lydia could only reply that she should be at home, and pleased to see Mrs. Warner.

"Thanks—a thousand thanks! I could love you so much! I feel it already," she whispered, and after insisting on an embrace, skipped off like an excited canary.

"Your wife is lovely," she said, as Guy led her down stairs, "not beautiful, but charming: only so cold—I am quite afraid of her."

"Oh! that is impossible," Guy said; "we shall hope to see a great deal of you."

"Thanks, Raphael! And will she love me? I cannot exist without affection—will she love me? Don't let her be cold—your wife should be perfectly etherial—a sunbeam—a dream! Forgive me: you will think me a wild, giddy creature, but I worship genius, and I do not know how to feign."

"Then you must make one of your own adorers," he replied, laughingly.

"Naughty man! But I cannot jest to-night: I have been very sad all day; only one thing brought me out this evening."

"And that?" Guy said, as he placed her in the carriage.

Mrs. Warner leaned forward and raised her dangerous eyes to his face,

"Cannot you guess?" she almost whispered.

"But good night; don't let your angel wife be cold to me—good night."

She drove away, leaving Havens completely bewildered by her fascinations, and he returned to Lydia more restless and impatient than she had ever seen him. He was loud in praise of Mrs. Warner, and his wife made no remark, confident that a very little time would serve to weary him of her society.

The next day Mrs. Warner called, and Lydia was martyred for several hours, and in truth, a little ashamed of Guy's weakness. Mrs. Warner went into ecstasies over his paintings, and

made notes for an article which she promised to write, till between her praises and her beautiful eyes, poor Havens' head was quite turned.

"And here you live like a nightingale and his mate," she said. "I am sure you never stir from this enchanted room, Mrs. Havens."

"Indeed, I am here very little," Lydia replied; "during the day my household duties occupy me a great deal."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Mrs. Warner. "Don't tell me you ever descend to such prosaic details; the companion of a child of genius should know nothing of that petty drudgery which occupies the common herd."

"You will find me sadly common-place," Lydia said, coldly. "I assure you I quite pride myself on my puddings."

The poetess looked "unutterable things," and at that moment Lydia was called away by the announcement of visitors whom Mrs. Warner would on no account see; she would look once more at those gems and steal quietly away.

"Strange that genius never weds with its like," she said, with a sigh. "Ah, Raphael, your wife is an angel, and may you never learn what too many do, the horror of awakening to the consciousness that you are bound for life to one who cannot appreciate you."

"I assure you, Lydia has a very true perception of the beautiful," Guy said; "she seems cold——"

"Oh, no, no! I was not thinking of her—you are very happy! Would that it were in my power to render your bliss eternal. Ah, we have but a sorry lot here, we poor song birds, and you creators of ideals like only to heaven! How little we are understood even by those dearest to us, how little they know of our real feelings!"

She paused abruptly, and threw herself into an attitude so full of grace, that Guy went into raptures; and before she left it was decided that he should paint her portrait.

"Bring your wife to see me," she said, as she entered her carriage; "I want to love her for you—for the sake of your genius. Sunday evenings my friends often drop in—I never see ladies that night, and as you are married, I suppose I must lose you too. Ah, well, you will not regret it," and with another flashing glance she drove away.

The acquaintance which Lydia had hoped would be transitory, grew into an intimacy that pained and displeased her. Under pretence of sitting for her picture, Mrs. Warner spent hours and hours in the studio, certainly much retarding Guy's labors thereby, although he never

complained, notwithstanding his dislike to visitors in general.

Lydia was much occupied in her house, and indeed Mrs. Warner's presence had become exceedingly distasteful to her. She never reproached Guy, never hinted at the fears which had begun to take a name and haunted her lonely hours. At places of amusement Mrs. Warner was their frequent companion, and her opinions had become so powerful that Lydia might reasonably have doubted whether she was mistress in her own house, but still she did not complain, certain that harsh words would only augment the evil, for she knew that Guy yet loved her fondly, and beyond the gratification of his pampered vanity meditated no wrong toward her.

But Mrs. Warner had acquired an influence over him of which he did not dream. She insisted upon making herself his confident—genius had its hours of loneliness and discouragement—who could understand such feelings as she could? So Guy became a frequent visitor at her house, and though I am sorry to confess it, sometimes of a Sunday evening took his wife to visit a pious old aunt, and went himself to Mrs. Warner's afterward.

His affection for Lydia was undiminished, but eight months of married life had slightly worn away the romance, and Guy liked novelty. He grew restless and uneasy, but why he could not have told; the quiet of his home at times seemed almost irksome, and he was vexed with Lydia for appearing so content with what he termed monotony. Mrs. Warner saw this; beneath her affectation of innocence she was a keen, scrutinizing observer. Adoration was her existence, and she was too thoroughly selfish ever to think of the pain which she might cause others. She had decided that Lydia was no fit wife for her "Raphael," and there was every fear if her influence over him continued, that she might succeed in making him believe the same.

Mrs. Warner was a thorough "new light," though too wise even to make herself conspicuous. She confessed to a belief in the doctrine of affinity—as far as souls went—clairvoyance was to her a beautiful and intelligible theory, she avowed, and she had once been almost a convert to spiritualism. Years before she had separated from her husband, because his rather antiquated ideas concerning a wife's duties were not in unison with her refined sensibilities; and even when tidings of his death reached her, she felt no remorse for conduct which had hurried him to his grave. Since then she had had no desire to relinquish her dearly prized freedom,

and many a household could have dated its first misery from her entrance into its precincts.

This was the woman who was so rapidly insinuating herself into the confidence of Guy Havens, whose impulsive temperament rendered him, for a season, a fit subject for her wiles.

Toward spring an anonymous romance made its appearance, which attracted much attention in literary circles, and rumor was busy in attributing it to a dozen different sources. The admirers of Mrs. Warner were inclined to believe her the author, although the style of the work was totally at variance with her former productions. Guy thought it hers, and expressed his belief to Lydia, who only smiled.

One evening, at a party, the subject was discussed before Mrs. Warner's arrival, and several of her adherents grew quite earnest in their arguments to prove that she was indeed the author of the work. While the discussion was going on the lady entered, and a little group gathered around her with a thousand nonsensical compliments.

"It is useless to attempt any deception," they said, "you may as well acknowledge yourself the author."

Guy took a wreath from a basket of flowers and placed it playfully upon her forehead.

"Let us crown the new Corinne," he said.

Mrs. Warner stood for a moment, as if trying to summon sufficient courage to deny her right to the honor; but her excessive vanity mastered the good impulse, and she raised her eyes to Guy's face with her most winning look, saying only,

"Well, if you insist upon forcing the authorship on me, I cannot help it."

Lydia watched her with feelings of utter contempt; at that moment she despised the woman too heartily even to feel pain at Haven's undisguised admiration. Mrs. Warner remarked her silence; and her concealed dislike for Lydia could no longer be wholly restrained.

Later in the evening, Mrs. Havens was standing in a window recess, concealed from view by the draperies, when, before she was aware of it, her husband and Mrs. Warner approached the spot in earnest conversation.

"I believe our friendship must be given up, your wife does not like it," were the first words which reached her.

"That is your fancy," Guy said, "she must appreciate your genius too highly for such feelings."

"Ah! my friend, you men know so little of women! I would not for the world make dear Lydia jealous."

The wife's first impulse was to start forward and overwhelm the woman with her indignant contempt, then the whole affair seemed so paltry and disgusting that she stood still, hoping the pair would pass on in ignorance that she had overheard their sentimental common-places.

"Yes, Raphael, sooner or later this sweet friendship must be broken off! Perhaps I was wrong to encourage it, but it is so seldom that I meet a man who can thoroughly understand me, that I could not deprive myself of the pleasure of your society."

It was now too late for the wife to leave her place of concealment, she could only stand there and listen.

"Do not take your friendship from me," Guy said, "you would snatch away half the sunshine of my life."

"Thanks for those words! Oh, I am so weary of this heartless world, so tired of concealing my real sentiments! How I should like to fly far away with one congenial soul, and revel in an ecstasy of spiritual bliss, such as these gross mortals around us cannot even picture."

"Do you remember Moore's lines?" Guy almost whispered.

"Repeat them to me; your voice always gives an added sweetness to poetry."

Guy repeated the verses, and Lydia leaned back against the window seat faint with indignation and grief. Before their marriage, he had thus whispered the lines in her ear, and drawn a glowing description of what life would be to them upon that "bright little isle."

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Warner, "here below we shall find no happiness like that: but there is a hereafter, Raphael! It is that thought which consoles me in this dreary desert; there kindred souls shall be joined, no petty human laws can separate them! Like will seek like and melt into a beautiful oneness."

Guy's answer was low, but it reached Lydia.

"Would that all were over, that the hereafter had come!"

"Can you believe that these beings around us have souls like yours and mine, Raphael? I cannot think that they will each have a separate and perfect existence in the beyond; perhaps they will blend in a sort of nebula dense vapor without any real life. But talk of something else, I am too sad for such abstruse things."

"You have pained me so much," he said. "You will be my friend still—you will not leave me alone?"

"Have you not Lydia?"

"But what would life be without your friendship? Who can counsel and sympathize with

me as you do? No, Stella, you must not forsake me now! In your presence every better feeling in my nature finds utterance! I never really knew you until I read that beautiful romance. Much as I love my wife, I can but feel that my fate would have been very different had it been united with genius such as glows and brightens there."

"Dear Raphael, do you think I do not understand your feelings? I saw at first what your fate must be, but I could not bear to undeceive you. Ah, why should this ever be the destiny of the children of genius! Do not look back—it is now too late! No, I will not forsake you; your soul has spoken to mine, and the most narrow-minded could find no wrong in such communion. Come, Raphael, they will miss us! Trust me always—your own Stella—your friend—your sister."

They moved away and left Lydia alone. A thousand conflicting emotions agitated her, but she felt that Guy's heart was her own, in spite of the fascination that artful woman had flung over his fancy. Still she felt deep pain—her trust in her husband was weakened—she could no longer respect him as she had done, and she saw too that unless he was separated from Mrs. Warner her own happiness was in danger.

But there should be no harsh words, they would only widen the breach; how to act she hardly knew, and in spite of her firmness the hot tears would come to her eyes, and her warm, sensitive heart ached with its first real pain. Then the ludicrousness of the thing struck her quick fancy—the woman's transcendental trash—Guy's admiration of the novel—the languishing glances and whispered tones, all presented themselves so vividly that she laughed outright in spite of her suffering.

But she was forced to consider the affair more seriously before long. On their way home, Guy commenced talking of Mrs. Warner.

"Your coldness pains her," he said, "such women as she are always more sensitive than others."

"Has she been making you her confidant?" Lydia asked.

"There was no need; I can see for myself that the reserve with which you treat her makes her unhappy."

"I certainly cannot treat her as my bosom friend; you forget how little time I have known her."

"Friendship is not a thing of time! Oh, Lydia, do free yourself from the shackles of worldly scruples which fetter you, and let your soul speak."

"My tongue has always served me very well. Excuse me, Guy, I don't understand transcendentalism, and it is a thing you have only lately taken up. I cannot like the society into which we have been led, nor do you in your heart. Come, Guy, you are more sensible than you believe; do leave romance to school girls."

"You always sneer at feelings which to me are beautiful and holy!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "We seem to have no sentiments in common; it is a pity you did not make the discovery before it was too late."

"I have not made it now, Guy; I believe I can sympathize with every good and high-souled aspiration in your nature, but I have no respect for mock sentiment; to me trash is trash, however fine a dress you put on it."

"Are beautiful theories of life trash, Lydia? Is it nonsense to join in doctrines which will free us from the fetters that weigh us down?"

"No isms, Guy, I beg! We were happy enough in our way last summer. I never heard you talk of your 'inner nature' then. Seriously, Guy, this society is bad for us! You don't work with the spirit you did—your improvement is less rapid."

"Why, Lydia, only to-night a dozen people told me that my last picture was wonderful."

"Will you be blinded in this way? You know yourself how little pleased you were with it at first. I know you have true genius—no one can appreciate it more than I—but you are not yet a great artist. Oh, my dear husband, be your own noble self, forsake this atmosphere of flattery, this influence of loose morality, for veil it under what beautiful names you will it is only that. See, we are home now, let us go to those places no more!"

Guy entered the house and flung himself into an arm-chair.

"I knew this would come," he said; "you wish to deprive me of my friends, to crush every spark of enthusiasm in my nature, to make my art a thing of dollars and cents!"

"Guy, it is not your heart that speaks now! I only ask you to forsake a circle whose influence over both of us is injurious. Bring it home; how would you feel to hear me praising immoral books, attending reform lectures, going mad over every new ism?"

"None of my friends do any of those things; we haven't a single strong-minded woman among our acquaintances."

"Heaven knows you are right there, Guy—I wish we had!"

"You are sneering again! In this world, the few who really have souls must expect to be misunderstood."

"Guy, this is downright folly! Beware of infecting me with your malady; I may become transcendental yet, and find that I too have a mission and an inner nature, and an affinity for some handsome genius."

"You seem to have none for your husband, madam," exclaimed he, passionately, and dashed out of the room.

Lydia wept bitter tears that night, but she could see no way of remedying the evil, and even her fortitude gave way.

From that hour a coldness sprung up between the husband and wife. Lydia strove against it in vain: Guy persisted in being wretched. She withdrew herself more and more from the society in which they moved, but her husband went without her. Several times she begged him to remain at home with her, but without effect.

"Do not grudge me an hour with congenial souls," he would say; "I will work enough to-morrow to make amends—you shall be no poorer for it."

Lydia suffered greatly during those weeks; how much Guy never knew, for she hid it bravely. She felt certain that he was becoming more and more infatuated with Mrs. Warner, and she could see no way of breaking off the intimacy. Sometimes she asked herself if it was right thus patiently to submit, then she thought what Guy's life would be if things came to the worst and she were to leave him—he would be a ruined, lost man. No, she would bear all! Time would remedy the evil; she would be a faithful, loving wife still, perhaps kindness would keep aloof more wrong.

Guy visited Mrs. Warner almost daily, and his devotion had reached a pitch which was tiresome, for the poetess not only dreaded the opinion of the world, but she was in truth cold-hearted as a stone, owing her good reputation more to her intense selfishness than to her code of morality. She liked a flirtation, but Guy had begun to persuade himself that it was his destiny to adore her, and he left her little time to bestow upon any one else.

He was in the habit of entering her boudoir unannounced; and one day, through the stupidity of a new servant, he was admitted into the house when the poetess least desired to see him.

The boudoir was back of the parlors, separated only by an arch, and a large mirror between the windows of the apartment showed any person in the drawing-room all that was passing in the apartment beyond.

Guy saw that which made him pause as if suddenly turned to stone. The poetess was reclining in an easy-chair, and at her feet in his

place—in the very attitude she always forced him to assume—was kneeling a tall man, while the lady's white fingers played negligently with his hair.

It was a person of whom Mrs. Warner had often expressed the most unbounded contempt, but he had influence in the literary world, and "the new Corinne" was about publishing another book, so that his favor was desirable.

Guy stood for a moment overcome with rage; his first impulse was to rush upon the intruder and annihilate him on the spot, but his good sense interposed. He turned and walked quietly out of the house with a dizzy whirling in his brain, and fully awakened to the pleasant assurance that he had been a most consummate dunce.

He made no explanation to Lydia at the time, he was too thorough a man to admit his own stupidity, but he put his arms about her neck and kissed her till her whole heart thrilled with happiness.

"I have been dreaming a little," he said, "let us forget all about it and go back to our old life."

But there was discipline and suffering, of which he had not dreamed, in store for the young artist. He was seized only the day after with typhus fever, and for weeks death was very near him. Only Lydia's constant watchfulness preserved his life; and when at last he lay upon his couch convalescent, but very weak still, she was ever present with her sweet smile and intuitive perception of his slightest need.

While Guy was still confined to his room, he received tidings which informed him of the loss of several thousand dollars, which, with his moderate income, was of great importance. He had many debts, for he was inclined to extravagance, he had worked but little during the winter, and bills were pouring in upon him from every quarter.

"I have ruined us by my cursed folly," he said, in the bitterness of self-reproach. "Oh, Lydia, if I had only listened to your advice! I must see you suffer from poverty, and know that it is my own fault that we are thus situated."

"Never mind, Guy," she said, cheerfully, "we can bear it together, and I think," she added, playfully, "you are cured of your idea that a woman shouldn't be useful."

"Oh, Lydia, forgive my past nonsense, and if I ever run after an ism again send me to a lunatic asylum at once. But these doubts—what to do I cannot tell! Money I must raise at any sacrifice, not a picture is finished, and here I am confined to this room."

"It will all end well, Guy, never fear! How

much money do you require to put you at ease?"

"If I had five thousand dollars I should lose nothing at all: but as it is I fear we are almost ruined."

Lydia rose, went to her writing-desk, took out a little book and placed it in her husband's hands.

"A banker's account—what on earth! Why, Lydia, you must be mad or I am. How came you to have five thousand dollars deposited at Sherwood's & Field's?"

Lydia knelt down by his side, and took his hands in hers with a happy smile.

"Shall I tell you, Guy? What will you say on finding that I am spiritual, transcendental——"

"No, no!"

"At least I am an author! Guy, when you felt that you needed the love of a woman who could write a novel like 'Sybil,' your heart did not go astray—I wrote that book."

Guy raised himself upon his cushions, and sat gazing at her in speechless astonishment.

"Are you shocked?" Lydia asked, laughing.

"Are you serious?—is it really true?"

"It really is, and I have written a book before too. Here is proof—this letter from my publisher."

Guy read and re-read the lines, as if he could not believe his own eyes, then he sank back in his chair.

"What an idiot I am," he exclaimed; "what a blind fool you must have thought me! And you have borne with my follies, my injustice, you have never reproached me for my unkindness. Oh, Lydia, can you forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive, my dear husband," she said, pressing her lips upon his forehead. "These first months of our married life have disciplined us to bear future trials, should we encounter them. I knew, darling, that your heart was all right; I had grown old a little faster than you, that was all."

"In truth, you are a great woman—a genius—while I am only a poor, daubing painter, who has hardly learned the first principles of his art."

"Hush—Raphael!" exclaimed Lydia: and Guy laughed in spite of himself, although he made no explanation even then.

"But you shall see," he continued, "what I can do! Now I have an object in view—I want to make myself worthy of my wife."

"Worthy of the gifts God has given you," returned Lydia, seriously. "Oh, Guy, remember how much there is for us to do, and waste no more time over fancied grievances; a little hard

work will be good for both body and soul, and you will find yourself a much less ill-treated man than you thought."

"I believe I am cured of my follies—a few of them, at least, and you shall complete the good work."

"Ah, Raphael!" she repeated, with an affection of Mrs. Warner's manner, which was irresistible.

But Lydia was far too wise to allow that name to become a subject of irritation, and she never again alluded to the past unless her husband invited the conversation.

Fortunately Mrs. Warner soon after left the city, and the husband and wife saw nothing more of their transcendental acquaintances; although they learned about a year after that the poetess had married again, whether from

an appreciation of the man or his money-bags was a matter of doubt.

Then it was that Guy made his full confession, and gave Lydia an account of his last visit to the poetess. Lydia was seated in her easy-chair in becoming invalid costume, and upon her lap slept the tiniest and prettiest baby that ever gladdened a young father's heart.

When Guy finished, the wife looked up with affected commiseration, saying only,

"Oh, Raphael!"

The tone and glance were enough; they both laughed until the babe awoke, and lay staring at them with her serious, blue eyes, as if she could not understand the matter at all, and was somewhat inclined to think their conduct rather undignified, considering their position and her presence.

MY BIBLE.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

It tells me, in beautiful story,
Of the streams by that unbounded shore,
Where the saints in their white robes of glory,
Are haunted by sorrow no more.
It tells of that land where no shadow
Of sin ever darkens the way,
That windeth for spirits in rapture,
No night—but a limitless day.
It tells that the pilgrim is weary
No more in that Heavenly scene,
Where the Shepherd will lead him by waters
Engirdled with pastures of green.
It tells of a friendship unbroken,
Of love, that can never grow dim;
That God will wipe tears from the faces
Of all that He calls unto Him.
It tells that no sickness can enter,
No woes that on earth are e'er known,
Can disturb the repose of the dwellers
That stand in delight by his throne.
It tells of the undefiled martyr,
And that taunts and revilings were shed

By the cross of the crucified Saviour,
And the thorns that they placed on his head.
It tells of the tear-moving prayer
He breathed in his agonized love,
That, if might be, the cup could pass from him,
And "forgive" to the Father above!
It tells how he went unto Heaven,
From the tomb-way with death that was paved,
And that those who are holy in spirit
Will with Him in Eden be saved.
Then who would not yearn for the waters
Of life on that beautiful shore,
Enwreathed with a verdure unfading,
And blossoms that bloom evermore?
For the wings of the seraph to wander
With its countless and angelic band,
As they sing with a crown on each forehead.
And harp of bright gold in the hand.
Oh! teach us, thou "Holy of Holies,"
To find, by the "Book" thou hast given,
That pathway, though narrow and lowly,
Which leadeth to Thee and to Heaven.

MINNIE SCOTT.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Now, Minnie Scott, I tell you what,
I'm not the slave of your caprices,
To come and go, to wait and do
As your capricious highness pleases.
And Minnie Scott, you've quite forgot
'Tis woman's lot too oft to venture

A step too far in love's sweet war,
And for her rashness win just censure.
Now, Minnie dear, will you please hear
With patient ear the terms I tender,
Since you won't yield, nor quit the field,
Lay down your arms and I'll surrender.

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155.

CHAPTER III.

"Your grandfather and I brought out the horses and drove like lightning to the spot. We turned down a cross-road and rode along the foot of the precipice, knowing well enough that it was of no use looking for them at the top, for, a long way off, we could see one wheel of the carriage where it was wedged in between two rocks, and that most awful of all sounds, the groans of a horse, reached us, long before we came in sight of the poor critter, where it lay among the loose stones at the foot of the ledge, with a part of the broken carriage a lying across his back. He began to whinny as pitiful as a hurt baby when we came in sight, and, anxious as we were about the human souls, I hadn't the heart to go by without cutting him loose from his mate, which had broken his neck, and was dead as a door nail.

"A little higher up the hill, where the earth sloped down from the foot of the rocks, we saw your father sitting on a piece of rock, and holding his cousin's head in his lap. We hollered out to know if all was right; but he didn't answer: there wasn't breath enough in his body to force out a word, but his look was awful. I never set my eyes on so white a face in all my life.

"We held on by the brushwood, and climbed up to where he sat with the dead man across his knees. I don't know which was the palest, his or the cold face turned upward, as he searched for a breath of life.

"I had never seen your father before, but should have known him by the look of his cousin; for, one in his cold death, and the other so still and panic-struck, looked so much alike that I could hardly tell which was killed or which saved. At first I thought it really was our young Bentley that asked us, in a faint voice, to try if we could do nothing toward bringing the form across his knee to life. But a glimpse of the dead face put me right: so I and the old man knelt down and tried our best to bring the poor fellow to, but it was of no use: his temple had struck against a sharp point of rock, and the

skull was crushed in, only in one spot, but it was enough to send him into eternity, and, God have mercy upon him, he was gone to his last account.

"We lifted the dead body from your father's arms and carried it down the hill. While father and I were weaving some hemlock boughs together for a kind of bier to carry him on, your father came slowly down, looking pale as ever, and with one arm hanging loose and limp by his side. It was easy enough to see that it was broke, though he said nothing, only pressing his lips that grew white with pain, and giving out a sharp breath now and then. We helped him on to father's horse, and, laying the dead body carefully on the rough bier, turned toward home.

"We hadn't but just got to the cross-road when sister Sarah came up, without a sign of a bonnet on, and her hair all afloat. There wasn't a bit of color in her face, and I hardly knew her at first, for her eyes seemed as large again as natural, and, though blue enough when she was cheerful, they shone out deep and black as a thunder cloud now.

"She gave one sharp look, first at the man on horseback; then at the poor fellow my father and I carried on our shoulders. Then she flung up her arms, and sent out a cry so sharp and full of pain, that we stood stock still frightened to the heart by it.

"She seemed to be afraid of coming near us, but went close up to the horse on which your father rode, and, laying her hand on the mane, asked something in a hoarse whisper.

"He answered her in a low voice, for he was too faint for loud words; but I knew that he was telling her the man we carried was dead.

"She let her hand fall from the neck of his horse, and stood still, as if his words had frozen her. I was loaded down with the dead, and could not go to comfort her: so, when we moved on, she followed after, with great, heavy tears rolling down her face, and raising a sob now and then that it would have broken your heart to hear.

"As we went on, moving slowly up the road,

I saw sister Hetty coming toward us: she looked like one carrying a heavy load that she couldn't keep from staggering under. She saw us winding round a turn of the road, and her limbs seemed to wilt under her, for she sunk down to the grass and covered her face with both hands, as if the sight of us had struck her blind. Sarah ran forward, sending back a cry that almost made us tremble.

"She came up to Hetty and sunk down by her side, winding both arms around her neck, and sobbed dreadfully: we could hear her rods off, it really seemed as if her heart was breaking. Hetty did not look up, or move; but when she heard our tramp on the road she sort of stretched out her limbs with a quivering motion, and fell sideways on the grass, bringing Sarah, who clung around her, to the ground, and turning her sobs into screams.

"We stopped a minute, sat the bier down, and tried to comfort the gals; but they clung together, and I thought Sarah tried to bury Hetty's face in her lap till we took up the bier again. I felt very sorry for poor Sarah, for after that sleigh-ride, the letter and all the rest, it was easy guessing why her sobs were so quick and deep. As for Hetty, she always was a timersome, soft-hearted creature, and the sight of a dead man was enough to make her faint away any time.

"We went home and the gals followed, creeping heavily along after us with the stillness of two ghosts. We laid young Bentley out in the spare room yonder; and, after helping the wounded young man up stairs, I got him to bed, while your grandfather went after a doctor.

"The poor young fellow was in dreadful pain, but he choked back his groans and bore up like a hero. I was obliged to call Sarah to help to take care of him; but Hetty staid below with the corpse, half scared to death I could see, for when I went down stairs, once or twice in the night, she was sitting by the bed, as white as the winding-sheet, and as still as the form it covered. Her eyes fairly frightened me when she looked toward the door, they darkened like a thunder-cloud before it bursts. I tried to make her go up stairs, but she only shook her head, and so I left her all night alone with the dead man, and a terrible night it was to us all

"We buried young Bentley in the grave-yard down yonder. It was a sorrowful business to us all, for we were uncertain who the heir might be, and, for anything we knew, he might not prove exactly the person we should want to have power over the farm. So, with the sick man up stairs, and a funeral winding from the house, everything seemed gloomy enough, especially as

the gals went about like ghosts, scarcely speaking a word, and looking at each other woefully whenever they met.

"After awhile we found out that Mr. Bentley, your father, was heir to his cousin, and in some sort owner of the farm. He was a splendid young fellow, too: with that face and voice of his he might have made any girl fall in love with him except our Hetty. I really don't think she ever cared for anybody in the world, she always was a quiet, old maidish thing.

"After the funeral she grew more shy and still than ever.

"But Sarah spent half her time in the sick man's room, and though she seemed troubled, yet I could see with half an eye that she was getting over the shock of her lover's death. I said lover, for after what I had seen nothing would have convinced me that our Sarah had not been heart and soul engaged to the young man who was gone; but if she could forget him and fancy the other, what business had any of us to interfere? For my part, I was glad to see her color coming back, and her eyes growing bright again.

"I don't know what passed between the young people during the six weeks that he lay sick at our house. But though she seemed wildly cheerful at times, the trouble never entirely left her eyes; and more than once I caught her crying away by herself, which was natural enough under the circumstances, you know.

"As Mr. Bentley grew better, and was able to carry his arm in a sling, Sarah's trouble seemed to increase, and she staid with Hetty in their own room a great deal more than I ever remembered to have seen her before. It seemed as if she wanted to keep out of our visitors way somehow.

"He did not seem to like this, and one morning, when I rode over to the homestead, and found him sitting lonesomely in the front stoop, he asked me in a quiet way if I could tell him what particular business his cousin had come to the country about, and why he himself had been so urgently invited to share the journey.

"I told him truly enough that I did not know: when he said with a strange smile,

"I almost supposed it might be a wedding that brought him here, from some words that he used in pressing the invitation; but as no one of your family has said anything about it, the object of his coming puzzles me exceedingly. Tell me, was our visit expected?"

"I was troubled how to answer this question, and felt the blood grow warm in my face. I remembered how anxious and restless my sister

Sarah had been; those private letters, and the wild anguish with which she met us near the precipice, as we were bringing young Bentley away, things which our guest had doubtless been in too much pain to observe; but in reality I knew nothing, and what business had I to expose my sister's secret, if she had one?

"No," I said, angry with the redness of my face, 'I do not think our folks knew anything about your coming; and as for a wedding, there has not been a sign of one, except my own, in the neighborhood this year.'

"Mr. Bentley eyed me keenly, as I said this, but did not seem quite satisfied.

"It is strange," he said, at last, 'but I am quite certain that my cousin told me his visit might end in a wedding: and he hinted that my services might be necessary to reconcile some difficulties that might arise with the family.'

"But he mentioned no names?" I inquired, anxious to learn more.

"No; he told me nothing more than I have already related. It is a singular affair altogether, perhaps my cousin's papers may give me clue.'

"I thought of my sister's letter, and felt myself coloring again, for anything like secrecy made me restless. Your father looked at me suspiciously, so I turned away determined to speak with Sarah, and if there really was anything between her and the dead to say so frankly.

"Sarah was up stairs in her room, I was told. I went up the back way which leads to the upper chambers. Sarah's room was open, but she was not there; so hearing a noise in the garret above, I mounted another flight of stairs which landed me in the open garret, where the trunk belonging to the dead man had been stored away.

"It was a common traveling trunk, strong, and of ordinary size, but the lock had been wrenched in the overthrow, and its hasp was twisted from its fastening, so that no key was necessary to open it.

"I saw this at a glance, and also saw my sister Sarah kneeling before the trunk, holding up the lid with one hand, while she searched among the papers it contained with the other. She was trembling from head to foot, and her face was pale as death.

"I stopped on the upper stair astonished by what I saw. Sarah was so eager and agitated that she did not hear me, but continued her search. I heard letters rustle against each other under her hand for a minute longer; then with a faint cry, she snatched at something and started up from the floor, dropping the trunk lid, and holding two or three letters tied by a ribbon in her shaking hand.

"A single movement brought her face to face with me. Uttering a faint scream, she drew back and sat down on the trunk shaking all over, and the teeth fairly chattering between her lips.

"She saw me looking at the letters, and clutched them tightly between both hands.

"They are mine—my own letters,' she said, so frightened that her words came out in gasps. 'I have not touched a thing that was not my own.'

"Sarah, let me read those letters, I ought to know what they are about,' I said, resolutely, reaching out my hand.

"She crushed the letters together and held them behind her.

"Never! How dare you? What right, I say? No, the letters are mine—mine—mine, I tell you.'

"She shook from head to foot. Her eyes grew fierce and black. I know that if I had strangled her, there and then, she would have clutched the parcel with her last gasp.

"Sarah, I am your brother, and the very best friend you have in the world,' I said, for she was so frightened I pitied her from the bottom of my heart. 'Tell me what all this means. What is there that you should be afraid to tell?'

"Afraid,' she said, 'yes, I am afraid. Let me go then.'

"Are you ashamed as well as frightened?' said I, almost sternly, for her terror seemed too great for that of an innocent person.

"Ashamed!' she repeated my question over with her old scornful pride, 'ashamed! brother; how dare you?'

"Her eyes fairly blazed, her cheeks were like ashes. Then, all at once, her face changed, and drooping downward as if my question that moment had reached her in full force, she said in the most heart-broken voice I ever heard,

"Yes, brother, I am ashamed. God help us all! and afraid too.'

"Sarah, tell me all.'

"Brother, I charge you, let me pass; do not make me more unhappy than I am," she cried, passionately. 'Questions can do no good, for I will not answer them.'

I seized her by both hands. She looked me steadily in the eyes brave as a she lion. I knew that it would be easier to rob a wild beast of its cubs than that girl of her secret. She stood still without a word. What right had I to treat her in that rough way? She was my sister, and I was treating her like a thief: yet the letters were her own, I knew it by the address, part of which lay before my eyes. I dropped her hands.

"Sarah,' I said, 'Mr. Bentley, the young

man below, has some suspicion of this, and he has questioned me.'

"And what did you tell him? What did you know?"

"Nothing, sister—nothing."

"But he—he said something. You began to suspect me, and came prying up here. Brother! brother!"

"There was scorn and grief in her words that would have made me sink into the earth if I had really done the thing she charged me with. As it was, my temper rose.

"No, Sarah," I said, ashamed that my voice would shake so. "No, Sarah, Mr. Bentley, our visitor, said nothing that you have a right to be angry about."

"But he said something. Tell me what it was."

"He only asked what wedding it was that his poor cousin came to attend, Sarah."

"What wedding!" she cried, catching hold of my arm, and almost shaking me. "What wedding! Did he say that? Did he in solemn truth mention a wedding?"

"Yes, Sarah," I answered, looking hard at her, "and I thought, from his way of wording it, that he had an idea that the cousin himself was coming to be married to some one in these parts."

"I stopped short, for the sight of her face fairly made me hold my breath. Her cheeks, which had been pale as death before, kindled up; her lips parted with an eager expression, as if some iron spring had unlocked in them; and her eyes—Sarah had handsome eyes when she was pleased or angry—shone like stars.

"And you believed this? You thought, perhaps, that it was—was—"

"She stopped short, and the anxious paleness began to creep over her again.

"I understood her, and answered as if she had spoken out.

"Yes, I did think that, Sarah. Those letters, your strange ways, all came back to my mind; and why not? He was a smart young fellow, handsome and rich: the neighbors might have said it was a good match for you; but I think you were the mate for his betters any day—for the king on his throne, if such things could grow in a free country like ours, Sarah—so, if it was the truth, out with it. The fellow down stairs seems mighty anxious to know all about his cousin's affairs. He spoke about searching the papers in that trunk."

"Sarah clutched the letters in her hand, and laughed."

"Well, let him search," she said. "It is an

easy matter; the lock is torn open, and he will find but few papers."

"But those in your hand, Sarah!"

"She took my hand in hers, and with one of the winning gestures which no one could resist, lifted it to her lips, hard and brown as it was.

"Don't, please don't ask me any more questions!" she said; "it can do no earthly good, when a thing is over. Why give me so much pain? Can't you see how I suffer?"

"I took her close to my bosom, and kissed her cheek, ready to cry: for she could make a child of me any time. She kissed me back two or three times, then, leaning her head on my shoulder, began to sob.

"Did you love him so much, darling?" I whispered, folding her close again.

"Don't ask; but this other man, do not let him question you more: and, above all, keep my secret about the letters."

"I started, and put her away from my bosom. This persistence in keeping a secret which was really no discredit offended me.

"Sarah," I said, "this is worse than I would have believed of you. Why are you ashamed of this engagement?"

"Think no ill of me, I charge you," she said, starting back with a haughty throw of the head, "I have done right—will do right, but must be left alone!"

"Very well," I said, hurt by her want of confidence, "you throw away my advice, and do not want my help. Good morning, Sarah; you have given me the heart-ache, that's all!"

"No, no!" she said, drawing close to me again. "I want your help just now. Only give it frankly, and without these terrible questions. I am not well. You can see that watching and crying has made me nervous and half sick. I was about to ask you about some way of strengthening myself up a little. Hetty, too, is worn out. In short, we want to get away from home: you know father promised us music lessons in the city. I am sure the sea air will be good for us both. What do you think of it, Dan?"

"She spoke rapidly and half out of breath, darting quick glances at me from under her eyelashes, as if afraid that I would oppose her. In fact, I did feel like it at first: and was about to say so, but she caught the words from my lips, and broke out in a wild, pleading way that changed my feelings at once.

"Don't, oh! don't say that, Dan! I am sick—suffering. If you won't send me away I shall go into a decline and die on your hands. Can't you see how I pine—how thin I grow?"

"She pulled up her sleeve and showed me her

arm, which was slender enough to frighten one with the idea that she was really going into a consumption. So I asked where she wished to go, and how long she wanted to be away.

"She thought that the best music teachers could be found in New York, and they could either put up with our aunt, or find some nice, quiet place for boarding in a private family, if their stay proved too long for a visit. She had thought the matter over very thoroughly, I could see that, and seemed to have set her heart on it. So I promised to persuade the old people into letting her go, and promised that my wife, so far as possible, should come over and supply the gals' place while they were gone.

"Sarah was full of gratitude. She kissed me again and again, and called me her kind, reasonable brother, and we parted excellent friends, but, so far as any information was concerned, just where we had met. But so it always was with your mother. She always ended in having her own way, and in making everybody think it was best too.

"After this conversation, Sarah grew shy of young Mr. Bentley, and left him so much alone that he seemed to grow homesick, and began to talk about returning to the city. But the doctor, who did not get a patient of that stamp every day, would not hear of it, and so he stayed, day after day, till the girls were ready for their trip to the sea-shore. I saw them when they set out, in fact I drove them down to the river in my own team, and, of course, sat waiting while they took leave of Mr. Bentley in the front stoop. He was a good bit flurried and nervous; but Sarah took her leave with a quiet, proud air, that seemed to chill him, for he went into the house and did not wait to see us drive off. But the old people stood there so long as we were in sight, following us with old-fashioned blessings: such blessings, Gillian, as no one has time to give in these fast days.

"It was six months before I saw the gals again. They stayed some time with aunt Mary, and, after that, Sarah wrote us word that they had gone to the shore on Long Island, where board was cheap and sea-bathing capital. Sarah complained a great deal of her feeble health, but thought the coast air did her a world of good. She said very little about Hetty, only that she could not get along without her for a day. Her letters were short, but punctual. She seemed anxious to keep the old people satisfied with her long stay from home: and seldom wrote for money, as she and Hetty supplied themselves, she said, by doing fine needlework for a store in Broadway, which she went to the city, now and

then, to get and return. It was fall before they came home. The sea air might have done them good, but they both looked thin and pale, as if overworked: and I reproached myself for letting them toil for their own board so long, though, as I have told you, the old folks were in debt, and could not help it.

"Well, my sisters went to work again in the homestead, and the old place began to brighten up, for Sarah grew more easy and cheerful, saying that hard work was just what she wanted; while Hetty took up her old ways, only it seemed to us that she was more still and sad than ever, spending a great deal of time in her own room, where I sometimes saw a candle burning after eleven o'clock at night.

"Not long after they got back, I found out two secrets: one was, that Mr. Bentley had often visited the gals while with their aunt; and the other, that they brought needlework from New York, which they sat up nights to finish.

"Sarah was obliged to make me her confidant in this, for every month she wanted me to take her down to the river on her way to York, where she would be gone a day or two on a visit to her aunt. When I wanted to know why she took this extra work, and what she did with the money, she reminded me of her music lessons that were to be paid for, and of a hundred pretty things which she and Hetty were always wanting: but, to my knowledge, never got. I think Sarah saw Mr. Bentley in some of these visits to the city, for she came back more and more cheerful each month, but kept on working day and night all the same.

"On her third trip down the river, she came back full of excitement, and told me, as a great secret, which I was to reveal to no one, that she had given up needlework now, and found a better way of earning money. When I questioned her, she told me with blushes and half crying, for when a pleasant thing came to Sarah her eyes always would fill, though she bore trouble like a hero:—well, she told me that somehow she had got acquainted with the editor of a magazine, who had seen some scraps of her writing in an old place book, and engaged her to contribute for him now and then.

"All this was, of course, a profound secret between us, for Sarah would as soon have confessed her first love as the talent that appeared in every word she wrote or spoke. She was very frank and happy during our drive home, for I met her at the boat as usual; and at last told me that she had seen Mr. Bentley in New York, and that he was coming up to the home-

stead in a week or two if—if I thought father would have no objection.

“‘Objections! What objection could my father have to Mr. Bentley, whose conduct toward him and his had been more than kind? Surely he might expect to be made welcome in a house that was almost his own.’

“‘Yes,’ said Sarah, turning her face toward the sunset, though I could see a smile quivering on her lip, ‘but—but Mr. Bentley wants to take me away with him; he thinks now that he loves me well enough for that!’

“‘I was rejoiced, and gave my-horses a triumphant crack of the whip, that sent them off on a run. I knew well enough that Sarah was no fit wife for any of the young fellows in our neighborhood. Her high spirits, her wit, and the bright thoughts that made every one admire her, were not gifts to be buried on a farm, nor drudged into tameness by hard work. I had knowledge of the world and sense enough to know that, if I had been brought up in the country. It would have been like forcing a canary bird to dive for its food like a fish hawk. But this was another affair. Your father was the man of all I had ever seen for the husband of a gal like our Sarah, with a college education, an honest, strong mind, as handsome a figure as you see in a day’s walk, and any amount of property—where could another man be found like him? Yet I felt that Sarah was his match every inch of it: her virtues were home virtues, and her studies home studies, but genuine for all that; even he could talk on but few subjects that Sarah did not know something about: and as for manners, if ever there was a born lady it was my sister Sarah, if I do say it.

“‘Sarah was delighted to see how I took her news, and told me in her old, frank way how she had loved Mr. Bentley long before she was quite certain that he cared for her—how he had almost proposed while she was with her aunt, but had been checked off when they went to the Long Island shore, without telling him a word about it, and seemed to have given her up without a struggle; but in her late visit she had met him by accident in the street, they had walked a long way together, she could not tell how or where, for it seemed like heaven to her, for he was telling her of his love—his disappointment at her sudden departure, which he looked upon as a rebuff, and of the bright hopes that he could scarcely believe real, though she had listened to him with so much patience. ‘It was all like a dream, a sweet, bright dream,’ she said, ‘but real, beautifully real, though she never could believe it, never.’

“‘It was pleasant to hear her talk so gently of her love, and to see the color come and go in her face with every look I gave it. I do believe that day she was the happiest creature on earth. She exclaimed at the beauty of everything, the old apple trees with their scraggy branches, the patches of moss on the wayside and the sunset. ‘It certainly was,’ she said, ‘the most heavenly sunset that ever she saw in her life.’ To me it was a bank of yellow and red clouds piled up and heaped against each other, with streaks of purple and flame-color breaking through; but she saw a thousand other bright things, as people who write poetry and love dreams are sure to do.

“‘I told the old folks of the news, and Sarah told Hetty, who chirped up like a bird for two or three days, and hovered around her sister in a quiet flutter of happiness, like a robin when its mate is on the nest.

“‘The old gentleman took everything that came in his way as a matter of course. Nothing could arouse his pride, for he held things that turn the heads of most people at their due worth.

“‘‘Bentley is an honest man,’ he said, ‘and Sarah is a good, bright gal, they’ll make a couple that we needn’t be ashamed of, Dan, you may be sure of that.’

“‘I was satisfied. When my father pronounced any one an honest man, praise had no higher term for him. His pride of integrity was wonderful, he acknowledged no superiority but that of goodness and industry, but there he was unyielding: a want of integrity the old man never could forgive. I think that an absolutely wrong act in one of his family would have broken his heart. He was the proudest man I ever saw, and the meekest too.

“‘His children all knew this, and respected him accordingly. My sisters above all had great reverence for this trait of character, and dreaded his disapprobation above all things. Observe me, father was not a cross nor severe man, only a downright honest one, whose good character was the life of his life.

“‘Of course a man like this could rejoice in his daughter’s prosperity in marrying a man like your father, for he knew the full value of property, and was glad to get it in the family; but it was the intelligence and sterling goodness of Mr. Bentley that touched the old man nearest. Had these been wanting, property and position would have gone for nothing with a man of your grandfather’s stamp.

“‘Well, the time came. Bentley asked the old man’s consent in person, and with a few kind,

hearty words was taken into the family. Sarah was very happy then; for days and days she was beautiful, so beautiful that I would stop to look at her. With a creature so smart and full of feeling, happiness was beauty, and it shone through her face like light through a lamp. In truth, I have seen a great many prettier women than our Sarah, but never one whose look would bring the heart into your mouth with such a throb of warm feeling. So she was happy as the day is long till after the wedding day was set; then I saw that she began to pine a little; once I found her in Hetty's room, and they were both crying. But this was natural enough, you know: the two gals had never been separated in their lives, and it was hard to give each other up.

"Well, they were married at last in the spring time, when the apple trees were all in bloom, and the young leaves coming out in the woods. There was no wedding to speak of, for Sarah, who was always so full of life and loved company more than anything, insisted on being married almost alone, with no one but the family by. This surprised us all and made a good deal of hard talk in the neighborhood, for all her old mates insisted on it that Sarah was putting on airs, because her lover was a city gentleman and rich. There was no truth in this, for instead of this the dear gal appeared to grow more and more humble as the day came on, and it seemed as if the saddest part of her life was just before she married a man that I am sure she loved better than all the world beside.

"Hetty, too, did nothing but cry—not that this was done before folks, but you could see it in her heavy eyes and heavy step too. Poor gal, she really seemed afraid of Mr. Bentley, and would turn away from him sometimes with a scared look that no one could account for, for he was gentle and pleasant as a spring morning to us all.

"Well, as I said before, they were married one spring morning, with the sunshine all around them, and the breath of the apple blossoms coming in at the window. There was no bridesmaid, for Hetty would not stand up in spite of all we could say: and except my little wife, she was the only young person there.

"That was one of Sarah's beautiful mornings, I mean as regards herself. She had thrown off all down-heartedness, and came down stairs in her white muslin dress, that floated around her like a cloud, looking more like the angels we see in pictures than anything else. She had a little cluster of crab-apple blossoms in her bosom, and a wreath of elder flowers and cherry blossoms

around her head. She was handsome—yes, Gillian, I think she was almost as handsome as you are now on the day of her wedding. It's one of the pleasantest things in life to see a bright, wholesome girl like her, brimming over with life, and with a will that no force could control, tamed down by love, with those soft shadows under eyes, and the eyes themselves full of mist. I never loved my sister half so much as I did on that day. When she turned away from the minister, and looked up to him with those eyes so mournful and tender the bridegroom kissed her forehead. I did not wonder at it, for it seemed as if she had just risen from a sacrament table, with the holy wine on her lips, which it would be wicked to touch, I think Hetty felt like this, for when the bride went up to her and reached out her arms with a smile, I shall never forget how the poor gal clung around her with both arms, and kissed her neck, her dress, and her hands with a deep burst of crying; but when Sarah would have kissed her sister's lips she shrunk away trembling all over, and sobbing out blessings on her dear, dear sister, to which the old man answered amen, as if he had been in meeting.

"After this, Hetty and the bride went up stairs together, and staid a long time. When Sarah came down in her traveling dress, ready to leave us forever, Hetty staid behind, and we did not see her again that day.

"As Mr. Bentley's carriage was driving away, Sarah looked back so longingly to the old house, that I beckoned the driver to stop, and went up to say good-bye once more.

"Dan," says she, as I came up, "Dan, that's a good brother, bring me a handful of lilacs and some snow-balls, from the old bushes, under Hetty's window, they will be something to remind me of home."

"Mr. Bentley was ready to spring out and gather them for her. But she said with one of her smiles that was worth a sermon any day, 'No—no, let Dan bring them now; and you shall gather flowers for me all the rest of our two lives.'

"I brought the lilacs and the snow-balls, and she gathered them up so lovingly in her hands, it made my heart swell, I can tell you."

"He drove away slowly at first, for Sarah kept looking back toward the house, and we all stood in the porch sending blessings after her—old-fashioned, honest blessings that followed her to the grave, I am certain. But as they came near the hill, where the bridegroom had almost lost his life, and his poor cousin was brought away a corpse, the driver whipped up his horses,

and they swept over the precipice like lightning, and in that spot we lost sight of them.

"After this we were very lonesome at the homestead. Sarah wrote long letters to us from her grand house in the city; but we missed her dreadfully. Sometimes a little private letter to Hetty came in the larger one, but we never knew what was in it: some secret always rested between the two.

"Once, in the first year, Hetty went down to York, but she staid at aunt Mary's, only going now and then to see her sister.

"When we asked the reason of this, Hetty said that Sarah had so much company, and lived in such a grand way, that she felt out of place there. Sarah was just the same kind-hearted, noble creature, but Hetty was more comfortable with aunt Mary.

"I have little more to tell you, Gillian, about your mother; for, with the exception of one or two visits to New York, when I put up at her house, and found myself as welcome as a robin in the spring, we saw little of each other. The old gentleman went to see her, and that was after you were born, and came home delighted.

"At last, when you were a little more than two years old, Sarah and her husband came to the homestead again."

"Yes," said Gillian, who had listened to this long story with deep attention, "yes, I remember that, and I remember how she looked. It seems like a picture, the old place and all. But where did my parents go after that?"

"They went to Europe not three months from that time. It was a sudden thing, I am sure, for the mail that brought us this letter brought also a paper, in which we found that they had sailed. The old man felt a little hurt at this, I think, for he was getting so infirm and childish that anything like neglect from those he loved wounded him. Not long after this he died, and mother followed him in three days, as old folks are apt to do. So they never lived to be disappointed by not receiving but one letter from sister Sarah, after she sailed for foreign parts; or to grieve over the news of her death, when it came to us, as it did to strangers, in an open newspaper."

"And this is all you know about my poor mother?" said Gillian, painfully disappointed. "It is a great deal, I know, but not all I expected. Papa so seldom speaks of her: and after that one evening, in this same old homestead, I remember nothing, for it seems they put me in a convent school directly after we reached Italy, and when I came out my mother lay in the Campo Sante at Naples."

"Are you sure of this? Have you seen her grave with your own eyes, niece Gillian?" inquired the farmer, suddenly remembering Mr. Bentley's strange exclamations as he left the room that night, and inspired by a vague hope that his sister might be living.

"Yes, my Italian servant, one who had been hired in the family when we first went to Italy, often took me to one of those heavenly flower nooks in which the people of Naples lay their dead to sleep, and told me that my mother was buried beneath the roses there."

"But was there a tombstone?"

"A cross of marble—nothing more; but that was so like my father: you know he never could endure to register his joy or grief before the world. This is all I know of my mother's death."

"It is strange," said uncle Daniel, thoughtfully, "but, to-night, your father said to me distinctly that my sister was not dead."

Gillian started, and a look of wild joy came to her face; but it faded in a moment, and she said with tender sadness,

"Oh! that is like him too, dear, sensitive papa! I have often heard him say that a human soul never dies, and should only be spoken of as something that sleeps, or has gone a pleasant journey; so we must build no hope on an expression like that."

Daniel Hart sunk down in his chair and heaved a deep sigh. Up to this time a vague hope that his sister might be living had unconsciously floated through his mind, but Gillian's explanation destroyed it utterly.

"Still," said the good man, "still I will ask him, in the morning, if his words had this meaning, or not."

Gillian shook her head. "I think if it had the meaning you wish he will speak of his own accord," she said; "if not, the idea that he has inspired such a hope will give him pain. Let us wait, dear uncle."

Uncle Daniel gave up his hope with another profound sigh; and Gillian arose from her stool at his feet, saddened, as if she too had partaken of a hope that was destroyed.

Gillian stole softly up to her room, for, in a strange house, and with darkness all around she grew timid, and was glad to cover herself up in bed. But she could not sleep. This conversation about her mother—the strangeness of everything around, kept her wakeful and restless.

Her bed stood opposite a window which looked into the orchard where her mother had played when a child. The mellow autumn moon had risen, and she could almost discern the apples

as they fell in over-ripeness from the boughs, disturbing a stillness otherwise profound.

As she lay thus, dreamy and sad, a noise at the door startled her. At first she rose from the pillow and looked keenly that way; but sank down on the instant, as almost any girl would have done, huddling the clothes about her head.

The door opened very softly, and a small figure, clad in white, stole across the floor, with her head bent forward, as if listening at each step. As the figure came opposite the window, Gillian, who, fascinated even in her terror, had drawn the sheet from over her eyes, saw the features of aunt Hetty, who came toward her like a shadow, evidently afraid of her own breath.

Curiosity overcame all fear in Gillian, who lay still, with her eyes half closed, watching her strange visitor. Aunt Hetty came close up to the bed, sunk on her knees, and seemed to be searching for a clear view of Gillian's face, which was a little in shadow even if it had been uncovered.

At last she put her hand softly down, drew away the counterpane, and a kiss fell on Gillian's forehead, so light and tremulous that it seemed but a shadow passing over her.

Gillian closed her eyes, for there was something in this act that brought dew into them, and with great difficulty she suppressed an unequal breath. Then, emboldened by her first effort, aunt Hetty bent down and pored over that young face till a heavy tear fell upon it.

Unconsciously Gillian started, and shrinking together as if she had committed some crime, aunt Hetty slid down to her knees, and burying her face in the bed-clothes, waited.

But Gillian controlled herself, and directly sobs came at slow intervals from the bed; then the whispered words of a prayer; and after that wild, uncontrolled bursts of anguish, in which Gillian heard her mother's name repeated over and over again.

At last this sorrow seemed to wear itself out, and exhausted its force in faint sobs, ending in profound silence. After a little, Gillian felt that her aunt was sitting on the bed again, striving to search out the lineaments of her face in the shadows. The restraint became painful, and at last the young girl opened her eyes, meeting the mournful gaze of her aunt, upon which the moon shone brightly.

Aunt Hetty did not move; but her eyes wavered like those of a person suddenly detected in a crime.

"Aunt Hetty!" said Gillian, very softly, "aunt Hetty!"

Her little hand stole out of the bed-clothes and touched that which lay helplessly on her pillow. There was something in that gentle voice, and the clasp of those fingers, that soothed the timid woman. Her hard fingers closed over Gillian's, and though she trembled, it seemed with kindly feeling.

"Aunt Hetty," repeated the young girl, "did not my mother come in this way to my bed one night, and you with her, when I was a little child?"

"And you remember her? You remember that noble, noble mother, child; and that night when we two prayed over you for the last time on earth?" she answered, in a whisper full of tender regrets.

"As I remember dreams—dreams of angels hovering near me," said Gillian. "Your coming to-night made it a reality."

"And she is dead—gone from us without a word of farewell—a word of—ah! my child, if you could but remember any word, any little thing by which I might know she thought of us with the old kindness!"

"How I wish so, too, dear aunt; but it is impossible. They took me from her so early: and, in the convent, I had so much kindness, that it made me forget easily. I remember there was one lady there, a boarder, who came to my cell every night, as you are here now, with a thousand gentle words and sweet kindnesses: that was when I was about seven years old. She did not stay at the convent altogether; but came and went till I was taken away; sometimes staying a few weeks; sometimes three or four months."

"And this lady was kind to you? God bless her for that!" said aunt Hetty, quietly. "If it would benefit her, I would give an hour of my life for every consoling word she said to you."

"Oh! yes," said Gillian, reflectively, "it was a sweet voice, motherly and soft—sweeter than any I ever heard in the convent. I wonder what became of her?"

The young girl sighed as she spoke; while aunt Hetty tightened her clasp on the little hand.

"I have heard of Sisters of Charity: they must be happy women, and good ones too, let them belong to what church they will," said aunt Hetty. "Perhaps this lady was one of them: for they travel about, I am told. I am not sweet-toned as you say she was; but, if you will not think it strange for me to come into your room now and then, I should be very thankful. Your mother and I slept in each other's arms till she was more than your age. I have grown old and lonely since then—no one cares much for my love; but, if you would not feel it a burden,

there are some things that I might do in a quiet way. Don't you think so?"

She looked down into Gillian's face with wistful earnestness as she spoke; and the young girl, lonely in her half orphanage, and searching for affection everywhere, rose up, and threw her arms around that drooping neck with a fervor that brought fresh tears into aunt Hetty's voice.

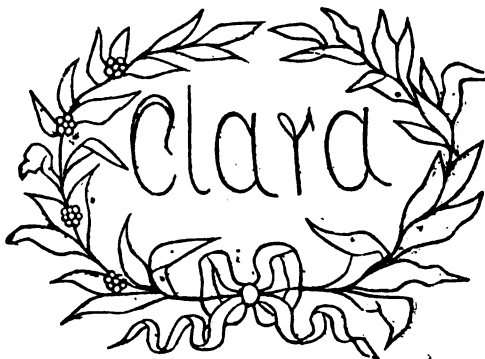
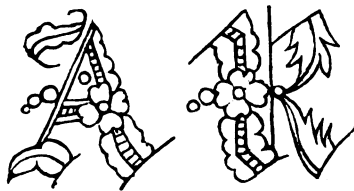
"Don't mind if I seem silent and stiff before folks," she said, folding the young girl close in her arms, "it is my way; but if I can save you one pain by laying down my life, speak, and I'll do it!"

Before Gillian could answer as her warm heart dictated, the arms that had so closely embraced her fell away, and her aunt glided from the chamber, shadow-like, as she had entered.

And this was Gillian's first night under the maternal roof. Perhaps the first deep feelings that she had ever experienced sprang into existence during those few hours. It seemed as if her father, too, was haunted with unrest; for, all night long, his step was heard by the master of the house, who slept beneath his room, walking to and fro.

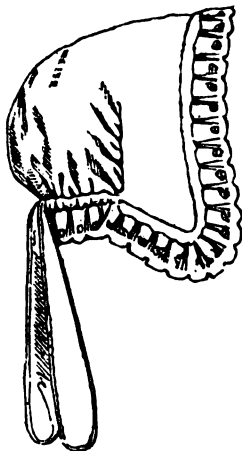
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER, NAMES, &C.



NIGHT-CAP: CHILD'S SACQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



NIGHT-CAP.

Our object, in this department, is to teach every lady how to make her own and her children's dresses, if she desires to do so, or is

situated so that a mantua-maker is difficult to be had. Nor is our purpose confined to instructing the fair readers of "Peterson" to make only their more expensive and showy garments. We are well aware that it is often more difficult to get patterns for articles of under-clothing, than for cloaks, party dresses, or fashionable wraps. Accordingly we give, in this number, the pattern for a night-cap, accompanied with the usual diagram. With the aid of these, any lady can cut out and make up this indispensable article, trimming it afterward as in the pattern, or differently if her taste prefers a different style of trimming.

We also give, in this number, a diagram for a child's sacque. The diagram will be found on the next page.

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. BACK.

No. 3. SLEEVE.

The material is cloth, or velvet, the first being the best. The net-work over the surface is done in braid, and so also is the leaf-pattern around the edges.

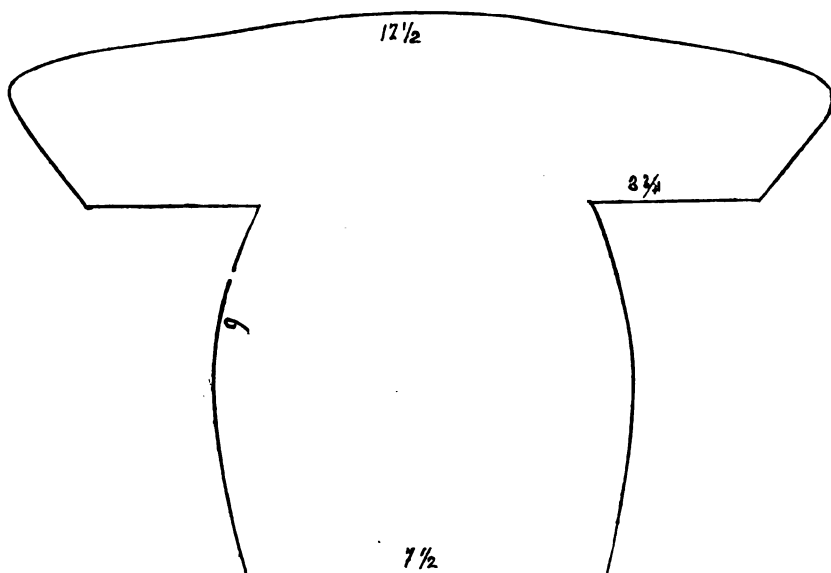


DIAGRAM FOR NIGHT-CAP.

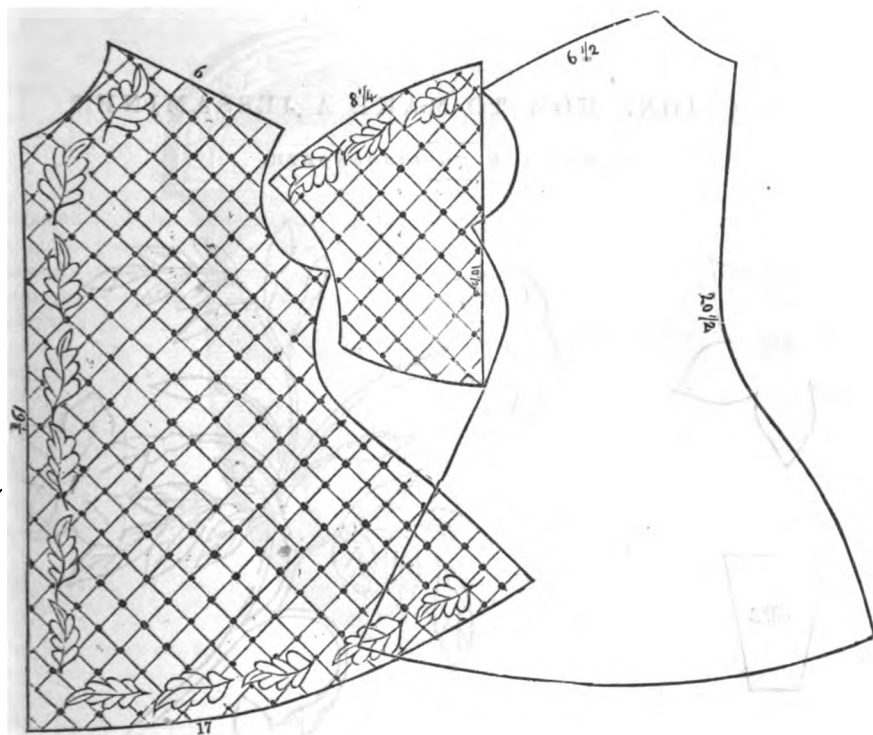
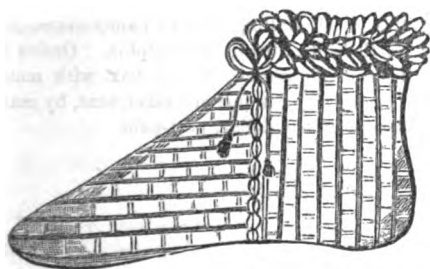


DIAGRAM FOR CHILD'S SAOQUE.

POLISH BOOT—LADIES' SIZE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have designed this expressly for the patrons of "Peterson."

MATERIALS.—1 oz. white single zephyr, 1 oz. colored single zephyr, pair of small bone needles.

With the colored wool cast on 84 stitches. Knit 3 rows plain. 4th row—Join the white wool, knit 8 stitches, purl, take off the next 2, *

pass the wool, knit 8. purl, take off the next 2 *. Repeat to the end of the needle. 5th row—Knit plain, omitting to knit the two colored stitches, merely taking them off upon the needle. 6th row purl—7th, join the colored wool, knit 8 rows plain; knitting the two colored stitches whenever they occur, very loosely. Knit in all 150 rows.

FOR THE BORDER.—Cast on 6 stitches. Knit 1st row plain: 2nd row put the needle into the 1st stitch, then wrap the thread four times round the first and second fingers of left hand and the right hand needle, knit these loops into the stitch. Repeat to the end of the needle. 3rd row plain. Every alternate row knit the loops. Make a cord and tassel of the colored wool, to lace the boot at the side as you would a gaiter. The border may be all colored, or in stripes of 8 rows each

DIRECTIONS HOW TO MAKE A JESSAMINE.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—White or yellow, smooth, thick paper, yellow pips, small green calyx, leaves, &c.

Cut as many as desired of No. 1 and 2: gum up No. 2 in form of a tube, fasten the petal to it with thick gum arabic: fasten a piece of thin wire to a large, yellow pip, cover the stem with light green tissue paper, run it through the tube for a stamen: finish with a small green calyx. To mount it, put three or four buds and as many flowers, and make branches with the leaves, like No. 8.

* MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.—

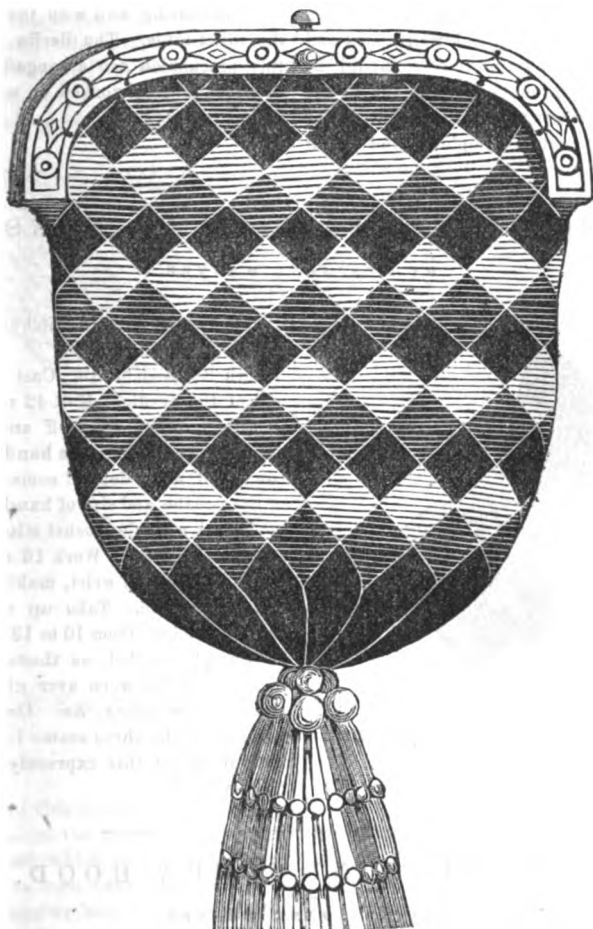
Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for Pinks, Dahlias, and red Roses, variegated for Japonicas, Pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

PURSE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Purses are always suitable for presents. We give, this month, a new pattern for one in crochet. Scarlet, black and yellow will look well, for they contrast to advantage in the alter-

nate diamonds. The star at the bottom is black, the first row of diamonds is scarlet, the second row yellow, the third black. The purse is commenced in the centre of the black star at the



bottom, and is worked in a solid crochet; the peculiar and striking effect when completed. A silks, when not required, being worked in at the handsome steel clasp and tassel of the same back in the usual manner. Although an ex-metal at the end are required to furnish this tremely simple pattern, it is one which has a very useful and ornamental little article.

BERLIN PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

WE give among our illustrations, in front of next to wrap over. These small circles are all the number, a very ornamental as well as new arranged round a larger circle cut in a firmer kind of pincushion, just come out abroad. It is card-board, in the form of a wreath, each projecting slightly over the last, leaving a space composed of scarlet cloth or satin and chalk for the cushion in the centre. A round cushion accurately in card-board, and covered neatly is then made sufficiently large to fill the centre, with the cloth or satin. On these circles a small covered with the same material. It is drawn pattern is worked in the white beads according down either with a scarlet cord, strings of white to the engraving, with a small loop of beads beads or gold thread, so as to form four quarters round the edge, leaving a space sufficient for the from the centre, and is attached by means of this

cord to the card-board foundation. This cushion should be sufficiently full to look well-raised and handsome. The foundation circle should be covered with a slight material previous to the ornamented circles being placed upon it. It has a very pretty effect when completed, the bright red contrasting well with the white drapery of the toilet-table. The Berlin watch-pocket and this pincushion are arranged to match. The beads should be worked on with No. 20 crochet cotton.

TO KNIT A PAIR OF MITTENS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



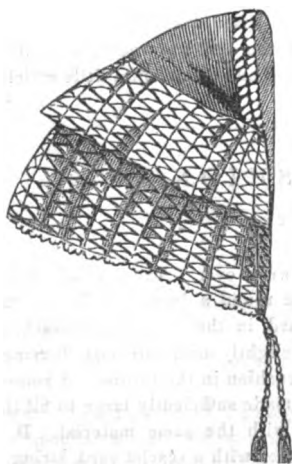
MATERIALS.—1 oz. dark single zephyr, pair large steel knitting needles, bone crochet hook.
Cast on 40 stitches
Knit plain 16 rows

17th Row.—Knit 15 stitches, bind off 15; knit to the end of the needle.

18th Row.—Knit 10. Cast on 15. Knit to the end of the needle. Knit 42 rows plain, making in all 60 rows. Bind off and sew the ends together. This forms the hand. The number of rows knit must depend somewhat upon the size of the needles and size of hand. With the crochet hook work a single crochet stitch into every stitch around the wrist. Work 16 rows. Double this under to meet the wrist, making the cuff double and very warm. Take up the stitches at the thumb and knit from 10 to 12 rows. This thumb is scarcely needed, as these mittens are only intended to be worn over gloves, in very cold weather, for riding, &c. On the back of the hand work the three seams in cross-stitch. We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

PICCOLOMINI OPERA HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



HOOD WHEN WORN.

MATERIALS.—1 oz. colored single zephyr, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white split zephyr, medium bone needles.

With the colored wool cast on 1 stitch. Knit plain garter stitch, knitting 50 rows. Widening one stitch at the beginning of every row, which is done by throwing the thread forward before knitting the first stitch. Be sure to knit this loop on the next row.

52nd Row.—Widen and narrow to the end of the needle.

53rd Row.—Plain.

54th Row.—Widen and narrow as before.

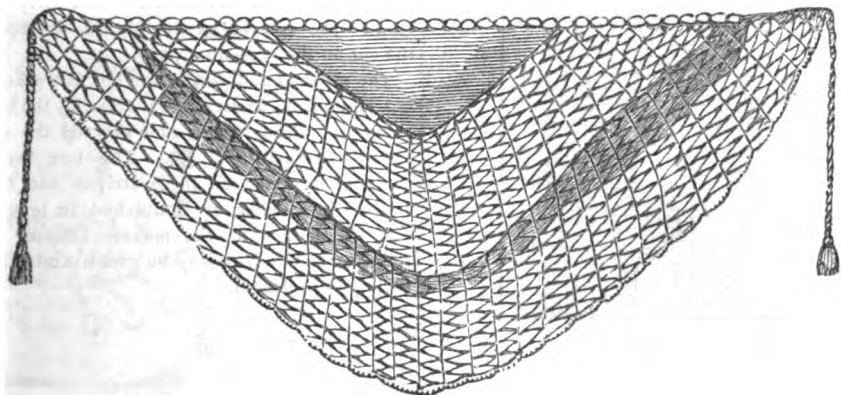
55th Row.—Plain.

56th Row.—Widen and narrow.

57th Row.—Plain.

58th Row.—Plain, knitting 72 stitches, leaving the remainder of stitches upon the needle without knitting. Turn the work round and knit back on the next row 37 stitches: omitting to knit the rest of the stitches on the needle. These

stitches on either side of the 37 stitches just knit, all around the work. Knit in herring-bone stitch, are to be left until this second point is completed. Knit 20 rows to form the second point, which is simple; widen and narrow every row, narrowing 1 stitch at the beginning of every row. Bind off and finish with cord and tassels. This hood we have designed expressly for the patrons of "Peterson."



HOOD WHEN OPEN.

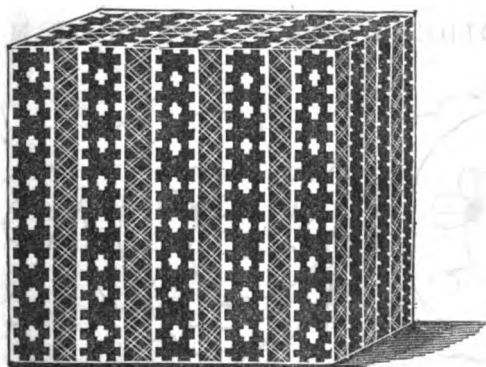
NECKLACE IN IMITATION PEARL.

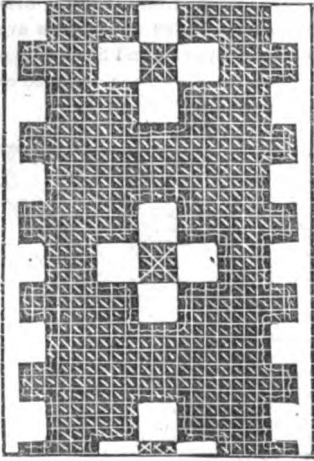
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The materials of this pretty affair, the pattern are large, small, medium size, and a row of those for which we give in the front of the number, known as the oat bead. A soft cotton is required are imitation pearl, which not only deserves to for stringing them. The mode of threading is be favored for its own sake, but suits every so extremely simple as to be quite plain in our dress, black, white, or any color. The beads engraving.

WOOD-BOOK IN EMBROIDERY AND LEATHER.


BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





PATTERN FOR SIDE OF WOOD-BOX.

WHERE open fires are used, a box to hold the wood is often necessary, and this is not always in keeping with the rest of the room. We accordingly offer a design for a wood-box, which is to be covered with alternate stripes of embroidery and Russian leather. The stripes of leather are crossed by gold braid, as seen in the cut on the preceding page.

The embroidered part of the box is worked in red and black, as seen in cut (No. 2,) the black being the white spaces, and the red the small squares marked thus . The box may be made of any size, as these stripes can be increased in number, or diminished in length, to suit the wishes of the maker. Every other stripe of embroidery may be green and black if variety is preferred.

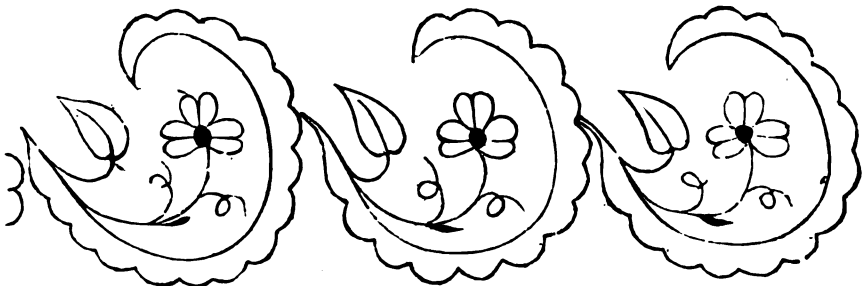
WATCH-POCKET IN BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in blue, is a new pattern for a watch-pocket, which has just come out in London. The shape is first to be cut out in the coarsest of the sorts of perforated card-board. This shape is next to be covered with scarlet cloth or satin, carefully stretched and well fastened down at the edge, and, after having been accurately cut to the shape all round, is to be neatly bound with narrow ribbon to match the color of the material. This being completed, the bead-work follows, the small beads being in chalk white and the larger ones in either gold or steel. The cotton used for this purpose ought to be both smooth

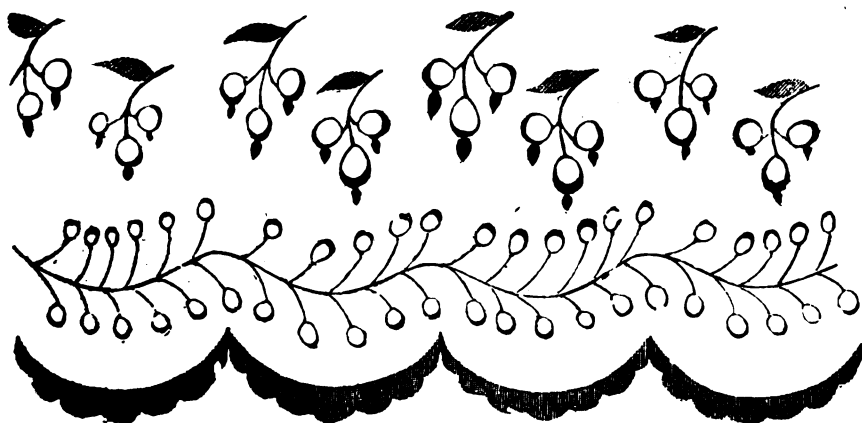
and strong. No. 20 crochet cotton should be selected. The front, with its circular opening for displaying the face of the watch, is a separate piece, prepared exactly in the same way, fastened on with a small gusset at each side. The reason why perforated card-board is to be used, is simply that, in working on the ornamental pattern in beads, the needle may pass easily through without either blemish or difficulty. A hook is to be fastened on the spot shown in our illustration, and a lining laid on the back. It is suspended by a bow of ribbon, which is all the more handsome if enriched with a few beads.

EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL OR MUSLIN.

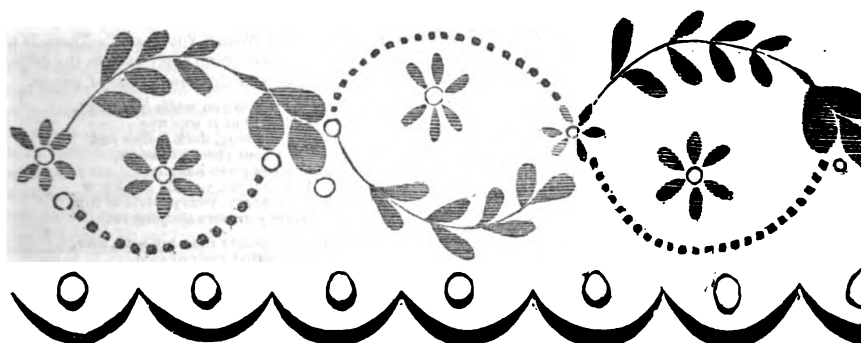


ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



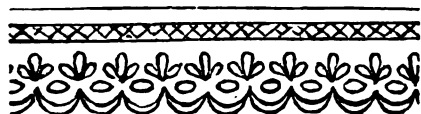
FOR BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



FOR SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



ANOTHER DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



FOR BORDER OF CHEMISE.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

STREET PICTURES.—"Good morning, grandmam!"

A dame of eighty, wrinkled almost out of all semblance to humanity, bent, withered, with a great bundle of oakum strapped to her stooping shoulders. Hard work, from the cradle to the grave, had been her lot. Look at her shoes—patched, and mended, and clattering. Look at her bonnet—broken, ragged and ribbonless. Look at her scanty gown! Oh! ye servile slaves of fashion passing by, hooped, and jeweled, and perfumed, shrink not from the poor child of poverty: there is room enough between the wall and her mean attire, and while you listen to the lips you despise, blush for your inferiority.

"Well, grandmam, this is a pretty cold day!"

"Puty cold day, yes, dear, puty cold day, and hard work picking oakum."

"You're too old to work hard, grandmam."

"Yes, that's true, dear, but then, bless the Lord, I'm a'most done. They'll put the old woman in a box, by-and-bye, and then, I reckon, I'm going up to glory."

"Don't you sometimes get tired of living?"

"Well, if I does, dear, I feels in a minute it isn't right, and then I'm bearing His yoke, dear, and it's so light and easy that I can wear it as long as He sees fit for His yoke is easy and His burden is light. But I must hurry, for I've got to get through this job this morning. Good-bye, dear," and, with a placid smile, she leaves us, more thankful that God has strengthened our faith through one of the humblest of his servants.

How much beauty there may be in the little flower we recklessly trample under our feet! how much more in the lowly hearts that the great and the proud tread upon! Oh! could we but for a moment penetrate the omniscient mind of deity; its verdicts upon the throngs that daily pass—could we bear the sight!

I think of that when I look at the little apple-girl yonder. It seems to me that every one who sees her ought to give her a passing smile, or something to reward her patience. This bitter weather she sits by her fruit, her pale face never once losing its touching expression, of, I cannot rightly interpret what. Whether she has been subject to domestic despotism—whether she is toiling for some one loved object—whether at home lies a helpless mother, or father—or whether she is driven to this cold resort by the machinations of that terrible hearth-fiend, rum! who knoweth?

I often look at her—she has a sweet face—and wonder how it would seem to her to be wrapped in some of the plaids and furs that cross her vision so often.

If I had wealth—if I only had wealth—I would go over there and say, "My child, here is this for shoes and stockings, better than the things you wear; here is this for a comfortable shawl—a thick pair of woolen mittens for those red hands—go buy a hood and be happy." How she would look at me! What would the poor child think? I wonder if she would believe me after the money lay in her hands. I wonder if the lookers on would not call me a denuded body. Of one thing I am certain, I know it would make my heart warm.

ONE WORD.—Look upon your children and shudder if you have smitten the homeless, and denied the friendless; for, as sure as the heavens spread above your head, and the earth beneath your feet, the curse of the stranger shall rest on you and yours.

There are no denunciations in holy writ stronger than

those upon that wicked one who grieves the throbbing heart of want. Want! that should be so sacred! and toward which the hand should be outstretched before the mite is asked.

And if neither hand is outstretched, nor mite given, can you not bestow that costless coin, one kind word? Believe us, in heaven that gentle breath shall weigh down treasures with their ingots and safes of gold.

For, with it shall be thrown the sweet emotions that leaped up like living waters from the arid soil under which they have lain prisoned in the friendless bosom. All the little griefs it changed to momentary blessings. All the dear sunshine that came in through the clefts of long remembered harshness and cold-world-deeds. All the better impulses that gathered like angels about the vengeful thoughts that harsh words had marshaled to fight against heaven. All the tears that had been sealed and driven back with an almost stony despair into their sacred depths.

Oh! will not the kind word, sown in pity, bring forth a rich harvest in heaven? At such a time will the angel of the record say, "You made my poor, wandering, wretched child happy. You gave, not gold; but from your very soul took one precious thought and fastened her real faith together."

"I SAT BESIDE YOU WHILE YOU SLEPT."—There is much deep feeling, as well as skillful expression, in the following, which we copy from Aldrich's new volume of poems.

"I sat beside you while you slept,
And oh! but it was woe
To see the long, dark lashes rest
Upon your cheeks of snow,
To see you lie so happily,
And to think you did not know
What a weary, weary world is this,
While you were sleeping so!
You are dearer than my soul, love,
But in that hour of pain,
I wished that you might never lift
Those eyes to mine again,
Might never weep, but lie in sleep
While the long seasons roll—
I wished this, I who love you, love,
Better than my soul!
And then—I cannot tell what then,
But that I might not weep
I caught you in my arms, love,
And kissed you from your sleep."

POISONOUS CONFECTIONARY.—The London Lancet again warns the public against the great quantity of poisonous confectionary manufactured and sold. It gives the result of an analysis of the various coloring matters used to color these articles. Out of forty-four articles examined, chromate of lead, or yellow pigment, was detected in twenty-four samples; Brunswick green, which contains chromate of lead, in seven samples; artificial ultramarine in ten samples; red lead in one; cinnabar, or bisulphuret of mercury, in one; and arsenite of copper in one. In some instances two, and even three or four, of these injurious or poisonous substances occurred in the same parcel of confectionary. The cheaper articles of confectionary, especially lozenges and comfits, are the worst; also those made with liquors and essences which are for the most part injurious; and, finally, especially all sugar-like ornaments, colored either yellow or green.

THE ROSE-BUD.—It is unnecessary for us to say a word about the exquisite mezzotint in this number: it tells its own story.

TO TAKE IMPRESSIONS OF LEAVES.—A subscriber wishes to know the best way of taking impressions of leaves, plants, &c. We gave directions for the process, a year or two ago, but will repeat it. Take half a sheet of fine wove paper, and oil it well with sweet oil; after it has stood a minute or two to let it soak through, rub off the superfluous oil with a piece of paper, and let it hang in the air to dry. After the oil is pretty well dried in, take a lighted candle or lamp and move the paper over it in a horizontal direction, so as to touch the flame, till it is perfectly black; when you wish to take off impressions of plants, lay your plant carefully on the oiled paper, and lay a piece of clean paper over it, and rub it with your finger equally in all parts for about half a minute; then take up your plant, and be careful not to disturb the order of the leaves, and place it on the book or paper, on which you wish to have the impression; then cover it with a piece of blotting paper, and rub it with your finger for a short time, and you will have an impression superior to the finest engraving. The same piece of black paper will serve to take off a great number of impressions, so that, when you have once gone through the process of blacking it, you may make several impressions in a very short time. The principal excellence of this method is, that the paper receives the impression of the most minute veins and hairs, so that you may obtain the general character of most flowers much superior to any engraving. The impressions may afterward be colored according to nature.

WINDOW CURTAINS.—A subscriber wishes to know the price of window curtains. The answer to this question must depend on the material. The very expensive satin curtains, with gold borders, may be had for about one hundred dollars a window: the terry velvet for much less; and less costly, yet very beautiful ones, for half that price. The most fashionable establishment for curtains, in Philadelphia, is Shepherd, Van Harlingen & Arrison where lace, brocade, or satin curtains may be had, at the most moderate prices, and of the latest style. The gentleman, who presides over this department, is a man of unusual taste, which accounts for the superior elegance of the goods of this house. It would be well for our friends, in the South and elsewhere, who write to us so often on this subject, to remember Messrs. Shepherd, Van Harlingen & Arrison.

BED-QUILT PATTERN.—The design for a watch-pocket will be followed, in the April number, by a bed-quilt pattern, printed in several colors, and which was originally intended for the present number, but could not be got out in time, in consequence of the enormous increase in our circulation, this year. Like the purse and traveling-bag in the last number, and like most of the patterns which are to follow it, the bed-quilt pattern has been designed expressly for "Peterson," by Mrs. Jane Weaver, who, it will be seen, has furnished various original designs for the present number, in addition to those which she has selected from late English and French sources.

NEW WEDDING FASHION.—At several fashionable marriages which have lately taken place in Paris, the old French custom of presenting fans to the ladies has been revived. These fans are regarded as wedding *souvenirs* from the bride to her lady friends. At a recent marriage, the fans thus distributed were all after one pattern. The mountings were of carved mother-o'-pearl, and the fans were of white silk, figured with silver.

AN IMPUDENT PUPPY.—Not only the puppy, who peeps into the basket, but that other puppy, on horseback, who is peeping into the grounds of the young lady's seminary in the corner of the picture. See him, eye-glass on nose, as he stretches over the fence. A veritable human puppy!

"MAUD MULLER."—N. O. Hall, Newburyport, Mass., has published a very beautiful lithograph of Whittier's "Maud Muller."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Scouring of the White Horse. By the author of "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In the western part of Berkshire, in England, is the huge outline of a horse, rudely cut in the side of a chalk hill. Tradition says this was originally the work of Alfred the Great, to commemorate a great victory, which he won there over the Danes. From time to time, as the rains and frost obliterate this singular monument, the neighboring inhabitants assemble and repair it, after which they have a holiday, in which athletic sports and games are exhibited and prizes are contested for. Sometimes as many as twenty thousand persons convene at these celebrations. The present volume is a description of one of these events. The book has all the raciness of its predecessor by the same author. We could have wished, however, and so will every lady wish who reads the work, that the writer had given us, at large, the result of his love adventure and not merely suggested its happy termination.

Hymns of the Ages. Being Selections from Lyra Catholica, Germanica Aspatolica, and other sources. With an Introduction. By Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a selection of the best Christian hymns extant, no matter in what age they were written, nor what the sectarian bias of the lyricist. Many have been translated from the Latin, and some from the German, the rest being of English authorship. The translations are not always successful; but the task of translating hymns is nearly impossible; and the result, on the whole, is praiseworthy. We commend the volume, not only as a valuable aid to religious devotion, but as a suggestive study in a literary point of view.

European Life, Legend, and Landscape. By an Artist. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: James Challen & Son.—The publishers of this volume, though comparatively new in the business, are rapidly taking rank among the most enterprising, sagacious and tasteful of their profession. In addition to the present work, they announce a new book on the history of ancient Mexico, which is destined to make a great sensation, if not to overthrow entirely all received opinions respecting the Aztec empire.

The Ballad of Babie Bell and Other Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carlton.—We have quoted, in another place, one of the poems in this volume; and it is by no means the best of them. "Babie Bell," "Little Maud," and various others, surpass it even in tenderness and grace. In a different vein is "When the Sultan goes to Ispahan," a poem which fairly intoxicates with its voluptuous Eastern imagery.

Sylvan Holt's Daughter. By Holme Lee. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this admirable novel is an Englishwoman, favorably known already for her "Kathie Brande," an excellent novel, which was reprinted, in this country, a year or two ago. "Sylvan Holt's Daughter" is even better, however, than its predecessor. We recommend it, next after "What Will He Do With It," as the best novel of the month.

Anne of Geierstein. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The forty-fifth and forty-sixth volumes of the "Household Edition of Scott's Novels," which we have so often described as the handsomest American one extant.

Father and Daughter. A Portraiture from Life. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new novel, by the author of "The Neighbors," just published in London and reprinted from an early copy. To show what energy and enterprise can do, we may mention that within forty-eight hours after the London copy was received, by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, the book was stereotyped, three tons of paper made, a large edition printed off, and copies bound and for sale. As the volume contains nearly four hundred pages, and is really an elegant specimen of typography, this is an achievement never before rivaled in this country.

What Will He Do With It? By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Bulwer's last novel is now completed, and lies before us, a thick, neat octavo. For two years, thousands of readers have been held spell-bound from month to month, by the fortunes of Guy Darrell, Lionel and the other characters of this serial story. The present is a cheap edition, but handsomely bound in cloth.

Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By F. Arago. First Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—These biographies are too well known to need comment. The subjects of the present volume are Bailly, Herschel, Laplace and Fourier. There is also an autobiography of Arago himself. The translations are very good.

The Afternoon of Unmarried Life. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton. Philada: T. P. Peterson & Brothers.—A reprint of an excellent work, especially suitable for ladies, and announced as a companion to Miss Muloch's "Thoughts About Women." It is very neatly published.

The Laird of Norlaw. By the author of "Margaret Mainland." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We need not advise our readers of the merit of this new novel. Whatever this author writes is always excellent, excellent morally as well as intellectually.

Miriam Elwood; or, How Girls Live. By one of Them selves. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: E. Dunigan & Brothers.—A well-written story, inculcating an excellent moral, and printed in a very handsome style. The book ought to have a large sale among women.

The Cabinet des Fees; or, Recreative Readings, arranged for the express use of Students in French. By G. Gerard, A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A volume which may be advantageously put into the hands of students of the French tongue.

The Manual of Chess. By Charles Kenny. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The elementary principles of chess are given in this volume, which is also illustrated with numerous diagrams, recent games and original problems.

Terence and Phædrus, literally translated. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This translation is by Henry Thomas Riley, of Cambridge, England. There is added to it a blank verse translation by George Coleman.

The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck. New Edition. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A beautifully printed edition, in the miniature style, bound in blue and gold. It is the very edition for a lady's library.

The American Almanac for 1859. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.—This work has long enjoyed a standard reputation. The volume for 1859 ought to be in every library.

Rose Warrington. By A. J. H. Duganne. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A cheap edition of a well-written novel, by an American author of ability.

OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.

BILL OF FARE

FOR A SOCIABLE DINNER COMPANY IN WINTER.

Vermicelli Soup.

Roast Turkey. A la Mode Beef.

Beef Tongue. Roast Ham.

Tomatoes. Roast Potatoes. Macaroni with Cheese.

Mashed Potatoes. Cranberries. Pickles.

Celery.

Fried Oysters. Boiled Oysters.

Dessert.

Lemon Pudding. Coconut Pudding.

Ice Cream.

Raisins. Almonds. Oranges.

Coffee.

Madeira, Sherry and Champagne wines may be used during the course of the dinner.

SOUPS.

Harico Soup.—Get a large neck of mutton, cut in two parts and put the scrag end into a stewpan with four large turnips and four carrots, together with one gallon of water. Let it boil gently till all the essence is extracted from the meat. Then wash the turnips and two of the carrots in the broth, cut and fry six onions in butter, and put them in; then cut the remainder of your mutton into very nice chops—not too large—and add them to the soup, and let it stew very slowly till the chops are quite tender. Cut the other two carrots that were boiled into slices, and put them in the soup just before you take it off the fire; season it with pepper and salt, and serve it up very hot.

Sago Soup.—Boil one pound of beef in two quarts of water, until the essence is completely extracted from the meat. Strain the beef from the broth, and add to the broth one teacupful of sago; boil it gently for one hour, but do not let the sago become too soft. Beat the yolks of two eggs with about half a cupful of cream, pour them into your soup tur-reen, and then by degrees pour in the soup, stirring it gently.

Mock Turtle Soup.—Take one quart brown beans, boil them soft, and strain them through a cullender. Boil three pounds of the blue tripe, very tender; season with pepper and salt, and add a lemon cut into slices. Let the whole boil about five hours.

Pepper-Pot.—Procure a sufficient quantity of tripe, and boil it until it is tender. Cut it up small, add to it some parsley, thyme, marjoram, a couple of leeks, and a few dumplings, and potatoes. Season it to your taste with salt and red pepper.

FISH.

Oysters—Fried.—Wash your oysters in their own liquor, and then dry them thoroughly. Have ready some rolled cracker, seasoned with pepper and salt; also, the yolk of one or more eggs. (Four eggs to a hundred of oysters.) Dip your oysters into the egg, and then roll them into the cracker. Have a pan ready with some boiling hot butter in it, into which drop the oysters and fry them a light brown.

Oysters—Pickled.—Take the oysters out of their own liquor and wash them in clean water, and drain them well. Make a pickle of salt and water that will bear an egg; boil it and run it till it becomes clear, then throw your oysters into it, and let them simmer. As fast as they rise, take them out, and lay them one by one in a clean cloth till they become cold. Strain the oyster liquor, put some allspice, cloves, mace, pepper and vinegar to it, and boil it a few minutes. Put your oysters in jars, and pour this liquor over them. Close the jars, and set them away for use.

Oysters—Stewed.—Strain the liquor of the oysters, put it on to boil with a few blades of mace, some whole peppers and allspice; skim it well. When thoroughly boiled, put in your oysters, and give them a good boil up. Mix a good sized lump of butter with some flour, smoothly, stir it in the boiling liquor, and add cream according to the quantity of oysters you cook. It is a very great improvement to put a wineglassful of Madeira wine into your dish, and pour the liquor and oysters over it.

Oyster Loaves.—Take some small French rolls, make a round hole in the top, and scrape out all the crumbe. Then put your oysters into a pan, with their liquor, and the crumbe that come out of the rolls; add a good lump of butter, and stew them together five or six minutes; then put in a spoonful of good cream. Fill your rolls with the oysters, &c., lay the piece of crust carefully on again, and set the rolls in the oven to crisp. These loaves may be used at an entertainment.

Oysters—Scalloped.—Wash your oysters well in their own liquor, then put some of them into scallop shells, or a deep dish, strew over them a few bread crumbe, with some seasoning, such as you prefer, and spread some butter over them; then add another layer of oysters; then of bread-crumbe, &c., and when the dish or shells are full enough, spread some butter over the top, and put them into an oven to brown.

Oysters—Pickled.—Boil the oysters in their own liquor until they look plump, then take them out, and strain the liquor; add to it wine, vinegar and pepper to your taste, and pour it over the oysters.

MEATS.

Beef a la Mode.—Take a round of beef, lard it with bacon; then make a dressing of bread, butter, sweet herbs, onion, parsley, salt and pepper, and stuff around the bone, and in several places in the lean part—skewer it and bind it close with tape. Have ready a deep pot, put the beef into it, and half cover it with water; stew it four or five hours—baste it constantly with the gravy and turn it in the pot. When done, place it upon a dish, and garnish it with forcemeat balls, parsley and carrots. Pour the gravy over it, having been previously flavored with Madeira wine.

Goose—Boiled, with Onion Sauce.—When your goose is nicely prepared, singe it, and pour over it a quart of boiling milk; let it stand in the milk all night, then take it out and dry it exceedingly well with a cloth, season it with pepper and salt, chop an onion and a handful of sage leaves, put them into your goose, sew it up at the neck and vent, and hang it up by the neck till the next day; then put it into a pan of cold water, cover it close, and let it boil slowly one hour. Serve it with onion sauce.

Vaid—Minced.—Cut your veal into slices, and then into little square bits—but do not chop it. Put it into a sauce-pan, with two or three spoonfuls of gravy, a slice of lemon, a little pepper and salt, a good lump of butter rolled in flour, a teaspoonful of lemon pickle, and a large spoonful of cream. Keep shaking it over the fire till it boils, but do not let it boil above a minute. Serve it hot.

Venison—Roasted.—Wash your venison clean, butter it well, and tie paper around it to prevent the juice from running out. It will take an hour and a half to roast a large haunch—or an hour for a small one.

Hodge-Podge of Mutton.—Cut a neck of mutton into steaks, take off all the fat, and then put the steaks into a deep dish, with lettuce, turnips, carrots, four or five onions, and pepper and salt. You must not add any water, and must cover the dish very close; place it in a pan of boiling water, and let it boil four hours. Keep the pan supplied with fresh boiling water as it wastes.

MADE-DISHES.

Chicken Salad.—To two pair of chickens, (the meat separated from the bones and cut into very small pieces;) take one dozen hard boiled eggs. Mash the yolks well, and add salt according to your liking; after this put in four large tablespoonfuls of prepared mustard. Mix these articles well together, adding by degrees a bottle full of oil. Then add the vinegar—the taste of which must be perceptible. The ingredients must be beaten well together for a long time. Just before mixing in the chicken and celery, (which must be cut into small pieces) take four fresh eggs—raw—and beat them in well with the dressing. Slit up some green pieces of celery, and curl them by immersing them for some time in cold water. Use these pieces for garnishing the dish of salad, mixed in with some of the green leaves of the celery.

Cold Fowl.—A nice way to dress cold fowl is to peel off the skin, cut the skin off the bones in as large pieces as you can, then dredge it with a little flour, and fry it a nice brown in some butter; pour over it a rich gravy, well seasoned, and thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour. Just before you serve it, you may add the juice of a lemon.

Egg Sauce, for Fowls.—Boil two eggs hard; half chop the whites, then add the yolks and chop both together—but not very fine—put them into a quarter of a pound of good melted butter, and serve it in a sauce-boat.

PASTRY.

German Puffs.—Put half a pint of good milk into a pan, and dredge it with flour till it becomes as thick as hasty pudding; stir it over a slow fire till it is all of a lump, then pour it into a marble mortar. When it is cold, add to it the yolks of eight eggs, four ounces of sugar, a spoonful of rose water, a little grated nutmeg, and the rind of half a lemon. Beat them together an hour or more; when the mixture looks bright and light, drop it by the teaspoonful into a pan of boiling lard. They will rise and look like yellow plums. As you fry them, lay them on a sieve to drain—grate sugar round a dish, and serve them on it. Wine sauce may be served with them.

Ground Rice Pies.—Put one quart of milk on the fire to boil; mix one teacupful of rice flour in cold milk. When the milk, which is upon the fire, comes to a boil, pour the rice flour into it, and let it boil five or ten minutes; when cold, add the yolks of eight eggs, and the grated rind of one lemon, with sugar to your liking; then pour it into some paste, and bake it until almost done. Have ready the whites of your eggs—well beaten—mixed with a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar and the juice of the lemon. Take the pie out of your oven, and spread the egg over the top of it—heaping it up; then put the pie back into the oven, and brown it.

Wafer Pancakes.—Beat four eggs well with two spoonfuls of fine flour, two of cream, one ounce of loaf sugar—beat and sifted—and half a nutmeg, grated. Butter your pan well, pour in your butter, and make it as thin as a wafer; fry it only on one side. Put the pancakes on a dish, sift sugar between each one, and send them hot to table.

German Paste—for Chicken, Oyster, or Meat Pies.—To every pound and a quarter of flour, take three quarters of a pound of butter. Rub it in the flour, and mix it up with gin and water to a paste. Take care not to handle the dough much.

PUDDINGS.

Almond Pudding.—Blanch and pound a couple dozen of sweet, and the same of bitter almonds; have ready a piece of butter the size of a large egg—one quart and one pint of milk—half a paper of rice flour, and sugar to your taste. Boil the milk, while boiling add the ingredients and stir as for custard; pour it into a pudding dish. Beat the whites of two eggs with six or eight tablespoonfuls of white sugar, as for icing—pour it over the surface of the pudding, then put the dish into the oven long enough to brown the top. Let it get cold, and serve it with cream.

Bird's-Nest Pudding.—Pare and core six or eight nice tart apples, and put them in a pudding dish. Take a quart of milk, six eggs, and sufficient flour to make a thin batter—pour it over the apples until the dish is nearly full. Bake it until the apples are clear, or you think it is done. Eat it with wine sauce—or, cold sauce made of butter, sugar and nutmeg beat well together.

Boiled Bread Pudding.—Take a loaf of stale bread, and cut it up; pour one quart of cold milk over the bread, and let it stand awhile; then mash it smooth with a spoon, and add six eggs, beaten light. Flour a pudding bag well, put the batter into it, and let it boil one hour and a half. To be served with wine sauce.

CREAMS, &C.

Flummery.—Put one ounce of bitter, and one ounce of sweet almonds into a dish, pour some boiling water over them—strip off the skins, and throw the kernels into cold water; then take them out, beat them in a marble mortar with a little rose water, then put them into a pint of calf-foot stock, set it over the fire, and sweeten it to your taste with loaf sugar. As soon as it boils strain it through a piece of muslin or gauze, and when a little cold put it into a pint of thick cream, and keep stirring it frequently till it grows thick and cold. Have ready some moulds—wet them in cold water, and pour in the flummery. Let them stand five or six hours at least before you turn them out.

Bavarian Cream.—Procure one quart of cream. Take one pint of it, whip it, and lay it on a sieve; take the other pint and boil it, adding the yolks of four eggs, well beat—make it into a custard, seasoning it to your taste; then put into it half an ounce of isinglass, and set it on some ice. When it begins to thicken, stir in the whip cream, a spoonful at a time, and beat it until it becomes the consistency of sponge cake; then pour it in your moulds, and put it on ice.

Cold Custard.—Ingredients—one quart of new milk—half a pint of cream—quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar—a large glassful of wine, and a nutmeg, grated. Mix the milk, cream, and sugar together—stir the wine into it, and pour the mixture into cups; set them in a warm place near a fire until they become a curd. Then set them in a very cold place, and grate nutmeg over them.

Frozen Custard.—Boil one quart of milk with some lemon peel and cinnamon—the yolks of six eggs, well beaten, and mixed with a pint of cream. When the milk is sufficiently flavored, sweeten it, pour it into an iron pot, and stir it well one way; then give the custard a simmer until it is of a proper thickness—but do not let it boil. You must stir it one way whilst it is simmering.

Lemon Cream.—Take four lemons, and pare them very thin; then squeeze in the juice, adding to the peel and juice a pint of water, the yolks of eight eggs, four whites of egg, a half pound of loaf sugar, and some rose water. Put the ingredients on the fire, stirring the mixture until it thickens; then strain it through a sieve, and pour it into glasses.

CAKES.

Black Cake.—Have ready two pounds of currants, and two pounds of raisins; drudge them with flour to prevent them from sinking in the cake. Powder as much cinnamon as will make a large tablespoonful, prepare the

same quantity of mace, and powder four nutmegs; sift these spices and mix them together in a cup. Then mix together two large glasses of white wine, one glass of brandy, and some rose water. Cut one pound of citron into long strips. Sift one pound of flour into one pan, and one pound of powdered loaf sugar into another pan. Cut up among the sugar one pound of the best fresh butter, and stir them to a cream. Beat twelve eggs perfectly smooth and thick, and stir them gradually into the butter and sugar alternately with the flour, then add, by degrees, the fruit, spice, and liquor, and stir the whole very hard at the last. Put it immediately into a moderate oven, and bake it at least four hours. When done, let it remain in the oven to become cold: all night is best. Ice it in the morning, first dredging the outside with flour, and then wiping it with a towel. This will make the icing adhere better.

Indian Meal Short-Cakes.—Stir into a pint of milk three eggs, beaten light; add a small portion of salt, and half a cupful of butter, with enough sifted meal to make a thick batter. Drop the batter from a large spoon upon buttered tins, and bake the cakes in a quick oven. When they are of a light brown color they are done enough.

Almond Icing.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a strong froth, beat a pound of almonds, very fine, with rose water; mix the almonds lightly together with the eggs, and put in by degrees a pound of common loaf sugar, beat fine; when your cake is done enough take it out of the oven, lay your icing on, and put it in to brown.

Light Biscuit.—To two pounds of flour add one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of cream, (slightly sour,) and one small teaspoonful of pearlsh. Make the dough as soft as possible, roll it out very thin, cut out the cakes, and let them bake five minutes. These cakes are very superior to the ordinary kind of light biscuit.

Soda Biscuit.—Have ready one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a pint of sweet milk; rub two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in the flour you use, and also a lump of butter the size of an egg. Make the batter about as stiff as for other biscuits.

Rusk.—Ingredients: Three bowlfuls of flour, one bowlful of sugar, one quarter and half a quarter of a pound of butter, (rubbed in the flour,) two teaspoonfuls of home-made yeast, and one pint of warm milk; mix all in, and set a sponge.

Cocoanut Cake.—Grate the nut, and let it dry before the fire; mix with it an equal quantity of sugar, and as many whites of eggs as will make a paste. Bake the cakes on white paper, in a slow oven.

Breakfast Cakes.—Ingredients: One quart of sifted flour, one pint of milk, three eggs, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, and one gill of yeast. Let it rise over night. Bake it in a pan.

Rice Cakes.—Mix together half a pound of soft boiled rice, one quarter of a pound of butter, one quart of milk, six eggs, and flour enough to make a thin batter. Bake them on a griddle.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

COLORING THE HAIR.—A lady, in Iowa, asks us if there is anything, by which, without injury, the hair can be dyed black. We believe the following will answer the purpose. Of bruised gall-nuts take one pound; boil them in olive oil, till they become soft; then dry them, and reduce them to a fine powder. Mix with an equal quantity of willow charcoal and common salt, prepared and pulverized. Add a small quantity of lemon and orange peel in powder. Boil the whole in twelve pounds of water, till the sediment assumes the consistency of a salve. The hair is to be anointed with this preparation, covering it with a cap till dry, and then combing it. It ought to be observed that in all preparations of this kind, it is essential that the operation be frequently

reputed, because as fast as the hair grows it appears of the original color at the roots. Nitrate of silver, which forms the basis of most fashionable hair-dyes, is very injurious. So are the extracts of poisonous plants, such as benbane, &c. We would, therefore, not advise the purchase of any ready-made dye.

FLANNEL.—Flannel, if worn during the day, should be taken off at night. In summer it allows the perspiration to pass off without condensing upon the skin, and prevents the evil effects of the rapid changes of temperature to which we are liable in our changeable climate when out-of-doors. In winter as a non-conductor of heat it is a protection against cold. At night the flannel jacket or jersey should be exposed to a free current of air, and allowed thoroughly to dry: it should never be put in a heap of clothes by the bedside.

EASTER EGGS, &c.—As Easter is approaching, we give a capital receipt for coloring eggs, which will please the little ones. Get some narrow colored ribbons and with them bind the eggs completely and tastefully round, then, after having properly secured the ends of the ribbons to prevent their getting loose, boil the same for about ten minutes, and the object will be effected. If the eggs were afterward varnished it would add much to the beauty of their appearance.

A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR FOOT SPRAINS.—Slide the fingers under the foot, and, having greased both thumbs, press them successively with increasing force over the painful parts for about a quarter of an hour. The application should be repeated several times, or until the patient is able to walk. This is a simple remedy for a very frequent accident, and can be performed by the most inexperienced.

OUR GARDEN FOR MARCH.

Out-of-Doors Work.—All bulbous roots, which are yet out of the ground, must be planted as early as possible in this month, such as jonquils, hyacinths, tulips, &c. &c., always observing the rule laid down in the January number, viz: that the later they are planted the lighter their covering of earth must be. Campanulas, double wall flowers, sweet-williams, stock July-flowers, rockets, &c. &c., which were potted in the autumn, or earlier, must now have some fresh earth. First clear away all the decayed leaves, and take some of the earth out of the tops of the pots, but not sufficient to disturb the roots of the plants; then fill up the pots with new earth, and give some water. This will strengthen the roots, and the plants will grow freely and produce fine flowers.

Hardy Annuals may be sown at any time this month that the ground is in good condition, and will flower better if sown early, than in the latter part of the month, though they will succeed if not sown till April. Ten weeks stock, dwarf sun-flowers, china pink, all the varieties of sweet pea, ringed pea, larkspur, candy-tuft, china-aster, mignonette, &c., are some of the very few hardy annuals which make our gardens so gay.

Borders and Flower Beds should be dug and raked smoothly, that they may be ready to receive the seeds of various kinds.

Perennial and Biennial plants may now be put in the various borders, &c., where there are vacancies, and they will blow the same year. Some of these are campanulas, pink, carnations, double fever-few, golden rod, asters. French honeysuckle, Canterbury bells, columbines, snap-dragon, fox-glove, monks-hood, &c. &c. Small fibrous-rooted flowers, such as the lily of the valley, violets, thrift, London-pride, &c. &c., may also be planted now, and in a short time they will take root freely. When first planted, they should be watered, and afterward, in dry weather, occasionally, till they are firmly rooted. By this mode they will grow freely and flower in the same year.

Loosen the Surface of those beds, with a hoe or a small

spade, which were dug or planted with flowers, in the autumn. This should be done on a dry day, lightly digging and stirring the earth between the plants, being careful of the shoots of bulbous roots, &c. Clear away all decayed leaves, rubbish, &c., then rake the bed evenly and smooth.

Roses may be planted any time this month that the weather will permit; in fact, if some roses are planted every ten days till the middle of May, there will be an almost constant succession of bloom gained, as in this way the bloom of those planted later is retarded somewhat, though the earlier planting will be the most successful, and flower in greater perfection.

Flowers in the House should have plenty of air at all favorable opportunities, particularly about the latter part of the month, if the weather gets warm, but they must be carefully guarded from all sudden changes, and from cold, cutting winds. Pots should all be well looked over, and receive water where it is necessary, taking care to give it in moderation. All woody kinds of plants will begin to require more frequent, though not copious waterings. All decayed leaves must be picked off, and any mouldy shoots must be cut from the firm, good wood. If dust, &c., appears on the leaves, they must be immediately cleared. This should be done with a sponge and water if the leaves are large, such as the orange, &c., washing each leaf one by one; or if the plants are small, they should be watered out of a watering-pot, all over their heads.

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FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—MORNING DRESS OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN OVER PINK SILK.—The basque is long, and finished like the skirt with a deep fluted ruffle. White lace cap fastened under the chin with ribbon and flowers.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF PLAID SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with six flounces, each flounce edged with a quilting of ribbon. The corsage is round, with a slight fullness back and front, and confined at the wrist by a sash of the same material as the dress. Wide sleeves with two full puffs at the top. Leghorn bonnet trimmed with field daisies and red berries.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF BROWN SILK.—Deep basque of black velvet trimmed with fur; fur berthe, and wide pagoda sleeves edged with fur. Black velvet bonnet.

FIG. IV.—DINNER DRESS OF GREEN SILK, trimmed with narrow puffings, the puffings divided by bands of black velvet. Raphael waist, edged with narrow lace, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Sleeves formed of three puffs. Head-dress of flame-colored velvet, plaited in the form of a crown, with an end formed of velvet and edged with fringe on one side.

FIG. V.—LINEN SACQUE, trimmed on the collar and sleeves with a double frill.

FIG. VI.—CAPE, IN MUSLIN, with trimmings of pink or blue ribbon, as the taste of the wearer may determine.

GENERAL REMARKS.—At the present moment, the dresses which are most frequently seen, are made of black silk; these are standing articles in every lady's wardrobe, and appropriate for so many occasions that they must always be replaced as soon as their beauty has begun to fade. These dresses are generally made with two deep flounces, or with a single flounce, very deep and surmounted by a number of extremely narrow ones. This style of trimming is a reminiscence of the first empire, and harmonizes well with the short waists and the sleeves having large puffs or slashes, which have now been some time in wear; but the full skirts, which remain as voluminous as ever, no way resemble the umbrella cases the ladies of that day thought so becoming. Dresses are still made occasionally with two or four rounded points, and the Zouave jackets are more and more adopted by our fashionable ladies for in-doors wear. They are always cut wide in the back, open or closed in front, and are worn over the body of the dress. For the wide, open sleeves of dresses for full toilet, puffed under-sleeves are made with deep lace trimming, bows of ribbon or velvet, or large balloons of muslin decorated all round with ends of muslin or lace, and having openings through which narrow velvets or ribbons are run. Sometimes black lace trimmings are put to white sleeves. With closed sleeves, the under-sleeves have cuffs finely worked in white or colors, with checkers of muslin and velvet, or with large points formed by rather wide velvets mixed with lace.

HEAD-DRESSES are made in the greatest variety of styles. Those which please us most are composed of several crossings of ribbon or velvet coming well forward on the fore-

head; of several rows of flat bows fastened down by steel or oxidized silver buckles, of large tassels or bows with very long ends.

For coiffure in half dress, we see a good many tufts of plunked silk of two colors or black lace and white blonde, placed very far back, and fastened in front by a row on one side, a plat or a torsade.

BELTS OR WAIST-BANDS with very wide buckles are a good deal worn. Oxidized silver is now to be found not only in waistband and fancy buckles, but in all sorts of jewelry. This style, after being neglected for some years, is now in high vogue again. The same may be said of large stones, such as topazes, amethysts, garnets, and fretted in jewelry in colored gold.

For walking-dress plain bracelets with enamel incrustations of several colors seem likely to replace the bracelets with devices.

But the most important innovation recently made with respect to jewels consists in the new style of watch-chains. These chains, tightened round the neck by means of slides set with precious stones or enameled, separate into two parts, one of which ends in a swivel to receive the watch, the other in a tassel or seal.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—NANSOUK DRESS, trimmed with two narrow flounces embroidered in satin stitch and with insertions in which ribbons are run. Above the frills of the sleeve, on the wristband, and round the top of the neck are insertions with a ribbon under them.

FIG. II.—TOILET FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF EIGHT OR NINE.—This model is made of poplin and trimmed with a deep plaiting of silk. The jacket is ample, so as to give the appearance of a double skirt; it has a pelerine and wide sleeves.

FIG. III.—RUSSIAN COSTUME.—Black velvet *par-deussus*, trimmed with fur. Velvet cap with fur also. Sleeves and trousers very wide. The trousers are puffed on the knee and confined by a tight band.

FIG. IV.—CAMBRIC DRESS with a double skirt. The upper skirt is ornamented with a puffing, edged with a worked trimming. The body, sleeves, and bretelles are trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

Children's dresses are always matters of deep interest to mothers. On the adornment of little girls fancy and taste seem to have well nigh exhausted every variety of style; and now the love of change is no less manifest in the habitments of little boys. The long gaiters and the Spanish *sombrero* were superseded by the Highland kilt and Glen-garry bonnet, and these in their turn are giving place to the long *levite* and the wide pantaloons of the Russian *mojnik*. All these national varieties will probably, in their turn, disappear as soon as we obtain authentic models of the juvenile costume worn in China and Japan.

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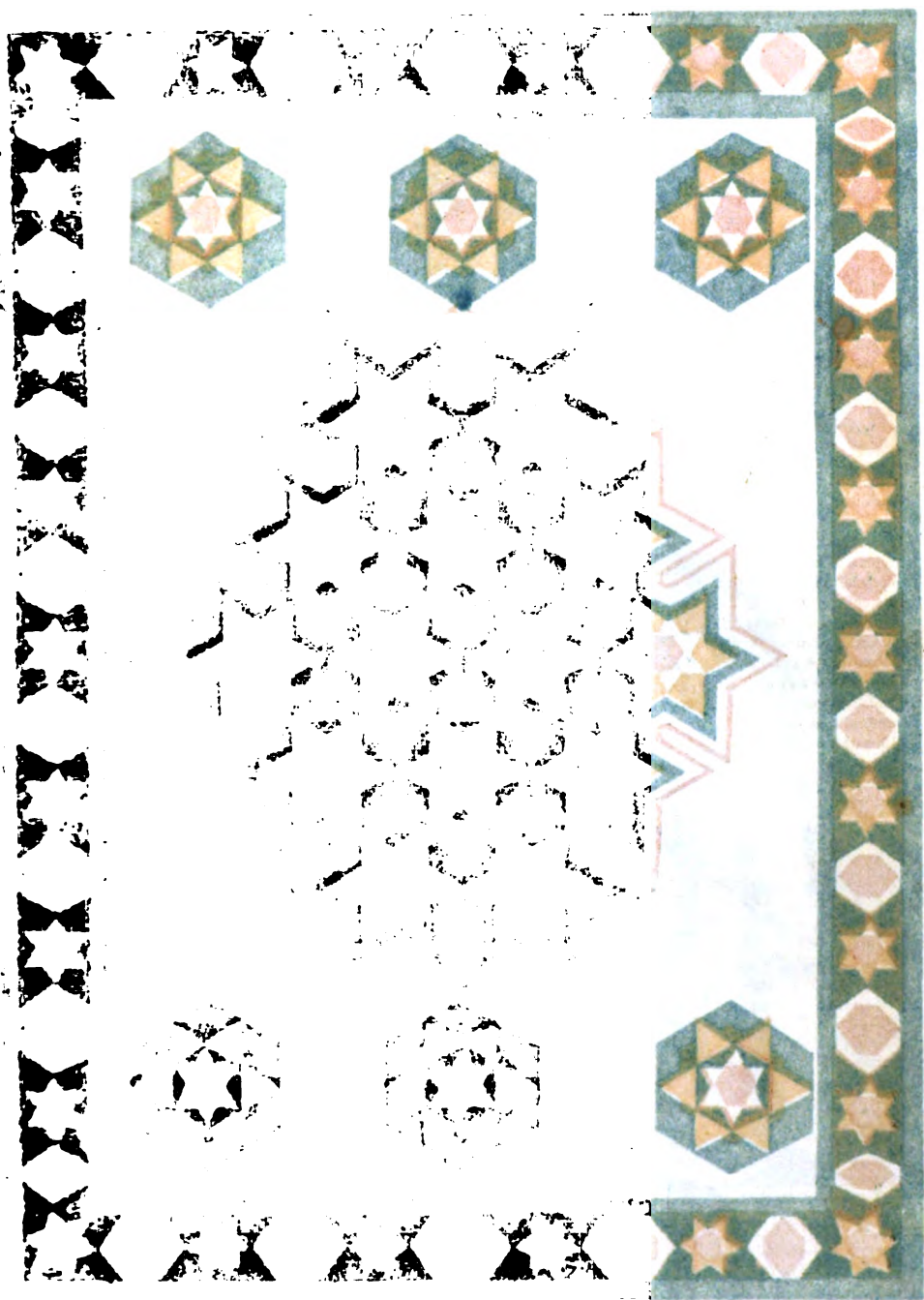
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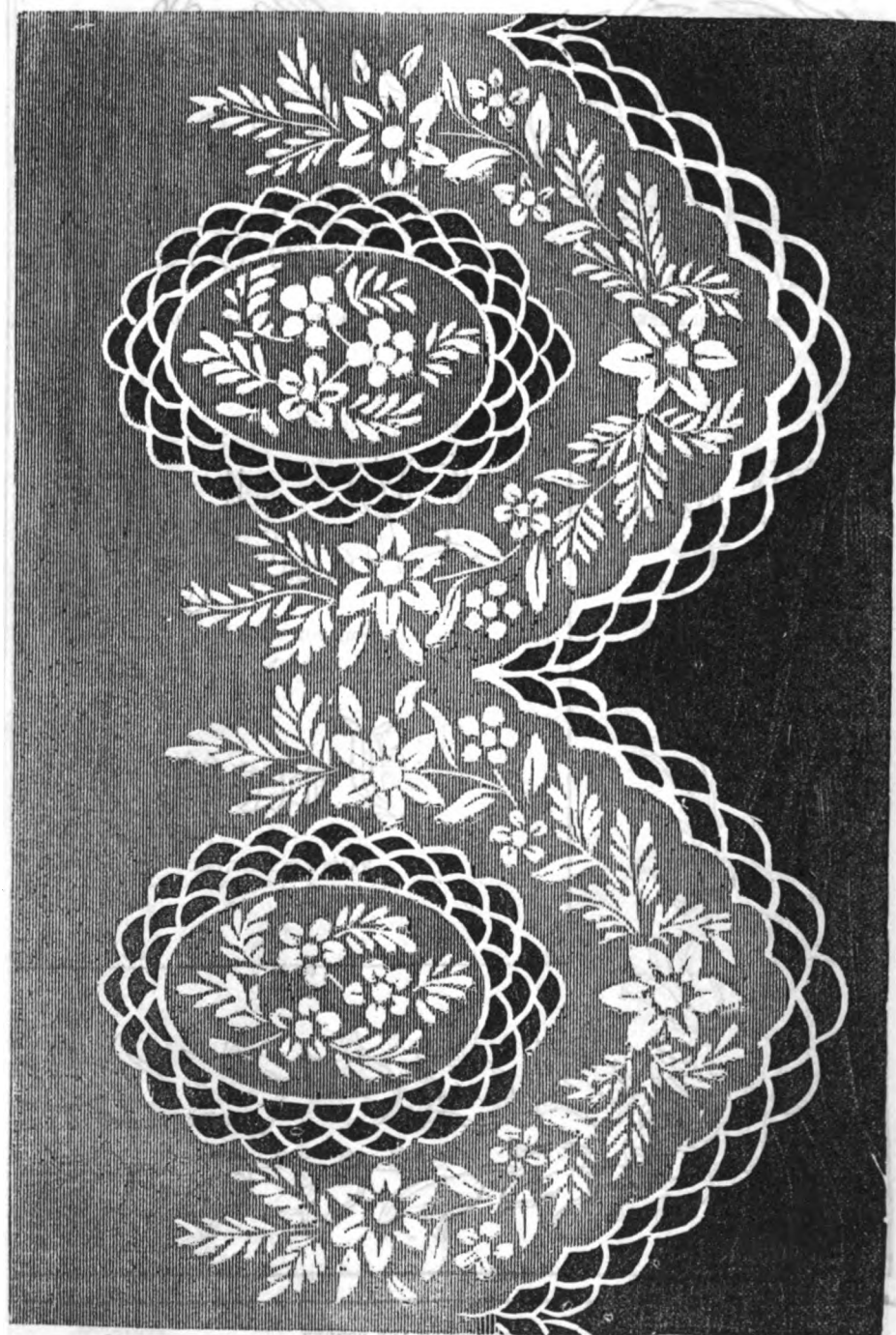
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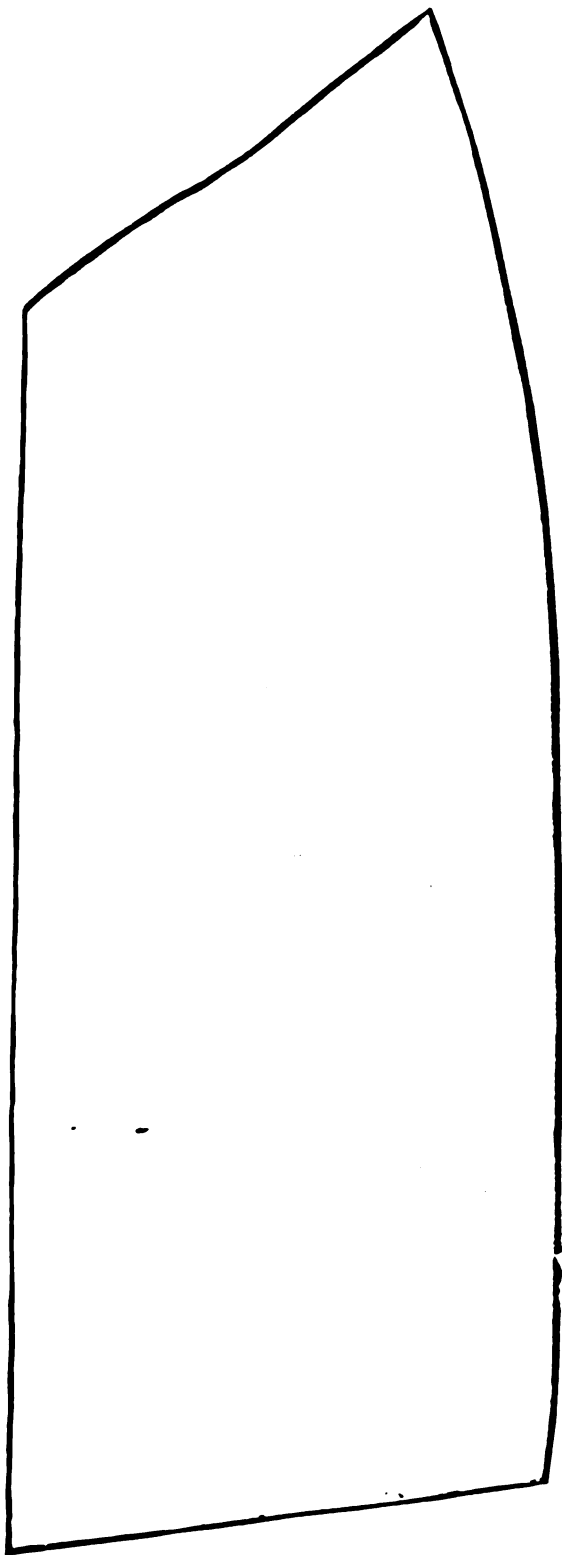
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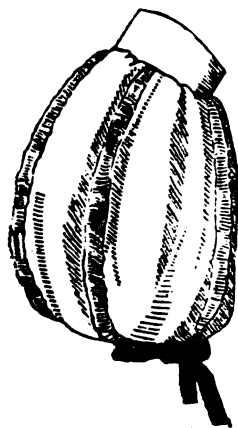
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RIGHT HALF OF SLEEVE OF CHEMISE.



CHEMISE PATTERN.



SLEEVE.



SLEEVE.



SLEEVE.



RIDING HABIT.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1859.

No. 4.

OUR LITTLE FLORENCE.

BY ABBIE K. HUNT.

Was there ever such a witch as our little, curly-headed, two-year-old Florence? At six months of age she was a model baby, lying in her crib by the hour and studying the anatomy of her chubby hands, or kicking her little, fat, pin-cushion feet from under her long, baby clothes.

Nobody ever dreamed of the wild pranks she would one day cut up, or the commotion she would cause in our quiet household.

But baby found out, at last, that hands and feet were made for something, and forthwith set about making up for lost time. How delighted we all were at her first successful effort in walking. The little limbs soon became strong, and then Miss Baby determined to show what she could do. Unlike many grown up young ladies the kitchen to her was the most delightful of places. She seemed to know by instinct if a door of the forbidden place was open. Was a bowl of dough placed under the stove to rise? She was sure to find it; and the prints of those chubby fingers quite certain to be left in it. Was a pan of milk left carelessly on the edge of the table? A dash and a scream would soon announce what had happened, and Florence would be found dripping like another Undine. Was she unusually quiet? Some mischief was certainly brewing; and a search would perhaps find her ladyship seated on the floor, with the molasses-cup or sugar-bowl in her lap, busily engaged in stowing away into her mouth what she did not spill on her face and dress. After a thorough washing of face and hands, and a change of garments, if our vigilance was for one moment relaxed, the young lady would be doing some washing on her own account. As much of her dress as she could get in the tub of water underwent a vigorous rubbing, but some new idea would usually enter her head as soon as her clothes were thoroughly saturated,

and away she would fly to the coal-house as fast as the wet garments clinging to her limbs would permit. Presently some one would call Florence, and a sooty little image would appear at the door, her ludicrous appearance causing us all to scream with laughter, instead of reproving her as we had at first intended.

But the house and yard soon ceased to content her investigating nature. Was a gate left open? A pair of sharp eyes were sure to discover it, and a pair of little feet, and a bunch of flaxen curls would be seen flying down street. Were they fastened up? Some hole in the fence, nobody else would ever have noticed, afforded a place of egress for the adventurous little maiden.

But the afternoon nap gave some rest to the household, which her wild frolics kept in a ferment. Long neglected correspondence was attended to, without fear of having the table upset, or ink turned over. Bits of dainty work, that would not bear rough handling, were brought from their hiding-places, and busy fingers worked fast during the brief hour Miss Mischief rested from her labors. At the end of that time, curly-head standing in the door, rubbing her saucy nose, and taking a survey of the apartment to see what she should dive into next, was the signal to put away writing and fancy work, and prepare for another campaign.

But with the approach of twilight, the weary eyelids would droop; the soiled garments were removed and replaced by the snowy night-dress; and little Florence was soon in the land of baby dreams.

When we listened to her gentle breathing, as she nestled in our arms, and watched the sweet smile that played around the rose-bud mouth, we sometimes thought the angels were holding communion with the little sleeper, and all the trouble she had caused us was forgotten.

But the morning light usually dispelled these

sweet illusions; for with the rising sun, there would stand curly-head again in the door, her little pink toes peeping out from under her night-dress, and the flaxen curls hanging about cheeks, that in color rivaled the interior of the delicate sea-shell. "Looking like an angel did you say?" Do the angels have that wicked twinkle in their eyes? No, no, with the first opening of those blue orbs the angels took their flight, and mischief reigned supreme.

Father, mother, aunts and cousins, all wondered what that child was coming to. Grandma, in her gentle way, said she never saw the beat of that child for mischief, no, never.

One year ago to-day, I kissed, for the last time, the rosy mouth and dimpled shoulders of our little two-year-old Florence—I may kiss again a taller, perhaps a fairer Florence, but not our little two-year-old Florence, she has gone forever.

IN THE DOORWAY.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

THE beautiful month of June had come,
And the crimson roses were all a-bloom,
As we sat in the door one Sabbath eve,
Where the air was sweet with their rich perfume.

Quietude slept on the Summer air,
All Nature was hushed in a deep repose;
The song of the bird was heard no more,
And the bee was asleep in the leaves of the rose.
The mystical stars like censers of gold
In the vaulted dome swung to and fro,
And they chanted the glorious hymn that rolled
Through the Heavens six thousand years ago.
As we sat in the doorway and scented the air
So sweet with the breath of the queenly rose,
Forgotten was each recollection of care,
And the Lethe of loving had banished our woes.
I remember the joy that thrilled my heart
As your head lay close to my swelling breast,
For I knew that your heart was mine, although
The tale of its love was unconfessed.
We sat and gazed on the golden stars,
Hand locked in hand, cheek pressed to cheek,
But our lips were as dumb as the stars we saw,
For who that is blest as we were, can speak?
There was love in the brilliant vault on high,
Love in the breath of the stately rose;

Love in the holy hush of eve,
Love in that sweet, unbroken repose:
Love in the beauty that clothed the fields,
The pleasant vales, and the mountains tall,
Love in the beautiful spirit of night,
But the love in our hearts exceeded it all!
Oh, what were a world like this to us
If the spirit of love were never near
To illumine the shadowy vales of life,
And to soften the sorrows that wait on us here?
'Twere dark as the rayless caves of earth,
'Twere cold as the damp and dismal tomb,
'Twere bleak as a barren desert land,
Where the rain ne'er falls, nor the flow'rets bloom.
Loving alone is the spirit of God,
Our loving of His is a picture dim,
And if this be so, is it wrong to say
Who loveth the most is most like Him?

All of this and more came into our hearts
As we sat in the door—I mind it well—
And a thousand other things bright with love,
Too happy for speech, and too many to tell.
Our hearts have been better and purer, I ween,
Since then than they ever had been before,
And unto our dying day we will bless
The sweet June eve when we sat in the door.

DEAD.

BY MARY H. WILCOX.

WHEN evening lights her silver spheres,
And slowly pales the Western red,
I think of thee with painless tears,
As of the dead—the quiet dead.
Sometimes in dreams I see thy grave,
With forest-mosses o'er it spread,
Where snow-bloomed blackberry-bushes wave,
I dream of thee as of the dead.
Thou livest; somewhere the green earth
Still hears thy voice and feels thy tread;
But since I know thee void of worth,
I think of thee as of the dead.
Ah! once my listening heart would bound
And thrill if but thy name was said!

My fair ideal is disrowned,
I think of thee as of the dead.
Rainbows and moonbeams lavishly
I wreathed about my idol's head,
Its worthlessness I would not see—
But now it lies dethroned and dead.

I wove a halo for thy brow,
I deemed thee from all faults exempt—
I think upon my weakness now,
With a calm smile of self-contempt.
And, looking back, I thank again
The God who thus my heart has led,
(Albeit through passages of pain,)
To think of thee as of the dead.

THE MINISTER OF HAWTHORNWOLD.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN, AUTHOR OF "PEACE."

CHAPTER I.

"PAUL, my son, be careful of your health."
"I will, mother!"

The speakers were a care-worn, pleasant-voiced, elderly woman, and a young man of slight, elegant form, whose pale face with its intellectual cast of features betrayed the scholar.

They stood in the low entry of an old brown farm house among the country hills; and the yellow sunlight of a September morning flooded the fields around the little garden in the front yard where gay fall flowers bloomed, gilded the small window-panes of the old farm house, and streamed broadly into the low entry, where the mother and son stood in a parting embrace.

Giles Henderson had bidden his son good-bye early in the morning and hastened to his daily toil, for he was a rough, hard-working, almost a hard-hearted man, who never had "time to waste in idle talkin'"; but Mrs. Henderson's dark eyes brimmed anew with tears—and it seemed, as she stood there, that she could never release the son whom she folded tenderly in her arms.

And yet, why had she cause for sorrow in bidding him farewell that morning? Was not his toiling period of scholastic life at an end?—his genius recognized, and the long-cherished wish of her heart, that she might see him a minister of the Cross, fulfilled? And why, when the prosperous church of Hawthornwold lay within a day's ride of his native home, and the young minister stood ready to depart for the field of his future labors, did the mother's heart so cling to her child's?

As the two stood there, side by side, while the driver fastened the trunks upon the stage-coach at the gate, the young man coughed slightly—a quick, nervous cough, which brought a sudden flush to his thin cheek and a perspiration to his forehead, delicate and blue-veined as a woman's. The mother started, and looked searchingly into his face. That anxious gaze betrayed why she was so loath at parting, for the mother's eye never deceives her.

"You are not strong yet, Paul. That cold has not left you. You cough still. I shall feel anxious about you."

"Oh, I am gaining fast, mother! and I feel

much stronger now the summer's heat is over. Besides, you know I have studied hard of late—but I shall get rest in Hawthornwold," replied Paul Henderson, hopefully. "I anticipate a busy life there, it is true—but not a laborious one; for, settled among a warm-hearted, sympathizing people, who will co-operate with me in doing my Master's work, I shall grow refreshed in body and soul. I go from you very strong in hope, mother."

"God grant it may prove so, my son, for I shall be very anxious till I hear that you are stronger," said the fond mother.

"Oh, I hope to return to you next spring famously improved in the outward man!" smiled the young man. "But I see the stage is waiting. Good-bye, dear mother! Don't be anxious—I will write often," and with a farewell kiss on a pale, furrowed cheek, while his mother's head lay a moment on his shoulder, he passed out from the old brown farm house.

Margaret Henderson re-entered her little sitting-room, from which all the sunshine seemed departed, and sank down with a heavy sigh into a seat at the window, burying her face in her hands.

The one wish of her heart was at last realized—Paul was to be settled over his own parish, a minister of the gospel. The fruit of long years of self-denial was reaped—self-denial and rigid economy on her part, for Giles Henderson was a stern, avaricious man to his youngest son, allowing him no time or money "to waste in books or book larnin'," because, forsooth, "he had got through the world without privileges of schooling or eddication—and if folks wanted 'em now, they'd got to put their own shoulders to the wheel and make their own way."

Giles, his father's namesake, and his favorite eldest son, "took" to "farming," cattle, horses, and the rough village company—the life that best pleased Giles Henderson, senior; but Paul was "puny" and "tied to his mother's apron string," "and if he wanted to study metaphysics and algebra and Greek, he must do it by the sweat of his own forehead, as he had always got along through the world!"

This, alas! was poor encouragement to the ambitious boy who early began to look forward

to the congenial life of a scholar; but opposition and ridicule sometimes serve as auxiliaries to success, in lieu of a hindrance, so the energetic mother, who saw a vision of her own faded youth aspirations reproduced in her youngest son, worked beyond her strength early and late in the old farm house, in dairy and kitchen—and the proceeds of many a golden store of butter and web from her loom, was carefully hoarded toward the education of her boy. Nor must it be supposed that the youth idly gathered up the fruits of his self-denying mother's labor, making no effort to add his own mite to the store. Many a summer's vacation he "hired out" on the surrounding farms, often working beyond his boyish strength; and later, the long collegiate vacations found him filling the teacher's chair to eke out the funds requisite for the coming term's expenditures.

But all that was past now; he had graduated with honors, passed through the course preparatory for the ministry, "supplied" various pulpits, accepted the invitation to become "candidate" at the church of Hawthornwold, which had been followed by a speedy and unanimous invitation to become their pastor.

And now he had departed to the arena of busy life—the goal was gained. Whether dreams of preferment mingled with the mother's wishes for her son, we know not—though such well may be pardoned the maternal heart; but when she turned to the loneliness of her own home, which had been filled awhile by his dear presence, a sad presentiment knocked at the door of that heart.

"If he should return to me ill, feeble, dying! Oh, I could not bear that! Father, spare him for a long life of usefulness and honor!" prayed the tender mother, ere she raised her head to watch the coach rolling down the dusty turnpike, till it disappeared beyond a bend in the country road.

"For my mother's sake," prayed the young minister, as his heart went out to the scene of his future labors—"for her sake give me strength adequate to my work!"

And hope piloted the voyager onward over the sea, whereto the young minister's barque was launched; heaven grant favoring breezes and sunny skies, and a safe harborage, whether, sooner or later, he anchor in the haven of Rest!

CHAPTER II.

"WASN'T Mr. Henderson's sermon splendid last Sabbath?" exclaimed sweet-faced, little Jessie Moore, at the Hawthornwold village Sewing Circle.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Miss Harriet Gill, a maiden lady of "uncertain age," much given to admiration of the pulpit oratory of young (unmarried) clergymen—"I think he improves every Sabbath. What do you think, Mrs. Morrison?—and don't the deacon like him better every time he hears him?" turning to the worthy lady who filled the responsible office of President of the Circle, and who was just then in the act of giving out work to the ladies gathered in her best parlor.

"I certainly agree with you, Miss Gill—and think we have reason to regard ourselves as peculiarly fortunate in our pastor," returned the lady, with a benevolent smile, "and, as for the deacon, he goes home every Sabbath declaring that day's sermon better than the last one's! I believe Mr. Henderson's piety unexceptionable—and regard his talents far superior to the ordinary line of preachers. What do you think, Miss Longhurst? for I have noticed you at church pretty often of late. Won't our new minister compare favorably with your city ones?"

The young lady addressed—a haughty-looking, but handsome and richly appareled girl of twenty-two summers—was Alice Longhurst, the only daughter of Squire Longhurst, the great man, *par excellence*, of Hawthornwold—fresh from her winter in the city, where she had been the admired and flattered of a gay circle of fashionable society.

And that the elegant, stately Miss Longhurst, who had always heretofore held her head above all the village gatherings, should have signified her approval of the Sewing Circle by her presence, was of itself sufficient warranty for Mrs. Deacon Morrison's appeal for her approval of the new minister.

"I certainly think Mr. Henderson's talents are very superior," replied the girl, a sudden color on her cheek more than confirming her carefully worded praise. "And I wonder that he should content himself in this obscure country village!" she added, busying her fair jeweled fingers with a bit of dainty silk netting.

"Hum—city people always know where to come for a good, popular minister," tartly replied Miss Gill—"but I hope Hawthornwold folks will show 'em that we appreciate our own!"

"Oh, never fear that, Miss Harriet!" said Mrs. Morrison. "It was but the other day, when Mr. Henderson took tea at our house, that the deacon and he were talking about the respective duties of city and country ministers, and Mr. Henderson said he was born in the country, and hoped to live and die a country minister. And I sincerely hope he may spend his days with us—

though, dear me, I don't know as we shall keep him long here!" and Mrs. Morrison sighed.

"Why, dear Mrs. Morrison—we're not going to lose him, are we?" and little Jessie Moore's blue eyes opened wide with astonishment. "I declare, how sorry I should be!"

"Oh, I don't mean exactly that!" replied the good deacon's wife, smiling at the girl's earnestness—"but when I think that our minister is not strong—so much like my own poor dear and your Albert—I can't help fearing he won't be spared to any people long."

"Why, I never thought of that! Only last Sunday, how red his cheeks were! I declare, I could hardly keep my eyes off his face, he looked so—so—handsome!" and a very becoming color deepened little Jessie's cheeks at the confession.

"He studies too closely, I'm afraid!" ventured Miss Gill.

"Perhaps so—at any rate, he seems languid and feeble," replied the deacon's wife. "He's too ambitious for his strength, I fear. Good afternoon, Mrs. Dudley."

This latter remark was addressed to a cheery-faced matron who just then entered the parlor—Mrs. Deacon Dudley, with whom the young minister had boarded since his ordination at Hawthornwold; and while that lady was busy with her salutations, little Jessie Moore found opportunity to whisper to Miss Gill, "They say Mr. Henderson goes to Squire Longhurst's a great deal. I suppose Alice pleases him—she's so handsome and sparkling."

"Hum—hum," whispered back the little spinster, glancing where the girl sat a little apart from the others, looking haughty and cold as fair—"handsome?" fine feathers make fine birds, Jessie! A pretty minister's wife she'd make! No, no! depend upon it, Jessie, Mr. Henderson never would think of such a thing! Besides, I've heard she was engaged to a city gentleman—though I don't doubt but she'd like to bring him to her feet, for they say she's a desperate flirt."

"But don't you think her handsome? I do, Miss Harriet!" said the envy-free Jessie.

"Hum—tolerable looking, but not to my taste!" said the spinster, pursing up her lips. "Now, to my mind, there isn't a young girl in all his congregation—you and I excepted, of course," said Miss Harriet, with a toss of her head and a withered smile, (Miss Gill had been twenty-six these ten years, and artless little Jessie Moore was eighteen!) "but I'd sooner our minister would choose; for by-and-bye he'll marry somebody, I suppose. He isn't engaged—Mrs. Dudley says he told her so one day, and

asked her laughingly to recommend him a suitable minister's wife—and don't you think, Mrs. Deacon Dudley told me she said, 'There's little Jessie Moore, Mr. Henderson!'"

"Me? Oh, how could Mrs. Dudley say so!" and the sweet face bent over her work flushed like the heart of a June rose, then she looked up with sudden seriousness and said, "Miss Gill, I wish she hadn't said that—for I shall never dare look in the minister's face again. I never should be good enough for a minister's wife, Miss Gill."

"Oh, don't be so modest, little daisy!" and there was no envy or uncharitableness in the spinster's eyes as she looked smilingly on the girl. "But I wonder if Mr. Henderson is coming to tea? I must ask Mrs. Dudley."

But just then the matron forestalled this intention by addressing the company with,

"Ladies, prepare yourselves for a disappointment this afternoon. Mr. Henderson received a letter this morning stating that his father lies very low of a fever—and he left Hawthornwold by the noon train. He said that if his father should be taken away, he should probably be absent over the Sabbath, and would send a friend to supply the pulpit."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" "Did he think his father wouldn't recover?" "It will be a sad stroke for Mr. Henderson!" were the various comments that passed round the company.

"Mrs. Allen told me she had heard our minister's father was quite a wealthy farmer—but that he struggled through his studies by his own exertions," said one of the ladies. "But he'll come in for his share of the property, though—he has only one brother, I believe."

And still, silent and haughty, sat Alice Longhurst at her work, seemingly hearing not the conversation, and yet with every word stereotyped into her memory. For the words, "He'll come in for his share of the property," had not been lost upon the haughty, worldly-minded girl.

CHAPTER III.

"ALICE!"

There was a little silence in Squire Longhurst's elegant parlor after that name was spoken, then the young minister of Hawthornwold released the little jeweled hand which had been surrendered to his there in the flower-scented moonlight hour; for a tale of love—tender as a woman's, yet strong and manly as a Christian gentleman's can be—had been spoken there, and Squire Longhurst's daughter had not refused to listen.

"Alice, before I speak farther of this sentiment which my heart holds for you—before I ask you to leave your elegant home to share the fortunes of an humble minister, I must lay that future before you. I must speak plainly—I shall not deceive you—and, for this, I ask you to listen to the history of my life. My father, Alice, was a hard man to his youngest son—hard as iron; though I wish not to speak harshly or unchristianly of the dead. Why my mother ever loved him I used to wonder in my boyish days; sitting with my books on my knee in the chimney-place, while pale, sad, but always patient, she went about her daily tasks. But she shed tears, Alice, on his coffin—I think he was dear to her. Alice, as I have said, I was never a favorite with my father; my brother Giles was his idol. There were but us two; and while Giles' tastes were for active, out-door life, mine were for books. This did not please my father—but small need to repeat all this here. Enough, that my mother led a life of self-denial, toil, and privation, that I might be clothed and schooled, and her exertions made me what I am. My father was a rich man, Alice—was, I say—for on his death-bed he made a confession which showed how far his blind indulgence to Giles had led him almost to beggary, and left my mother nothing—not even the old homestead over her head. He had signed notes for Giles, who had played the prodigal son and become involved in wild, profitless speculations; and there was barely a pittance left of his estate. For myself I do not care, Alice; but for my mother!—it is hard for her to be left thus in her old age.

"And yet she will not be left alone," he continued, "for it is on this point I desire to speak with you, Alice. I love my mother—I owe her more than ordinary duty—and, next to my wife, she will always share my heart and home. We shall never be parted; and I could not be happy if the woman I married looked upon my mother as an intruder there in that home. Now, Alice, you know fully my position—I do not wish to presume on the affection which I think you entertain for me—think well before you decide whether you can lay your hand in mine, and say, 'Thy people shall be my people'—thy home mine."

There was a little silence after Paul Henderson paused; and varying emotions played over the moonlit face of Alice Longhurst, then she drew back into the deep shadows of the heavy window hangings.

The test had come; the illusion of wealth was dispelled: she saw the minister's probable future

stretching away before him. And yet, he was the possessor of no ordinary talents—they might win him a position; her father had wealth enough for all. They would go away to the city—they two, but not his plain, country mother.

"Your mother—I'm sure I should love her very much, Mr. Henderson—Paul," she said, at length, "but I should think she would prefer staying there on the farm—it would seem more natural, you know."

"The farm is to be sold," replied the minister, quietly.

"But you could hire it for her—I could—for papa, I'm sure, would give me an ample dowry. Besides," she went on, mistaking his quiet for acquiescence, "by-and-bye I should want you to go away from this stupid country town—you'll have calls from the city fast enough, and there they would appreciate your talents, Paul."

"But I am perfectly satisfied with Hawthornwold, and have no reason to complain of lack of sympathy or appreciation," he replied, still very quietly.

"Oh, how can you content yourself among these ignorant country people? You are so young and talented," and she laid her jeweled hand on his pale forehead, "and could get to be so famous!"

"He who professes to be an humble servant of the meek and lowly Jesus, who was born in a manger, and had not where to lay his head, should not look for earthly honors or emoluments," he said, still in that impassioned voice, though he slightly started away from the soft caressing touch of that hand.

"Dear me! then you will throw yourself away on the stupid country people, who don't know how to distinguish a splendid sermon from a common-place affair?" said the rich man's daughter, pettishly.

"Miss Longhurst—Alice," and there was a strange whiteness about the young minister's mouth, though he spoke very calmly, "I shall probably spend my life away from ambitious scenes—among this, or a similar country people. Will you decide here, and now—for I came to you with your father's sanction—if you love me sufficiently to become my wife? And, remember, the love I ask is not for a month, or a year, but for a life-time, Alice!"

The young minister leaned his thin cheek on his hand. What meant that attitude, half dejection, half despair? Was his heart prophetic then?

And Alice Longhurst? Despite his decision, which dispelled the fabric she had reared of a splendid city home, where she should live the

courted, popular, flattered minister's wife—did not every pulse of her being send forth a pleading cry for her to utter the "yea" and "amen" to his appeal?

It might have been; yet pride and ambition are harder than iron or the flinty rock, and very coldly and impassively she spoke the words that betrayed her a cruel, heartless woman,

"No, I don't think I love you sufficient for that, Mr. Henderson!"

A fine scorn quivered in the young man's tones as he rose and stood before her. "It is enough! Forgive me, Miss Longhurst, that I committed an error when I thought you the embodiment of my ideal of a true woman!" Then his voice softened and quivered slightly as he laid his hand a moment on her head, saying, "God keep you from the world, its snares, its hollowness, and the deceitfulness of riches! And may He bring you into His fold!"

Then Paul Henderson passed out, and she was alone.

A bitter cry broke from the girl's lips—the hungry cry of a heart that claimed its own, spite of pride and stern resolve—but it was strangled in its birth, and the good and generous of Alice Longhurst's nature were tainted evermore with the blight and mildew of shame.

"Alice, my daughter, has Mr. Henderson been with you to-night? I gave him my consent to speak with you on a subject near his heart," said Squire Longhurst, entering the apartment an hour after where the girl sat.

"Nearer his heart than mine, I imagine, papa!" said the girl, with curling lips and haughty air. "Yes, he has been here—but I have no fancy for enacting the *role* of the poor minister's wife, being the recipient of donation visits, and playing Lady Bountiful to all the dirty children in the parish!"

"But, my daughter, I thought—I supposed—"

"Supposed very wrongly, papa," gayly interrupted Alice. "And, dear papa, I must coax you into good-nature, and get you to promise that I may go back to aunt Caroline's, for I am wearied to death of this stupid Hawthornwold!"

CHAPTER IV.

"MADAM, can I see him—Mr. Henderson?"

The pale, sorrow-stricken mother paused a moment ere she replied to the rapid question of the elegant, stately woman in rich mourning robes who stood in her little parlor, and whose span of splendid greys champed their silver bits and pawed the earth at the farm house gate.

"He is very weak this morning, ma'am——"

"Oh, I must see him!" interrupted the visitor. "Tell him an old friend—no, tell him nothing—let me go in, madam! You are his mother! You will not refuse her who once loved your son? There is no one there?" and she moved toward the door of the adjoining bed-chamber where the sick man lay.

"Jessie is with him. But you may see him. Hadn't I better take in your name first?" said the widow Henderson.

"No—oh, no! He might refuse—that is, perhaps he would not recognize me. I may go in?" and she laid a hand, white as ivory, on the door-latch of that humble chamber, her costly robes trailing along the homespun carpet.

"You may. Paul, my son," and the mother passed in, "an old friend wishes to see you."

The sick man reclined in an easy-chair at the south window, his thin, hollow cheeks crimson with consumption's roses, and her fires blazing in his dark hazel eyes. He turned—gazed steadily upon the new comer for a moment—then a flush mounted to his forehead and died away among the damp masses of luxuriant chestnut hair. Then he grew pallid as before; but smiled, and put out his hand.

"Alice—Mrs. Rossiter!"

"Can't I see him alone, ma'am? Can't I talk with him? Jessie Moore, why are you here?" she said, almost fiercely, turning to the sweet-faced girl who sat beside his chair gently fanning him.

"Jessie is my betrothed wife, Mrs. Rossiter," said the sick man, quietly—then, turning to her, he said gently, "leave me a moment, Jessie!"

The girl obeyed. Mrs. Rossiter paced the floor hurriedly; then, as if for the first time noting the weakness of the sick man, she went and knelt softly at his feet.

"They told me you were dying, Paul—they said I should never see you again—but I thank God I am here in time to ask your forgiveness! Paul, Paul, do not withhold that from me! tell me you pardon all my wickedness, my deceit, my sin—for, Paul Henderson, I loved you when I said those cruel, heartless words of denial! I lied to you—I lied to my own heart then, Paul—for, as God hears me, I have never loved any other! But my proud heart tempted me—I deceived you—though alas! alas! I couldn't deceive myself in the weary time that followed!

"I left Hawthornwold," she went on—"I met John Rossiter—I married him for his gold—he is dead now, and it is all mine—but I wish I were dead too! I do—before I had lived to see this day! Oh, you must not die, Paul! you shall not! You shall live to see how true is my

penitence—you shall not despise me! But ah, what am I saying? You love another now—you would love her if you lived—you will claim her for your wife in heaven. Oh, Paul!" and, sobbing bitterly, she bent her face upon his knee.

"Alice," and the sick man's hand was laid tenderly on her bowed head, "this unnerves me, I cannot bear it! Oh, Alice, I have loved you—I love Jessie now much as I dare love in this hour when the earthly grows dim and the eyes of man look beyond the portals of Immortality. But oh, Alice, in the land where I am going we read, 'They marry not, neither are given in marriage.' Strive to meet me there. Promise me this, Alice Rossiter!"

"I promise! I will try!" sobbed the humiliated woman, snatching his hand and covering it with kisses. "Now, Paul, I am going—for I cannot stay to see you die!" and gathering up her sweeping sable robes, she passed out.

And while the carriage which held Mrs. Rossiter rolled down the green, fern-bordered country road, little Jessie Moore, with tear-filled eyes, but a smile of resignation on her face, gently held her lover's hand, looked into his triumphant eyes, and caught the last breath which passed his lips as his earthly life lapsed into the better.

Too late the earnest "call" which came from the wealthy city church for the talented, genius-dowered, yet humble and child-hearted servant of the cross, for he had passed to the mansions prepared for him in the city of the Great King; too late the soft, lilac-scented airs which played round his native farm house home, where they bore him with the fatal splendors of consumption on his cheek; but not too late the gentle love of sweet Jessie Moore, who kissed his pale forehead as she closed his eyes, saying softly to the weeping mother, "We shall meet him again in heaven!"

But oh! the anguish—the shrinking from a dreary, rayless future that stretched away bleak and bare before her—which came to Alice Rossiter when they told her,

"The minister of Hawthornwold is dead!"

Oh, whoever, reading this, dares to thrust away from his heart a pure and deathless love for the lure of station, wealth, or any other blandishment, let him bethink—ere it be forever too late—of the ghosts that nor will nor pride have power to lay—the ghosts of remorse, that, so sure as love is of the soul and the soul is of God, will walk with him, hand-in-hand, through all his future!

IN THE SUGAR CAMP.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

How it snows! How it blows!
Quite enough to freeze one's toes,
Or make one matter as he goes,
"How confoundedly it blows!"
It is March, and the larch
Moans such dreary moans!
And the trembling poplar trembles
As the white pine flings her cones
On the rocks and scraggy stones!

It augers little good
When through the maple wood
The borers wend their noisy way!
To be rapping, to be sapping
With a sort of syrup-titious tapping
Where the juicy veins may lay!
Through tubes of elder or sumach
Flows the dripping sap;
And such nectar! even Hector
Would have stood protector
By those vessels filling to the rim,
Running over at the brim!

How the smoke is curling
And unfurling
Upward from the low-roofed shed;
While the men with faces red
Under the kettles and the boilers,
Eighteen and twenty gallon boilers,

Thrust the blazing wood!
Oh, it does one good
Just to catch the flavor,
And the savor

That comes from the scum,
And the diluquescent gum
That may drip upon the wood,
If through carelessness it should!

How the girls, with eyes like pearls
Shining through their curls,
Pour the sugar into moulds
With the dipper each one holds!
Verses improvising as they watch it crystalizing
"In the icy air of night;"

What a sight!
In itself a crystalline delight,
A saccharine delight!

There are foot-prints in the snow
By the maples far below,
And peals of laughter ring upon the air,
Startling the drowsy hare,
And waking echoes here and there!
Have a care, and beware!

Such kisses, pretty Misses
May steal your hearts away
Some Winter day,
So they may!

AUNT KEZIAH'S NIECE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"WALL, if it don't seem good to git sot down once more! Here I've been upon the trot ever since four o'clock this mornin'—up stairs and down stairs, and in the sullur; it's the way of woman, they must work hard all the time, and git precious little thanks for it!

"Yer uncle's allers for everlastingly dreadin' washing day; says it's wurs'n Bedlam, and a complete panorama—equal to town meetin', or trainin' day! That's all a man knows! Jest as if anybody could wash, and scrub, and bile, and slush from sunrise till sunset without makin' a noise! I'd like to see him try it! I've never knowed him, in the course of all our marriageable life, to miss gittin' mad washin' days—he onvariably does—and he allers swears when he's mad! Yer uncle Joshua ain't a perfain man naturally, but the minit the steam begins to rise Monday mornin', it runs the chronometer of his temper clean up to Nero, and he'll blow off like a railroad whistle!

"As for yer cuzzin, Ichabod Jefferson, he allers goes off in the mornin' to get rid of luggin' water, and he'll stay till jest the minit I begin to wash the floor; then in he'll come, and begin to tramp, tramp, and gallop across the room; trackin' the floor, and eatin' cake and butter. Ichabod is a ter'ble case for eatin'; there ain't no end to his appatite. He'd devour the whole airth, and then think nothin' of crammin' down a doughnut on top of it! I never knowed him to eat less'n fifteen putaters to a meal, afore last summer. Along the fust of June, my niece, Seraphina Ricanny, came up here to churalize and smell the country air. As soon as she arriv', Ichabod sot his cap for her, and of course he had to leave off eatin' so many putaters, because Seraphina said only Irishers eat 'taters. We made a powerful savin' in that way.

"Seraphina was about as romantic a bunch of plurality as ever you cum across. Allers drest in white, and wore her hair in dangles, because she said it was poetical; but her gowns made the awfulest sight of washin' and ironin'! They was more to wash than yer uncle's shirts when he's to work in the loggin' swamp—for she had 'em clean down to the ground, and was allers a goin' out in the dewy bushes dragging round,

climbin' rocks, and doin' all manner of shaller things; and them white gowns trailin' arter her jest like a peacock's tail in a rainy day! Sez I to her one mornin',

"'Seerypheen, why don't you wear a caliker gown out in the woods?'

"'La! aunty!' sez she, rollin' up her eyes clean out of their ribbets, 'what if any destiny should meet me?'

"'Destiny?' sez I, 'who's yer destiny? I guess they ain't much if they wouldn't be perlite to ye in a caliker gown! Besides, they wouldn't be at all likely to be out a strolin' in them woods!'

"'Ah!' sez she, 'aunt Keziah, you've no receptive of the rhumetic visions that float athwart the gold of my metal horizontal!'

"'I wonder if I hain't?' sez I, 'I've had the rhumatiz nigh onto ten year, and if I don't know what it is by this time, it's a pity! It's a ter'ble complaint, and I'm sorry you've got it—did you ever try mustard poultices?'

"Seraphina kinder looked at me as if she'd seen a spirit, or somethin', but she didn't say nothin'—only took a book and went off out inter the sheep's pasture.

"Ichabod scolded to me for sayin' anything to her. He said she was too fine bred to understand my common talk, and I'd better keep still. Ye see, Ichabod took a shine to her, and couldn't bear to have anybody speak a word agin her no how. She hadn't been to our house a fortnight afore he took to ilin' his chin and wearin' standing collars. He kept one hand a pullin' up his dicky, and 'tother feeling of his chin, the whole of the time, till I got wore out with him.

"'Don't, Ichabod,' sez I, one day at dinner—'don't be a borrying trouble so much; it'll be time enuff to worry about yer beard when it comes! You'll drive it all back if you keep rubbin' it so!'

"Ichabod was mad, and Seraphina pulled out her smelling-bottle, her vinegar grater, she calls it, and clapped it to her nose. Yer uncle sez I'm allers a shockin' somebody's modesty, but I can't help it! I'm an honest woman, and bound to speak the truth—shock or no shock! Seraphina got over it though; folks generally revive sich things—and along toward night, she started off for the woods agin. Ichabod he went down in

the medder hoeing corn. He was allers sneakin' out te git nigh her somehow. Didn't seem to be contented if he wan't putty close.

"I was a-spinnin' stocking yarn to foot yer uncle Joshua's mixed stockings—they was all good but the heels, and them was kinder wore through, and I thought it was best to foot 'em. Some folks would a heeled 'em, I 'spose, but I don't think much of heeled stockings; they're kinder hard to yer feet, especially if you're troubled with corns.

"Wall, I was spinnin' away, and hummin' a tune at the same time. I'm a master hand to hum tunes, it helps my work along 'mazingly to have it sot to music, so. All to once, right in the middle of the tune—Cornation, I believe it was; no, I won't be certain but what it was Lennox—or it might have been Bileston—I ain't railly decided which 'twas—I hurd a scream! It made my hair stan' rite up. Then there was another, and another—every one, as Ichabod sez, 'nearer, clearer, awfuller than before!' I knowed well enuff it was somebody somewhere! In a minnit I thought of Seraphina. She was eternally gittin' into difficulty of some kind, and I thought 'twas jest as likely as not she'd been and done it wuss than ever! I dropt my yarn and run as fast as I could in the direction of the sound. On, on, I went like an offended comic, a-streamin' of it for dear life, for the critter hollered so heart-broken like, that I knowed she must be in an awful perdicament somewheres!

"'Hold on a minnit! Seraphina!' sez I, 'don't die jest yet! I'm a most there! and on I went!'

"Cum to git there, I thought I should a' killed

myself a-laffin'! The ter'ble seene of the performance was the frog-pond in our pastur', and rite in the middle of the pond was Seraphina, perched up on a rock, as peart as Nathan's pig! She'd hollered till she was putty nigh used up, and looked more like a wilted cabbage-plant than anything I ever seed. Rite on the edge of the pond was Squire Dobb's big, grey gobbler, a-gabblin' and stretchin' out his neck like all possest! Seraphina had on a wide, red scarf, and turkeys can't bear red, ye know; and so the gobbler had run after her and her sash, till he'd skaired her nigh about out of her wits! She'd scampered till she'd pretty well killed herself, and when she cum to the frog-pond, she never minded, she said, but put rite ahead, thinkin' Satan hisself was after her! The gobbler dasednt trust hisself in the water, but he wouldn't give up the chase, and there he stood bristling his feathers and scoldin' away, jest for all the world like Squire Dobb's wife! She's the awfullest scolder that ever lived! It's well the squire is deaf—I should be glad and thankful for it if I was in his place!

"I took a stick and lambled that gobbler out of sight, and then I cum back to Seraphina. Ichabod got there jest as I did, and he made no fuss at all, but took off his coat, rolled up his trousis, and waded rite in after her! He lugged her out as keerful as could be, and sot her down on the grass to dry.

"I do believe that kind a skeered Ichabod. After that she sed little to Seraphina. So she fell in love with Jim Grannis, and 'sloped with him."

DO YOU THINK I HAVE FORGOTTEN THEE?

BY MRS. HARRIET BOOMER BARBER.

Do you think I have forgotten thee,
Old mansion, far away?
Where thou standest in brooding stillness
Looking sadly on the day—
Looking darkly on its sunlight,
Till the gladdest ray that falls
Flits wanly as some spirit
Within thy echoing halls—
Thy halls, that once with music rang,
And voices young and free,
Oh! their melody comes back to me
Across the sounding sea.

In my dreamings oft I see thee now,
As in the days gone by,
When I looked upon thee proud and fond,
With childhood's reverent eye;
When I thought no world without could be
Like the bright world lived within,
Where my young life blossomed like thy flowers,
And my heart knew little sin;

Oh! thy roses and thy glories bright,
I have watched with ardent eye
To see them up thy dear, old walls
Creep lovingly and high;
They sleep forgotten and alone
Within a scentless bed,
Like the sweet, young, human blossoms
That dear old home has shed.

Those pictured forms and faces dear,
All radiant with mirth,
Just as in life's dissolving view
They faded from the earth.
How often in the quiet hush
They steal upon my sight,
With a sweet and trembling brightness,
Like the stars upon the night;
Then my spirit eyes look upward,
Though the foolish heart will stray
To a dear, old, silent mansion,
I remember far away.

THE OLD STONE MANSION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "MABEL," "KATE AYLESFORD," &c.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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CHAPTER XIII.

In a few minutes, my cousin came running eagerly up, saying, "Arthur is so glad you are here."

Mr. Despencer followed her, and taking my hand in both of his, as if we had been old friends, greeted me cordially, and concluded by saying,

"It lifts quite a load from my mind to know you will be with Georgiana, for business will call me much away, and this is a lonely place at best."

I will not deny that I felt relieved at these words. Mr. Despencer had not forgotten his old grace of manner. If his welcome had been that of a Paladin to some wandering and wronged princess, it could not have been accompanied by more delicacy in look and manner. I began to think better of him. I wondered less at what I thought Georgiana's infatuation. My answer, doubtless, revealed something of this change in opinion, for my cousin brightened up and gave me a glance full of grateful thanks. Mr. Despencer noticed it also, and continued quite gallantly,

"You might find it dull, for young married people are apt to forget everybody but themselves," and he looked, half laughingly at Georgiana, who was blushing happily—I had not seen her look so happy before, "but fortunately I brought a friend home with me. Mr. Bentley is quite a beau. I should not wonder if he and you got up a flirtation."

I caught an appealing look from Georgiana to her husband. She had not, I saw, informed Mr. Despencer of the reason for my visit. But he comprehended, with ready tact, that he had made a blunder of some kind, and offering me his arm, conducted me down stairs in silence.

Oh! how that chance allusion wrung my heart. It brought back, in full force, the memory of my happiness, now gone forever, and which, for the last half hour, I had temporarily forgot.

Mr. Bentley was handsome and well dressed. But he had a sinister expression, which made me shudder instinctively, as one shudders at

sight of a snake. He seemed to me a something between a jockey and a black-leg, dressed up in Sunday clothes and practicing manners learned of a dancing-master. The elaborate politeness with which he received his introduction to me increased my aversion to him, as elaborate politeness always does, when I dislike people; besides, elaborate politeness is never honest.

The next day rose clear and crisp. After breakfast, Mr. Despencer and his friend departed for the city. The former was so much out of humor that he could barely restrain himself sufficiently to be civil. Georgiana looked as if she had been crying. I surmised that she had told him how unrelenting her father was: and my surmise proved correct, as she informed me, after the meal was over, by way of apology for her husband's ill-temper. She did not tell me how harsh he had been to her, however, and that this was the cause of her swollen eyes.

Mr. Bentley, however, was still offensively polite. He seemed to think that he could make up for his friend's incivility, by excessive attentions to Georgiana and myself, when he only annoyed the first, and exasperated me. For already I was beginning to hate the man. "Has he the impertinence," I said to myself, as I contrasted him with Mr. Talbot, "to think he can make himself agreeable to me?"

When we were left alone, Georgiana excused herself for an hour or two, on the plea of household affairs, but really, I suspect, to have her cry out unobserved. Left to myself, I set forth to examine the mansion. I had been curious, from what I saw of it the night before, to know where Mr. Bentley had slept, for, except the two chambers occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Despencer and myself, and the loft, which the servant had for a dormitory, I was not aware of any apartments in sufficient repair to be used as sleeping-rooms. I found my anticipations correct. The entire half of the house, on the right of the hall, was in a tenantless condition: the shutters rotted off, or hanging loose; the plaster broke; the ceilings fallen in; the floors decayed. I opened the doors, that led into them from the hall, but

did not enter, for they looked dangerous, and smelt damp and fetid. None had any furniture in. I was forced to conclude that Mr. Bentley slept in an out-house.

In my walks I met the old woman, who had waited on us the day before. It seemed as if the advent of Mr. Bentley, with his sinister look, had cast a glamour over the place which affected everything; for this servant, who, had seemed, when I first saw her, only a vulgar-looking cook and maid-of-all-work, now wore a hag-like expression, which made my blood run cold. Toothless, bleary-eyed, withered, with long, skinny fingers, and already bent by age, she came upon me so suddenly, as I turned the angle of the house, that I started with a slight, involuntary scream, as if I had seen a witch.

In the course of my further researches, I detected, at the rear of the hall, a massive door leading to the right, and saw that it conducted to a large apartment, the only room, on that side of the house, not plainly a prey to bats and owls. But whether it was in decay or not I failed to discover, for I could not get admittance into it from any point, as it was protected outside by wooden shutters, firmly bolted within, and though a door led into it from the front room, which had been used as a dining hall in the palmy days of the mansion, that, also, was now tightly locked. As I was trying the fastenings of this door, the old servant who seemed to be prowling about watching me, came up and told me the room was nailed up, and had not been used for twenty years.

When I had exhausted the mansion, I went to the out-houses, but still found no place, except a hay-loft, where Mr. Bentley could have slept. The out-houses were as ruinous as the mansion itself, being mostly covered with moss, or overgrown with briars or poison vines, while between the cracks in their gaping walls, green, slimy lizards ran in and out.

Georgiana still kept her room, when I had finished these explorations, and I knocked in vain for admittance. She had a violent sick head-ache, she said, "wouldn't I excuse her till dinner-time?" The dinner would be at five o'clock, "a late dinner to be sure, but Arthur had promised to return by that hour." She thought if she could get a little sleep she would be quite well again. Poor thing! I read it all. She was exhausted by weeping, and fancied that by secluding herself and courting sleep, she could come out at dinner-time, looking freshly, and so deceive me and her husband.

My only chance of avoiding thought was to keep myself occupied. So, when I found that

Georgiana was not coming down, I resolved to go into the city, and inquire where, or how, I could get work. It had to be done at some time; for I was determined not to be dependent. Why not at once?

I hesitated, at first, thinking that Mr. Talbot might, possibly, relent, and that a note might come from him in my absence. But my pride whispered, that, in such an event, my triumph would be the greater if I was away. "Triumph!" I said to myself, immediately after, "ah! he will never write: there will be no triumph for me; he is inflexible." And saying this, I went up stairs for my bonnet. I was torn by conflicting emotions: now angry at him for what I called his tyranny and obstinacy, now more than half convinced that it was I who had been exacting.

I had talked, often and bravely, of what a true woman could do, in spite of the social injustice that beset her path, if left to provide for herself. I tried, as I walked toward the city, to recall all this and to assure myself that the task before me was an easy one. I had only to will it, I said, and all difficulties would disappear. There was nothing menial in working for one's bread: nothing in the mere act of asking for employment, that should call a blush to the face. But when I reached the place where I had determined to make my first application, my heart failed me. It was a picture dealer's, where I hoped to dispose of a few water-color sketches, which I intended to paint. But I walked past the store, two or three times, before I could muster courage to go in. When, at last, I did enter, and nervously told my errand, the rough, curt way in which I was told that "there was no demand for such things now," made every vein tingle with alternate shame and indignation. I had to school myself, for more than an hour, before I could venture on a second attempt elsewhere: and here the answer was the same.

I do not, in writing this autobiography, seek to extenuate myself. I ought not, I know, to have been either angry or ashamed. My reason told me so, even then. But we are flesh and blood, not mathematical machines. We feel the stings of pride, we resent insult, and this the more readily, the more unhappy and friendless we are. To be poor is no crime, but, in the world's eye at least, it is a stigma. To go about, morning after morning, week after week, soliciting employment, when all avenues are filled, often meeting rudeness and nearly always coldness, is no small cross for a woman to bear. Those who have been accustomed to it, all their lives, feel it to be such. It was worse for me. It was the worse for one proud like I was; for pride was

my besetting sin. I do not wonder that impoverished gentlewomen sometimes starve, rather than run this gauntlet. Oh! how I hated the world for its injustice. For, at that period, I charged all my sufferings to its social code.

I hurry over this part of my story. The public has had a surfeit of such sorrows, and is sick of the wrongs of distressed women. And in fact, terrible as this physical suffering is, it is nothing when compared with the mental ones I had to endure. Poverty, even starvation, can be borne better than the loss of love, infinitely better than the sense of one's having done wrong. The pain of the body is nothing to the agony of the soul. Yes! I could have borne all, if I had had within me, an assured consciousness of right-doing. But the more I reflected on my behavior, the more doubtful I felt of its correctness.

To dismiss this part of my story, once for all. After trying various more lucrative avenues to employment, and finding that all were overcrowded, I was compelled to take up with plain needle-work, which I obtained at a House of Industry, an institution established, to provide employment for persons situated like myself. I had put off applying at this place as long as I could, for I knew many of the ladies who managed it; and my pride revolted at being seen soliciting work, by those, who, a month ago, would have been glad to have been my rivals. More than once, when I took back the tasks I had finished, I had to draw down my veil quickly, to prevent being recognized, by former acquaintances, on their way from the managers' room to their carriages. My conduct was foolish, perhaps; but I was human.

It was no perverse wish to be independent that drove me to this sacrifice of pride. I soon reconciled myself to accepting a home from Georgianna, for I saw that I could be useful to her in many ways. But when I had left my uncle's, I had been so completely unprovided with money, that I had not now enough even to renew my wardrobe, though the winter was approaching, when such a renewal would be indispensable. It was necessary, therefore, that I should replenish my purse, however scantily. What I did earn sufficed for my clothing. But it would not have paid my board.

How weary I often was. Sewing, which is such a sedative to many of my sex, was never such to me. It had always, on the contrary, been a task. My eyes ached, my chest pained me, my spirits sank, as I sat, hour after hour, plying my needle. But I never complained, for I did not wish Georgianna to know how much I

suffered, especially as I saw, day by day, her own increasing unhappiness.

I could have endured all, I repeat, if I had been certain, beyond controversy, that I was right. More than once, I saw Mr. Talbot's name mentioned in the newspapers, as having won some important case, or made some eloquent speech. I felt then how I loved him yet! Loved him, I said to myself, in spite of his injustice. But had he, I always added, been unjust? Alas! this doubt was hardest of all to bear. I could have suffered everything, if certain I was a martyr for the truth; but I grew daily less sure of this, and daily, yes, hourly, more miserable.

CHAPTER XIV.

BUT I am anticipating. That night, Mr. Despencer returned home, in a comparatively good-humor; and poor Georgianna's spirits rose accordingly. From this time out, her smiles or tears fluctuated with her husband's temper; and alas! for her, he was oftener angry than otherwise. The mild, thorough-bred manner, which had been his only recommendation to me at the sea-shore, was accompanied by a passionate disposition, which he gave full vent to at his own fireside. My blood often boiled at his treatment of my cousin. Why is it that so many men, famed in society for their courtesy, and even chivalry to women, are little better than brutes to their wives?

Mr. Bentley did not visit us again for several days. I was not more pleased with him, at his second appearance, than at his first. There was a coarse, animal look about the mouth, which made you forget even his fine eyes; and they were fine, of that purplish black which is at once so rare and beautiful. He had glittering white teeth, which a perpetual smile constantly exhibited, and which, to me at least, were suggestive of a latent snarl, as if he was a human hyena. Yet he was handsome and well-bred, in the ordinary sense of the term. In a promiscuous assembly of young ladies, at least half would have pronounced him a "love of a man."

"You don't seem to like Mr. Bentley," said Georgianna, the next day when we were alone. "Yet he is said to be very successful with women."

"Who is he?" was my reply.

"Mr. Bentley," said Georgianna.

"I want to know what he is."

"Don't you know?"

"No."

"Arthur says he is a gentleman, who has been unfortunate."

"Do you believe it?" and I looked at her keenly.

"I sometimes think he may be a gambler, or some such thing," she answered, a little embarrassed. "He don't act the real gentleman, now does he, Maggy?"

"I don't think he does."

"He hasn't the manner of Arthur. Few have."

"No. He hasn't Mr. Despencer's manner."

"I sometimes wish Arthur was not so intimate with him. I wonder if they ever play."

"I hope not," I said, for I saw how distressed the idea made her; and to divert her thoughts, I added, "By-the-bye, where does Mr. Bentley sleep, when he comes here?"

Georgiana laughed. I had not heard her laugh so gleefully since she was a child.

"I'm sure I don't know. I'm keeping house, and don't know where my guests sleep—isn't it funny? Arthur told me, I remember now, not to trouble myself about it, for that old Jane would settle it all: and I never did trouble myself." And she laughed again.

The conversation ceased here, but as we sat at the tea-table, that night, Georgiana suddenly looked up, and said to Mr. Despencer,

"Arthur, where does Mr. Bentley sleep, when he comes here?"

Her husband had his cup raised to his lips, in the very act of drinking. He paused, and looked keenly at me, as if divining where the question originated.

"You don't answer me," said Georgiana. "And why do you stare so at Maggy?"

"Excuse me. I had not heard you. I wasn't aware I was staring at anybody. What was it you asked?"

I knew well enough that he had heard her. But Georgiana, completely deceived, repeated the question.

"Oh! in the front garret to be sure," he answered, promptly. "Old Jane has the back one, you know."

But I had been in the front garret, the morning after Mr. Bentley's first visit, and there was not an article of furniture in it, nor did it look as if anybody had slept on the floor. A temporary couch, however, might have been arranged, and removed before I saw the room. Yet I half believed that the whole was an invention of Mr. Despencer's, and that he had paused to get time to think what to say. I was entirely convinced of this, the day after this conversation, for, when I stole up to the garret, drawn thither by noises I had heard after I retired, I found that a bedstead, and a few other articles of chamber fur-

niture, had been arranged there; and as I recognized one or two of the chairs, which I had seen in Georgiana's room, I knew that Mr. Despencer, to blind me, had caused the apartment to be fitted up.

But why should he blind me? Why was there any necessity for a mystery? My thoughts reverted to the closed chamber. But even if that was where Mr. Bentley slept, why should there be any attempt to conceal it? What was the tie between him and Georgiana's husband? It was more than mere friendship, I felt assured. Did they share some dark and terrible secret together, with which, in some way, the closed chamber was connected?

I had resided with Georgiana about four months, when Mr. Despencer said, one evening, that he had to visit a neighboring city, and would be gone for a week.

"I would like to take you, Georgy," he said, addressing his wife, "if Miss Gray will keep house while we're gone."

"Oh! I should be delighted," said my cousin, for, poor child! any kindness from her husband almost set her wild.

I thought immediately of Mr. Bentley, for he had been so marked in his attentions lately, and was so deficient, I believed, in a nice sense of propriety, that I feared he would take advantage of this absence to annoy me more than ever. But I hesitated to mention this, my only objection to the proposed arrangement, for I saw how disappointed Georgiana would be.

"May we count on your keeping house, then?" said Mr. Despencer.

I still hesitated, but an appealing look from Georgiana decided me, and I answered in the affirmative. I never saw a happier being than my cousin was, for the rest of that evening.

The next day, when Mr. Despencer had departed to the city, I frankly told Georgiana, she would oblige me, if Mr. Despencer would hint to his friend, that, during their absence, he should dispense with his visits to the mansion.

"Your husband can do it in a way to avoid offence," I said, in conclusion, "and I don't want to offend any of his friends."

Georgiana promised, but added,

"You don't seem to like Mr. Bentley any better, I'm sorry to see."

"Do you like him better?"

She looked confused. I saw her husband had been talking her over.

"Oh! yes. Arthur assures me, on his honor, that they never play; and Mr. Bentley is really very handsome and very polite."

I made no answer. Georgiana went on.

"I wish, Maggy, you wouldn't be so prejudiced. Arthur says Mr. Bentley is desperately in love with you, and that you really treat him cruelly sometimes."

My first impulse was to resent these words. What right had Mr. Despencer to say I treated his visitor cruelly? What right had he to permit me to be annoyed by attentions I disliked? What right had he to talk over Georgiana? But I reflected how foolish it would be to get angry at my cousin, for it was in her nature to be controlled by her husband. Poor thing! she needed pity more than she deserved anger.

"We will not talk of this, to-day, my dear. But promise to speak to Mr. Despencer about his friend's visits while you are away."

Georgiana saw I had been hurt. She came up and kissed me affectionately.

"Forgive me, Maggy," she said, "Mr. Bentley shan't trouble you."

The next day they left. I watched the carriage, that bore away Georgiana, till it was out of sight: and then re-entered the house, sadly. For my cousin was now the only one left to love me; in all the world I had no other friend; and her departure made me inexpressibly lonely. The old stone mansion, with its decaying out-houses, looked drearier and more desolate than ever.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN I rose, the next morning, the sky was overcast. The bare, wintry landscape, with low, leaden-colored clouds massed above it; the rising wind that moaned and wailed through the pines; the gusts of rain that began to sweep past: all these increased my depression of spirits. There are times, when the aspects of Nature affect us, as if they were a part of ourselves: and this was one of them. Besides, I had always been peculiarly sensitive to such impressions. A mountain stirred my soul with solemn and grand emotions. A quiet Sabbath in the country soothed me with a peace inexpressible. Often, in childhood, as I heard the midnight rain dashing against the casements, I had drawn the bed-clothes over my face, with a shudder, fancying that skeleton fingers were tapping on the window-panes, without, for admittance.

As the day wore on, the storm increased, and my depression of spirits with it. I tried to forget myself with my needle. But this only jaded my nervous system and made me more depressed than ever. I rose and walked the room. The evening was now setting in; the rain rushed down in torrents; the wind had increased to a gale. My footsteps quickened, in sympathy with

the tumult without, as I hurried from side to side of the room.

My fire had died low. Its dim light left deep shadows in the corners of the room, from which I almost expected to see weird faces and forms emerge. I did not dare to stop walking. Once I tried to do it, but my flesh began to creep, and my knees to tremble, as if an invisible presence only waited my stopping to clutch me with its spectral hands. Some of my readers, perhaps, may have felt, at times, like I did. If so, they know the horror of such sensations. To others it would be in vain to describe them. They became so intolerable, at last, that I seized my candle, and sought the company of old Jane, in the kitchen, under the pretence of getting a light.

She was sitting crouching over the fire, with crooked, skinny fingers, occasionally rubbing her hands feebly together. She also had neglected to light her candle, and the lurid glare of the smouldering coals, reflected on her brown and withered face, gave her an aspect more witch-like than ever. I told my errand, half apologetically. She did not rise to get the matches, but pointed silently to where they were. I lit my candle, but still lingered.

"My fire is almost out," I said, at last, putting down my candle, and drawing a stool to the hearth, "and it's not worth while to make it up again to-night, so I will sit here till bed time."

She moved slightly to give me more room, and said something about its being a rainy night. There was a long silence, which I broke, at last, by saying,

"You'll think I am going to ask an odd question. But where did Mr. Bentley sleep, the first night I came here?"

She did not pause an instant, nor even look up, but answered, as she held her fingers to the fire,

"At the tavern, below here: a quarter of a mile, or so, off."

The explanation was so natural, that I gave credit to it immediately, wondering I had never thought of this simple explanation before. Yet I asked myself, at the same time, why Mr. Despencer had attempted to deceive me.

Old Jane looked up at my silence, and seeing surprise in my face, continued,

"The master don't want mistress to know it, and that's why you never heard of it. You see, he didn't expect you, the night he brought Mr. Bentley here for the first time, and Mr. Bentley was to have had your room. But when the master saw how it was, he came and told me to tell the mistress, if she asked, that Mr. Bentley had slept in the garret."

"Which was afterward fitted up for him."

"Yes! But," and she looked at me searchingly, "you seem curious about this matter."

"Somehow I had got the idea that Mr. Bentley slept in the room next to the old dining-hall."

"I'd like to see the man who'd sleep there." She said this in such a low, horror-struck tone, looking around fearfully, that my blood suddenly ran cold.

"Why?" I asked, after a moment, in a voice as hushed.

"Have you never heard?"

"I have heard nothing."

"I knew the mistress had never been told, but I supposed the master might have told you, for you don't seem afraid of anything. But the mistress, she wouldn't live in the house a day, if she knew it—that she wouldn't."

These words, but the manner of the speaker still more, convinced me that some fearful tragedy was associated with this old mansion. I remembered what my instinctive feeling, on first seeing it, had been. With some difficulty I drew from the servant the following recital.

"Thirty years ago, long before you were born, Miss, this house, with acres and acres of land hereabouts, belonged to a family by the name of Lyttleton. The master was a widower, a harsh, miserly man, who saw no company, kept but two servants, and never forgave a debt. His sole delight was to add farm after farm to his property. His father had been a spendthrift, and nearly ruined the family: and this was why the son was so greedy after money, it was said.

"This miser had also a son, but the boy had been away from home, for ten years or more, first at school and then at college. He was about nineteen when he came back to live here. His extravagance was an almost daily cause of quarreling between the old man and himself. Yet he wasn't extravagant for one as rich as he was, if what the neighbors said was true. He wanted to keep a horse; but his father wouldn't let him; and many and many a time high words were heard between them about it. So the young man, as he couldn't be happy at home, took to spending his days away, sometimes in the city, sometimes in places about the country. The town wasn't more than a quarter as big, then, as it is now, and when you got out here, you'd think it was fifty miles away. There was gunning, then times in the woods, and fish to be caught in the creeks; and young Mr. Lyttleton was fond of gunning and fishing both.

"That happened, which often happens. One day, in the spring of the year, while fishing, he

stopped at a little farm house, a few miles farther in the country, to ask for a glass of milk. The farmer's wife was a pleasant spoken woman, and knew who he was; and she asked him into her company parlor, and sent her daughter for the milk. The daughter, they all say, was the prettiest girl about. She came in blushing, and looking down; her lashes were the longest and blackest ever seen; but after she had given him the glass, and while he was drinking, she stole a glance at him, which he caught; and this made her blush more than ever. He used to tell, afterward, that such eyes he had never even dreamed of; and he fell in love at first sight.

"When a young man, only nineteen, is unhappy at home, and finds a house where he is always welcome, and where there is a handsome girl he is in love with, he don't stay away from that house many days in the week. So young Mr. Lyttleton kept a going and going, till the neighborhood began to talk about it, and at last it came to the ears of his father. There was a bigger quarrel than ever, you may be sure. The old man had always meant his son to marry rich, and was furious to hear he had promised himself to a girl, whose father hired the farm he worked. But the son wouldn't give in, no! not an inch. The Lyttletons had always liked to have their own way, father and son, ever since they'd been a family. They were a cruel, desperate set, in the old times, it was said, and had made their money by going a pirating, buccaneering it was called, I believe. The first one, that came to this country, had been captain of a ship that plundered and burned a town, away down in the Indies somewhere, and brought away thousands and thousands of dollars, besides silver and gold vessels from churches; and for doing this last some people said there'd been a curse on the family ever since. He had brought away, too, a Spanish girl, a great heiress in her own country, whom he forced to marry him, thinking to get her money. But her father and mother had been killed, some said by him, when the town was taken; and her relations wouldn't part with a penny to a heretic, as they called him; and the king and Pope both took their parts; and so, though he sent agent after agent, for he didn't dare to go himself, he never got a dollar. This is what people say, but I don't know if it's all true, though nobody denies, I believe, that he treated his wife cruelly, and that she died of a broken-heart. This brought another curse on the family, so the story goes.

"At any rate, they were a bad set enough, gamblers, horse-jockeys, wicked husbands and unnatural fathers, stern, harsh, passionate men,

whom nobody loved, but everybody feared. They always would, as I've said, have their own way. So when the father and son quarreled about this marriage it was terrible. Nobody, for awhile, could be got to live with them, as servants; for each made them the victims of his anger. The oaths, which that parlor heard, where you've been sitting all day, were enough, I've been told, to make devils haunt it till the Day of Judgment."

As she spoke, she glanced fearfully over her shoulder, in the direction of the parlor; and a shiver ran through all my veins. No wonder such an awe and dread had come over me in the gathering twilight in that room.

"How it came to be settled at last, in the way it was, nobody, at first, could tell. But they supposed that father and son had worn each other out, and that so they came to patch up a peace between them. It was agreed that the son should go abroad for two years; that the girl should be sent to school and educated; and that, when he was twenty-one, the son should come back and marry her. One reason, it was thought, why the father gave in, was that this house, and all the original property, was entailed, as they call it, so that the son would get it, at his death, whether or no; and this fact made the son more stubborn too, for he laughed when his father said he'd leave him penniless, and boasted he could live, till then, on the Jews. But the real reason, I reckon, why the father made this bargain, was to get the son out of the way, thinking, that, before two years, he'd forget the girl.

"He did not forget her, however. The Lyttletons always stuck to whatever they undertook. If they hated you, they never let you up. If they went into politics, or took to horse-racing, they held on forever. It had been part of the bargain, that the young man, for the whole of these two years, shouldn't write to the girl. Nor did he. But he heard about her, from time to time, from a friend, and was waiting eagerly for the two years to be up, that he might come back and marry her, when this friend suddenly wrote to him that his father had got the start of him and married the girl himself.

"It seemed, for all this afterward came out, that the girl had never really cared for the young man. She was one of those vain, empty creatures, who can marry anybody, provided they get plenty of finery. Her father and mother thought of nothing but money. They had done all they could to get up a match between her and young Mr. Lyttleton, but when they found he had gone away, they tried as hard to make

a match between the father and her, and succeeded. The old man was not too old to be blind to beauty: no Lyttleton, they say, ever was. Besides, he saw the girl actually courting him, and thought what a revenge he might have on his son. So they were married. It was all done so quick, during one of the girl's vacations, that the friend of young Mr. Lyttleton had no time to warn him.

"The young man came home by the next packet. He was crazy with rage, they say, in Europe, and for most of the way back. Then he settled down into a gloomy silence, which was even more terrible to see. Voyages were longer then than they are now, and for the last half of the voyage he walked the deck, his hands behind him, darkly looking down, and never hearing a word if one spoke to him. The captain, who had heard something of the story, said there was danger in his eye, and was going to warn old Mr. Lyttleton, but was prevented, and so the dreadful tragedy came about."

This long prelude to the denouement, these pictures of the passionate, self-willed, desperate race of Lyttletons, had prepared me for something awful; but when the narrator hinted at parricide, the crime exceeded even my expectations, and I felt my flesh creep with horror, especially as I remembered the room, which had been closed for twenty years, and which I foresaw must have been the scene of the bloody deed, and reflected how near it was. Old Jane seemed to have something of the same feeling, for her voice, which had gradually become raised, in the excitement of the story, sank again to a whisper; and more than once she glanced suspiciously around.

"He was prevented, because, when the ship got to the wharf, it was almost night and raining fast. Young Lyttleton did not wait for the vessel to be made fast, but slipped down the sides by a rope, and was off before he was missed. The captain, as soon as he found himself at leisure, looked around for his passenger, but seeing he was gone, and that the night was stormy, gave himself no more trouble about it, though he would have been too late, even if he had started at once.

"For the young man, the moment he set foot on shore, had hired a coach. He got out to the house about nine o'clock. This is about the time of the night, I suppose, and the storm was just such another. The windows rattled; the rain rushed down on the roof; the pine trees tossed and groaned; and the gale went shrieking, away over the fields, I've been told, as if the graveyard, by the old church above here, had been

emptied, and the ghosts were howling by. In the middle of this storm, the son, who had left the carriage at the turn of the road below, reached the door and knocked——”

She stopped suddenly, for distinct and loud, above the tempest, came three or four knocks on the front door. Her brown cheek changed to livid, and, as the knocks were repeated, one, two, three, four, she clutched at my arm, holding it as if in the grip of a vice, and trembling all over.

“Hark!” she said, in a whisper scarcely audible.

The antecedents of her story, the story itself, the breathless crisis at which she had arrived, these had all conspired to make me, at this interruption, start also with a feeling as if supernatural presences were about to enter on the scene. But a moment’s reflection brought my courage back to me. Though my blood ran chill with a nameless horror, my reasoning faculties did not desert me. Intellectually, I had always been skeptical as to such visitations. I rose, therefore, resolute to go to the door.

“Don’t,” gasped old Jane. It was all she could say. But she held me back, with the clutch of a giantess.

But the blood of the old Norsemen, which ran so blue in my veins, and to which something of my awe of the invisible world may have been attributable, was mounting higher and hotter, with every moment, to face down this peril: mounting higher and hotter because the peril was one, which, at first, my nerves shrank from.

“No,” I said, wrenching myself loose, with a sudden exertion of strength, of which I had not supposed myself capable. “Man, or fiend, I will see what it is.”

I snatched the candle, as I spoke, and rushed out of the kitchen, not giving myself time to reflect. In a moment, I was at the door, had set the candle on a chair, and was unfastening the huge bar which defended the entrance. In another moment, I had flung the door wide open.

What was it, a sheeted form, or the flash of the candle into the gloom, the gibbering of a frightened ghost, or the unearthly cry of the wind, that met my eye, that startled my ears, as the heavy hinges rolled back? Whatever it was, it was gone in an instant. A gust had put out my candle, and I was in the dark, with the rain drifting against my face. Nothing was to be seen, nothing heard without, but the tempest.

I will not pretend to analyze my feelings at this juncture. I felt that no mortal being had knocked. Had I alone heard the sounds, I should have thought that my imagination, worked upon

by old Jane’s story, had played me false. But the servant also had heard them. That two persons should be deceived, in the same manner, was hardly possible. Yet my courage did not give way. I felt cold as ice; my knees and hands trembled; but I stood my ground nevertheless, and carefully shut and barred the door, though it was too dark to see. I next recovered my candle. Then, but not till then, I turned to go. Up to this point, in spite of all, I had been calm, and comparatively slow in my movements; for I had been facing the danger. But now I could scarcely restrain myself from running. I felt as if spectral arms might be thrown around me at any moment. I breathed hard and quick. And yet I would not increase my speed, but walked steadily on, groping my way, for what seemed an age, till I reached the welcome door of the kitchen, opened it, and stood within its warm and cheery light.

CHAPTER XVI.

I STAGGERED to my seat, with a face as white as ashes. Old Jane rose up and stood over me, more moved even than myself.

“God help us, she would go,” she said, speaking as if, to herself, “she has seen a ghost.”

“No, I have seen no ghost,” I replied, recovering myself. “We deceived ourselves, that is all.”

“Do you mean to say there was nobody at the door?”

“There was nobody. You were telling of young Lyttleton’s return, and how he knocked, and our imaginations carried us away. The wind put out my candle. Go on with the story.”

My composure reassured her, and after awhile she resumed her tale, though apparently not without misgivings that we would be again interrupted, for she often glanced fearfully around.

“The room, which has been shut up so long, was the library, and here the father was sitting, perusing over some title-deeds, when the son knocked at the door. The bride had gone to bed, wearied out with the loneliness of this old house, on a rainy day in winter. A servant let in her young master, but was so frightened at his sudden return, and at his ghastly look, that she dropped her candle and did not see which way he went. Loud, angry voices in the library soon told, however, where the son had sought and found his father. What passed between them, at first, no one knows. Their voices were heard in furious strife, every other word an oath, and the servants, terror-struck, gathered in the hall; but no one dared to interfere. Then

followed a scuffling, as if a deadly struggle had been joined, and, at this juncture, when the servants were urging each other to enter the room, but no one ventured to take the lead, there was a quick gasp and a heavy fall on the floor, followed, the moment after, by the appearance of the bride, who, frightened by the tumult, and recognizing her first lover's voice in it, had lost all presence of mind and rushed into the very scene she should have avoided. She passed the servants, huddled together at the foot of the stairs, like a flash of sudden lightning, her night-dress streaming wildly, her hair disheveled, her feet unslipped. One of the servants plucked courage and followed her in, foreboding that something awful had taken place, and that worse might happen in consequence of her presence.

"The library door had been open, during all this time, and the light streaming out across the hall. The servant, who followed her, saw her flit past into this gush of light, and then lost sight of her for a moment. When she next beheld her, she had reached the middle of the room, where the library table stood, and was standing, as if frozen to stone by horror. What she saw told its own tale. The father and son, in their rage, had grappled, and the latter, finding the old man too strong for him, had snatched a Turkish dagger, which lay on the table, and which had been used for a paper cutter, and plunged it into his enemy's heart. He had just drawn out the blade, and was holding it up to the light, dripping with blood, a wild, maniacal glare of exultation in his eyes, when his step-mother, once his promised wife, entered. Her sudden cry of horror, as she stopped at the end of the table, aroused his attention; he recognized her, uttered a cry like a wild beast, and sprang upon her. It was all over in a second. Before the servant had got three steps into the room, the body of his victim fell heavily to the floor, and he was standing over it, laughing savagely, and shaking the dagger on high.

"The servant turned and fled, shutting the door behind her, nor was it till aid was had, and the men were all armed, that the library was entered again. For a long time all had been still inside of it. When the door was opened, the two murdered bodies were seen lying where they had fallen. On the other side of the table, with the dagger still sticking in his breast, was the lifeless form of the maniacal son."

Old Jane, at these words, sank into silence, and for some time looked steadily in the fire. I did the same. To have uttered a syllable, to have glanced around the room, would have been impossible, till the feeling of horror, conjured

up by this awful tale, had, in some measure, subsided. At last the narrator resumed, but without removing her eyes from the now fast smouldering coals.

"After the funeral, the library was locked up. The property went to distant heirs, who sold off the farms one by one, and would have sold the mansion also, but nobody would buy it. For, from that hour, people said the house was haunted. On stormy nights in winter, like that when the parricide was committed, noises as of two men engaged in a deadly scuffle, it was whispered about, were heard in the library; lights shone from the tightly shut windows; the shriek of a woman was heard; a white form was seen flitting about; groans and death screams filled the air. So everybody avoided the place. None of the servants would stay, except the one who had followed her mistress into the room, and she was left, at last, in charge of the house. Things went fast to decay. I believe it was never let, though that was often tried, till Mr. Despencer hired it, about six months ago."

As she concluded, she rose and began to cover up the fire. Then she replaced my candle, which had been nearly consumed; lit another for herself, and led the way up stairs. I followed her, casting a furtive glance, as we entered the hall, in the direction of the library door; for I half expected to see the portal fly open and sheeted ghosts appear. When I reached my chamber, I laid my hand on her arm, to detain her for a moment.

"How did you know all this?" I said.

She paused a second, the light of both candles shining on her withered face, and answered, with a look I shall never forget,

"Forty years and more I have lived in this house. Young Mr. Lyttleton was my foster-child. I was the friend who sent him word that his father had married his bride. It was I that followed his step-mother into the library. Do you think that anything else could tempt me to live here? Or that, being all this, I could go away?"

I retired, but not to sleep. My brain was too excited. I lay, listening to the wind and rain, and fancying, at times, that I heard scuffings, death-falls, shrieks, unearthly laughter, every accompaniment of the tragedy of which I had just been told. The delusion frequently was so strong that I sat up in bed to listen more intently. But at last nature gave way, and I sank exhausted into sleep.

I cannot tell how long I was unconscious. I was awoke, suddenly, by a loud sound, like the fall of a heavy body, that seemed to come from

the direction of the library. I listened, half incredulous. I even pinched myself to be sure that I was not dreaming. But there was no mistaking the fact of the noise, or rather of a succession of noises, such as angry voices, scufflings, with a heavy, dead fall at the last. A chill of horror, similar to that which had come over me at the front door, ran through my veins. I recalled the strange knocking, and said to myself, with a sensation of almost mortal terror, that modern science was wrong, and that disembodied spirits were permitted, as our forefathers had believed, to haunt the scenes of their earthly misdeeds. But these feelings did not continue long. My natural courage again rallied to my aid, and I resolved trying, as I had earlier in the evening, to solve the mystery. Perhaps, I reflected, I might be able to discover a rational solution for the strange event that happened then, as also for the noises I now heard. If not; if beings of another world really were abroad: how could I come to harm; for I was innocent? I would trust in God: I would go forward.

Thus reassured, I rose and began to dress, first having lit my candle. But my fingers trembled in spite of my reasonings. My heart beat fast, when, having finished my hasty toilet, I took up the candle-stick and approached the door. Just as I turned the key, the strange sounds were heard again, now more distinct than ever. I felt certain I detected two different voices, rising, every now and then, over the noise of the scuffling. I began to be suddenly faint, and was compelled to sit down, for a space, on a chair by the door.

But I soon grew ashamed of my weakness. In spite of the evidence of my senses, the intellectual part of me kept reasserting that there must be a natural solution for this mystery, and that I had only to be bold in order to see these chimeras of my imagination fly away, as the ghost in the grave-yard fades into a white monument on being resolutely approached. So, when I had recovered breath, I rose again, unlocked the door and stepped out.

All was dark and silent in the hall. The rain beat against the casement at the end of the passage, the wind wailed and sobbed around the house, the great pines moaned; but everything, in the direction of the library, was hushed and quiet. I began now to realize how foolish I had been. I must have become so excited, I said to myself, by the narrative of old Jane, that my imagination had persuaded me its fancies were actual sounds. My spirits rose, with this conviction, and I advanced boldly down the staircase.

There was a broad landing, as usual in mansions of a similar character, about one-third of the way down. I had gained this, had turned to descend the last flight, and had gone a few steps, when suddenly the library door swung open on its hinges, and a gush of light streamed out, filling all around with a radiance as vivid as that of noon-day. Looking over my left shoulder, I could see, for a little way, into the library; and I stopped and gazed, for a full minute, as if compelled to do so by some weird power, yet so appalled that the perspiration started out on my forehead in great drops. There was nothing visible, however, except the dazzling effulgence which flooded the room, penetrating into every nook and corner which was visible to my sight. Directly a cold wind began to blow across me, from the haunted room; a wind like that which comes out of a vast charnel-house, that has long been shut up; and it went like an ice-bolt to my heart. My candle was extinguished by it, in an instant. Then followed a low, prolonged wail, that was succeeded by scufflings, angry voices, sounds of blows, and the fall of a human body. I felt as if, the next moment, sheeted spectres would come rushing out. In imagination their death cold fingers were already upon me. I tried to shriek, but could not. Terror had froze my tongue. In the consciousness of my inability to give the alarm, my senses began to desert me; I knew I was reeling, and clutching mechanically at the balustrade to prevent myself from falling, I made a last desperate effort to scream. Only a stifled mumbling came forth, but it was one pregnant with horror. Instantly the library door banged to, and I was left in darkness, cowering on the steps, and holding fast to the banisters, while I shook as if in a fit.

I can hardly tell how I regained my chamber. Nor do I remember what I did there for the next five or ten minutes. I believe I remained on the bed, where I had sunk, lying in a sort of half-dose. Gradually I began to recover my faculties. I sat up and listened: at first fearfully, then with more courage. At last I summoned resolution sufficient to light my other candle, for the one I taken with me had dropped from my hands when I fell and was left on the stairs. The thought now suggested itself to descend to the library door and knock for admittance. But a cold shuddering ran over me, at the idea, and I glanced around half expecting to see spectres advance from out of the shadows of the furniture. So I began, noiselessly, to divest myself of my clothing, and leaving my candle burning, I crept silently into bed.

There I lay listening, for more than an hour. of four or five, I could not tell which. I only
 Weird sounds of wind and rain came to my remember the silvery sound, ringing through
 straining ears continually; but no unearthly the hushed house, and that, as I tried to count
 ones, such as I had heard before. At last I the strokes, I dropped off again into sleep, com-
 fell into a doze, from which I was partially pletely exhausted.
 aroused by the parlor clock striking the hour (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHEN CHILDHOOD DIES.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Oh! not when the seal of death is set
 On childhood's laughing eye,
 And the sunny head is laid to rest
 Does the heart of childhood die;
 For the smiling eyes shall beam again
 'Neath skies forever bright,
 And the golden hair be wreathed about
 With a crown of Heavenly light.
 Nor even in manhood's graver years,
 When life is fleeting fast,
 Is the heart of childhood always dead,
 And all its feeling past;

For though Time his signet grave has set
 On manhood's earnest brow,
 The heart may feel as light a throb
 As e'er childish pulses know.
 But when that heart has learned how much
 Of suffering it can bear,
 And learned, the worst that life can bring,
 Unshrinkingly to dare;
 'Tis then that ripened feelings come,
 And gleeful childhood dies,
 And oh! how many hearts are graves
 Where buried childhood lies.

LINK NOT THY LIFE AND FATE TO HIS.

BY J. A. TURNER.

LINK not thy life and fate to his,
 For oh! could'st thou behold
 The pain of dark remorse there is
 Within his bosom cold,
 Then thou with cowering gaze would'st start,
 To see the monster there,
 The demon sleeping in that heart,
 The shrine of dark despair.
 Think not, because thy charms may hold
 The monster in his lair to-day,
 That magic ever thus may fold
 The sleeper from thy sight away.

The chains of beauty soon will rust,
 And loose the demon from his den,
 For fade thy youthful beauty must,
 And where will be the charmer then?
 His soul is shorn of every good,
 There's crime within his blasted heart,
 Upon his crimson hand there's blood,
 Gaze at the picture, now, and start!
 But link thy being once to his,
 And death along thy veins will steal,
 For dark remorse his portion is,
 And fate has stamped him with her seal.

LEAVE ME, FLATTERING LIPS.

BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

LEAVE me. Leave me.
 Leave me, flattering lips!
 Why wouldst thou deceive me?
 Leave me here to weep.
 Thou wast here in days ago,
 Ere I grief did know,
 Thou didst spurn me—I'm alone,
 Weeping o'er my woe.
 Leave me. Leave me.
 Leave me, flattering lips!
 Wouldst thou yet deceive me?
 Leave me now to weep.

Sighing, weeping,
 Walling sad and lone—
 Take me to Thy keeping,
 Thou who grief hast known.
 Go, deceiver, go thy way—
 I'm unworthy e'en a sigh;
 Teach another how to pray,
 Teach another how to—die!
 Leave me. Leave me.
 Leave me, flattering lips!
 Wouldst thou yet deceive me?
 Leave me now to weep.

A CHAT IN AN OPERA BOX.

BY A. L. OTIS.

I AM a constant frequenter of the Academy of Music, but I have always had some scruples as to the compatibility of the opera with good morals. Having the right of taking any unoccupied seat in the whole house, I amuse myself by choosing different situations and neighborhoods, in order to hear the conversation of all sorts of people, and draw deductions from it.

The other night I was sitting in the balcony, near the fashionable Mrs. Puseyton, and Miss Primrose, when the latter spoke,

"What do you think of *Traviata*, Mrs. Puseyton?"

"Oh! it is very nice, I believe, cousin Anne. What a lovely dress Mrs. S—— has on! Did you notice it?"

"No, I was listening, and looking upon the stage."

"Observe it when she comes back. She has gone to flirt in the Foyer. She has worn a new dress every night, and the season is almost over. She must find her husband easier to manage than I do mine. I have such difficulty with him about the dresses. This is only my sixth!"

"Ah! well. This is Lent, you know."

"Yes, but everybody is here this year. Only think of Marshall's audacity in opening the new opera house on Ash Wednesday. It was an outrage upon the feelings of society. All the people whose scruples wouldn't allow them to go, were so angry, and wanted to know what he meant by it."

"Why shouldn't he open it any night he pleased?"

"Oh! everybody wanted to be here the opening night, of course. And yet, now-a-days, it is so vulgar not to go to church on the proper occasions. Oh! it was too bad of him. Everybody said there would not be half a house. But there was, my dear, it was crowded. Now isn't it sad to think how many people there are in the city who don't care what night it is, if they want to go anywhere?"

"Did you not go the first night?"

"Yes, I did; but it was an act of pure self-denial. You see Miss Roseberry was so anxious for me to chaperon her that I could not bear to disappoint her, and I sacrificed my feelings to hers."

"Poor thing! you did not enjoy yourself at all, I am afraid."

"Oh! yes. I had an elegant time. I wore a new dress, an exquisite thing; but oh! such a time as I had to get it. It was a superb moire antique, light ash-colored, ashes of rose, so suitable, you see, to Ash Wednesday. And I had a new pair of enameled ear-rings. Then I wore white feathers, tipped with ash-color, which were quite dove-like. But I must tell you what a fuss I had to get the dress. When I mentioned that I wanted a new moire antique, ear-rings and opera cloak, my husband said, 'My dear Lavinia, try to do without the ear-rings and dress, I really cannot afford them.' 'Don't talk about affording,' I replied, with proper spirit, 'until you give up your expensive habits—your cigars, for instance, at half a dollar a piece!' 'I have given up smoking entirely,' said he. 'Well then your oyster suppers and hotel dinners.' 'I have given them up.' 'Well then your wines and fast horse.' 'They are given up—sold.' Now was not he provoking, trying to make me nervous by this repetition, and to prove himself a saint, when of course he had only relinquished those hobbies because he was tired of them? So I answered, with dignity, I can tell you, and said, 'Well, I don't care if you have. I will have that dress.' 'But you cannot,' said he, decidedly, with such a tragical sigh. I knew it was all acting, so I made up my mind what to do. I would not say one word to him until he yielded. Presently he asked me if any one was going to the opera with us that night. He got no answer. He looked at me in amazement for a minute, and then went on reading the paper. Pretty soon he asked if dinner was ready. No answer. Then he wanted to know if Charley had got home from school. No answer. I kept it up all day.

"When he came home to tea he had forgotten about it, and asked for the children, whom I had sent away on purpose. I said nothing; and he looked so disgusted, absolutely sick. 'Ah!' thought I, 'you will come round, sir.' Oh! Annie Primrose, you don't know what use my children are to me. I couldn't manage Albert at all without them. You see, my dear, that a man without children wouldn't have cared a pin for this silence, unless he cared for me a great

deal more than Albert does. I know where my power lies. That night, he woke me, and said he heard the baby in the nursery crying, as if it had the croup. I was startled, at first, of course, but had the presence of mind not to say a word. Now wasn't that clever? I heard the nurse up with the child, and I knew she would call me if anything was the matter. Albert said again, 'There, does not that sound croupy?' and I did enjoy just letting him fret while I pretended to go to sleep again. Albert then said, very theatrically, 'Heaven forgive you!' and got up and went to the child. Now did you ever hear such a provoking and affected exclamation from a human being? The next morning, I began with my silence again, at the breakfast-table, when he asked whether Charley was to go to school, or to ride; and he just showed what his temper really is. He usually carefully conceals that. He broke out with, 'Go and get your dress! I had rather be ruined in worldly prospects than so harassed in soul.' Now would any man, who had a proper consideration for his wife, have spoken in that manner to her?"

"He would not do it, certainly, if he esteemed you highly."

"Well, I went and got the dress, and had it expensively trimmed, since I had had so much trouble about it. When the bills came home, I put them upon Albert's plate at tea-time. Miss Roseberry was there, you know, and I thought her presence would prevent all words about them. But just to annoy me, he started when he saw the amount, and actually did his part as well as to turn pale. Miss Roseberry saw it all, and knew the cause of it—Miss Roseberry, who is so fashionable! My dear, such a bill is a mere bagatelle in her eyes. Oh! I was so ashamed of Albert. I can't help saying it, my dearest Annie, though he is your cousin. I must let my family, at least, know what an injured wife I am. I have not told you all yet. There is more to come. You don't know the depths of his ill-nature. I only wish everybody knew it, that they might appreciate what I go through with every day of my life.

"Now, on this very evening of all evenings, he must pretend that the little touch of croup that the baby had had made it unsafe for us both to leave her. So he let me go alone with the Roseberrys, which was certainly a want of attention to me; and then, when I got home, I surprised him sitting over a book with eyes red enough to betray what he had been doing. I never knew him to cry before in my whole life. I confess I was astonished. I think I could even have forgiven him, and petted him a little, but

an idea occurred to me, and I spoke it out. 'Yes,' I said, 'you are just crying for spite, because I would not submit to your domineering, and stay at home to let you go to the opera. Besides you are provoked because I look so well in this new dress that you did not want me to have.

"My dear Annie, I was quite frightened by the effect of my words. He sprang up, and stood looking at me so pale and excited, that I could not help noticing particularly every word that he said. He went on in this fashion. 'I will tell you what overcame me! I had lost the remembrance of what a noble woman is. I said they are all rapacious, vain, frivolous! There is no more woman's love, or wife's faith, or mother's instinct in the world! The whole sex is corrupt, false, empty. Then I took up Shakspeare and read of Miranda, and Cordelia, and Desdemona, the gentle, loving, murdered woman, and a sense of the true beauty of womanhood came rushing over me until it unmanned me! It was joy—bitter joy, to know that there ever had been such women. A little happiness intoxicates me now, Lavinia—as a thimble full of wine does a fasting man.'

"I was quite confused for a little while, but I recovered myself. Now did you ever hear such an insulting harangue?"

"What did you reply, Mrs Puseyton?"

"I thought it best not take much notice of his remarks, so I just said he had better come out of his heroics and prepare for bed, for I was half undressed, and did not want to be disturbed after I had composed myself for sleep. But he was obstinate, by that time, and preferred sitting up all night in the nursery."

"Thinking I should not wonder upon the delight it would give him to smother his Desdemona!"

"I dare say, he is so malicious. I see that you are beginning to understand his feelings."

"Yes, you described them so well that I could exactly feel with him. I was almost ready to cry myself."

"You sympathetic dear, you! Now do you know what a provoking thing Albert said this evening, when Mr. Smith asked him if he would support the opera? 'Certainly,' said he. 'It is meant for just such as I am, and it is my salvation from wretchedness. I am too apt to brood over things if I stay at home. My heart would either have been hardened into stone, or softened into melancholy, if I had not had this distraction from care. Here I am soothed, diverted, touched, elevated—yes, elevated, Smith. I go home every night a calmer, better man.' I saw

Mr. Smith's eyes turn to me, and Albert saw them too. He looked guilty. He knew he had no right to even hint a word against his wife: so he added, to save his credit, 'My business is so harassing and so confining, that it would cramp my brain into a commercial frenzy if it were not for this blessed relief of the opera.'"

What shall I conclude as to the utility of the opera from this conversation? I don't know. "It is all a muddle." I want to banish the whole institution, academy and all, so that Mrs. Lavinia may have one less excuse for her extra-

vagance—but it would go hard with me to refuse its solace to Albert, who, having no peace at home, must either go there for amusement, or to places less innocent, clubs and billiard rooms, where there is not the holy influence of music and "the ghoulish sensuality" is hostess. He can stay at home and become a martyr killed by inches if he retain his sense and sensibility, or an automaton calculating machine, heartless and soulless, if he lose them. But I would not like to be the one to condemn him to "evenings at home," which would have either result.

FAITH.

BY MISS MARY A. LATHBURY.

I AM waiting for thee, darling,
I am waiting for thee, love;
And the night, starlit and lonely,
Darkeneth through the deep above;
And the hours have driven the sunlight
From the laughing West away;
And hath crowned her with a coronal
Of pale stars—yet I stay.

I've watched here for thee, darling,
At many a setting sun;
I've waited on this cliff for thee
Till the night was almost done:
Yet through the golden-pillared gates
No sail e'er came to me;
No boat came bounding fleetly o'er
The moaning, moonlit sea.

They told me, darling, long ago,
That the demon winds and wave,
Chanted a low and solemn dirge
Above thy nameless grave;
And they said my heart was breaking,
And that reason's light had fled;
When I smiled, and said that it was false,
That my darling was not dead.

I know thou'rt coming back, love;
For yestreen, as I came,
The sighing leaves of the rowan tree
Were whispering o'er thy name;
And I've built of them a shadowy bower
Beneath the cliffs for thee;
And strewn with flowers the lonely path
That leads down to the sea.

And thou wilt come to-night, love;
Thou canst not stay away;
For I have called unto the waves
Thy name, love, all the day;
And they have hymned a solemn chant
For thy safe coming, sweet;
And surging o'er the sands, have cast
Their white crowns at my feet.

And I have bound my brow with flowers
Like those thou gavest to me
Upon that morn of agony
When thou wast called to sea.
But sing, oh, weary-waiting heart!
Oh, tearful eyes, be light!
And, oh, my shrinking faith, be true,
For he will come to-night!

MODERN LOVE

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

AN! yes, I really was in love,
I know it sounds romantic, silly,
But sure no stoic could resist
Such flounces as encircled Lilly?
She was a witching sprite indeed,
With crinoline and rings uncommon,
The *beau idéal* of a belle,
Tho' not so much perhaps of woman.
I courted her a year or so,
And then my angel grew quite chilly;
Mad jealousy my breast enflamed,
What new Adolph had charmed my Lilly?
I sighed and smiled, and lisped in vain,
By-gone oaths were unavailing,
'Twas plain, on courtship's open sea,
Some faster craft was mine outtailing.

Just then what patron saint of mine
Took me beneath his blessed guidance,
Without stiletto, rope, or flood,
Of my dread rival I had riddance.
A worthy uncle journeyed East,
Got rich and died, (event propitious)
Oh! what were uncles born for, but
At happy moments to enrich us?
And poor Adolph had lately failed,
To faithless banker weakly trusting,
And banished from his lady's smile
In sad obscurity was rusting.
I took my hat, and took my purse,
Each bill a *bullet-doux* to Lilly;
She saw prospective city lots
And whispered, "I do love you, Billy."

CHARLES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

THE brightness of a spring sunset bathed the turrets of the grim old chateau of Vincennes, and waved banner-like over the broad forest beyond.

There was a chamber overlooking the wide expanse of woodland, and situated at the side of the castle, where it was entirely hidden from the court-yard with its restless throng of servitors and armed men. Heavy purple draperies hung before the casements, through which the sunlight faintly streamed, making a gloom in the apartment more oppressive than the grey of evening. Gorgeous tapestry lined the walls, and in that strange light the figures stood boldly out, as if endowed with vitality and holding communion amid the silence.

At the farther end of the room was a couch, upon which lay a young man buried in slumber. He seemed to have flung himself carelessly down and fallen into that restless sleep which was not repose, for his features worked convulsively, and his hands knotted themselves together, like one beseeching forgiveness for some mortal sin.

The face was that of a mere youth, but so worn and pallid by illness and evil passions, that it appeared never to have been young. The thin lips were bloodless, and the temples throbbed with feverish violence. At intervals the tread of heavy feet came up from the court-yard below, but the martial sounds, instead of arousing him, blended with his dreams, and brought new images of terror; for, at every repetition, he would start wildly, sometimes uttering a faint mean, while a cold dew broke out upon his forehead, and stood there like drops of rain.

While he slept, the hangings before a secret door were flung aside, and a young girl entered the apartment with cautious steps, shading her eyes with her hand to accustom them to the gloom. When she saw that restless form upon the couch, she stole toward it, and sat down upon a low seat, bending over the sleeper with painful solicitude. For a time her presence appeared to have produced a tranquilizing effect, for the youth's arms folded themselves upon his breast, the heavy breathing ceased, and once a smile stole over the whiteness of his lips. He murmured a name in his dream, as one might

utter a blessing, and, at the sound, a rich color shot over the face of the watcher, and her large eyes filled with tears.

But the peaceful vision gave place again to those terrible reflections, and he threw up his hands with a wild gesture, while his teeth ground themselves together in renewed suffering. The girl drew back in affright, for the face was fearful to look upon; then she laid her hand upon his forehead, saying softly,

"Waken, Charles. It is I!"

He sprang from the couch, glaring round the room, but unable to fasten his eyes upon any object.

"Who is there?" he gasped. "Am I never to be at peace?"

"It is I—Clemence," she replied, in the same low whisper, twining one arm about his neck, and trying to draw him back upon the cushions.

After an instant he recognized her, and the wildness of his look gave place to a smile of tenderness, which, a moment before, his face seemed incapable of expressing.

"Clemence," he said, straining her to him, "is it you, my bird? Oh! I was seeing such horrible things!"

"They are gone now, Charles; lie down again and I will sit by you."

"Don't leave me," he said, grasping her hand in his trembling fingers, "don't leave me alone."

"I will sit here and talk to you, Charles, only be calm. It was nothing but a dream."

Charles IX. flung himself heavily back upon the cushions with a shudder of relief.

"It was fearful," he muttered, "fearful! See, my face is wet as if I had been out in a tempest."

The girl smoothed the matted hair back from his forehead, and pressed her hand upon the fevered pulses.

"You will be better in a moment, Charles. Do not think of it."

"But it was so real, Clemence! I saw a sea of blood, its crimson billows were rushing over me, and dead men floated by, brushing me with their icy arms, and cursing me with their glaring eyes as they passed."

"But it is over now. Do not tremble so, Charles, it is past."

"They haunt me continually," he groaned; "your presence will dispel them for a time, but they return, and, sleeping or waking, I see always those mangled bodies and hideous faces covered with blood."

"You sit in this dark room too much. You are ill and fanciful."

"No, Clemence, it is the curse that has followed my wickedness! It was not my fault. That terrible woman did it all: yet she sleeps well and is happy. Curses on her, she has made me what I am: and it is not for this age only, but my memory must go down to all time a thing of infamy and horror."

"Hush! Charles, do not talk of these things. Let us speak of something else, of the pleasant summer before us, and the happiness we shall yet have."

"Happiness!" he repeated. "Can I be happy?"

"Do you not love me, Charles?"

He snatched her to his heart with passionate kisses which fairly burned upon her lips.

"And you are all I have to love. I have no friends—no kindred. The wolf cub has more instinct of affection than I. What should I have done without you, Clemence? And yet I marvel that you, so pure and good, can love a blood-stained, guilty wretch like me."

"It is not you who are guilty, Charles. Posterity itself will clear your name, and cast added darkness upon the memory of Catharine de Medici."

"How could I have endured life without you, love? You came, like an angel of light, after that horrible day. Oh! Clemence, Clemence!"

She drew his head upon her bosom, and soothed him with tender words, until he grew calm beneath her voice and the pressure of her hand.

"It is growing too dark here," she said, at length. "Come to the window, Charles, the air will do you good."

She pushed back the sombre curtains, and the evening light streamed full into the chamber, giving it a cheerful glow. They sat down upon a low seat, beneath the casement, and looked out upon the cloudless sky.

"Here I can be tranquil," he said. "Oh, Clemence, if we were only far away from these gloomy walls, out of France, and beyond the reach of Catharine, we might yet be happy."

"We shall be here, Charles! When the long summer days come on we will sit in the green-wood, and I shall sing your heart to rest till it forgets all its troubles, and remembers nothing but the happiness of the present."

"Do you think that woman will allow us to be happy? Clemence, she will never rest till she has hunted me to my grave, and placed my crown on d'Anjou's forehead."

"No, no, Charles, it is impossible! Even Catharine must have something human about her, she could not wish the death of her own son."

"Do you not know her yet? I tell you if she dreamed of our love, she would tear your heart out in my presence. She would have Henry king, but *sans de dieu*, that he shall never be."

"Do not talk of these things, Charles; you are so young, yet why should you always think of death?"

"Have I not murdered enough of my subjects to make me reflect, Clemence?"

"No, no, it was not you; I cannot bear it!"

"Look at this hand, Clemence, so slender and pale; you cannot see the blood on it, but the red drops sear into my heart, and turn where I will they haunt my gaze."

The frightened glare came back to his eyes, and he hid his face upon her shoulder to shut out the terrible objects which rose before his sight.

"Charles!" she exclaimed, in fear, "look up, speak to me, I cannot endure this."

He raised his head, and when he saw how she trembled, gathered his arms about her, and the old smile of tenderness softened his face.

"We will talk of it no more, darling; I am but a poor companion at best, and if I terrify you thus, you will learn to dread my presence."

"Never, Charles; you know that is impossible. But it saddens me to see you so gloomy."

"Look now, I will be gay! Take your lute, child, and sing to me one of those romances that I love so well. Ah, Clemence, you possess a charm that none other ever had over me, that no one will ever have again."

"You speak always as if we were to be separated, Charles. Can you not be hopeful and at rest?"

"Child, the king of France has no castle so strong that it does not swarm with traitors; no retreat so secure that villainy and murder cannot creep in hand-in-hand."

"But there is no one who would dare——"

"Does not Catharine de Medici dwell within these walls?—and can you speak thus?"

"Hush, Charles, if she should be near."

"It is very possible; when you least expect it look to see her at your side, spying into your very thoughts, and wringing forth your heart's most cherished secrets by a single glance."

There was a rustling of the hangings at the

farther end of the room, and before the girl could spring to her feet, a tall woman in sable garments entered the apartment and stood looking at the pair. A muttered curse hissed from the lips of Charles, and Clemence cowered back in her seat trembling with fear.

"My son," said the intruder, in a voice of singular sweetness, "an invalid should be more cautious, this night air is dangerous to you."

"Any air that I breathe is dangerous to me, madam," he replied, in a sharp, quick tone; "but this spot has proved less prejudicial than elsewhere."

Catharine paid no attention to his words, and crossing the room, laid her hand caressingly upon his shoulder.

Charles shrunk from the touch of those slender fingers with a gesture of repulsion, but the woman appeared unconscious of the abhorrence in every look and movement, and turning toward the girl with her softest smile, said gently,

"Had I known that you were beguiling his majesty's loneliness, I should have been at no loss to understand why he has grown so fond of solitude."

Clemence trembled so violently that she could not speak.

"Madam," she began, but her voice failed, and she shrunk toward the king as if seeking protection.

"Nay, sweet one," continued Catharine, "I am not chiding you; I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness to this wayward invalid."

"I hear nothing from your lips but that horrible word!" exclaimed Charles. "Are you anxious to make me believe I must die?"

"Oh, my son!" sighed Catharine, "will you never understand your mother's heart?"

"Believe me, madam, I do you entire justice," he replied, with a bitter laugh, "and fully appreciate your maternal anxiety."

"You see, Clemence," said the queen, with a pained smile, "how all my affection is rewarded; I shall look to you for justice."

"Have you tidings from Poland?" asked Charles, abruptly, without giving the girl time to reply.

"Surely you know that I have not, my son; your own courier brought me the last letters."

The king laughed pleasantly; a sure sign with the Medici that successful treachery had been practiced. Catharine comprehended that she had been foiled in some of her deep laid schemes, but evinced no emotion.

"You are merry, my son," she said; "it is long since I have heard you laugh so gayly."

"I heard with much regret that the private

courier which you sent to my brother d'Aujon—I crave his pardon, the king of Poland—yesterday morning, had met with an accident."

"I grieve to hear it," Catharine replied, composedly, though her Italian blood shot seething to her heart, for the letters had contained tidings for her favorite son, which would be useless unless he received them by a certain day.

"Fortunately," continued Charles, in the same light tone, "the papers which he lost were found and confided to my keeping—permit me to restore them to your majesty."

He took from his breast a sealed packet and placed it in Catharine's hand. For an instant a change passed over even her well-tutored face, then it grew calm as before.

"I thank you for your care," she said, "and must remain your debtor."

"Not long, I warrant me," retorted the king, "those of your house are faithful in discharging such debts. But I would advise you to send off another courier at once, and bid him take better heed."

He laughed again, but Catharine only bowed her head in token of assent. This was the third time of late that he had thwarted her plans, in spite of the secrecy in which they had been carried out.

"Shall I see you in my apartments to-night?" she asked.

"Perhaps; but your circle is too gay for me."

"Nay, your majesty knows that it is never complete without you."

"I know, I know; but, *mort de dieu*, I should add more to the gayety were I there shrouded in a coffin."

"Another of your distempered fancies, my son; I warn you to banish them before they produce ill effects upon your health."

"Perhaps your favorite Rene could give me a cure?" he said, with a sneer.

"Heaven forbid that I should meddle with your illness," Catharine answered, coldly; "you suspect the whole world already. But now good night; dear Clemence, I must thank you again."

She bent down, pressed her lips to the girl's forehead, and glided from the room noiseless as she entered.

When she had disappeared, Clemence threw herself into the king's arms with a burst of weeping.

"We are lost!" she exclaimed. "She will never rest until we are separated."

"Nay, *mignonne*, she dare not—she begins to fear me. Wipe off her kiss, I feel as if a viper had crawled over your forehead."

He brushed the spot where her lips had rested,

as if their touch had been contamination, soothing the frightened creature with assurance of his affection, and his power to protect himself and her from harm.

Catharine de Medici stole through the long galleries back to her own chamber, the packet grasped tightly in her hand, and her pale lips moving, though they emitted no sound. Once within the seclusion of her apartment, that forced composure gave way to a storm of passion, all the more terrible from its contrast with her usual demeanor.

"How long must this continue?" she muttered, "and I sit down in passive submission! Does he dare to brave me? Oh, boy, has not the past taught you prudence? Catharine's wit has not grown so dull, or her hand so nerveless, that she is without power to avenge."

She walked up and down the room with impatient steps, her eyes glaring in the dim light like those of some wild animal, while her every movement increased the resemblance.

For months she had desired the death of Charles, that she might place upon the throne her favorite Henry, who had been forced against his will to accept the crown of Poland. Since the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Charles had loathed her very presence, nor had he taken the slightest precaution to conceal his abhorrence! The sound of her voice would cause him to shudder and turn pale; and for weeks after that terrible night, she never forced herself into his room without bringing upon him one of those paroxysms of pain, which were rapidly wearing away his life.

The evening deepened into night, but still Catharine continued her solitary vigil, and every moment her face grew more terrible, and her lips muttered imprecations which would have struck a chill to the hearts of those young beings, who had forgotten even her existence in the engrossing dreams of a first affection.

CHAPTER II.

THREE days after, Clemence d'Arville sat alone in her chamber, reviewing the events of the past months which had opened to her a new existence.

She had come to the court, for the first time, only a few weeks after the massacre, and been chosen one of the maids of honor of Marguerite de Valois, wife of Henry of Navarre, who remained there with her husband little better than state prisoners, although treated by Charles with the most unvarying affection.

To Clemence the name of the king had been a word of terror, but when she saw him so young and frail, wasted by remorse and illness, her

heart filled with a gentle pity, which ripened into love such as only a dreaming girl can feel. She possessed a beautiful voice, and during Charles' illness, Marguerite forced her daily into his chamber to charm away his melancholy by her cheerful songs. Ere long she grew indispensable to the king. For the first time his fevered heart opened to a dream of affection, and he loved that girl with all the fervor of his passionate nature. His whole soul was subdued by her influence, and had he met her earlier, the events which have rendered his name a terror might never have occurred.

They came to meet daily, and though few beside Marguerite suspected their mutual love, they held a life apart from the cheerful gayeties of the court. Charles seldom mingled with his courtiers, and Paris had grown so hateful to him that he took up his abode entirely at Vincennes, where Henry of Navarre dragged out his joyless existence.

Clemence had thrown off the fears which had oppressed her since the evening when Catharine de Medici had broken so abruptly in upon their retirement, and there she sat lost in the sunny dream of the present without a thought of the future, which hung like a pall above the hopes her heart had nurtured into such surpassing beauty.

As she sat in the silence there was a rustle of the hangings, a door opened noiselessly, and Catharine stood before her again, wearing the treacherous smile which was a presager of ill to all upon whom it fell.

Clemence arose, though the blood seemed curdling about her heart, and her face blanched to the dead whiteness of marble.

"You were dreaming," Catharine said, approaching her with the same dangerous smile. "Have I broken in too rudely upon you?"

"The honor of a visit from your majesty was so unexpected, that I feared some mischance had befallen——"

"Nay, nay," interrupted the queen, "all is well; but the gloom of my apartments and the clatter of my maidens had wearied me, and I stole in here to see how our dove was wiling away the hours."

She sat down in an arm-chair, and motioned Clemence to a footstool by her side.

"I like to look at your bright, young face," she continued, "it cheers my loneliness as much as it does the king's spleen. Will you sing to me, child?"

Clemence took her lute and began to sing, though her voice still trembled, and her fingers swept the chords with an uncertain touch.

"Blithely sung," said Catharine, when she ceased. "Give me the lute, I will teach you an Italian melody that I loved in my young days, for I too was once a girl, and have not forgotten the dreams and affections of youth."

Her voice grew so sad that Clemence was touched and forgot her fears, for when Catharine chose there was a spell in her manner which none could resist, stilling even thoughts of peril and treachery. She bent over the girl as she essayed the simple air, directing her touch, and even resting her hand upon the fair young head with a light caress.

"Are you happy here, child?" she asked, when the lesson was over.

"Very happy, madam," murmured Clemence.

"And you will not leave us? The queen of Navarre speaks of quitting our court, but we cannot permit her to rob us of all our fairest flowers."

"If your majesty desire it, my chief happiness will be to remain."

"Then we shall have you near our person, and perhaps your presence may win Charles to cheer oftener the solitude which his mother finds so irksome. Will you promise this, child?"

"Anything by which I can pleasure your majesty it will be my study to perform."

"I am certain of it! Ah, in you I shall find one to whom I can speak freely and appear my real self. You cannot think, Clemence, how lonely is the life of one who wears a crown; how wholly he is separated from human sympathies and affection."

She paused and leaned her head upon her hand. Clemence was touched by her sadness, and the tears rose to her eyes. The queen was watching her with the eyes of a basilisk, and saw how completely her suspicions had been laid to rest.

"You have a kind heart, child," she said, "I must have you oftener by my side. Will you not sometimes cheer me by your pleasant songs?"

"Your majesty has but to command."

"Fie, child, not that harsh word; I ask it as a favor. But I have tarried here too long; the ambassador from Spain awaits an audience with us for this evening, and it is now past the time. But I must leave something to remind you of the promise you have made me to-night."

Over the long, close sleeves of her velvet robe were clasped several bracelets of great richness; from the number she selected one of peculiar shape and brilliancy, and, taking it off, held it up before the girl.

At the sight all Clemence's suspicions returned with double force. The ill chance which fol-

lowed Catharine's gifts had become a by-word at the court, and Clemence felt that her fate was sealed. She comprehended now the winning smiles, the caressing manner: they had been assumed to lull her fear and leave her an easy prey to this murderous design.

"Hold out your arm, sweet one, and let me clasp this toy upon it, which shall be a pledge of your constancy."

"Oh, madam," faltered Clemence, "a jewel so rich—the gift will make me hated by every lady at the court."

"Never fear, child," replied Catharine, with a terrible smile, "they will be forced to acknowledge that your loveliness merits our highest favor. I warrant me this bauble will make you an object of envy to none."

She extended her hand, and the bracelet, catching the sunset rays, flashed dazzlingly before the eyes of Clemence.

"Let me clasp it on your arm," repeated Catharine.

The girl shrunk back, her eyes, wild with terror, lifted to the face of the queen, and her lips working in a vain effort to speak.

"What ails you, child?" exclaimed Catharine, impatiently; "you are going mad, I think."

"Oh, madam, have pity," murmured Clemence, in a voice inarticulate with fear; "I cannot, indeed I cannot!"

She sank into the chair from which the queen had risen, paralyzed with horror. Catharine grasped her arm, and would have fastened the bracelet upon it; but before she could move, it was dashed from her hand, and Charles IX. stood before her, his face livid with passion. For an instant the woman yielded under his glance, then the craft and dissimulation of years restored her composure, and she remained looking calmly in his face: while with a low sigh Clemence sank back insensible.

"What means this violence, Charles? Have you forgotten that I am your mother and queen of France?"

"Would that I could forget it, woman! How dared you come to this girl with such gifts? I have seen all, but remember I am still able to protect her."

"You rave, my son; this long illness has quite turned your brain."

"Do not hope it, madam, I am still sane! You have done all in your power to drive me to madness, but your arts have not succeeded. Have you no human feeling left in your nature? Can you not leave me anything to love?"

"What have I done, Charles, that you should address me thus?"

"You have made me a murderer and a terror to my people! You allowed me no childhood, and you have blighted my youth. You never loved me, and now you desire my death—murder me if you choose—the assassination of a son would be a fit close to a career like yours; but do not harm that girl!"

"Charles——"

"I warn you that I am more powerful than you think! Dare to approach her again, and your cub, that you have placed on the throne of Poland, shall die. You may smile, but I tell you, day and night he is watched by spies whom even your craft could not baffle, and the hour in which you destroy this poor flower his fate is sealed."

Catharine trembled. There was something in Charles' face which appalled even her.

"You are mistaken," she said, "I love this girl. Why should I wish to work her ill?"

"Why have you murdered all those who were dear to me? Oh, madam, do not think to deceive me; I have known you too long, I understand your arts too well."

Catharine murmured some indistinct reply, and moved forward to pick up the bracelet, but Charles' quick eye caught the movement, and pushing her roughly aside he seized the bauble.

"Look here," he hissed, pressing a secret spring—"look here!"

A single drop of colorless liquid glittered upon the lining of the bracelet like an added jewel, but in its lustre there was a quick and terrible death.

A temporary madness came over the king; his eyes were blood-shot, the foam flew from his lips, and his voice was like the cry of some animal.

"You shall wear it, woman! It is a royal present and shall be set upon the queen's brow—do not struggle—I say it will become you well."

He caught Catharine's arm in his iron grasp and drew her toward him.

"Mercy, Charles," she shrieked, "you would not murder your own mother."

The words restored him to himself. He flung her violently from him and dashed the bracelet upon the marble floor.

"You acknowledge it then?" he said "Go hence, but remember my warning! The life of Henry d'Anjou depends upon the fate of this girl—if she dies they shall wrap him in his winding-sheet before her corse is cold."

He turned toward Clemence, who began to revive and look wildly around.

"It was a dream," she moaned, "a horrid dream."

"I am here, dearest," cried Charles; "look up, you are safe. Go," he continued to Catharine, "this is not your place! The same walls shall no longer shelter us, the life that is left me shall be passed in quiet. Bad mother—false queen—murderess!"

His eyes were blazing more wildly, his voice grew more terrible. Suddenly the blood rushed to his lips, a spasm contracted his chest, and he fell forward upon the floor with his head resting upon the lap of Clemence.

Catharine heeded neither his agony nor the girl's frenzied cries for help. She stood for an instant looking down at the prostrate form, then a paroxysm of rage swept over her. She spurned him with her foot, hissing out from between her teeth,

"You have thwarted my hatred for once, but Catharine lives only to avenge."

Before the attendants without could be aroused the woman had disappeared from the room, leaving that blood-stained form upon the floor, and Clemence bending over it in mad despair.

CHAPTER III.

Two weeks had passed, and Charles IX. still lay upon his bed, prostrated by the illness which had succeeded that scene of wild excitement.

In the solitude of her chamber, Catharine de Medici was walking to and fro with her noiseless tread, her hands crossed upon her breast, and her face pale with the sinister plots that wove themselves together in her active brain.

"If Henry d'Anjou were but here," she muttered; "I recognize my own spirit there—he is worthy to be my son."

She seated herself at a table and began sealing up a closely-written packet, stamping the wax upon the silk cords with an energy corresponding with her thoughts. She touched a hand bell, and one of her confidential attendants entered at the summons.

"Is the courier prepared?" she asked.

"He waits without, your majesty."

"Bid him enter," she almost whispered, sinking back in her chair, and losing herself in the stern reverie of the past hour.

When the man's steps aroused her, she looked up and glanced searchingly into his face.

"Pierre Godet," she said, "you will bear this packet to the king of Poland; a band of armed men will accompany you beyond the spot where you were last assaulted. Pause neither for rest nor sleep till this paper is in his majesty's hand and your fortune is made."

"The queen knows that she can trust me——"

"I know, I know! But be watchful and ride like the wind—not an instant is to be lost."

The man took the packet, and with a low reverence disappeared from the chamber. Catharine rose from her seat and resumed the slow march, which gave something so spectre-like to her noiseless form.

Late that night, when the castle was at rest, the woman crept out of her apartments and glided through the galleries toward the king's chamber. A secret door gave her admittance, and she stood concealed by the tapestry looking into the room.

Charles was lying upon the couch, and Clemence sat watching by his side. The shaded lamps cast a dim light through the apartment, revealing the faces of the two, and lending a glow to the sombre draperies of the couch, which only heightened the pallor of the sick man's features.

He had been sleeping more quietly than his wont, and the girl sat with hushed breath, lest the slightest sound should rouse him from that tranquil rest. While that unseen watcher stood regarding them, he opened his eyes and looked into Clemence's face with a smile.

"I have not slept so quietly in months," he said, "and I am free from pain. Ah, Clemence, you are a gentle nurse."

"Are you indeed better, Charles?"

"Much better. To-morrow I shall rise, and you will see me well again."

"These have been sad weeks," said the girl, with a shudder; "but all is over now—you will be well again."

"And we happy, Clemence," he replied, clasping her hand in his wasted fingers. "Your peace shall no longer be troubled, my bird. When I leave this bed, Catharine de Medici will quit this palace and my presence forever. Henceforth I will be king of France indeed, and in a foreign land that bad woman may have leisure to repent the past, which lies like fire upon my heart."

Not a fold of the tapestry trembled; that woman listened in the same stony attitude, her eyes fastened upon the speaker with a deadly venom in their depths.

"You will teach me to forget, Clemence," he continued, in the same gentle tone, so unlike the harsh voice habitual to him of old. "This good realm must possess some spot where even its king can find rest—we will seek it out, little one, is it not so?"

"I breathe again," the girl murmured. "You will be well to-morrow, Charles, to-morrow!"

The hangings dropped noiselessly down, and

the listener crept away with the same stealthy tread.

"To-morrow," she muttered, "to-morrow! Do they count on that, and Catharine de Medici within these walls? Oh, now there is no time to wait—boy you have sealed your doom! D'Anjou can arrive in time, and these hands shall wrench the crown from the brow of yonder driveler, to set it on the head of one worthy to be a king."

She returned to her room, and opened a secret cabinet set in the wainscoted wall. The flame of her night lamp revealed a score of jeweled flasks and carved boxes, from among which she selected a small phial containing a few drops of colorless liquid.

The woman took from the table a square of fine linen bearing no cipher, and poured the contents of the phial upon its folds. Then she stole back to the room she had left and stood shrouded by the draperies as before. The king had dropped again to sleep for a few moments, and even Clemence slumbered overcome by the long watch.

A tall figure crossed the floor and dropped the kerchief upon a table near the couch, then disappeared again behind the tapestry. After a little the king awoke, complaining of thirst, and Clemence held to his lips a cooling draught which he drank eagerly.

"Bathe my forehead, Clemence," he said, "it is heated and feverish; I have had a strange dream, I thought something of evil was near us."

The girl went to the table, and taking up a napkin which lay there, deluged it with water and placed it upon his brow, pressing it down with her slender hand. At the sight those terrible eyes shone more fiercely in the gloom, but there was no other sign!

"It is cool and pleasant," murmured the sick man; "it feels like dew, Clemence."

He slept again, but it was only for a moment, waking with a start and a wild cry for help.

"Take it off, Clemence, it burns like fire!"

He snatched off the napkin and flung it upon the floor, pressing his hands upon his forehead to still the pain.

"It is gone now," he said; "it felt as if a hot iron were searing into my brain! I can sleep, Clemence; come closer to me, I can sleep."

Again the woman stole forth amid the shadows, and this time a fiendish exultation lit up the whiteness of her face.

"Ay, sleep," she muttered, "sleep, but you will find a deeper rest ere long."

The morrow brought no healing change. The king was consumed by a burning fever, and every vein in his body looked purple and swollen.

Through the frame of Clemence too crept a heavy languor, which she deemed the result of long watching, and soon forgot in her anxiety.

The day passed on, but still that strange fever increased, baffling the skill of the physicians, who were at a loss even to give it a name. At times the king's mind wandered, and he would shriek wildly for aid from the demons that beset him. Terrible objects presented themselves to his sight; murdered men glared upon him with their sightless eyes; seas of blood rushed foaming by him, and every billow broke with a human groan; battles and stern contention waged round his bed; terrors more like a premonition of the Judgment than fever dreams tortured him. But Clemence kept her post, faithful and tireless, hushing the agony in her heart.

On the morrow of the sixth day, a cry sounded through that old castle which froze the blood of all who heard it. Around the king's door gathered a frightened crowd, but none but the physicians and Clemence were allowed within.

He lay tossing upon his bed, tearing his flesh, and shrieking in agony. The linen of the couch was dyed crimson, for the veins about his chest and forehead had burst, and streams of dark blood oozed slowly out upon the bed. His eyes were starting from their sockets, and the face was contracted until it seemed scarcely human. In vain the priest spoke words of consolation and hope, they fell unheeded upon the ear into which fiendish tongues were gibing, while sights of increased horror dilated through the gloom and about every object.

"Clemence," he shrieked, "they have torn her away—she is drowned in that sea of blood—how it swells and rolls—no help—nearer and nearer it comes."

"Charles!" cried the girl; "I am here—it is a dream—oh, I am here!"

There was a step, and when the watchers turned, Catharine de Medici stood looking down upon the couch. The sufferer sprang almost

from the bed, and consciousness seemed to return.

"Away with her!" he groaned; "murderess—fiend! Quit my sight—it is your work—begone!"

The woman covered her face like one in extreme grief, and suffered herself to be led away.

"He will die without recognizing me," she murmured; "alas! my poor son."

The horrors of that death-bed increased, and added to her mental anguish, Clemence felt a strange torture clasp every nerve in its fiery grasp until her brain grew dizzy.

"Answer me, my son," pleaded the confessor; "rouse yourself to receive the last rites."

"Clemence, Clemence," moaned the king. "Lost, lost forever—that sea of blood! Hark! those shouts—they are upon them—the Huguenots fall on every side! Take them away—dead bodies crush me down—take them off—the air is fire!"

He fell back upon the bed exhausted, a bloody sweat deluging his body and streaming down upon the linen. Still the priest pleaded, but his voice was unheard—that wild cry for help went up at intervals, then for a season all was still.

The burning pain crept closer to Clemence's heart, the air seemed liquid fire, and the words of the dying man roused images of horror even to her sight.

Suddenly the king sprang up—a hoarse rattle sounded in his throat—his outstretched hands knotted and worked like tortured serpents.

"It overwhelms me, the waves—the red waves! No help—no aid—I am sinking—down—down!"

With another shriek, which penetrated to the farthest chamber of the castle, the soul of Charles IX. rushed unshriven into eternity. The blood-stained corse fell back stiff upon the pillows.

With a low moan, Clemence sank upon the motionless form—a prayer broke from her lips—a convulsion passed over her limbs—then all was still. They bent over her—spoke to her—but in vain—she lay dead upon the bosom of her lover.

"THEIR'S WAS THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE."

BY M. S. CHADWICK.

FROM our home we miss them sadly,
When the evening hour draws nigh,
And unbidden tears are gushing
As we think of days gone by;
For the Reaper claimed our treasures,
And we dare not question why.
Brightly beamed life's morn before them,
Sweet and holy were earth's ties—
But our Father in his wisdom

Called them early to the skies,
They have come off more than conquerors,
They have won, we trust, the prize.
And we would not, though we mourn them,
Call them from that radiant shore,
Hoping rapturously to greet them
When these parting scenes are o'er—
Weary pilgrims, may we enter,
Glad to learn the angel's love.

JENNY MANNING IN THE COUNTRY.

BY SARAH HAMILTON.

"THERE! I do declare I can't and I won't live here," said a pretty woman, marring her face with lines of discontent, while a contemptuous expression robbed the ripe, pouting lips of all their usual beauty. "No, Thomas, I tell you again, it is unendurable," and she glanced about the room, at the low ceiling, and impatiently down upon the oil-cloth carpet, "it is cold here, the atmosphere chills me to death. Do you hear?"

"Yes, dear," said the gentleman addressed, smiling upon the baby boy seated upon his knee, pulling his fair ringlets about his fair, little face, and laughing when his child laughed.

"But you don't care, Thomas, that is certain. You don't care, you never do. Why don't you plan something better for the future?"

"What shall I do, Jenny?"

"Go to the city and work. There's enough to do. Rent a house—hire girls—take boarders—anything to relieve me of this ennui."

"If I only could, Jenny," said the husband, putting his boy softly down; "but this is not a bad place. I love the good country air—it braces me up. The farm is mine—all that I own in the world—one from which I can earn an honorable and a good living. In the city I was continually meeting with losses. Why not stay here?"

"Stay here! Thomas Manning, look about you at the coarse plastering—the cheap, vulgar paper—the rough wainscotting. Does this look like a home?" Tears flooded her face, and the poor woman sought her mean little chamber overhead.

Mr. Manning got leisurely up—walked across the floor, once or twice, with his hands behind him—looked out of the high, narrow windows on the broad landscape, and forgot his momentary trouble, for such showers were common, and it would be a severe squall to mar, for any great length of time, his usual undisturbed mind.

Now, I might go back years, and spin a long yarn out of this. I might say that, between the husband and wife, there had been, from the first, a lack of congeniality in tastes and dispositions. I might say neither possessed sufficient force of character to raise and sustain the other. I might say that he was too easy, that his good-

ness was of a negative sort, amounting to nothing but what would cause irritation to a sensitive companion, who needed and longed for a support to which she in her weakness might cling. I might say all this, and it would be true.

I might say, too, that she had no right to be constantly irritated by the circumstances around her—that she had no right to be constantly bringing unhappiness to others, because of the few real clouds, and the many imaginary ones that clouded her domestic sky. I might say much more, telling the many why and wherefores of the misery and darkness that had settled upon their roof, and weighed heavily, at least, upon the heart of one; but what would it avail?

He, the husband, was kindly affectionate. She, the wife, had loved him above all others, was still loving him, would be content, spite of all his short-comings, had he wealth to pave the way.

Was there, then, any real reason that love should dwell in their midst a silent song bird—that the sunshine should live only in the outer porch of their hearts, and gladness thrive only out of their dwelling?

"Poor Jenny is to be pitied!" remarked I to aunt Hannah, the other day. "I'm sure my heart aches for her."

"Did you tell her so?" inquired aunt Hannah, looking keenly over her spectacles.

"Yes, I could not help it. I go often to see her. She so needs sympathy."

"Humph!" She couldn't help saying it, aunt Hannah, who, when she deigns to speak, selects the most expressive words. She went on, "A hundred and fifty dear friends pitying and sympathizing with her, Jenny Manning, who might be happier than a queen—friends who care not two coppers for all her sorrows—who would scarcely give that amount to relieve them, but who pity from a momentary impulsiveness, and, out of sight, either forget entirely, or prate of the inconsistency of her conduct."

"But, aunt Hannah——"

"Don't aunt Hannah me. I have lost all patience with the world. People seem determined to be miserable, many of them. I wonder if anything but misery would console them in another world. They would then find no use

for all the fine phrases about uncongenialities, impossibilities, distressing emotions and sad spent days. Their eyes would tire with the constant glory of heaven. There would be no rainy tears to wipe away, and cheerfulness would be of no moment, if it went unrelieved by the heaving sigh. I tell you, Anna Howard, I have no patience; here you are, a great girl of twenty summers, lending all the aid in your power helping your friend to be miserable. If you only tried half so hard to make her happy, I would be proud of you."

I did love Jenny Manning very much, and I felt hurt at aunt Hannah's remarks. I thought them over and over on my way home, and the more I thought of them the more I thought she was right, and what she said I felt was true.

I went up stairs to my own handsomely furnished chamber, excusing myself, that evening, to the gay company below, trying to think how, in what way, I could do anything to make Jenny happy—so happy, that aunt Hannah would be proud of me. One, two, three, merrily sang out a little French clock, and then I dreamed a glad, pleasant dream. I woke in the morning with the resolve to do something worthy my womanhood, to manufacture, if possible, a bit of blue overhead for my friend.

I called on her at an early hour. She seemed surprised, and a little embarrassed, to see me at such an unseasonable time. But I quietly took off my cape-bonnet, using it for a fan, and asked her to sit down a little while and hear me talk. I told her "I felt as if I had been wasting too much sympathy upon her; or, rather, something very foolish, that went by that name. I had now come to offer something better—something that the most of people were too proud, too self-confident to accept. My only excuse was a real heartfelt interest in her welfare. Would she suffer me to go on?"

"Yes, she supposed I had been hearing some new tale of scandal regarding her extravagance, her unhappy disposition, her dislike of the country. I might speak as long as I liked, she was getting hardened, it made but very little difference to her what people thought or said regarding her affairs."

This was said in a stoical sort of a way, and her face wore not so much of its usual discontent, as it did of something not so good even—a fixed, determined look of going on in the old way till it ended in a sour indifference, a misanthropical hate for everything that lived in the sunshine: however I persevered. I had come to spend the day, and Jenny Manning should be the happier for it.

I glanced about the rough-looking apartment, at the stiff dining chairs, the bare table. There were no ornaments, no pictures, none of those pretty little things that so brighten up and render beautiful our homes. The prospect was a dreary one. For a moment I thought it was enough to make any one miserable. Then I thought of the pretty nick-nacks that I had admired in her city home—I remembered certain well-bound volumes, that might be precious companions would she but let them talk to her.

I felt it was of but little use for me to lay my plans before her then, or to give her any advice, so I told her to go on with her task and I would amuse myself. I went out in the orchard and found Mr. Manning hard at work. He greeted me with a good-natured smile, saying, "He was not only glad to see me on Jenny's account, but really on his own. He liked company, but it was not quite so necessary for him as for his wife."

I asked him what he thought about fixing the old house up? "If he didn't think it would have a tendency to make Jenny better contented?"

"He didn't know as it would—he thought likely she would insist upon his selling out, and then the repairs would bring in nothing." Mr. Manning was one of those persons who could see a thing in its own proper light, as long as another held the veil aside that blinded him, when he was obliged to do his own thinking.

"It is such a trouble, Anna. What would you do first?"

"Procure white-wash, and make every dark, smoky corner pure."

"And then what?"

"Lighten up your paint. So much wood work needs to wear a pleasant color to the eyes."

"And then?"

"Paper your rooms with some pretty, not gaudy or expensive hangings." So it was settled, and in our cheerful talk about it at the dinner-table, I could see that even the wife was beginning to feel interested, though she had but little to say.

I helped her put away the dinner things, and prevailed upon her to take the baby—the other children were at school—for a ramble; pure air and forest shade, I knew, would bring back my old friend to her own natural self—and it did. Instead of shedding tears and saying, "Poor Jenny!" as I had so many times before, when patiently listening to the recital of her sorrows, I said, "Happy Jenny!" and drew a picture for her to look upon, colored with brightest tints of imagination—I praised the husband.

She was beginning to slightly look down upon him as she saw him, day after day, come in with

hardening hands and embrowned brow. I told her all the clever things I had ever heard said of him—I interested her in him—the blue eyes were even smiling. Then I warmed the mother's heart up, as I spoke of her children, and of the necessity of rendering their home attractive, that they might not long for the time to come when they might leave it, and all its unpleasant associations, unfitted for the temptations and trials beyond. Oh, a true mother was a divine artist—would she send defaced images abroad over the world?—deformity from one generation to another? Could she bear unshrinking the curse of so many?

"God made the country—man the town." Luxuries were not to be despised—riches were not to be despised—but neither could alone bestow happiness—refinement, beauty, could dwell in the humblest cot, and these were far better, far more to be desired. She had children more beautiful than the finest statuary; flowers sweeter than all the tinsel of a millionaire's parlor; and a landscape from each window of such exquisite light and shade, such rare blending of color and diversity of scenery as never shone upon canvas.

Each year attractions could be added to the place. Roses should learn to clamber, and vines to creep and beautify the outside homeliness.

By steady perseverance all the alterations mentioned were made in her home. Still the place wore an uncomfortable, bare look.

Aunt Hannah was becoming interested in the progress of affairs. She sometimes stroked my hair, it was better than word commendation, and steady, severe aunt Hannah was willing too to add her mite. Jenny was taken by surprise to find, on entering her "fore-room" one bright July morning, aunt Hannah's only favorite house plant loaded with blossoms, filling the whole apartment with a rare fragrance. It was not so much the value or beauty of the gift that stirred the deep fountains of Jenny's heart—it was the love, the interest manifested in its bestowal. A delicate offering, much prized by the giver, sent there to whisper gentle, sweet things that aunt Hannah could, did feel, but which her lips never uttered. Haven't we all seen and loved an aunt Hannah?

I did not find it difficult, after having fully awakened in my friend an interest—an interest, to be sure, coming and going meteor-like, but which was every way better than a continual apathy—for us to agree in beautifying the place. Her piano, a marriage gift, I especially wanted; for a whole year it had remained boxed up, and Jenny had emphatically declared it should never be brought there. I wanted it not only for her sake, but for her children's. Music that so harmonizes and blends together the family, softening, elevating, enriching, making better, and, therefore, happier all who listen, can be out of place no where.

"Silver forks—will you have me sell these, Anna? Damask table-cloths because of their fineness?" interrogated Mrs. Manning of me, in tones a bit ironical. "My cake-baskets, too, being unnecessary articles."

"Not unless it is necessary, Jenny—not unless you are lacking some common article—something which you or yours need for your present well being and comfort, which cannot be otherwise procured. I would not advise the purchase of these things were they not already in your possession, but use them, enjoy them—not for company, but for yourselves. Fill your baskets with mosses, flowers, you will find they produce a pretty effect smiling through the white net-work. You have as good a right to take your draught at the fountain of beauty as the best—bathe in its pelucid waves, and let it unfold you in its sweet garments, it will rain pearls in your pathway."

It was a very long time before Jenny could feel that she ennobled her home instead of her home degrading her—a long time before she could honor herself, and not feel hurt and degraded when called upon by some old associate. But it is all past now. Beautiful, lovely, comfortable, that is the word, comfortable—can you understand all it means?—is Jenny Manning in the new life whose dawn is brightening to-day.

Fair are the children that grace her fire-side—fair would they shine in a palace; and friends, she now gives them the "fore-room" in her heart, and it is blessed and gladdened by their presence.

WHAT IS HOPE?

A BEACON beaming from afar—
The weary wand'rer's guiding star—
The poet's lay—the lover's dream—
A sunbeam sparkling on the stream—
A balm to soothe the heart's unrest—
A rainbow on the storm-cloud's crest—

A ray of light in sorrow's hour—
'Neath wintry skies a bud, a flower—
An olive branch upon the wave,
That bears us onward to the grave—
A priceless gem of worth untold
Enshrined within the heart's deep fold.

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER IV.

A SUIT of rooms, forming a gorgeous vista of subdued carpet, frescoed walls, ceilings from which the glowing flowers seemed ready to drop in masses, and tall windows muffled with draperies, upon which floods of light that fell from brackets and chandeliers turned wine-colored, and seemed to eddy and flow and ripple downward through the silken folds. Upon the walls great mirrors gleamed, like lakes margined with gold and buried in foliage, some in shadow giving out cool reflections, others throwing back light like a crystal pool in the sunshine. Those panels which were not occupied by mirrors glowed with pictures, through which Bacchus reeled under his coronal of grape leaves; and Venus appeared, over and over again, smiling at his feet, or, with her white hands, crushing the blood-purple clusters into his reeking wine-cup. Such gods and goddesses as Bacchus loved to humanize into coarse beauty, laughed and reeled through these pictures; and though women never entered those apartments day or night, you could not turn without meeting some bewitching glance, or beckoning attitude, which disturbed you with an idea of their actual presence. Indeed this luxurious mockery of life fell upon you like enchantment. It was like living over the most splendid scene of a classic romance; but to the true man there was something repulsive in it all, a feeling that the moral atmosphere was unwholesome, as if sighs and unheard curses floated still among the rich draperies and sensuous pictures.

That keen intuition, which is the essence of our natural senses, till they become demoralized and coarse like an overripe flower, was sufficient to warn any good man that evil associations lurked everywhere around him. But few good men ever entered that building. The clink of gold, the rustle of bank notes, and the low hum of conversation which filled those rooms through the night hours, had little in them calculated to draw the honorable and true into that haunt. The rooms were full of company, for play ran high that night. There was little noise and no

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appearance of confusion—the excitement was too intense for that. But the hush of restrained passions is sometimes more striking than their outbreak. An abrupt exclamation now and then, the hiss of a breath suddenly drawn in, and the sharp glitter of an eye fiercely uplifted from the cards, alone gave evidence of the contest in reality raging through these rooms.

In the most distant apartment from the entrance a table was laid, glittering with silver engraved to the delicacy of ice jewelry, and glass that seemed cut from the ice itself.

Forced fruits gleamed richly through this frost-work of silver; and the glass, amber-hued and ruby-tinted by rare wines that filled it, mingled in one luxurious picture. But the whole was tamed down by the chandelier above, whose shades absorbed the light like great pearls and gave it forth in moonbeams.

It was beyond the usual hour for supper, but the games went on, and even those who were evidently but lookers on, became so interested in the play, that a furtive glance was all they could bestow on the dimly lighted table beyond.

Down one side of these rooms ran what appeared to be rows of windows, all closely curtained with crimson damask which swept the carpet. But these draperies concealed the entrance to a series of lateral apartments, where the more respectable frequenters of the house made up select parties, and trod for themselves a more aristocratic road-to-ruin than those who appeared openly in the outer room.

Among the group that surrounded the faro table, was a young man who had been quietly but desperately betting for the last hour. He was a tall, handsome fellow, whose presence struck you, at first sight, with a resistless idea not only of great personal beauty, but of corresponding intellect. Dark-brown hair, with a wave running through it; large, grey eyes, black under excitement, and a fresh, pure complexion were by no means the first things that struck you in his appearance, for these are common advantages that we meet almost without notice; but his figure, tall and lithe, the repose almost sullen of his

manner, conspired to excite almost as much distrust as admiration. The expression of his face, and the almost insolent repose of his bearing, were points that riveted the attention which his fine person invited.

He had lost heavily, ruinously perhaps, but the wild anguish which might have been looked for in a face so youthful failed to excite sympathy; a dead, sullen cloud settled on his face, and, with his eyes bent to the floor, he turned from the table, moving slowly down the room.

All at once a stinging sense of his position seemed to seize upon him; for, putting one hand into his bosom where some weapon was evidently concealed, he turned abruptly aside, lifted one of the crimson curtains, and stood panting in the recess separated from the large gambling hall by the silken drapery and a smaller room, by a double door, through which faint sounds reached his ear, though at the moment they did not arrest his attention. After a moment the young man subdued his agitation, and drew his hand slowly from his bosom, muttering doggedly,

"What a fool! Kill myself here—disgrace! Well, what of it? My name dishonored—who cares? Where did it come from? Who would feel the shame? Arrest—oh! there lies the danger."

He lifted a hand distractedly to his forehead, as the last unpleasant idea forced itself on his conviction, and his limbs began to tremble. The gloom of a States prison hovered over him. As he stood thus, a voice reached him from the hall; for some of the tables had broken up and their occupants were passing toward the supper-room. A group of two or three persons halted near the recess, and, supposing that he had left the establishment, were discussing his misfortunes.

"The son of a millionaire!" said one. "Nothing of the sort—confidential clerk in the house of N. L. & Co., with a salary which his losses to-night will more than cover, if the money was really his own."

"A splendid young rascal, any way," answered another careless voice, "and sure to come up with a sharp turn if the heads of his firm get hold of this night's business."

"Which they will, sooner or later, even if it is not their cash he has been hazarding."

"Then heaven help him, for the old fellows will have no mercy. They belong to the benevolent evangelical order, and believe in capital punishment, strict justice and all that—never saw the inside of a place like this, and would be shocked to look upon the outer walls. But who is the young fellow? He didn't plank his money

like a novice. His courage ought to have provoked better luck. What is his name? and who are his parents?"

"His name is Hurst, John, Richard or William, I have no idea which it is; as for his family, if he ever had any, I am ignorant of the fact. He lives with an old lady, some aunt, or cousin, across town, whom his salary ought to support, for she has been more than a mother to him, and her means of support are scanty enough."

"But he seems well educated."

"Like a prince. The poor old soul did more than educate him for his present calling; he graduated with first-class honors, not a year ago."

"He does not seem more than one-and-twenty now."

"Not so old. Late hours, and this sort of thing has dashed all the freshness from his youth; but he is only a boy yet."

The group passed on, and, strange to say, the last words affected the young man behind the curtains more than any that had gone before.

"Only a boy!" he repeated, bitterly, "I'll let them see! Fools, is this night's work that of a boy?"

After this he listened keenly, hoping to discover that the inmates of the hall had been tempted off to the supper room, when he could withdraw unseen; but, as he bent his head in the stillness, voices reached him, not from the hall, but through the doors opening from the recess.

He started, drew himself up with a quick movement, and, slowly bending his head again, listened without a gesture, or a breath.

No words were discernible through the thick doors, but the tones of a voice reached him, and the possibility of it belonging to one person inspired him with a desperate joy. Slowly and softly he unclosed the outer door, and left nothing but a frame covered with green baize between him and the room beyond; a very faint glimmer of light flickered through the baize, but it was impossible to see more than that, though the voices were now distinct.

The young man trembled with impatience. Quick as lightning his intellect grasped the means of safety that lay in that voice, should it prove the one he hoped. He dared not open the door, but softly drawing a sharp knife from his bosom, he held the sheath between his teeth, as if to prevent his breath escaping with the slightest sound, and cut a small slit in the baize, through which it was possible to see all that passed in the chamber beyond. An exclamation almost escaped him, for there, at a table, earnest

at play, sat the respectable head of his firm, the man in whose power his destiny was placed. For half an hour he crouched in that recess, watching the grey-haired gamblers at their midnight work; every word that fell from their lips was treasured, every gesture recorded in his memory.

At last the party broke up, and the four men prepared to depart after appointing a like meeting two nights from that, in which the losers were to claim revenge for their losses.

The party disappeared through some private door, which did not lead to the hall, and thus young Hurst obtained a secret of the establishment, which he felt sure of making available.

Now he was really excited, despair had made him sullen, but the hope born of this discovery, which promised him both safety and revenge, brought a sparkling light to his eyes, and changed his entire face. He waited awhile, resolving this new state of things over in his mind, and at length smiling with satisfaction, parted the curtains and stepped into the hall again.

As he had conjectured, the visitors were in the supper-room, and with his usual sauntering composure he turned that way.

"Give me wine," he said, reaching forth a glass, "I wish to drink a toast to a young lady who persecutes me with unpleasant attentions, especially to-night."

A gentleman filled his glass, saying carelessly to those around him,

"Be quiet, will you, while Hurst toasts his lady love?"

"Oh, ha! Hurst back again: pluck in that," cried half a dozen voices. "Now for the lady."

Hurst held up his glass to the light, smiling with supercilious foppery on the wine, as one might be expected to smile who could utter a lady's name in such company.

"Come—come."

"I drink," he said, lifting his glass with a mischievous twinkle of the eye, "to Miss Fortune, the coquette, and shall be very glad to turn her over to any of you gentlemen at a moment's warning. One flirtation is enough for me."

A laugh went round the table, for there was a raciness and dash about the young fellow that made even second-hand wit acceptable. Indeed the whole company were lost in admiration of the wonderful self-possession that marked his behavior. Among all that company he seemed the most free from care or self-reproach.

"The boy will shoot himself before morning," whispered one of the men who had made his

losses a subject of conversation near the recess. "This is recklessness—not philosophy."

"I think not," was the reply. "See how steady his hand is, how cheerfully his lip curves. I tell you the fellow takes it coolly: an old stager of sixty could not carry off his losses more bravely. Look at him now."

"A splendid animal, isn't he? By Jove, if I had that figure, it should command an heiress with any amount of rocks."

"But that sort of speculation has so many unpleasant incumbrances," was the reply, "especially in a state where women hold their own property, and divorces are almost impossible; the laws have almost ruined that sort of thing. But if you have finished that bird, let's follow the youngster, he interests me."

The two men arose, and followed Hurst down the room; he knew them slightly, and paused as they came up. One was an elderly man, bald, and sleek of face, with a shrewd eye, and gentle manner. The other appeared somewhat under thirty, and prided himself on being not only a man-of-the-world, but a man of the peculiar world assembled in those rooms.

"Do you make an effort to retrieve?" said the elder, pointing to the faro-table.

"Not to-night," answered Hurst, smiling. "You remember my toast. One does not get rid of a lady-love so easily: besides, I am sleepy. Good evening, gentlemen."

With a bow and slight wave of the hand, Hurst passed on down the room and away, leaving the two gamblers looking at each other, half amused, half disdainful.

"He's a trump!" said the younger.

"Young America!" sneered the elder, in his silky way. "The boys are crowding us out everywhere."

CHAPTER V.

A LITTLE out from New York, on that side of the Bloomingdale road which forms a picturesque look to the Hudson, within sound of the city, and yet not exactly in it, stood a pretty cottage. It was back from the road, and so near to the river, that, in the morning, a portion of its shadow fell upon the water. It was almost concealed from the road by a growth of old forest trees. The river bank was broken and rocky, affording pretty hollows, where the ferns grew thriftily; and flat ledges, on which the moss lay like a carpet. The cottage had once been a farm house, but judicious improvements had recently transfigured it into a picturesque home, remarkable for being unlike any dwelling within view. A porch thrown out in one direction; a

bay-window here; a balcony there; and clinging roses and vines wreathing all into harmony, made the house neither cottage, farm house nor villa, but a most desirable residence, for all that. The house was a type of nothing but itself; or, it may be, of the person who inhabited it.

She was a woman of middle-age, an earnest, active woman, full of energy, rich in feeling, and endowed with a rare intellect, which had, at the time she presents herself in this narrative, won for her commanding influence, and a wide reputation: an influence which sometimes bore heavily upon herself, from the duties of charity, or social kindness, which it imposed; and a reputation, which she scarcely felt, so gradual had been its growth, and so little had she sought for it as a result of her labors.

This woman was an authoress. Not a literary lady capable of little snatches of song and pretty trifles, that live and die in the world of letters like wild flowers in a wood; but a maker of books, a worker out of thought in its most beautiful form. She was, at once, a poet, a prose writer, an artist in soul, and a woman of society at the same time.

The room in which she sat opened upon the river, which flowed pleasantly on in full view of the broad window before which her writing-table was placed. Book cases, crowded with volumes, covered every available part of the room. A marble head or two looked calmly down upon her as she wrote; and the picture of an old man, that hung over the mantle-piece, seemed to watch her with grave interest, as he alone knew the history of her life and intended to guard the secret.

There was none of the frippery, with which female writers in these callous days love to surround themselves, in that room. Julia Ransom had got far beyond all that in her ascent up the hill of life. Two or three substantial easy-chairs, cushioned with embroidery wrought by the female friends who loved her, stood about; a footstool to match, from which the roses were worn out by the constant pressure of her slipper; a table covered with crimson, and littered with pens, paper, books and pencils, with a bronze ink-stand after the model which Ariosto left; with a crimson couch, on which she sometimes rested after the excitement of hard writing, were sufficiently feminine in their appointments, without misboding you as to the character of their owner.

Julia Ransom was alone and writing, for it was the morning hour, and she usually commenced early and wrote late till her task was done, throwing her whole being into the event

she narrated, or the pictures that she drew. Had you spoken to her, at such times, she probably would not have heard you, save to be slightly annoyed by the sound. Had she answered you, the words would have escaped her lips unconsciously, and she might have given you all she possessed on earth without knowing it. Once fastened upon a train of thought, and it seemed impossible to wrench her mind away, and from this arose the vigor and intensity which marked all that she wrote.

Yet Julia Ransom never seemed alone, for the old man over the mantle-piece was like a guardian to her always. She would sometimes lift her face from the half-written sheet, and look upon the old man with smiling lips and an earnest expression of the eyes, which it seemed as if the very canvas must recognize and answer back with sympathy. Then she would dash into her subject again, and sheet after sheet left her hands, till she grew pale with exhaustion, and drooped forward, with her arms folded on the table, gazing upon the river, too weary for exertion, yet unable to withdraw her mind from the drama it was creating.

She was sitting thus, with blank paper under her folded arms, and scattered manuscript lying at her feet, when the door softly opened, and a Madras kerchief, crowning a handsome, copper-colored face, was thrust through the opening.

Mrs. Ransom did not look up, so the handsome mulatto, to whom the kerchief and face belonged, stole softly across the room, and stood so as to throw her shadow across the paper on which her mistress was writing.

Mrs. Ransom looked up, impatiently.

"Well, Ruby, what is it?" she said, beginning to write again.

"A lady—a young lady—came in an open carriage, white horses; boy behind with a cockade and band; colored driver, looks like a prince right from Africa."

"Who is the lady, Ruby?"

"Here's the card, Miss."

Mrs. Ransom leaned back in her chair, drew a hand across her forehead, and languidly received the card.

"Miss Gillian Bentley!"

She read the name over two or three times, drew her hand again and again across her eyes, then arose and went to the door.

"No," she said, hesitating with her hand on the knob. "Let the young lady come to me here."

The girl went out, while Mrs. Ransom paced up and down the room two or three times, apparently annoyed by the intrusion of a stranger

upon her occupation. She was in the middle of the room, and stood, with her eyes on the door, when it opened to admit Gillian.

The young girl was a good deal embarrassed; for, the reputation of Mrs. Ransom, with a certain reserved shyness, which was neither pride nor bashfulness, had its effect on her frank nature: besides this, the lady did not advance, or smile, but stood, gazing on her with a long, wistful look, as if she had been the picture of some old friend.

At last Gillian stepped forward, blushing to the temples, and said, in a frank, child-like way,

"You were busy to-day, and I am intruding: pray let me retire."

"No, no! Intrusion? no!" was the confused reply. "Be seated, here by the window. I am not busy—far from it."

Gillian sat down in a chair near the window. Mrs. Ransom took her old seat, and, for a little time, there was profound silence between them. The young girl looked out upon the river; the lady sat gazing on her.

"Indeed, I fear the visit is unpardonable," she said, at last, glancing at the lady.

"Did you speak? I beg your pardon; but— but really I am a little wrong this morning. You wished to see me—to ask some questions, perhaps. Have no reluctance: it is not an uncommon thing for me to have strangers, especially those who have real or fancied sufferings. You do not seem of that class."

"No, no," said Gillian, "I have no sorrows to speak of, and, if I had, I should not bring them here, or anywhere else. It seems to me, that griefs are sometimes divine gifts, and should only be shared with divinity."

Julia Ransom's face kindled up, and the color broke into her face, that had, up to this time, been singularly pale.

"But would you withhold joys as well as griefs from friendly sympathy?" she said, with a smile that brought a glow into Gillian's face.

"No, indeed. Joy should be shared with every one, like the sunshine and other bright things. I wish it were in my power to fill your world with it, lady, for your writings have made half the happiness I ever knew."

Julia smiled, oh! such a bright, glorious smile. Words like these, full of sincerity and truth, were a beautiful reward for her toil of thought.

"You like my books, then?" she said, gently.

"Like them? Oh! lady, if I had but words to tell you how much."

Mrs. Ransom hesitated, grew pale, and then,

with a slight tremor of the lip, and some unnatural restraint, inquired if Gillian's parents also approved the books she had written.

The face of the young girl clouded painfully, and she answered, that she had but one parent living, her father, and it was from him she had, at first, learned to love those books.

"He reads them—did you say that?" asked Mrs. Ransom, in a low voice.

"Indeed he does. My father is a learned man, you must know, and his mind is given to research and science rather than what is called light reading; but he is fond of the classics, and sometimes takes up a modern novel for an hour. It was in this way he became interested in your writings. We were in Europe, and a translation fell in his way. The translation of an American book was a rare thing till lately, you know, and this fact drew his attention. I think I never saw him so much interested in anything as he was in those books. I never saw him cry but twice in my life, and once was while he was reading them. Indeed his eyes were dim with tears half the time. It was a strange thing to see him feel so deeply, especially where the subject was a fiction."

"The book which makes you feel deeply is never a fiction. It is the truth which appeals to any heart successfully, no matter in what form you disguise it," said Julia Ransom, with emotion.

"I am sure of that," answered Gillian, who was becoming more and more interested in the lady. "It seems to me impossible that there should be no deep emotion in the heart of a writer who can draw tears from the souls of those who read. I should have no respect for the author who could excite feelings she did not herself know."

"No author can excite feelings which she does not herself know, either through her experience or the imagination," answered Mrs. Ransom, earnestly.

"This was exactly what my father said!"

Mrs. Ransom did not answer, but arose and walked to the window. Then she turned with one of her bright smiles, and laid her hand on Gillian's head. It was a beautiful picture—that noble woman, with her face eloquent of some grand but unexplained feeling; and the blushing girl, who lifted her eyes, with an expression so gentle and pleased, to meet the glance which fell lovingly upon her.

"You do not seem like a stranger to me, dear lady," said Gillian, as the hand glided softly adown her tresses; "but then, to whom could you be a stranger? I was afraid of being

disappointed—everybody said it must be so, but—but——”

She stopped suddenly, and her eyes filled; for the lady stooped down and kissed her on the forehead, so fervently that it left a crimson flush behind. Gillian started up with a quick impulse, attempted to throw her arms around the lady's neck, but dropped them again, blushing, and frightened at her own familiarity. But the lady reached forth her arms and drew the fair girl to her bosom, murmuring soft words over her which Gillian could never remember afterward without a swell of the heart, though their exact import never reached her.

“I have written to you so often, dreamed of you, thought of you. Oh! I wonder if every one worships genius as I worship it in you!”

Gillian laid her hand tenderly down on the lady's shoulder as she spoke; and Mrs. Ransom smoothed her hair while she smiled upon her.

“Then you have written to me?”

“Yes, so often, and you have answered me too. It is now six months since I first ventured on a letter. I was sad, very sad then; for we had just come to the country, and some things that were told me about my family made me thoughtful; besides, I am full of wild fancies, and so must put them into poetry. I dared not show them to my father, or any one, but sent them to you under a feigned name. You liked the poetry and the letters a little, I suppose, for your answers were very kind, and so I came.”

“Thank you, love! a thousand times thank you! So it was you sent those letters, and the poetry. It was a pleasant introduction,” said Mrs. Ransom. “I have little time for letter-writing, but yours were so natural, and frank, that I could not help answering them.”

“I was determined to know you in some way,” said Gillian, with a child-like laugh. “With no mother, or sister, I sometimes feel very lonely. The society here seems strange, and I long for some one to love: not a young girl like myself, but a woman, older, wiser and more kindly than girls are to each other. Oh! lady, you would pity me if you knew how I sometimes want a mother!”

Mrs. Ransom's face changed. A spasm of sharp pain seemed to force all the cheerfulness out of it. She held Gillian close to her bosom, which scarcely appeared to throb with a breath.

“Oh! if I only had a child like you; but it can never be. I am a lonely woman, chastened, irritable at times: a daughter's love would be heaven to me; but I am used to living without affection.”

“You, lady? oh!”

Mrs. Ransom smiled a sweet, piteous smile, that brought the tears into Gillian's eyes.

“Except from the poor that I can serve, and the friends who never thoroughly know one.”

“But, lady, you have so many friends. It seems as if you must be so happy. Success, reputation, the greatest of all blessings, a free expression of thought.”

“You misunderstand,” answered the lady, with a grave smile. “I did not speak of myself as absolutely unhappy, but childless, or worse than that, and very lonely at times. But even outside the affections life has a great many pleasures, which no one is warranted in casting away because he or she cannot grasp everything. It is something to give happiness, to have earned the power of conferring it. There is absolute pleasure in labor, be it of thought or action. Do not think, young lady, that I complain or imagine misery poetical, far from it; grief is frequently more selfish than joy. When I say that one blessing is denied to me, that of kindred and household affections, it is but to share the fate of hundreds more worthy than myself, who, perhaps, have not so many resources of happiness as I possess. It must be a gloomy nature, indeed, which cannot find in this beautiful world more sunshine than storm.”

“But you, so affectionate, so warm-hearted, to exist without a return of that affection, that seems to me impossible; it is starving the heart!”

“No, it is only withholding its most exquisite nutriment. There is enough that is wholesome and good left, on which an earnest nature can live and thrive too,” said Mrs. Ransom, with one of those noble expressions that bespoke so much earnestness. “Duties have their value as well as feelings; thought is rich with pleasure when properly exercised. Believe me, child, it is far better to be useful and good than to be happy.”

“But I so hoped and wished to find you happy!”

“And so I am,” answered the lady, with a low sigh. “Remember this is but the beginning of eternity with us: the first rudiments of anything are sure to be acquired with mistakes and difficulties; but time and effort conquers all things. If our first lessons in life are full of disappointments, the future is before us in which they can be turned into blessings, if not in this life, in that to which we go.”

The solemnity and gentleness with which all this was said touched Gillian profoundly. It reminded her of many conversations she had held with her father: the same sweet pathos was there, the same proof of deep thought.

"This is so like my father's," she said, lifting her earnest eyes to the noble face bending over her. "Oh, how I wish you knew my father!"

The features on which she gazed began to quiver, and at last broke into a smile of unspeakable tenderness: but the lady made no answer. She sat gazing into Gillian's face with a look so wistful and sad, that the young girl bowed her head and began to weep.

"Forgive me," she said, shaking the tears away, and laughing like an April morning. "I am always for crying—strange things—and that moment it seemed as if we had been acquainted thousands of years."

"Be careful how you indulge in wild thoughts like these," said the lady, with a gentle shake of the head.

Gillian colored and looked distressed. It was seldom that even the most gentle rebuke was extended to her, and she scarcely knew how to receive even this delicate caution. But when Mrs. Ransom smiled again it was apology enough.

Gillian arose to go, but as she stood with her hand in the lady's clasp, the door was again opened, and the mulatto glided in.

"Mr. Hurst," she began to say; but that instant the young man, whom we saw last in the gambling saloon, came hurriedly in, pushing the girl aside as he entered.

"My dear madam, what has come over Ruby? She insists on announcing me as if I were an ambassador."

Here he saw Gillian, gave a little start, and bowed profoundly.

"I beg pardon," he continued. "I see now what my impatience prevented her telling me. You are engaged."

"No, no," said Gillian, in her prompt way. "I was just going. Mrs. Ransom will forgive me for having stayed too long already."

The young girl turned her eyes on Mrs. Ransom, as she spoke, and saw that the lady had become suddenly pale, that her eyes sparkled,

and a strange excitement shook the hand she still clasped in her own.

Hurst smiled and drew near, his audacity was graceful, but not the less offensive to Mrs. Ransom for that.

"I shall never forgive myself, if I drive so much beauty away by this rude intrusion," he said, cowing Gillian with his bold glance of admiration.

Mrs. Ransom started, her eyes flashed, and a frown swept her brows downward. Gillian was terrified by the haughty anger of that look; and Hurst drew a step back, evidently surprised by it.

Still grasping Gillian's hand, the lady led her from the room, sweeping by Hurst with the same angry look, and closing the door after them. But the moment they stood in the tiled pavement of the hall, her face changed suddenly as you see a storm go off in summer.

"May I come and see you again?" whispered Gillian, rendered timid by the anger which had passed away.

"Does—does your father know of this visit?"

"Yes, I told him of my great wish to see you, and he consented."

"Then come again when you desire it. Often, very often, if you can learn to love me a little."

"I love you already," was the reply.

They parted in the hall, but instead of returning to the room where young Hurst was waiting, Mrs. Ransom stood by the door motionless as a statue, and gazed into the distance long after the carriage, which conveyed Gillian, disappeared in the winding road that led from her house. At last she was disturbed by a hand laid on her arm. Young Hurst had come from the study, impatient of her absence, and with his usual daring broke in upon her reverie.

She drew a deep breath, and turned toward him with a smile of ineffable happiness. But the moment her eyes met his the smile was gone, and she returned with him to the study with evident reluctance. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PATTERNS IN PATCH-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, this month, two patterns in patch-work, one of a bed-quilt, printed in colors, in the front of the number, which needs no description, and which we have designed ourself; and the other, a pattern lately brought out in London, which is called the Chinese Pattern. In this latter, the shape of every piece is the same, that of half a square; two of these, sewn together, form the shape represented in the small

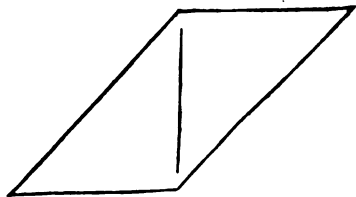
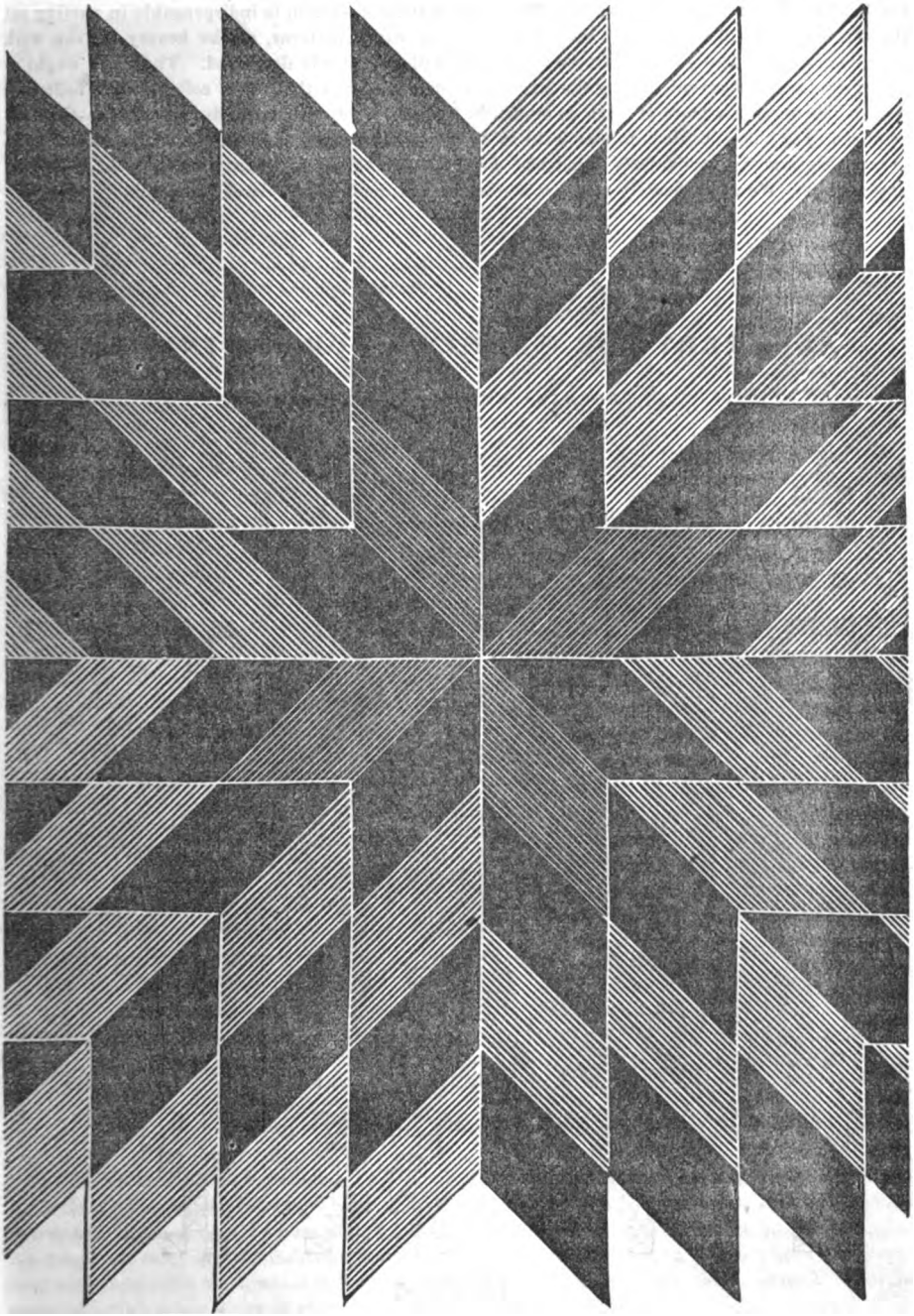


DIAGRAM OF CHINESE PATCH-WORK.



CHINESE PATTERN PATCH-WORK CENTRE.

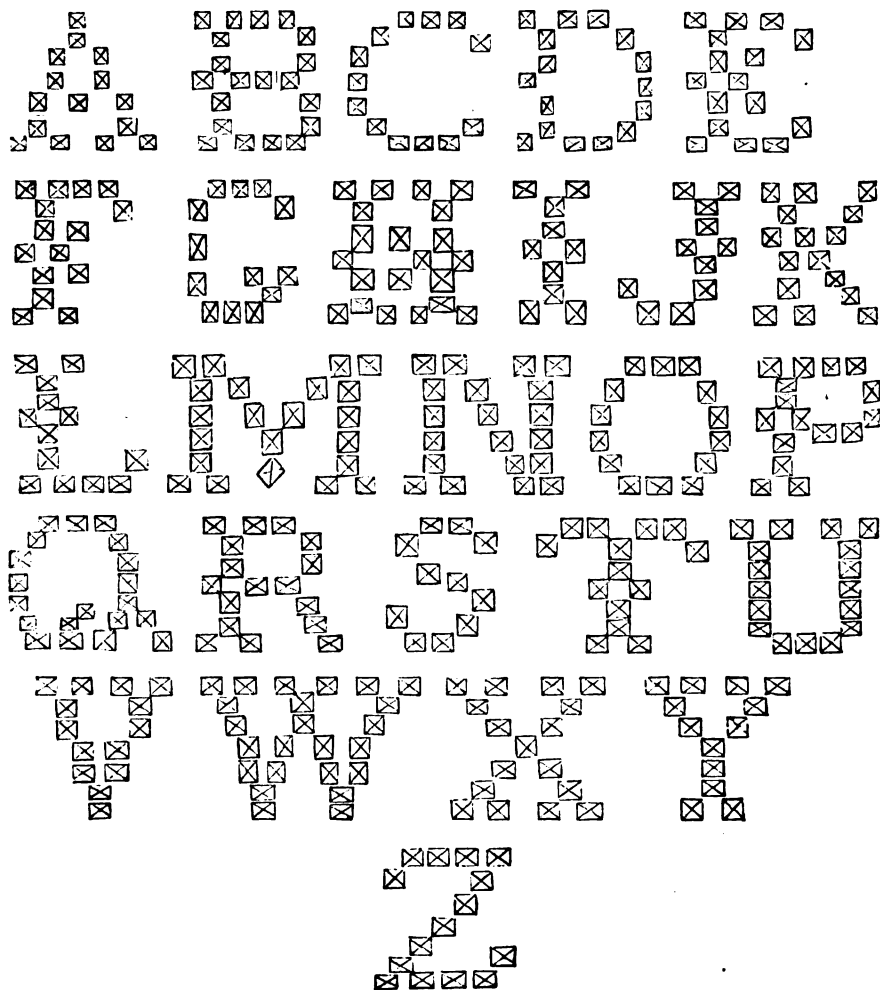
cut annexed. The pattern makes a striking centre for a table-cover, or counterpane. The dispositions of the colors are new and curious. There being a great proportion of black intro-

duced, heightens the effect, and this alternating with a variety of colors is a great peculiarity. The centre star is composed of black and one color; each row after increases one point of both

black and colored at the four sides. We hope the arrangement will be perfectly understood by the illustration. The colors must be regulated either by taste or convenience, as the larger the design is worked the more of each color will be required. For chair-cushions to match the table-cover, this star is particularly handsome and appropriate. We need scarcely add that mathematical precision is indispensable in cutting out the paper patterns, or the beauty of the work will be entirely destroyed. The silks ought to be sewn with their own colors. The following colors have a very handsome effect:—Crimson and black for the centre, next green and black, violet and black, orange and black, blue and black, and a light claret and black.

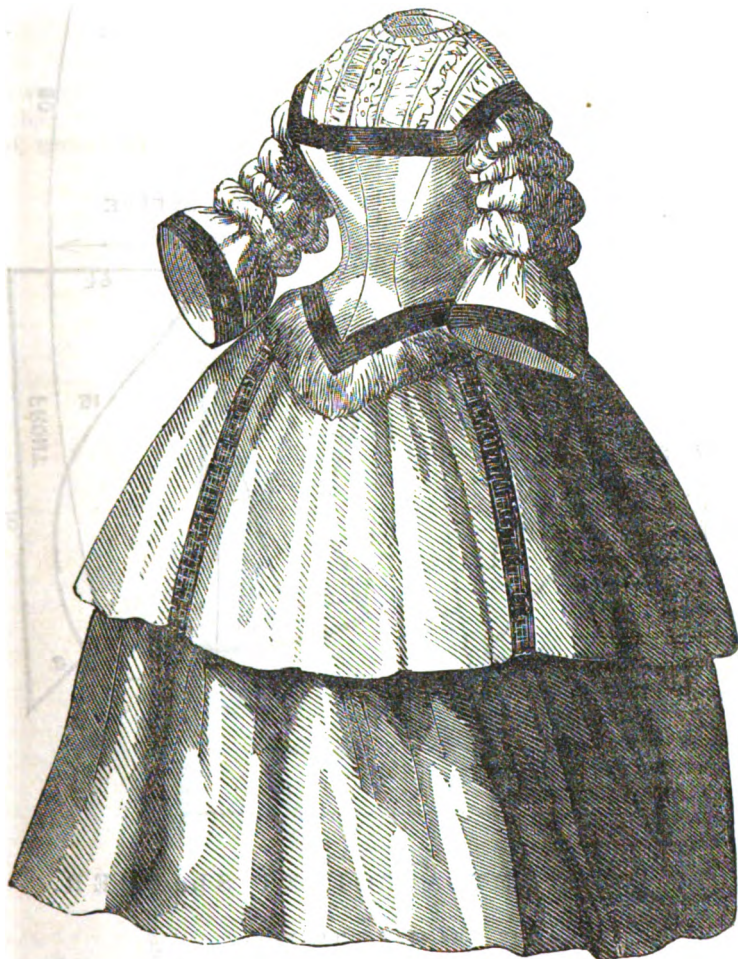
ALPHABET FOR MARKING: FOR BEGINNERS.

BY MISS EMILY L. POSTON.



THE RAPHAEL DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



ONE of the latest novelties, which has appeared in Paris, is the Raphael dress, which we give above, accompanied by a diagram on the following page. It combines the fashionable Raphael body with the double skirt, which latter is rapidly superseding all other styles of skirt. It will be seen that the upper part of the skirt is looped up, at regular intervals, with *plisse*, passing from the hem of the upper skirt to the waist. An under body of fullings and insertion, either of lace or muslin, with a plain silk lining, which shows off the lace or embroidery to great advantage, and contrasts well with the dress, which may be of either light or dark silk according to the taste of the wearer. A rich brown, or royal blue, are the favorite colors abroad. But in selecting the color, ladies must be guided, of course, by complexion, &c. The harmony and fitness of colors has more to do in making a lady look well than the quality of the material. Always buy that which suits your style: it gives you individuality.

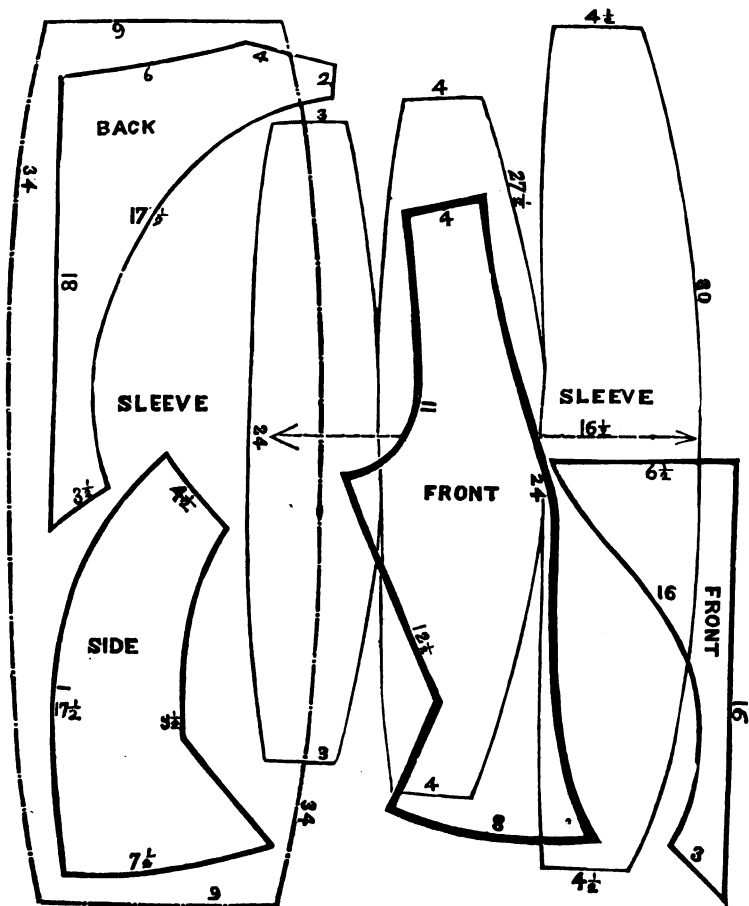


DIAGRAM OF RAPHAEL DRESS.

TO CROCHET A TOILET SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We have designed this slipper expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

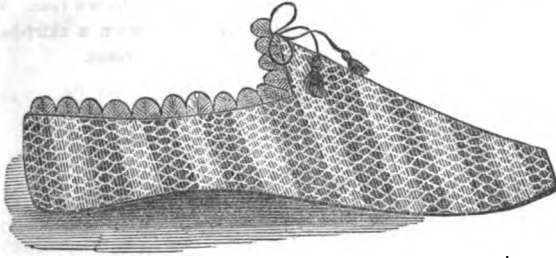
MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. grey single zephyr, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. blue single zephyr, small bone crochet hook.

Begin at the toe. With the grey wool make a chain of 13 stitches.

1st Row.—Work in single crochet. Widen by working 3 stitches in seventh stitch.

2nd Row.—Turn the work—crochet back, observing to make the stitch in the under loop of chain formed by last row of work. This is done to throw the ridge up on the right side. Widen

8 stitches every row, placing the 3 stitches in the centre stitch of every row. Work 24 rows, alternate grey and blue 4 rows each. This completes the toe. For the heel. 25th row.—Work in s c 13 stitches. Be careful not to widen. Crochet a piece long enough to fit the sole. Join it to the other side of toe. Use a cork sole, sew the slipper to it with strong patent thread. Work 1 row double crochet around the upper part of the slipper. Edge with 1 row of shell stitch, which is done by working 5 d c stitches in every alternate loop of last row with 1 s c stitch be-

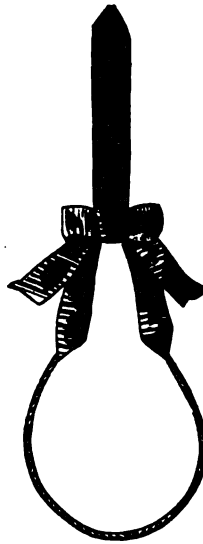


tween each shell. Finish with cord and tassels made of zephyr, or with elastic cord. If elastic cord is used, trim the slipper with a bow of ribbon.

Run the cord in the row of d c at top of slipper, make it tight enough to confine the slipper closely to the foot. The colors may be varied to suit the taste.

THE SKIRT-HOLDER.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



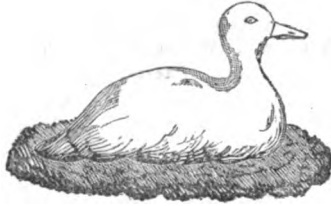
THIS new article of the toilet, which has just appeared in London, is as elegant and graceful as it is convenient. It is made in various styles, either extremely simple, as represented in our engraving, or to become a decided ornament to the dress. The one preferred for general use consists of a narrow, circular-shaped support; ribbons are fixed to the extremities of the circle, and are joined by a knot, or velvet

to another ribbon or velvet, the pointed end of which is fixed to the waist by a large hook placed underneath; under the rose or bow is placed a buckle, by which the ribbons may be made longer or shorter according as the dress is required to be more or less raised. One of the folds of the dress is passed into the circular part, falls down over the support, and forms a natural drape which does not crease the dress in the least.

The skirt-holder, when worn in evening costume, is really ornamental: we have seen a white dress with double skirt, the first skirt having a skirt-holder of rose-colored *taffetas*, the ribbons joined by a full-blown rose. With another evening dress was worn a skirt-holder of sky blue, garlanded with roses.

DUCK IN WHITE CANTON FLANNEL.

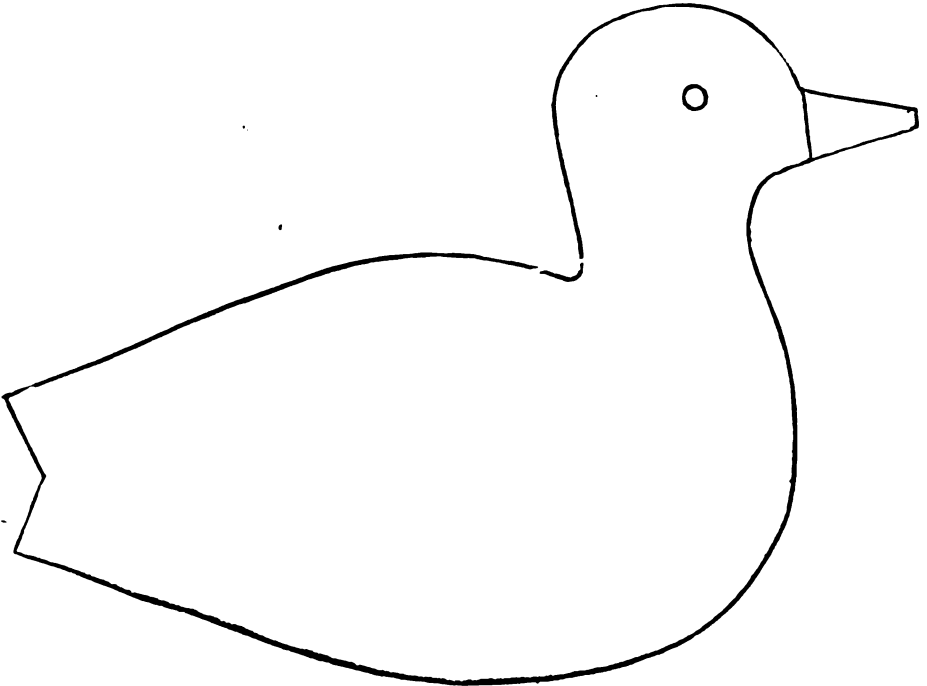
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is made in white cotton flannel. Cut two pieces of the size of the pattern below; sew them together strongly; and turn the work, leaving an opening, near the bill, by which to stuff it, which is to be done with saw-dust or bran. After this close it securely. The bill is to be made of pasteboard, after this pattern,

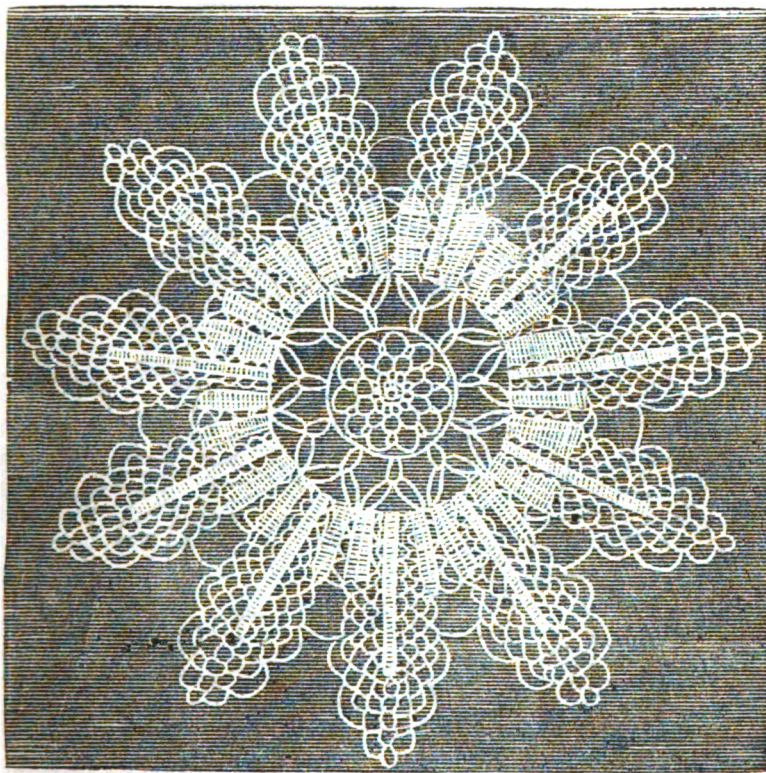


and covered with a narrow rim of yellow-tinted paper: the two marks, in the pattern, represent the nostrils. The duck is next sewed to a bit of oval pasteboard, to represent the earth, which is to be covered with brown mousseline: the whole to be surrounded with a fringe of crimped zephyr, which is to be done by knitting a strip, two inches wide, in plain garter-stitch: after knitting to be pressed with a warm iron, one edge cut off, and the whole raveled.



TOILET-BOTTLE MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have selected this design from a London journal, our object being to give the readers of "Peterson," not only original patterns, but also the best of these published in London, Paris, or Berlin.

MATERIALS.—1 reel cotton, No. 10. No. 3 Penelope hook.

Make 30 ch, (turn back) 29 dc T, (or turn on reverse side,) 3 ch 1 dc in every 3rd loop for 4 times; 5 ch dc in every 3rd loop for 5 times; 5 ch dc on point; 5 ch dc in same loop at point; 5 ch, and work the other side the leaf the same, observing to reckon the same number of chs on each side; 1 ch T; 3 dc 1 ch u every 3 ch for 4 times; 3 ch dc u 5; 5 ch dc u 5 for 5 times; 5 ch dc u 7; 7 ch dc u 7; then 5 ch, and work the other side the leaf the same; 1 ch T, work dc on the dc; 3 dc u 3 ch; 3 ch dc u 5; 5 ch dc u 5 for

4 times; 5 ch dc u 7; 7 ch dc u same; now 5 ch, and work the other side the same; at the end make 13 ch dc on 1st dc on other side of leaf without turning; now work dc on all the dc; 3 dc u 3 ch; 5 ch dc u 5 for 5 times; 5 ch dc u 7; 7 ch dc u same; 5 ch; work the other side the same; at the end make 9 ch dc in 7th loop of the 13 ch; 11 ch dc in same loop; 9 ch dc on 1st dc on other side of leaf, and fasten off. **Make** another leaf but not fasten off, and proceed to join thus:—Place the 1st leaf at the back of the one just completed; dc into 1st dc in back piece; 1 ch dc in 3rd dc in front; 1 ch dc in 3rd dc in back; 1 ch dc in 3rd dc in front; 2 ch dc in 3rd dc at back; 2 ch dc in 3rd dc in front; 3 ch dc in 3rd dc at back; 3 ch dc in 3rd dc in front; 4 ch dc in last of dc at back; 4 ch dc in last of the dc in front. Fasten off. Continue to make and

join these leaves till there are 11 made and joined together; the centre is put in afterward, thus—Make 11 ch, unite in a circle; 3 ch dc in every loop (11 chs of 3.)

2nd.—1 L 5 ch u each 3 ch.

3rd.—2 L u each 5 ch 6 ch. Repeat.

4th.—4 dc u 5 ch; * dc u 11 ch of border

(this is like a loop;) 9 ch dc u 5 ch of centre. Repeat from *. At the end of round fasten off.

Round the edge of the leaves work thus—De u 7 ch at point of leaf; * 7 ch dc u same; 7 ch dc u 5; 11 ch dc u 2nd 5 for twice; 7 ch dc u 2nd 5 in next leaf; 11 ch dc u 2nd 5 for twice; 7 ch dc u 7 ch at point. Repeat from *.

PATTERN FOR PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have selected this from a Paris periodical, published abroad. It is to be worked in satin-stitch as one of the prettiest affairs of its kind lately.

TO KNIT A CHILD'S BASQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

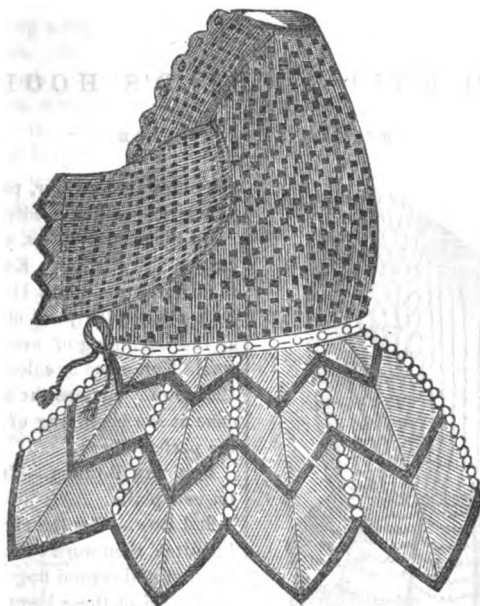
We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

MATERIALS.—8 oz. colored zephyr, 2 oz. white zephyr, pair small wooden needles.

With the colored wool cast on 260 stitches.

Knit 4 rows, alternate plain and purl. 5th

row—Knit 2, plain thread forward, knit 11, * take off the 12th. Knit 13th and 14th together, bind this over the 12th. 11 plain. Thread forward knit 1—thread forward knit 11 *. Repeat to the end of the needle. 6th row purl, 7th row pattern like 5th row, 8th purl, &c. Knit 11 pat-



tern rows to the point; then 4 rows plain and purl as at first, observing in the 1st row to narrow, by knitting 8 stitches together at the point, which stitches will be the 12th, 13th and 14th of every point. Knit 3 rows of points for the skirt with the ridge between, not forgetting to narrow on the 1st row of every ridge. This must be observed, or else the waist will be too large. After knitting the 3 rows of points, knit 2 rows plain—1 row widen and narrow, making a place for the cord at the waist. Knit the waist either plain or in blocks, knitting 40 rows to the arm. Then divide the number of stitches in 4 equal parts, reserving two parts for the back. Take

off the stitches for the fronts on a thread until you have knitted the back. Knit 20 rows to the shoulder, 20 rows to the neck, narrowing the last 20 rows 1 stitch at the beginning of every row. Do the fronts in the same manner, observing to narrow only on the shoulder side of the needle.

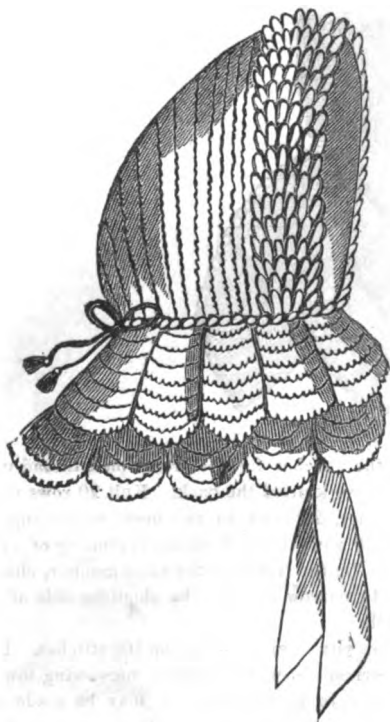
FOR THE SLEEVE—Cast on 108 stitches. Knit to correspond with the waist, narrowing toward the top to fit the arm. It may be made any length to suit the taste. Crochet some little circles in single crochet, and cover some wooden moulds with the pieces for buttons. Cord and tassels for the waist.

HEAD-DRESSES FOR SPRING.



TO KNIT A CHILD'S HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

MATERIALS.—1 oz. white single zephyr, 2 oz.

colored single zephyr, pair small bone needles,
pair large wooden needles.

On the small needles, and with the white wool, cast on 125 stitches. Knit 10 rows plain. Join the colored wool, knit 11th row plain, 12th purl, 13th plain, 14th purl, observing to narrow once at the beginning of every row. Join the white wool. Knit same as colored stripe just described. 100 rows completes the head piece. Narrowing once at the beginning of every row will make it the perfect shape.

FOR THE BORDER.—Cast on 6 stitches. Knit 1st row plain.

2nd Row.—Put the right hand needle into the 1st stitch, then work the thread four times around the first and second fingers of left hand and right needle. Knit these loops into the 1st stitch. Repeat to the end of the row. 3rd row plain, 4th same as 2nd. Knit a piece long enough for the face of hood, making 4 rows of loops colored, 4 rows white.

FOR THE CAPE.—Use the large needles, and with the colored wool cast on 164 stitches. Knit 1st row plain. 2nd row, 1st stitch off without knitting. Narrow 5 times, * thread forward knit 1—thread forward knit 1—thread forward knit 1—thread forward knit 1—thread forward knit 1—thread forward narrow 5 times *. Repeat to the end of needle. 8rd row plain. Knit 10 pattern rows—bind off. A second cape is to be knit same as the 1st one, to be sewed a little above the other as seen in the drawing. Finish with ribbon strings. Cord and tassels to draw at the back of hood.

HINTS ON BONNET MAKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Bonnet frame, 1 yard of silk, velvet, crape, or any other material, 12 yards of blonde footing edged with blonde edging. Strings 1 yard each, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard black or white millinette, lace, feathers, flowers, or whatever the fancy may suggest, for trimming.

Select the frame rather small, as the bonnet always is much larger when made. In the first

place, cover the tip of the crown, then the head piece from the crown to the wire where the face of bonnet begins, letting the silk extend over this wire half inch. Now cut the silk bias $\frac{1}{4}$ of a yard in depth, sew one edge of this bias piece on the inside of the face of bonnet; turn it over upon the outside, lay it in plaits to fit the frame; turn in the edge and pin carefully along the

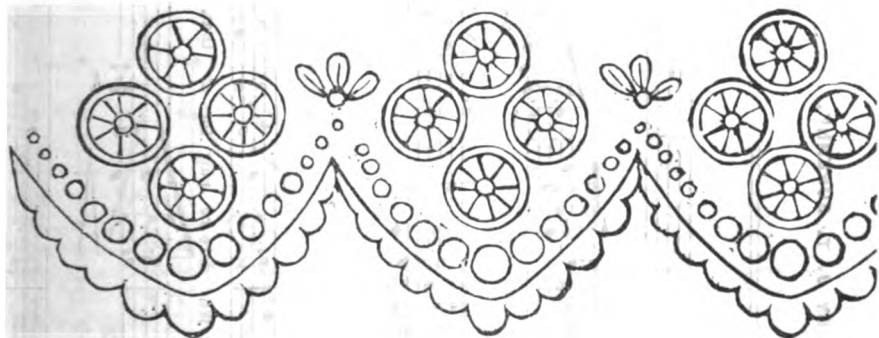
second wire running round the face. After fitting this shield, (as the covering for the face is called) sew it neatly, using a slip-stitch, that the stitches may not be seen. To bind the neck is the next thing to be done. Cut out the cape; line it with the millinette, which must first have a very fine wire run in the outer edge. Bind the cape with a narrow bias fold of the silk; turn in the upper edge, lay in box plaiting, or gather it half inch from the edge. Set it upon the bonnet 1 inch above the binding of the neck.

The bonnet is now ready for trimming, which the taste of the maker must suggest. Flowers and lace for summer, feathers and ribbon for winter trimming.

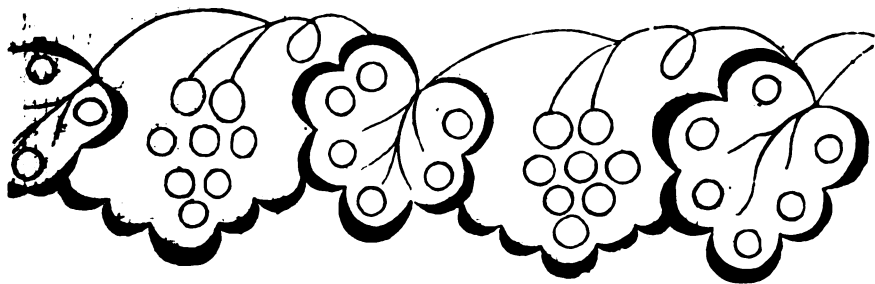
Quill the 12 yards of blonde for the cape—divide it into three equal parts, and bind the three rows together with a narrow ribbon. Some flower, or knots of ribbon, place across the top or at the sides, as may best suit the taste. Sew on the strings and the bonnet is complete.

ORIGINAL PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S PANTALETES.



EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.



EDGING.

FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

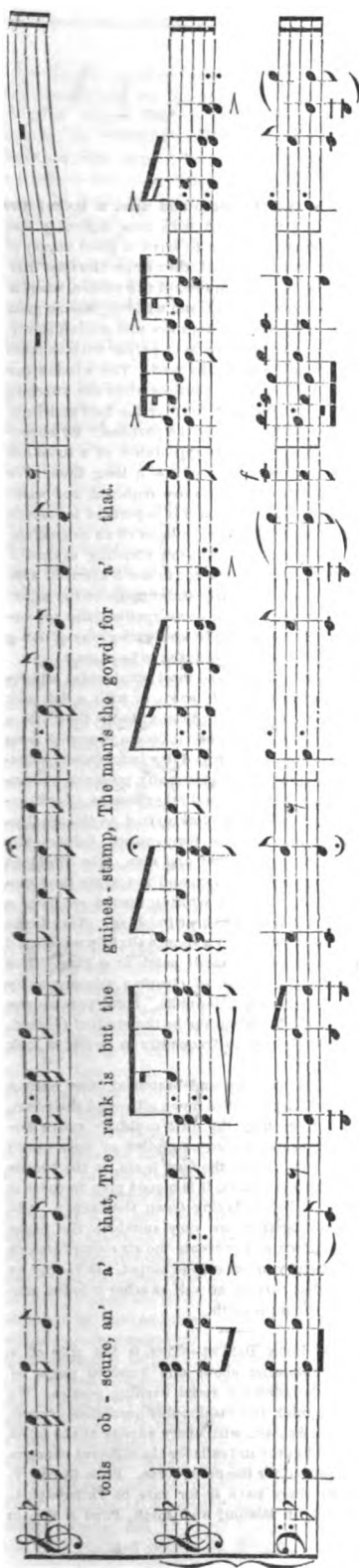
**MODERATO
ED
ENERGICO.**

Is there, for ho - nest po - ty, That

f *mf*

hangs his head, an' a' that? The cow - ard slave, we pass him by; We dare be pair for a' that. For a' that, an' a' that, Our

mf



What tho' on hamdy faro we dine,

Wear bodden-grey, an' a' that?

Gi'e fools their silks, an' knaves their wine;

A man's a man, for a' that;

For a' that, an' a' that,

Their tinsel show, an' a' that,

The honest man, tho' e'er sae puir,

Is king o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,

Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that:

Tho' hundreds worship at his word,

He's but a cuif, for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,

His ribbon, star, an' a' that,

The man of independent mind,

He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A king can mak' a belted knight,

A marquis, duke, an' a' that;

But an honest man's abuno his might—

Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!

For a' that, an' a' that,

Their dignities, an' a' that,

The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,

Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,

As come it will, for a' that,

That sense an' worth o'er a' the earth,

May bear the gree, an' a' that;

For a' that, an' a' that,

It's comin' yet, for a' that,

That man to man, the world o'er,

Shall brothers be, for a' that.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HINTS ON HOUSE-CLEANING.—Cleaning should be done by rule. Walls in general may be kept clean by sweeping with a clean broom kept for the purpose, or a Turk's head. Paper of course cannot be scrubbed, but it may be wiped with a soft duster, or rubbed with slices of stale bread, which will take off the dingy coat that forms upon it, especially in smoky houses. Paint should be more often swept than scrubbed, for too frequent scrubbing causes it to decay. Use as little soap as possible, and wash it off with plenty of clean water to prevent discoloration. Rubbing off the dirty patches from paint with a soapy flannel as soon as they appear, will, in most cases, save the necessity of too frequent scrubbing.

The same caution is to be observed with regard to floors; if too much soap is used the boards are apt to turn black, for which reason many persons scrub with sand and clean water only. In bed-rooms, those parts should be first scrubbed, early in the morning, which are under the bed and most hidden, so that they may have full time to dry before night. If the floor remain at all damp, the room should not be slept in. In frosty weather two days will be needed for the drying, unless there be a brisk fire in the room; because the surface freezes before the damp has had time to evaporate, and it will look dry though it is not so in reality; a fact to be remembered by people who are liable to take cold. In very moist or rainy weather it is best to defer the scrubbing until favorable weather comes again, especially in nurseries or rooms where a number of children sleep.

Spots of grease can be taken out of floors by a paste made of fuller's earth and pearlsh—say a quarter-pound of each, stirred into a quart of boiling water. A thick coat of this is to be laid over the stain, and left for ten or twelve hours, and then washed off with clean water, using sand also if necessary. Or if the spots be well soaked and rubbed with turpentine, and afterward washed with soap or pearlsh, they will disappear. Should the stains be numerous, the coat of paste should be spread all over the floor and left till next day. Ox-gall and fuller's earth boiled together is capital stuff for cleaning floors and carpets; it makes the colors of woollen goods come out quite bright and lively. Old ink-stains are not easily got rid of: the best things for the purpose are salts of lemon, or diluted spirit of salt, or strong vinegar. Water in which soda is dissolved will sometimes remove wine stains, and if this fails chloride of lime may be tried.

Of late years the use of marble for household purposes has greatly increased, but its handsome appearance cannot be preserved without painstaking. Marble mantle-pieces, hearths, tops of sideboards, tables, washstands, &c., should be kept clean with as little wetting as possible. When washing is really necessary, soap and water only should be used, with a sponge and flannel, after which the surface is to be wiped thoroughly dry with soft linen cloths. Washstand tops are often spoiled by the water which is left to lie on them every day. Stains of grease, oil, or smoke are removed by covering the spot with a paste made of powdered pipe-clay and fuller's earth mixed with strong soap-lye. A thick coat is to be laid on, and a moderately warm flat-iron placed over it until it dries, after which it should be washed off, and the operation must be repeated until the stain has entirely disappeared. The stone-work about a house should be cleaned once a week, or oftener, according to its situation and the use made of it. The practice is to whiten it with hearth-stone after the scrubbing, or with a wash made of whiting and pipe-clay laid on with a flannel.

It seems an easy task to sweep and dust a room; some people, however, get through it with less difficulty than others. The best way is always to have a good supply of tea-leaves when sweeping a carpet, then draw the dust from under the furniture on all sides toward the centre, where it may be swept up into one heap, and without raising great clouds of dust if the broom be kept low and moved slowly. Some people sweep a drawing-room or parlor with as much violence as they would a turnpike road. The window curtains should be tucked up above the floor while the sweeping is going on, and it is a good plan to cover the best articles of furniture with old sheets kept for the purpose. By observing these precautions, the fresh appearance of a room and the things in it may be preserved for a long time. For dusting, various kinds of brushes are required, and wash-leather, linen, or silk dusters; and it is important to remember that the dusters should always be as clean as possible. In dusting mantle-pieces or furniture standing against a wall, great pains must be taken not to touch the wall with the duster, or there will be a dirty stripe made on the paper, growing blacker every day, and quite spoiling the appearance of the room. There is a right and wrong way of doing everything, and the wrong one is never to be chosen.

Looking-glasses, gilt frames, and most ornamental articles should be dusted with a leather brush, or with a soft silk duster. Gilt will not bear much rubbing; but if the gliding be really good it may be washed about once a year with soap and water and a sponge, being wiped dry immediately afterward. Strips of yellow gauze effectually preserve picture frames from the attacks of flies and other insects. Looking-glasses or mirrors should be seldom wetted, as the application of water, by altering the temperature, injures the silvering, making it look spotted and dim. The slightest possible damping should be given, and not more than can be at once wiped off. A little whiting dusted on from a muslin bag gives a bright polish at finishing. Very large glasses are sometimes cleaned by a sponge slightly moistened with spirits of wine, doing a small patch at a time. The best possible method, however, of cleaning mirrors is by rubbing them with burnt candle-snuffs. Some persons use the same for windows; but whatever be the method adopted, windows should be cleaned so frequently as never to look dirty.

Carpets should be taken up and beaten at least once a year. If instead of being nailed down all round the room, the edges were left so that the dust could be swept frequently from underneath, the accumulation of dust would be greatly diminished. When the floor is old, or the boards have wide cracks between them, it is a good plan to cover it entirely with paper, before laying down the carpet. Old newspapers pasted together are very suitable: the paper makes a smooth surface, and prevents the air rising through the cracks, and thereby preserves the carpet. It is only by regular cleaning that carpets, as well as other woollen articles, can be preserved from moth.

HOWE'S DRAWING-ROOM DANCES.—This is the title of a quarto volume, containing about one hundred pages of music, especially designed for social evening parties. We observe all the popular and fashionable quadrilles or cotillions, fancy dances, &c., &c., with every variety of the latest and most approved figures and calls for the different changes. The music is arranged for the piano-forte. Price \$1.00. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have it for sale in Philadelphia; Hubbard W. Sweet, in Boston; and Firth, Pond & Co., in New York.

MISS SEDGWICK ON HOUSEWIFERY.—We have rarely read more good sense than in the following, by Catharine M. Sedgwick, on "The Qualified Housewife." She begins:—"Many parents expect their daughters to marry, and thus be provided for; the daughters themselves expect it. But it may be well for both parent and child to consider the chances against the provision. Marriage may come, and a life of pecuniary adversity, or a widowhood of penury may follow; or marriage may not come at all. As civilization (so called) goes on, multiplying wants, and converting luxuries into necessities, the number of single women fearfully increases, and is in greatest proportion where there is most refinement, whereby women are least qualified to take care of themselves. In the simple lives of our ancestors, men were not deterred from marriage by the difficulty of meeting the expenses of their families. Their wives were helpmates. If they could not earn bread they could make it. If they did not comprehend the 'rights of women,' they practised her duties. If they did not study political economy and algebra, they knew the calculation by which 'the penny saved is the penny gained.' Instead of waiting to be served by costly and wasteful Milesians, they 'looked well to the ways of their household, and ate not the bread of idleness.' The Puritan wife did not ask her husband to be decked in French gauds, but was truly

'The gentle wife who decks his board,
And makes the day to have no night.'

"In giving the reasons that restrain men from marrying at the present day, and thereby diminish the chances of this absolute provision for women, we beg not to be misunderstood. We would not restrict women to the humble offices of maternal existence. The best instructed and most thoroughly accomplished women we have ever known, have best understood and practised the saving arts of domestic life. If parents, from pride, or prejudice, or honest judgment, refuse to provide their daughters with a profession or trade, by which their independence may be secured; if they persist in throwing them on one chance; if daughters themselves persevere in trusting to this 'neck-or-nothing' fate, then let them be qualified in that act and craft in which their grandmothers, and which is now, more than at any preceding time, the necessary and bounden duty of every American wife, whatever be her condition. Never by women in any civilization was this art so needed, for never, we believe, were there such obstructions to prosperity and comfort as exist in our domestic service. And how are the young women of the luxurious classes prepared to meet them? How are the women of the middle classes fitted to overcome them? And how are the poorer class trained to rejoice in their exemption from them?

"If a parent look forward to provision by marriage for his daughter, he should, at least qualify her for that condition, and be ashamed to give her to her husband unless she is able to manage her house, to educate her children, to nurse her sick, and to train her servants—the inevitable destiny of American housewives. If she can do all this well, she is a productive partner, and, as Madame Bodichon says, does much for the support of her household as her husband. It may, or may not be the duty of a mother to educate her children in the technical sense. But if her husband is straining every nerve to support his family, it would be both relief and help if she could save him the immense expense of our first rate schools, or the cost of governess. If she be skilled in the art of nursing, she may stave off the fearful bill of the physician. If she know the cost and necessary consumption of provision, the keeping of accounts, and, in short, the whole art and mystery of domestic economy, she will not only preserve her husband from an immense amount of harassing care, but secure to him the safety, blessing and honor of living within his means. If she be a qualified housewife, the great burden, perplexity,

and misery of house-keeping, from the rising to the setting sun, from our Canadian frontier to far south of Mason & Dixon's line, will be—we will not say overcome, but most certainly greatly diminished." To all of which we say Amen!

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.—Where, in the whole range of English poetry, can be found a better description of an infant than in the following lines?

RUTH,

KNEELING AND ROCKING THE CRADLE.

What is the little one thinking about?

Very wonderful things, no doubt,

Unwritten history!

Unfathomable mystery!

Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,

And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,

As if his head were as full of knicks,

And curious riddles as any sphinx!

Worried by colic, and wet by tears,

Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,

Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know

Where the Summ'ers go—

He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?

Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the mannikin feels his way

Out from the shore of the great unknown,

Blind, and walling, and alone,

Into the light of day!—

Out from the shore of the unknown sea,

Tussing in pitiful agony—

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,

Specked with thearks of little souls—

Barks that were launched on the other side,

And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?

What does he think of his mother's hair?

What of the cradle roof that flies

Forward and backward through the air?

What does he think of his mother's breast—

Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,

Seeking it ever with fresh delight—

Cup of his life and couch of his rest!

What does he think when her quick embrace

Presses his hand and buries his face,

Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell

With a tenderness she can never tell,

Though she murmur the words

Of all the birds—

Words she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!

I can see the shadow creep

Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,

Over his brow, and over his lips,

Out to his little finger-tips!

Softly sinking, down he goes!

Down he goes! Down he goes!

(Rising and carefully retreating to her seat,)

See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

WHAT THOUSANDS SAY.—The *Marrietta* (O.) Republican says:—"We have read nearly all the articles that have appeared in 'Peterson's Magazine,' and yet have never seen in one of them, one word that was morally improper, or one article that did not contain some great moral lesson. Probably no book designed exclusively for the ladies, possesses higher claims to their patronage than this, and it is equally certain that its editors bring to their labor a greater amount of ability, than is employed upon any similar work in America. If you want a pleasant companion, send for this Magazine." We quote this, because it embodies, in few words, what scores of other editors have said during the past three months, as well as thousands of private individuals, and because it is due to ourselves as editors, to show what impartial persons think of this Magazine.

"FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT."—The air of this ballad is so old that the authorship is unknown. Burns wrote for it the noble lyric which we give. Some of the words require definitions? For instance, "birkie" means "a young fellow;" "coif" means "a smitton;" "fu" means "to try;" and "gree" means "superiority."

GROBE'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.—Those popular music publishers, Lee & Walker, propose to publish, early in April, "A New Method for the Piano," by Charles Grobe, which will be incontestably the best work of its kind ever printed. A good instruction book for the piano has long been wanting, and nobody is more competent to prepare such a book than the well known teacher, who has taken this in hand. We understand that Mr. Grobe has adopted substantially, in his "New Method," the plan employed by Ollendorf in teaching languages. He begins with the simplest elements, and by passing gradually to what is more difficult, makes every step perfectly intelligible. Teachers, we think, will find in this new work a well-digested, progressive and entertaining plan, by which the art of playing the piano may be imparted, and in comparatively little time. The volume will contain ten engraved figures, illustrating the different positions of the hands and fingers. A copy will be sent, post-paid, for \$2.50, bound in paper, or for \$3.00, bound in cloth. Address Lee & Walker, No. 722 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received, from Lee & Walker, a number of new pieces of music, all of them more or less meritorious, and many of them particularly so. Among the best are "The Mother and her Child," as sung by Madame Gazzaniga; "Del Conte," from Norma; "Buds and Blossoms," a sacred melody, by Grobe; "Reve de Gloire," a triumphal march for the piano; and a "Piccolomini Schottish," with a capital portrait of Piccolomini. But "The Duke of Malakoff's March;" "The Syren Polka;" "Sweetheart, Thinkest Thou of Me;" "I Love the Little Laughing Rill;" "Oh! Come Let Us Celebrate," and "Empire Quadrilles," are deserving of only less commendation.

NEW ORNAMENT FOR THE HAIR.—The prettiest and most novel ornament for the hair is formed by taking ten large gold Eugenie beads. Thread them on fine wire, bend them slightly into the form of a bow; suspend from each end a string of eleven of the same beads; within that, another of nine; and within that, a third of seven. The two last each a bead apart on the foundation row. Any lady may make this ornament with little trouble, and it is very elegant.

THE SALEM WITCHCRAFT.—We return our thanks to a correspondent in Salem, Mass., for a wooden cup made out of the sill of the house in which the alleged witches were tried and condemned, nearly two centuries ago. We shall never look on this goblet without thinking of the unhappy beings, whose feet tottered over the now worm-eaten oak, as they were led forth to an unjust and ignominious death.

"TARA'S HARP."—A collection of songs and glees, exceedingly meritorious, intended principally for the young. An excellent series of elementary instructions adds to the value of the volume. We know nothing, similar in character, which is as good as this little volume. Lee & Walker, Philadelphia, have published it.

ARE WE A BACHELOR.—A lady subscriber writes to us:—"Mr. Peterson, are you a bachelor? I say you are not, because you are always so pleasant and good-humored." Think of that, oh! miserable, unloved bachelors, a lady of taste pronounces that you cannot be amiable. And in our humble opinion she is right.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

La Plata: The Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. By Thomas J. Page, U. S. N. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a narrative of the exploration of the tributaries of the river La Plata and adjacent countries,

during the years 1853, '54, '55 and '56, under the orders of the United States government. As the author commanded the expedition, the work may be considered, in one sense, official. For centuries, the regions explored were closed to the world, by the jealousy of Spain. But the Argentine Confederation, in 1852, having declared the waters of the confederation free to the flags of all nations, the United States authorities immediately hastened to send out this government expedition. The explorations, described by Lieutenant Page, embrace an extent of thirty-six hundred miles of river navigation, and forty-four hundred miles of land journey in Paraguay and the Argentine Confederation. The La Plata river alone has a basin nearly equal to that of the Mississippi, and not inferior in fertility of soil or salubrity of climate. In time, and when peopled by a more energetic population, these vast regions must contribute greatly to the extension of commerce and manufactures. The civilized world owes our government a debt of gratitude for having set this expedition on foot, as the reading public owes one, hardly less heavy, to Lieutenant Page, for the agreeable manner in which he has narrated his explorations. The volume is handsomely printed, and contains numerous maps and illustrations, as well as engravings of scenery, public characters, incidents, &c.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. By Henry Barth. Vols. IV. and V., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—What Livingston has done for Southern Africa, Barth has achieved for the Northern and Central portions of that hitherto "terra incognita." The earlier volumes of this work we noticed at the time of their publication. The present and concluding volumes describe the author's journey to Timbuctoo and his researches in the neighboring regions. Every chapter abounds with valuable information. Frequent narrative episodes of personal adventure diversify the theme. The portrayments of scenery, the sketches of the various tribes, and the scientific knowledge imparted, render this work one of the most interesting and valuable in the whole range of the literature of travel. The American publishers have brought out the volumes with great neatness. No library, that pretends to completeness, can afford to do without Barth.

The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold. By his son Blanchard Jerrold. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—To us this is the most interesting book of the month. Blanchard Jerrold has executed the difficult task of writing his father's biography in a manner that must elevate his own character in the opinion of all right thinking minds: for while he has piously screened the memory of that father, he has yet not left a substantially erroneous impression of the man and his wit. The volume is full of anecdote. A graceful, yet characteristic portrait of Douglas Jerrold embellishes the title-page.

Symbols of the Capitol; or, Civilization in New York. By A. D. Mayo. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson.—In his preface, the writer says that his purpose in writing this work was to "aid the young men and women of our land in the attempt to realize a character that shall justify our expressions of republicanism, and to establish a civilization, which, in becoming national, shall illustrate every principle of a pure Christianity." In many respects this purpose has been accomplished. The principal defect of the book is its local prejudices.

Bowyer's Familiar Astronomy. For the Use of Schools, Families and Private Students. By Hannah M. Bowyer. 1 vol., small 8 vo. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson.—We believe it is generally acknowledged, by those conversant with astronomy, that this is the best book of its kind ever written. The present is a new edition. More than two hundred wood-cuts illustrate and explain the text.

The Old Plantation, and What I Gathered There in an Autumn Month. By James Hungerford, of Maryland. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—There is an inexpressible charm in the local color of this volume, a feature to which it would be well if authors would pay more attention. In plan, the book is like one of those ivory toys, which the Chinese delight in carving, where ball lies within ball; for while it is a novel, complete in itself, it yet has numerous sketches woven into the plot, which diversify, and perhaps increase, the interest. Altogether the work ought to be a favorite. Its very title will ensure it a welcome among thousands of the sons and daughters of Maryland and Virginia, whom marriage or the pursuit of fortune has scattered over these United States.

The Queens of Scotland. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VII., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This volume concludes the mournful story of the life of Mary Queen of Scots. It is written in the highest strain of enthusiastic admiration for that unfortunate lady, and is sustained by an array of documents and a plausible reasoning, which it is difficult to answer. The publishers have issued the volume in a style to match exactly the preceding ones, except in the paper on which it is printed, which seems to us inferior.

Life of John H. W. Hawkins. Compiled by his son, Rev. W. G. Hawkins, A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.—A labor of filial love, executed with taste, and yet enthusiastically. The labors of Mr. Hawkins in behalf of the inebriate will long be remembered, and fully deserved this testimonial to his heroism and self-devotion.

Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By Francois Arago. 1 vol., 12 mo. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a continuation of a work noticed in our last number. The subjects of the present biographies are Carnot, Malus, Fresnel, Thomas Young and James Watt. It is an extremely interesting book.

Ethel's Love-Life: A Novel. By Margaret J. M. Sweet. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—A pleasant romance, on a theme that will never lose its interest. We recommend it to our female readers especially. The volume is published in the neat style which distinguishes all of the publications of this house.

Southwood: A Novel. By Mrs. Umsted. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—This is an agreeable fiction, which ought to have an extensive sale, especially in the present dearth of first-rate novels. The publishers issue the work in a very neat style.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

FLY AWAY, PIGEON.—This is a quick, lively, little game, very different from many. The leader sits with his feet on a stool, so as to make a large lap; or, which is better, all sit round a little table. The leader then puts his finger down upon it and the others place all their fingers round his. "Fly away, pigeon!" cries he, suddenly, and up all the fingers start. Then they all settle down again. "Fly away, eagle!" cries he, again, and off they all go once more. "Fly away, bull!" is now the cry, and away most of the fingers fly as before, not remembering that bulls have no wings. Those who make the mistake pay a forfeit amidst the laughter of the others. "Fly away, feather!" cries the leader again; but the others, taught by the last experience, keep all their fingers fixed to the table, and the leader's flies up alone.

"Why don't you fly?" says he.

"No, feathers don't fly, do they? They have no wings!"

"No, but they fly for all that!" So the leader, like an Eastern king, settles all disputes by his own decision.

OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.

SOUPS.

Portable Soup.—For Travelers, &c.—Take three large legs of veal, and one of beef, with the lean part of half a ham; cut them in small pieces, put a quarter of a pound of butter at the bottom of a large cauldron, then lay in the meat and bones, with four ounces of anchovies, and two ounces of mace. Cut off the green leaves of five or six heads of celery, wash the heads quite clean, cut them small, put them in the cauldron, adding three large carrots, cut small; cover the cauldron close, and set it over a moderate fire. When you find the gravy begins to draw, keep taking it up till you have got it all out; then put water in to cover the meat, set it on the fire again, and let it boil slowly for four hours; then strain it through a hair sieve into a clean pan and let it boil three parts away; then strain the gravy that you drew from the meat into the pan, let it boil gently (and keep skimming the fat off, very clean, as it rises,) till it looks like thick glue; you must take care that it does not burn. Put in pepper to your taste; then pour the mixture on flat earthen dishes a quarter of an inch thick; let it stand till the next day, and then cut it out into small cakes. Lay the cakes on dishes, and set them in the sun to dry. When the cakes are dry, put them in a tin box, with writing paper between every cake, and keep them in a dry place. This is a very useful soup to be kept in families, for, by pouring a pint of boiling water on one cake, (the cakes ought to be only a little larger than a quarter of a dollar,) with the addition of a small quantity of salt; it will make a good basin of broth. The longer it is kept the better. Be careful to turn the cakes as they dry. This soup will answer better to be made in frosty weather.

Farina Soup.—Have ready some lard, boiling hot, pour into it a large cupful of farina, and let it become of a light yellow color. Previously, chop together—very fine—some parsley and a few potherbs, add these to the farina, and pour over it one quart of water, and let it simmer slowly for about three-quarters of an hour: whilst simmering add some water to it occasionally, until it becomes as thin as you desire to have it. Beat two eggs quite light, and pour the soup upon them—by degrees—stirring it constantly.

Common Peas Soup.—To one quart of split peas put four quarts of water, and a small piece of lean bacon; wash a head of celery, and cut it in with a turnip; boil all together till it is reduced to two quarts, then work it through a cullender—slice in another head of celery, cayenne pepper and salt to your taste. Boil the soup well. Before serving it, place some pieces of toast on the bottom of your soup tureen, and pour the broth over them.

Okra Soup.—Take quarter of a peck of okras, slice them round, and put them on the fire, with a slice of ham, and a gallon of water; boil the whole about five hours. Half an hour before serving the soup, add quarter of a peck of tomatoes, skinned.

FISH.

Herring—Potted.—Clean your fish, cut off the heads and tails, and sprinkle salt over them to draw out the blood. Then wash them, and lay a layer of fish in an earthen pot,

with the backs downward; strew over them some whole allspice, cloves, whole peppers, salt, a bay leaf or two, some slices of onion—also a red pepper, and alternate the layers of fish and spice till the pot is filled, pouring between the layers a little sweet oil. Then mix vinegar and water, and fill the pot with it. Make a paste of flour and water to cover the outside of the pot; over that tie a piece of muslin, and send it to a bake-house. Charge them not to burn it.

Shad—Baked.—Procure a fine, large shad—clean it thoroughly, then fill it with the same sort of stuffing used for fowles. Tie a string round it in order to keep it together, put it into your bake-pan, and baste it with butter, pepper and salt. When well cooked, (it will require about twenty minutes to bake,) untie the string, and serve it upon a fish dish, with melted butter poured over it.

Lobster Sauce.—Boil half a pint of water—with a small portion of mace and whole pepper in it—long enough to take out the strong taste of the spice, then strain it off, melt three-quarters of a pound of butter smooth in the water, cut in a lobster in very small pieces; stew it all together gently with anchovy, and serve it hot.

Pearch, or Trout—Fried.—When you have scaled, cleaned and washed the fish, dry them well, and lay them separately on a board before the fire; two minutes before you fry them dust them well with flour, and fry them in drippings or lard. Serve them up with melted butter and crisped parsley—or drawn butter.

Herring—Fried.—Scale, wash, and dry your herrings well; lay them separately on a board, and set them to the fire two or three minutes before you want to use them; dust the fish with flour, and when your lard is boiling hot, put in the fish, a few at a time, and fry them over a brisk fire.

Lobster—Boiled.—Put a lobster into a kettle of boiling water, with some salt added to it. If it be a large one, it will require to be boiled half an hour.

Lobster—Roasted.—Half boil your lobster, rub it over with butter, set it before the fire, baste it till the shell becomes dark brown; then serve it up with rich drawn butter.

MEATS.

Turkey—Boiled.—After your turkey is properly prepared, cut off the legs, put the ends of the thighs into the body, skewer them down, and tie them with a string. Then grate a very small loaf of bread, chop a number of oysters fine, add a little lemon peel, shred finely, nutmeg, pepper, and salt to your liking: mix all up into a light forcemeat with a quarter of a pound of butter, a spoonful or two of cream, and three eggs. Stuff the turkey with this forcemeat, sew it up, dredge it well with flour, put it into a kettle of cold water, cover it, and set it on the fire. When the scum begins to rise take it off, put on the cover again, let it boil very slowly for half an hour, then take the kettle off the fire, keep it close covered, and let the turkey remain about half an hour in the hot water. Serve it with oyster sauce, made as follows:—Wash the oysters in their own liquor, and when the liquor is settled pour it clean off into a saucepan, with a little white gravy, and a teaspoonful of lemon pickle; thicken it with flour and a good lump of butter, boil it three or four minutes, add a spoonful of nice cream, and then put in your oysters. Keep shaking them over the fire till they become quite hot—but do not let them boil.

Tongue—Boiled.—If your tongue be a dry one, steep it in water all night, and then boil it three hours. If you serve it hot, stick it with cloves, rub it over with the yolk of an egg, strew bread crumbs over it, baste it with butter, and set it before the fire till it becomes of a light brown color. When you dish it up, pour over it a little brown gravy, or red wine sauce, mixed the same way as for venison. N. B.—If it be a pickled tongue, only wash it out of water.

Veal—Hashed.—Cut your veal in thin, round slices, the size of half a crown. Put into a saucepan some gravy, some

lemon peel—cut exceedingly fine—and a tablespoonful of lemon pickle; put it over the fire and thicken it with flour and butter. When it boils put in your veal, and just before you dish it up add a spoonful of cream.

MADE-DISHES.

Browning for Made-Dishes.—Take four ounces of very fine white sugar, put it in a clean iron frying-pan, with one ounce of butter—set it over a clear fire, and mix it very well together all the time; when it begins to be frothy and the sugar is dissolving, hold it higher over the fire, and have ready one pint of red wine. When the sugar and butter is of a deep brown, pour in a portion of the wine, stir it well together, add more wine, and keep stirring it constantly; then add half an ounce of Jamaica pepper, six cloves, four small onions, peeled, two or three blades of mace, three spoonfuls of mushroom catchup, a little salt, and the rind of one lemon. Boil the whole mixture slowly for ten minutes—pour it into a dish, when cold scum it carefully, and bottle it for use.

Beef Olives.—Cut slices off a rump of beef about six inches long and half an inch thick, beat them well, and rub them over with the yolk of an egg, some pepper, salt, ground mace, some crumbs of bread, two ounces of marrow sliced fine, a handful of chopped parsley, and the rind of half a lemon, grated. Strew them all over your steaks, roll them up, skewer them close, and set them before the fire to brown; then put them into a pan with a pint of gravy, a spoonful of catchup, the same of browning, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; thicken the mixture with a little butter rolled in flour. Lay round the dish hard boiled eggs, cut in half.

Chickens—Boiled.—When you have drawn your chickens, lay them in skimmed milk for two hours; then truss them, singe, and dust them well with flour, put them in a pan with cold water, cover them close, set them over a slow fire, take off the scum, and let them boil slowly five or six minutes; then take them off the fire, but keep them close covered in the water for half an hour. When about to dish them, set them over the fire to make them hot, drain them, and pour over them white sauce.

Sauce for Boiled Chickens.—Take two eggs and boil them hard, with the livers of the chickens. Chop them fine, adding thyme, lemon peel, anchovies, salt, (a small quantity of each) and lemon juice, if you prefer it. Mix all well together. Melt half a pound of butter, keeping it as thick as possible, and stir it in.

DIET FOR INVALIDS.

Food for Delicate Infants.—Take a piece of gelatin, (or American isinglass) about one inch square, dissolve it in half a gill of water over the fire—then add a gill of milk. When it comes to a boil, stir in a good half teaspoonful of arrow-root. When taken off the fire stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream. This food is suitable for a child four or five months old. As the child becomes older, increase the strength of the food.

Chocolate.—Scrape four ounces of chocolate, and pour one quart of boiling water upon it. Mill it well with a chocolate mill, and sweeten it to your liking; give it a boil and let it stand for some length of time. Then mill it again very well, boil it two minutes, and finally mill it till it will leave a froth upon the top of your cups.

Barley Gruel.—Take four ounces of pearl barley; boil it in two quarts of water with a stick of cinnamon in it till it is reduced to one quart. Add to it a little more than one pint of red wine, and sugar to your liking. Two or three ounces of currants (well picked and washed clean) may be added.

Chicken Broth.—Skin a small chicken, and split it in two; boil one half in three half pints of water, with a blade or two of mace, and a small crust of bread; boil it over a slow fire till it is reduced one half.

PASTRY.

Pasty Crust—German.—Stir the yolks of four eggs in a dish, adding half a pint of sweet milk, and salt in proportion; mix in as much flour as will resist the stirring spoon; then place the dough on your rolling board, and knead it until the dough will spring up under the pressure of the finger. It is then to be rolled out half of its size, and a pound of butter to be cut over half of the dough; the remaining half must then be folded over the butter, be well beaten and rolled out thin. Then fold the dough like a napkin, and care must be taken that it does not wrinkle; it must then be rolled out a second time as thin as at first, and again be beaten on the same side.

Raspberry Fritters—Grate two Naples biscuits, or some sponge-cake, and pour over it a gill of boiling cream. When it is almost cold, beat the yolks of four eggs to a strong froth—beat the biscuits a little, and then beat both together exceedingly well, and put to it two ounces of sugar, and as much raspberry juice as will make it a nice pink color; drop the batter by the spoonful into a pan of boiling lard. When you dish up the fritters, stick bits of citron in some of them, and in others blanch almonds, cut lengthwise.

Cream for Pies.—Take two eggs and break them into a saucepan; mix in with the eggs two ounces of fine flour—then pour in three half pints of milk. You must stir it with a silver spoon. Then add two ounces of white sugar and one ounce of butter; put the mixture on the fire, and keep stirring it until it begins to boil; then take it off and let it cool, when it will be ready for use.

Green Apple Pie—Without Apples.—Break up into small pieces six soda biscuits, and pour over it two tacepfuls of cold water. Grate in two whole lemons, adding three cupfuls of fine white sugar, and half a nutmeg. Beat the whole well together. Bake the pie in a quick oven without any upper crust.

Raspberry Dumplings.—Make a puff paste and roll it out. Spread raspberry jam upon it and make it into dumplings. Boil them an hour. Serve them with wine sauce, or sugar and butter well mixed together.

PUDDINGS.

Farmers Apple Pudding.—Pare and core some tender apples, stew them in a little water, add a good sized piece of butter, and sweeten to your taste, (after the apple is stewed.) When it is cold beat four eggs and stir in. Grate nutmeg over the top, and eat it with cream. Or, butter a pudding dish, strew it very thickly with bread crumbs, then add the mixture, and strew bread plentifully over the top. Set it in a tolerably hot oven, and when baked sift sugar over it.

Gooseberry Pudding.—Scald half a pint of green gooseberries in water till they are soft, then put them into a sieve to drain. When cold, work them through an hair sieve with the back of a clean wooden spoon; add to them half a pound of sugar, and the same of butter, with four ounces of Naples biscuits; beat six eggs very well, then mix all together, and beat them a quarter of an hour. Pour it into an earthen dish, without paste: half an hour will bake it.

Orange Pudding.—Boil the rind of an orange very soft, and beat in a marble mortar with the juice of the orange; put to it two Naples biscuits grated very fine, half a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, and the yolks of six eggs; mix all well together. Put puff paste round your pie dish, pour in the mixture, and bake it for about half an hour.

Indian Pudding.—Sweeten one pint of milk to your liking, add to it two tablespoonfuls of molasses, a small piece of butter, (about the size of a walnut) three-quarters of a teaspoonful of salaratus, a small portion of salt, three eggs, and raisins, or currants. Mix with the ingredients one quart of good Indian meal. Boil it in a bag about an hour and a half.

Four Hour Pudding.—Ingredients: One pound of beef suet, ten eggs, one pound of sugar, one glass of brandy, one nutmeg, and a little cinnamon. Take a stale loaf, cut off all the crust, and rub it fine; mix with it all the other ingredients and boil it four hours. For sauce, mix together butter, wine, nutmeg, and the juice of one lemon.

Lemon Pudding.—Take one pound of flour well dried and sifted, one pound of fine sugar, the rind of a lemon, grated, twelve eggs, the yolks beaten awhile by themselves, and the whites beaten to a froth; then gently mix all together, put it into a pan, and bake it half an hour.

JELLIES.

Calf's-Feet Jelly—Made of Gelatine.—No. 1.—To one quart of cold water take one ounce and a quarter of gelatine, and set it over the fire until dissolved. To this quantity take four lemons, juice and rinds, two sticks of cinnamon, three gills of wine, four eggs, whites and shells, (whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth,) and fourteen ounces of sugar. Mix all well together, and place it over the fire until it boils up once; then pour it through a flannel bag, several times, if necessary, until it runs clear. Place the bag near the fire, to prevent the liquid from congealing before running through it.

Calf's-Feet Jelly.—No. 2.—Clean one sett of feet well, put them in as much cold water as will cover them; boil them until the meat falls from the bones, then strain them through a cullender; let the jelly stand until it becomes cold, skim off the fat, and put it on the fire to melt. Add to it half a pound of white sugar, one pint of wine, the whites of four eggs, beaten light, and the shells, and the juice of two lemons. Let it boil, and skim it while boiling; then strain it through a flannel bag until it becomes clear. Let it cool in forms.

Calf's-Feet Jelly.—No. 3.—Take two quarts of water to two setts of feet, boil it down to one quart, strain it; when cold, skim off all the fat, and let it melt over a slow fire; then add half a pint of wine, the juice of a lemon, the peel of a lemon, and the whites of three eggs, to clarify it, also sugar to your taste; let it all boil together for a few minutes, then strain it through a flannel bag. Be careful not to press the bag, or your jelly will not be clear.

Calf's-Feet Jelly—Made of American Isinglass.—No. 4.—Procure two ounces of isinglass, soak it in cold water for half an hour, then take it out and pour on it two quarts of boiling water. When it is cold, add to it the whites of four eggs, well beaten, one pound of sugar, the juice and rind of three lemons, and one pint of wine. Mix all well together, boil it three minutes, strain it through a flannel bag, and set it to cool.

CREAMS, CUSTARDS, &c.

Oat-Meal Flummery.—Take a pint of bruised groats, and put three pints of water to them, early in the morning, and let it stand till noon; then add the same quantity of water as before, stir it well, and let it stand till four o'clock; then run it through a sieve; boil it; keep stirring it all the while, and put in a spoonful of water now and then as it boils. When it begins to thicken, drop a little on a plate; when it leaves the plate it is complete. Put it in glasses, and when cold turn it out.

Chocolate Cream.—Ingredients: One quart of milk, four eggs, and three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate. Boil the chocolate first in a little water, then add the milk and sugar to your liking; also flavor it with Vanilla, or whatever you most prefer. Add the eggs as for boiled custard; stir it till it thickens, and then pour it into cups.

Sago Cream.—Take a dessert spoonful of sago, and boil it in one pint of water to a jelly. Add a taceupful of cream, let it boil again; beat up an egg very light, and pour the boiling sago on it. Add sugar and nutmeg to your taste.

Tea Cream.—To half a pint of milk put a quarter of an ounce of fine Hyson tea; boil them together, strain the leaves out, and add to the milk half a pint of cream, and two spoonfuls of runnet. Place it in the dish you intend to send it to table in, cover it with a tin plate, and set it over some hot embers until it thickens. Serve it garnished with sweetmeats.

Rice Flummery.—Have ready one pint of milk sweetened to your taste, and four spoonfuls of ground rice, mixed with milk about as thick as good cream. Stir the rice into the pint of milk while it is boiling; let it boil till it becomes thick. You may add rose-water or spice, as you may prefer. Put the flummery into cups, and let it stand until it becomes cold.

Spanish Cream.—Boil one ounce of gelatin in one pint of new milk until dissolved; add four eggs, well beaten, and half pound of sugar. Stir it, over the fire, until the eggs thicken; take it off the fire, add a full wineglass of peach water, and when cool pour it into moulds. Serve it with cream.

CAKES.

Crumpets.—Ingredients: Two pounds of sifted flour, four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of brewers yeast, and a pint of milk. Mix a teaspoonful of salt with the flour, in a pan, and set the pan before the fire. Then warm the milk, and stir into the flour so as to make a stiff dough. Beat the eggs very light, and stir them into the yeast, and beat all well together; if it is too stiff add a little more warm milk, cover the pan, and set the dough to rise near the fire. When quite light bake your crumpets. Have your baking iron hot, grease it, and put on it a ladleful of the dough. Let it bake slowly, and when done on one side turn it on the other. Cut the cakes crosswise, butter them, and send them to table hot.

Cream of Tartar Cake.—Mix dry, and rub well together two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, with one quart of flour; then dissolve three-quarters of a teaspoonful of super carbonate of soda in a sufficient quantity of sweet milk—about half a pint—adding as much salt as you may deem proper. Mix all the ingredients well together and work it hard. The dough must not be too stiff; it must be formed into cakes and baked immediately. If you have a sufficient quantity of milk with which to mix the compound, it will require little or no shortening. If water is used instead of milk, shortening will be required. If you have sweet, white lard, it will answer instead of butter; or else take part butter and part lard.

Cakes.—Always have your materials quite ready before you begin to make your cake. Beat your eggs well, and do not leave them till you have finished your cake, else they will go back again, and the cake will not be light. Wine, rose-water, and brandy must be put in cakes before the eggs. When you use butter, be sure to beat it to a fine cream before you add your sugar. Bake all kinds of cake in a good oven, according to the size of your cake, and follow the directions of your receipt. Note.—An accomplished house-keeper says, that, as a general rule, it is best, in making cake, to stir in the flour lightly after all the other ingredients are well mixed.

Buns.—Ingredients: One and a half pounds of flour, (a quarter of a pound must be left out to sift in last,) half a pound of butter, (cut up fine) four eggs, (beat to a light froth) four teaspoonfuls of milk, half a wineglassful of brandy, half a wineglassful of wine, half a wineglassful of rose-water, and one wineglassful of yeast. Stir all together with a knife, and add half a pound of sugar, stirring in also the reserved quarter of a pound of flour. When the lumps are all beaten fine, set the cakes to rise in the pans they are to be baked in. If you prefer it, you may strew a few currants over the cakes.

Coffee Cakes.—Into one pint of sweet milk put quarter of a pound of good butter, and four ounces of sugar; stir it over the fire. When it boils, stir half a pound of flour into it, and work it with a spoon until it becomes smooth; then let it get cold, and when cold stir six eggs into it, one after another. Butter some tins, and drop the batter on them any size you please. Beat the whites of three eggs, and wash the cakes with it, strewing loaf sugar over them. Bake them in a moderately heated oven.

Stollen—A Famous German Cake.—Ingredients: Four pounds of flour, one and three-quarter pounds of butter, one pound and a half of sifted loaf sugar, half pound of sweet, and quarter of a pound of bitter almonds, six ounces of citron, four eggs, well beaten, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one quart of milk, warmed; rose-water and spices to your liking. To be set to rise with good yeast; the butter and other ingredients to be worked in afterward.

Dutch Cake.—Ingredients for four loaves: Two and a half pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one pint of milk, six ounces of butter, (the milk and butter must be warmed together,) one tablespoonful of yeast, four eggs, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one wineglassful of brandy, half a pound each of currants and raisins. Work all together into a good dough, and bake in earthen pans. To be eaten cold with coffee.

Chacknels.—To a pint of rich milk put about two ounces of butter and a good spoonful of yeast. Make it just warm, and mix into it as much fine flour as will make it a light dough; roll it out very thin, and cut it into long pieces two inches broad. Prick them well, and bake them in a slow oven upon tin plates.

OUR GARDEN FOR APRIL.

Out-of-Doors Work.—All the varieties of annual flower seeds that are capable of bearing in the open air, and blooming well in our climate, may be sown in this month. In the early part of April, annual and ten-weeks stock, winged, sweet and Tangier peas, lupins, larkspurs, heart's-ease, cypress, candytuft, china-asters, &c., &c. About the middle, sweet alyson, love-lies-bleeding, prince's feathers, mignonette, amaranthus, cock's-comb, cape marigold, china hollyhock, and china pinks, marvel of Peru, &c., &c. may be sown. All the preceding sorts may be sown in small patches in the borders, but they should be so interspersed as to form a pleasing variety and long succession of bloom. If the weather is dry, the beds should be frequently watered, both before and after the plants appear, and when they have been up a few weeks, the larger ones should be thinned where they have grown too thick; and should it be desirable, you may transplant into another place the finer kinds of those you have pulled up.

Biennial and Perennial fibrous-rooted flowers of various sorts may be sown with good success this month. The seeds may be sown in borders, or in beds of rich earth, three or four feet wide, and covered evenly with fine, light earth. The largest seeds should not be more than from half to three-quarters of an inch deep, and the smallest from an eighth to a quarter of an inch. In sowing these or any other kinds of seeds, you must make shallow drills, proportioning the depth to the size of the seeds, and after the seeds are in, draw the earth lightly over them, always remembering that it is better to cover too light than too deep; for if covered light, they will come up when moist weather ensues, but if covered too deeply, you will probably never see them. If the weather should be dry, it will be necessary to water the beds lightly, frequently, both before and after the plants appear; and remember to keep them free from weeds. Some of the more delicate kinds of plants, when up, may not be able to bear the heat of the mid-day sun at first. These

should be shaded and protected from its influence till they are stronger and more able to withstand its force.

Weeds of every kind should be carefully eradicated this month, when they will make rapid progress. Much of the success and beauty of your garden depends upon keeping your beds and borders clean of them.

Plants in the House will begin to shoot freely, in this month, it is therefore necessary to give them as much air as is possible, consistent with their safety. The windows should be opened every morning if the day is moderately warm, and left so till the cold of the afternoon begins to increase. Too much confinement at this season, especially toward the latter end of the month, will do great injury to nearly all plants, but especially to the early shooting kinds; for if kept weakly in the house, they would not be in good condition to remove into the open air in the next month. Water must be given frequently, but only a little at a time in this month, but especially to oleanders, myrtles, lemons, oranges, Jessamines, arbutus, lauristinus, and most of the woody kinds. Let all the plants be looked over often to see where water is wanted, and let such as at all need it be supplied, as it is now an indispensable article. But moderation and discretion must be observed in giving it, especially while the plants are in the house, and to the succulent kinds. The latter, such as aloe, cactuses, euphorbias, &c., &c., being naturally moist, do not require much water, and to such plants it should only be given when the earth in the pots seems very dry, as too much water would rot them. Such plants as require shifting into larger pots, should be moved on a mild, warm day. The ball of earth about their roots should be taken entire out of the pots, and then the decayed or matted roots outside of the ball must be cut away. Having some good, new earth ready, put some in each new pot or tub, (having previously put a piece of broken flower-pot, oyster shell, or such like, over the hole in the bottom of the pot,) then set each plant in the pot with its ball of earth, then fill up the pot with the fresh earth, so that the new compost may cover the crown of the roots an inch deeper than before. The plants should then be immediately watered. Such plants as do not require shifting, should also be refreshed with new earth. All decayed leaves, weeds, mould, &c., should be kept from the leaves and roots. Watering over the top of the leaves will both refresh the flowers and help to keep them clean.

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TABLE RECEIPTS.

A Plum Pudding.—In making a plum pudding, it is best to use grated bread, instead of flour, as the pudding will then be much lighter. Grate, into an earthen bowl or pan, a half of a large loaf baked the day previously. Add to it the following ingredients:—One pound of Sultana or Valencia raisins, chopped. If Valencia raisins be used they must first be stoned. One pound of currants, carefully cleaned, and well dried. One pound of suet, chopped fine. One ounce of candied orange peel, and half an ounce of candied lemon peel, cut into small chips. A large teaspoonful of mixed spice. Of good moist sugar, two or three table-spoonfuls, according to taste. Stir the whole well together, and then add to it twelve eggs beaten up, a wineglassful of brandy, and as much milk as will make it of a proper consistency. If, after the eggs are beaten, some of the milk and the brandy are put in and beaten up with them, the whole will mix better through the pudding. Tie the bag so as to leave good room for swelling. Be careful to scald the bag well, just previously to using it, and flour it before the pudding is put in. Let it boil nine or ten hours at least.

Haricot Mutton.—Take off some of the fat, and cut the middle or best end of the neck into rather thin steaks; flour, and fry them in their own fat of a fine light brown, but not enough for eating. Then put them into a dish while you fry the carrots, turnips, and onions—the carrots and turnips in dice, the onions sliced; but they must only be warmed, not browned, or you need not fry them. Then lay the steaks at the bottom of a stewpan, the vegetables over them, and pour as much boiling water as will just cover them. Give one boil, skin well, and then set the pan on the side of the fire to simmer gently till the meat is tender. In three or four hours, skin them, and add pepper, salt, and a spoonful of ketchup.

Roman Punch.—To make one gallon, take one pint and a half of the best brandy, one pint and a half of the best rum, three gills of good Madeira or sherry, one pound of loaf sugar, and six lemons; rub four of the lemons on the sugar, and then mix as you would for punch, with two and a half quarts of water; freeze it as ice-cream is frozen.

Quince Cordial.—Pare and core your quinces; then grate them. Boil them, and also the cores and parings. To two quarts of juice add one pound of sugar, one pint of brandy, and such spices as you prefer.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Keep Silk and Velvet.—Silk articles should not be kept in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will probably impair the color of the silk. Brown or blue paper is better, and the yellowish, smooth India paper is best of all. Silks intended for dress should not be kept long in the house before they are made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability, by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened by gum. Thread lace veils are very easily cut. Dresses of velvet should not be laid by with any weight on them, for if the nap of thin velvet is laid down it is not possible to raise it up again. Hard silk should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it never

can be rectified. The way to take the wrinkles out of silk scarfs and handkerchiefs is to moisten the surface evenly with a spoon and some wheat glue, and then plu the silk with some toilet pins around the shelves or on a mattress or feather bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as soon as possible. When dry, the wrinkles will have disappeared. It is a nice job to dress light-colored silk, and few should try it. Some silk articles should be moistened with weak glue or gum water, and the wrinkles ironed out with a hot flat-iron on the wrong side.

To Make Alum Baskets.—Success in making these kind of baskets depends somewhat upon chance; for the crystals will sometimes form irregularly, even when the utmost care has been taken. Dissolve alum in a little more than twice as much water as will be necessary for the depth of the basket (handle and all.) Put in as much alum as the water will dissolve; when it will take no more, it is then called a saturated solution of alum. In this state, it should be poured into a saucepan or earthen jar, (by no means put it in an iron vessel,) and slowly boiled until it is nearly half evaporated. The basket should then be suspended from a little stick laid across the top of the jar, in such a manner that both basket and handle will be covered with the solution. It must be set away in a cool place where not the slightest motion will disturb the formation of the crystals. The frame may be made in any shape you please; it is usually made of small wire woven in and out like basket; many prefer a common willow basket; but whether it be wire or willow, a rough surface should be produced by binding every part with thread or worsted. Bright yellow crystals may be produced by boiling gamboge, saffron, or turmeric in the solution; and purple ones by a similar use of logwood.

To Fasten on the Handles of Knives and Forks.—The handles of knives and forks that have come off by being put in hot water, may be fastened in the following manner:—**Procure** some powdered resin, and mix with it a small quantity of chalk, whiting, or quick lime, let the handles be about half filled with this mixture, heat the ends of the knives or forks, and force them in, when cold they will be found to be securely fastened. **N. B.**—Knives and forks that are not fastened to the handles by rivets, should never be put into hot water. **Or**—Take a small portion of a quill pen, and put into the handles of the knife, warm the blade, and when it is hot put it into the quill in the handle, and press it in very firmly. **Or**—Brick-dust stirred into melted resin makes a composition that will fix knives and forks in their handles. The tang should be thrust in warm. **Or**—Mix a little chopped hair or tow, with powdered resin and fill with it, the hole in the handle of the knife, then heat the spike of the blade, (i. e. the part which fits into the handle,) and ram it down into its place, the heated steel will melt the resin, which will then keep the blade of the knife or fork in its place. **N. B.**—The chopped hair (or tow) must not be omitted.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF LAVENDER COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with one deep flounce pinked at the edge. Body high and plain. Mantle of the same silk with two pinked ruffles. Bonnet of Leghorn, trimmed with black lace and salmon-colored flowers and ribbon.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FIGURED SILK, WITH TWO SKIRTS.—The body is made half high, and trimmed with a frill of the same material as the dress. A scarf mantilla of the same silk, trimmed to correspond with the dress. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with lace and flowers.

FIG. III.—MANTILLA OF BLACK SILK OF A CIRCULAR SHAPE, made very deep, and trimmed with black lace.

FIG. IV.—RIDING-HABIT OF BLACK CLOTH.—The basque is very deep and trimmed with rich braid. Sleeves rather

close to the arm with a turned-up cuff. Round felt hat, with a long plume.

FIG. V.—NEAPOLITAN COIFFURE, made of red velvet, with long ends falling on the neck, and trimmed all round with a snow border of blonde. In front there are on one side some pretty bows, and on the other a tuft of white marabou-feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, all the newest varieties of sleeves, bonnets, head-dresses, &c. Double skirts with two flounces, and single skirts trimmed at the bottom with velvet or ribbon, are all worn. As yet there is no reduction in the width or length of skirts, and some even proposing the introduction of trains for house dresses, and more particularly for evening wear. In order to make the full skirts set well about the waist, they are put on in large, hollow plaits known as box plaits. Some skirts have a breadth on each side, gored. This throws the fullness somewhat behind and makes the skirt hang better. High corsets will certainly retain their vogue in morning dress, but those of a three-quarter, or even half high, will be more adopted in half dress. Single skirts will be the only ones adopted in morning dress; waist-bands and buckles will remain in favor. For silk dresses, a point before and behind is very elegant.

All SLEEVES for *neglige* are now made close at the wrists; and all those intended for evening costume are loose and very wide at the ends, affording ample space for the full flow of the under-sleeves of rich lace. For ball-dresses, short sleeves are, of course, indispensable.

WREATHS AND CHATELAINES of flowers for looping up the *taille* skirts, are being made exquisitely beautiful, and are, consequently, in great favor.

It is in contemplation to introduce the train for dinner and stately evening parties: the materials for this style will, of course, be very rich; *moire antique*, splendid satins, both plain and figured, and for matronly ladies, rich velvet; they will, in some instances, be looped up at the sides, by pearls, or gold cord and tassels, showing the *jupe* of silk or satin worn underneath.

HEAD-DRESSES are of every variety. We describe some of the most elegant. Fancy *coiffures* are coming much into favor in *demi toilette*, and are likely to be fashionable in dinner and evening dress: some are composed of white grenade gauze, arranged in puffs, by narrow colored velvet; it forms a couple of rows on the head, and can be arranged in a moment; others are composed of tufts of colored velvet, mingled with steel beads: these head-dresses have a splendid effect in a well lighted room.

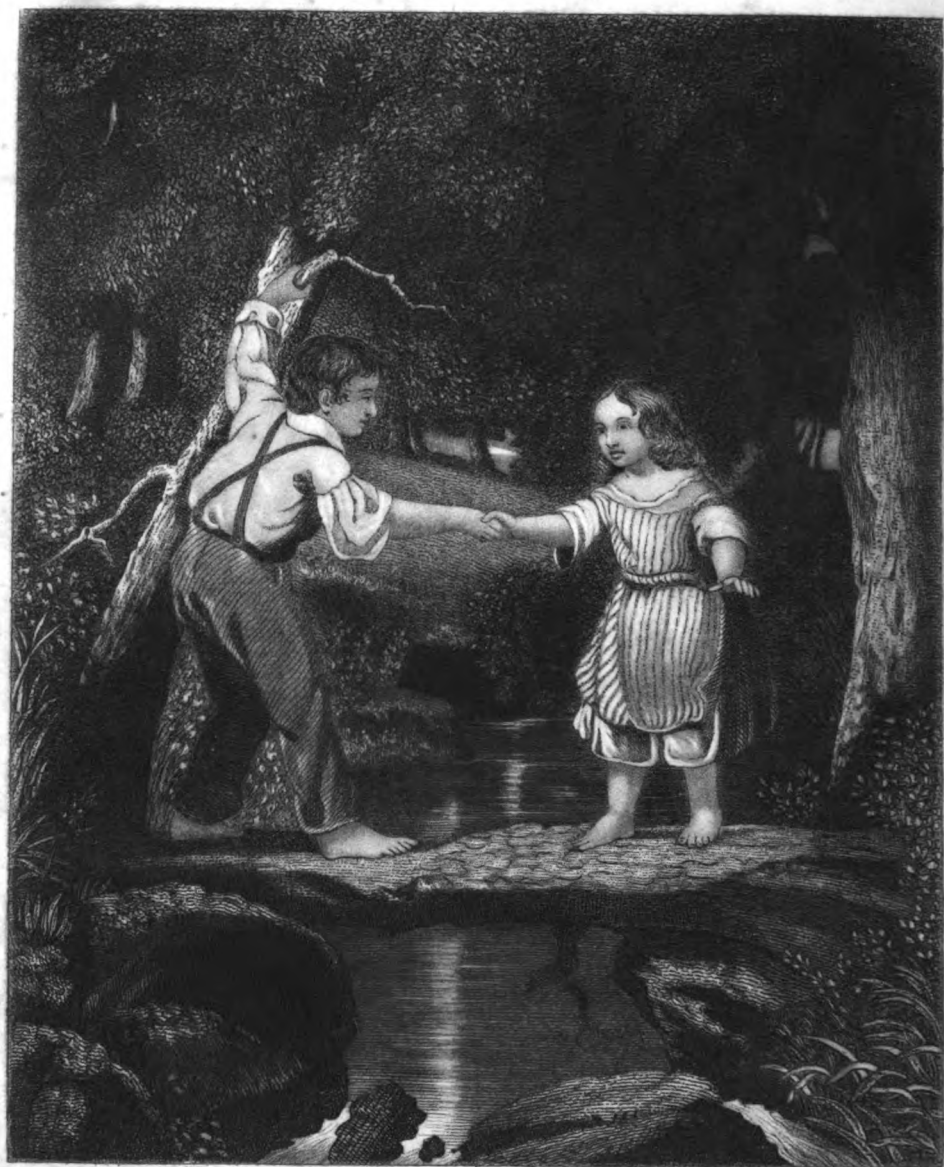
TORSADES AND PLAITS OF VELVET in every variety of color, with bunches of gold or silver wheat-ears, make very beautiful diadems for young and pretty heads.

The ROMAN WREATH is composed of scarlet fuchsia. It encircles the head, and in front the flowers are mounted in the form of a diadem—that is to say, rising slightly to a point above the forehead.

A circular wreath of camellias, shaded pink and white. On one side, sprays of grass and foliage fastened by a bow of crimson velvet. This head-dress is tasteful and elegant without being common-place.

An exquisite wreath of white aquatic flowers. The wreath is intersected by a sort of bandeau of garnet-colored velvet. Pendent sprays of foliage and buds, as if escaping from the wreath, flow loosely over the back of the neck.

HEAD-DRESS of dark blue velvet, bespangled with gold stars; on the right side, a tuft of roses, in two shades of pink; on the left, bows of blue velvet, fixed by pins, headed by gold stars, and the ends of the bows are finished by gold aiguillettes. This head-dress is the production of one of the principal Parisian milliners, who has given it the appropriate name of the *Coiffure Stella*; it is at once showy and elegant and has obtained much favor in Paris.



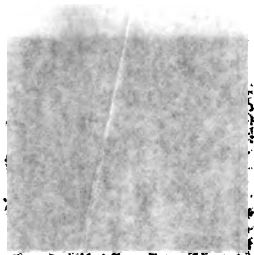
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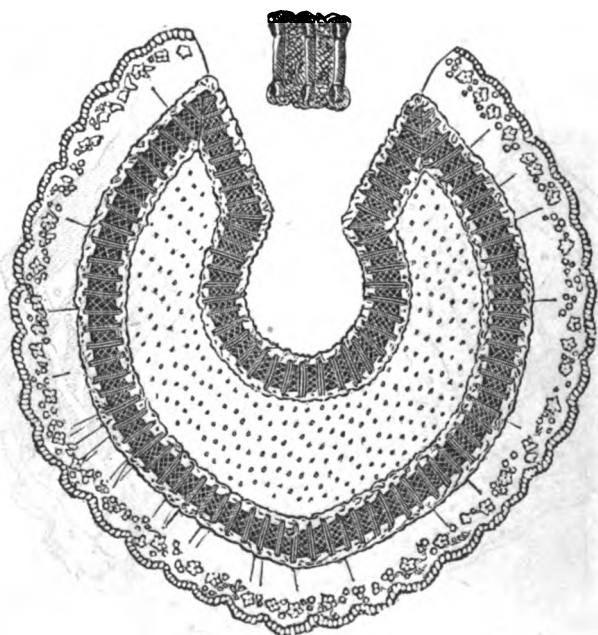
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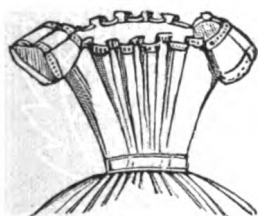
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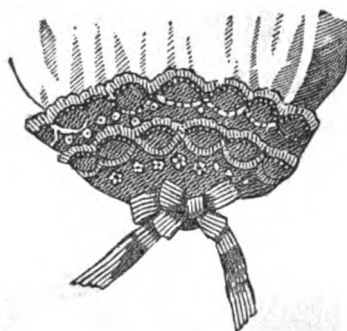
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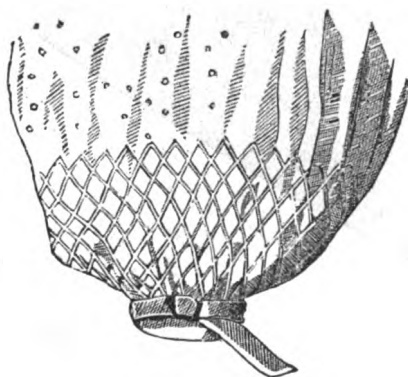
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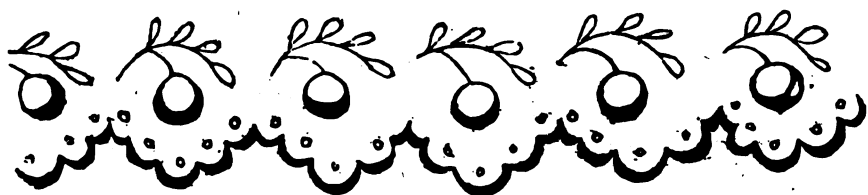
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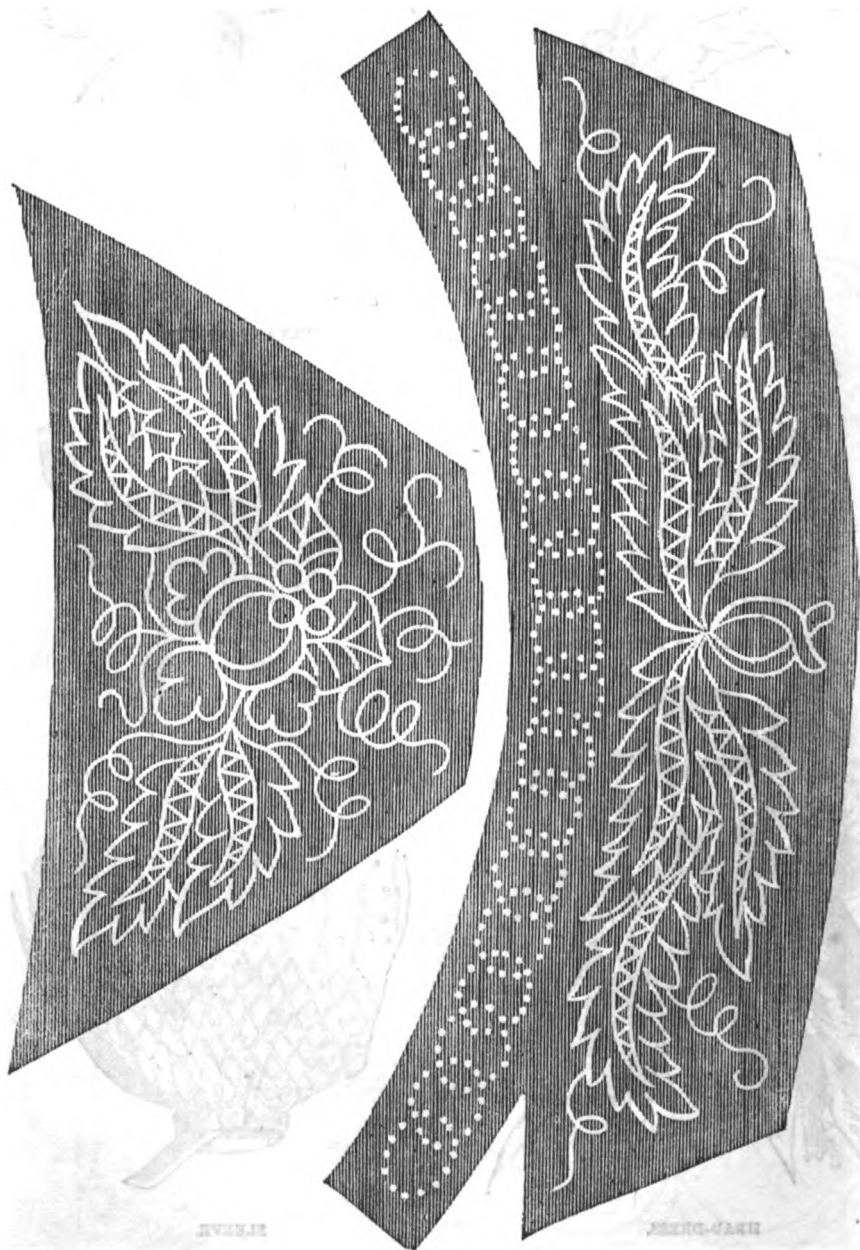
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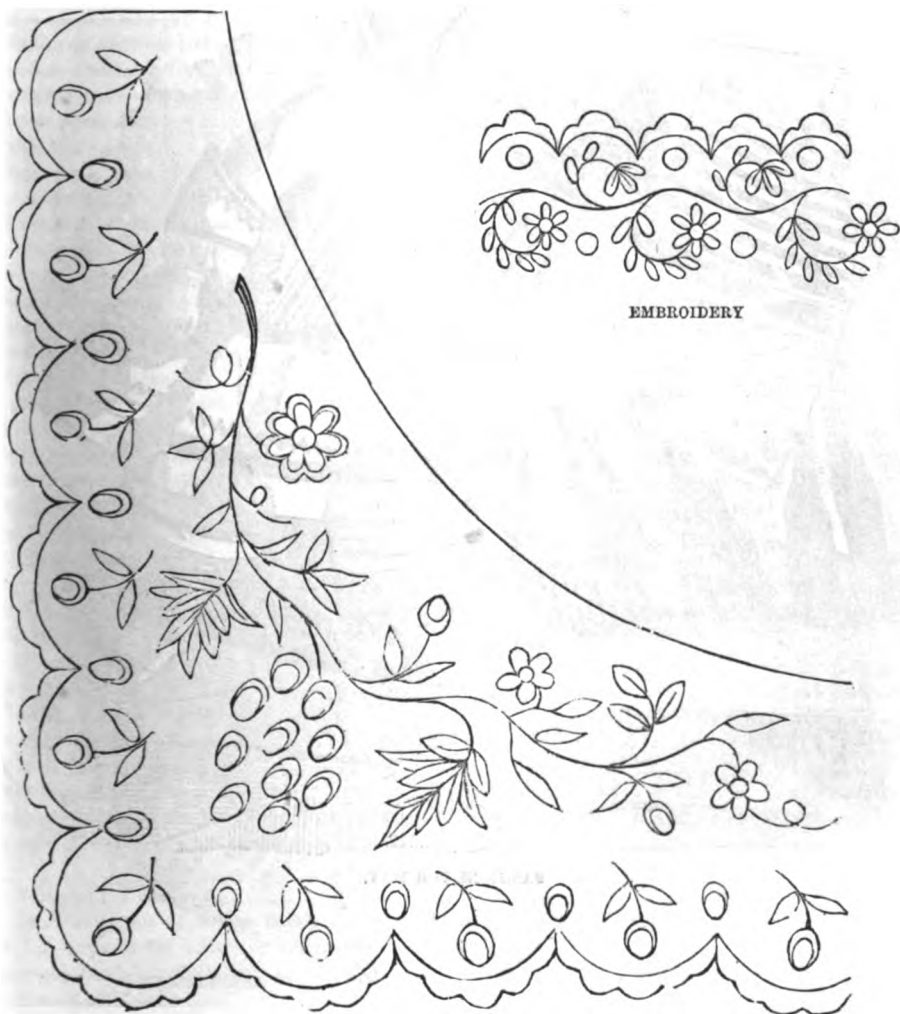
FOR BAND OF CHEMISE.



BABY'S SHOE.



EMBROIDERY FOR PETTICOAT.



EMBROIDERY

FRONT OF CHEMISE YOKK.



FASHIONS FOR MAY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXV.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1859.

No. 5.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

BY A. H. ANDREWS.

THE question is often asked, "Are the numerous matrimonial advertisements which appear so frequently in the city papers ever answered?" Having in my possession the written experience of a mischievous young girl who did reply, I furnish an answer to the above question. After reading this narrative, all single men will agree with me in the opinion, that we bachelors had better never resort to this method of getting a wife, lest some cruel girl should serve us in the same way.

A few months since there appeared in the Daily Tribune this advertisement.

"A gentleman of handsome fortune wishes to form an alliance with a lady of genteel personal appearance, about twenty-five years of age. A good disposition indispensable; property of no sort of consideration. Address Johnson, Union Square post-office, N. Y."

I read this, and resolving to have some sport out of it, addressed a note to Johnson, saying, that though I was not quite twenty-five, I was so near it that I would enter the list as a claimant for the prize. After describing my personal appearance as genteel, if not quite stylish, I closed by saying that my disposition was good, and if poverty was any inducement, there would be no trouble on that account. I added, address Marie, No. 1440, New York post-office.

The next day the following note was received in reply:

"DEAR MARIE—I was delighted with your charming note. Your description of yourself is most satisfactory; I have no doubt but that we were made for one another, and this is the way Providence sees fit to bring us together. I leave it with you to appoint the place of meeting.

Yours ever, JOHNSON.

This was my reply:

DEAR JOHNSON—I am as happy as yourself, and as anxious for a meeting. I therefore propose the Dusseldorff Gallery as the spot where

we shall first see each other. You will recognize me by my dress of deep mourning, with veil partly drawn from my face. I will be gazing at some work of art, and holding in my hand a pocket-handkerchief bordered with black

Your loving MARIE.

I received this reply:

BELoved MARIE—The Dusseldorff Gallery is just the place for kindred souls to recognize one another. I appoint two o'clock, of Saturday afternoon, for this happy event. You will know Johnson, and your future husband, when a person forty years of age, with blue coat, brass buttons, and buff vest, height six feet, seats himself by your side. JOHNSON.

On the following Saturday, I dressed myself in colors, and was at the Dusseldorff Gallery at precisely two o'clock, to witness any scenes which might occur; to see if the person in blue and buff appeared, or if, like his correspondent Marie, he was only a myth.

Strange as it may seem, a gentlemanly-looking person answering the description in every particular, soon walked in. After looking about earnestly at all the company there assembled, he seemed convinced that his lady had not arrived, as there was no one there dressed in mourning; so he walked from one painting to another, trying to beguile the time. Whenever the door opened, or closed, his restless eye turned, hoping to meet the expected fair one. Still she came not. The poor man finally took a catalogue, and after looking through it, walked up before a painting of the Madonna, gazed awhile, and then resumed his chair and his reading. After being occupied in this way five minutes, he drew out his watch, looked at the opening door, and then again at the time-piece. This was decidedly tantalizing. "Why did not Marie keep her appointment, she had promised to be punctual?"

I had enjoyed this sport exceedingly, but now

I began to be almost sorry for the poor man. Then it occurred to me that there was no need of wasting sympathy on one who would thus manage to get a wife, or amuse himself with a silly woman without an idea of marrying. Just at this moment, while looking at him with one eye, and a "Winter Scene" by some old Dutch artist with the other, I noticed him gazing earnestly toward the entrance. I turned my face in that direction and discovered that three ladies had entered, and one of them in deep mourning. They began to look about, and finally stopped before a painting of the Last Judgment. The lady in black had a face really angelic, and her every movement was easy and graceful, although she was very tall. Johnson was evidently enchanted, for he did not take his eyes off of her face. How much must he have congratulated himself on having found such a jewel! She and her friends now took seats. Imagine my surprise, when, leaving her veil partly drawn from her face, I saw in her hand a pocket-handkerchief bordered with black. My correspondent saw this too, rose, walked up to the ladies, and seated himself next to the fair one. The lady gave him a chilling glance and turned her face. Attributing this to timidity, he offered her his catalogue, which she coolly declined, but blushed so deeply that he did not seem at all discomfited. In an instant the three ladies rose and went to another part of the room. I then changed my position, and soon the gentleman was stirring

also. It was not long before he was at the side of the one in black, offering the use of a magnifying glass. The lady, evidently much annoyed, walked to another painting. Her admirer followed, apparently annoyed at the difficulty he was having in getting acquainted with the supposed Marie; who, he doubtless thought, was coquetting with him. At last the lady grew alarmed. She was pale as death. Her companions were also disturbed, and after a whispered consultation, they moved toward the door. The countenance of my hero darkened. What did this mean? Evidently he was not to be cheated out of his prize: so he followed, and stepping up to the supposed Marie, offered his arm. This was too much to be endured, and the three, hurrying away, reached the door, and were out of sight. The gentleman followed, and I was left to my own reflections.

The excitement had been intense, and I was determined to see the end of it, so I immediately left the gallery, walking with great rapidity until I reached the street, where I caught sight of Johnson trying to stop a stage, which these ladies had evidently just entered.

How he succeeded I cannot say, for at that instant so many objects came between us, that he was lost in the crowd, and I sought in vain for the stage with its fair occupants.

This was the termination of my exciting adventure, and the last of my answering advertisements matrimonial.

M I D W A Y.

BY CLARA MORETON.

MIDWAY upon Life's sea, my barque speeds on,
Bathed with the noontide's gold, the cradled crests
I turn to glance upon, lie still as babes
Upon their mother's breast. Ah, once it was
Not thus! I know a time when storms did rage,
And thick clouds swept athwart the sky, until
The waves that bore me on were robbed of their
Rich gold, and tossed themselves in midnight blackness,
Some treasure from my hold I lost, e'er those
Rough waves grew calm. Some garnered hopes, some faith,
Some trust went down; and for my loss, my soul
Sent up a cry which might have pierced the Heavens,
So sharp its agony. But now, the sea
Doth hold no trace of all that wild turmoil.
I stand and gaze upon its vast expanse,
And strive to keep in view the far-off shore,
Which from my sight recedeth hour by hour—
The shore whereon I played, or e'er my sails
Were set; gathering for pastime pebble stones,
Which Midas touched, have turned since then to gold.
What of the land beyond? A dim grey haze

Rolls thick between, which, when the storms come on,
Lifts for a space, quick driven before the wind,
Revealing glimpses of a glorious haven.

* * * * *
I fear not tempests, nor the blasts of cold
That sweep from frozen zones: these have no power.
But when I slowly drift through odorous groves
Of spice, soft shadows wooing me to stay,
'Tis then I fear. For if I quit my helm
For dalliance in these bowers, against a rock
It straight may strike, and leave a seeming wreck;
Which if I trust, may founder on the deep;
Or if at most, it bear me into port.
How should I blush to render my account
To Him who trusted to my hands the barque
He fashioned with such care, for purpose wise
And kind! Oh, Father! grant through storm and calm,
O'er threatening waves or through the spicy groves,
I still may near those shores, where evermore
The angels stand to lead us up to Thee!

LOVE—OLD STYLE AND NEW.

BY MERITABLE HOLYOKE.

"A PLEASANT smell this sweet briar has. Look what a long spray! I have picked the thorns off—made a garland—if any one would wear it for my sake!"

"Would any one refuse it?"

"Then you don't. Oh! Kitty, I would keep you always crowned with the freshness of May!"

They were walking in a shaded country road. He turned her face to the moonlight, gently, as if to admire the wreath; their eyes met—young eyes, full of love. In adjusting his work he broke one blossom that touched her cheek; the cheek was warm with blushes. The blossom was placed in his coffin long years afterward.

And so they were betrothed.

"How can you like me so much, Joseph? only a country girl, and you all ambition and genius!"

"Because you are sweet as these wild roses, dear! But that is not all—because you are a good, sensible girl; and have learned to make butter, and sweep the kitchen, and sew, and assist the poor; because you are healthy in body and mind, and heart: this, to be frank, is why I have chosen you for the dearest of all my blessings."

So they were betrothed.

Forty years thereafter Judge Joseph Willard died—if it were not translation—passed, by a sudden stroke of paralysis, from his happy home to a happy heaven.

Yes, there were sons and daughters left, old enough for the giving and taking of sweet-briar crowns; and there was a widow left—on her brow the white garland which time remorselessly twines for us all; but in her heart it was May. All her life long, year by year, the sweet-briar wreath had budded and blossomed there, filling her home with beauty, fragrance, and the dew of gentle affections. She had shared her husband's honors, but helped him to win them first. The good sense and good heart that had kept home orderly, and comforted the poor of an humble village, came at length to act in wider ranges of society, to devise and carry out great plans of order and beneficence.

Races will degenerate; or, is it only the times?

Madam Willard—for no one called her Kitty, now the judge was dead—our heroine, so vener-

able now, made room on the sofa beside her, as a handsome youth entered the room.

"What's the matter? Are you lonely, mother? Where are the girls? Talk with you myself? Oh! certainly, certainly, should be glad to enjoy it; but so hurried—engagements. Won't this evening do? Stay, I'm engaged this evening."

"Dear boy, I do not wish to be importunate, to abridge your pleasures; but your old mother has an engagement, Ambrose, when the imperative summons shall come!"

"I declare, for once I've caught you in the dolefuls! Why, bless your heart, you're the youngest in the house! You are not pining for the old judge? Be candid now—wasn't he, with his moralities and rheumatisms, rather fussy before the end?"

"If I were sure his sons would reach an old age as full of honors and virtues!"

"Kind fate will transfigure us after we die, at least to the eyes of our friends!"

"You talk too flippantly, my son. It pains me sometimes—I fear you will never be in earnest. Oh! for a strong, gifted young man like you, to go down to the grave a mere butterfly, careless, useless, helpless!"

"That I shall never do. I can be in earnest, mother—am at this moment on one point. I am in love."

She took his face in both her hands, as when he was a little child at her knee lisping his prayers; she looked into eyes that, alas! were no more the sweet eyes of childhood. "What kind of love, Ambrose? Tell me—tell your mother."

"Oh! most fervent, impassioned love. She's lovely, mother, as a dream; and I worship the dust under her feet, and could kneel to her shadow, and envy the air that touches her cheek, and risk my soul for a glance of her blessed eyes. Is not this earnest enough?"

"Dear boy!" she looked at him so tenderly—the words were not cruel, "it seems to me thus far only wild and feverish. What qualities have attracted your regard? Why are you so in love?"

"Is love a matter of what and why? It is a divine instinct—a celestial flame that kindles and never consumes!"

"Yes, dear, poetry has no praise too strong or too impassioned for the highest, truest love; but I have lived many years, and learned that what begins with sentiment and flowers leads on to very actual things: responsibilities, and duties, and cares; to parlor, nursery and kitchen; to butcher's bills, and millinery bills——"

"And college bills? Of a truth you bring my sins home to me, mother. How I have added to your cares instead of lightening them! But you shall live with us now. Lura's an angel, yes indeed! She has most excellent qualities. She can draw, and paint, and pour out tea; and you should see her polk! and she plays enchantingly, and dresses like a queen. She has a fortune, too."

He looked in his mother's face for encouragement, but saw none.

"You are not going now to be jealous, and behave like a mother-in-law?"

"Certainly not jealous, nor, I hope, unkind."

No, she was never a mother-in-law to Lura Lee.

In a week from this conversation, in a year from the date of her husband's death, the tomb was opened, and they placed, side by side with the old judge, that one whom he had chosen for the "dearest treasure of all his life."

At home and afar, at the distant borders of the land, where those had wandered whom she loved and served—the papers of the month recorded her death and her virtues; so gentle and tender had been her life—so noble, and beneficent and true.

"So this dear old paragon of a matron is gone," mused Lura Lee, as she glanced at the morning paper. "Ambrose will feel heart-broken for a week or two; but it's just as well for us both. I shall never be a paragon, heaven forbid! I shall sail gently through life, with all the amusement I can reap, all the pleasure I can afford. A ring at the door! Is it he?"

"Only a note. Will I go up to the funeral? Well, yes, if I must. Wear black? Now that is presuming on my good nature. Why I look like a fright in it! No, Mr. Ambrose, I will not wear black! But stop—bring my desk, John. I may as well have—scruples: don't approve of mourning, and so on.

"There, John, put a stamp on this note, and take it at once to the office. I wear black! Let us see. What was I reading? There was other news, I suppose, than this old lady's death."

Weeks passed, the family of Madam Willard was scattered, her estate divided. The share of Ambrose hardly would suffice to furnish his city

house; but the bride's father did that. The wedding day was near.

"How beautiful you are to-night, divine angel! Why do not other women smile like you; move, dress like you? Can it be that the only one absolutely perfect falls to my share?"

"Say some more. I like to hear you rave."

"It is not raving; but sober, sensible truth; plain earnest; my sweet, rare flower!"

"Apropos, what a lovely basket of japonicas you sent to-day. I have enjoyed them, oh! so much; and do you know Jane thinks she can trim my skirt with them for the party to-morrow? Won't it be original, and gorgeous too?"

He did not tell her of another basket of flowers—the same kind of flowers—he had purchased at the same time, and that stood now on his mother's grave, all dewy in the starlight!

Again months passed, a year, two years. They occupied the large house, luxurious in all its appointments. The predictions of Madam Willard were accomplished: for sentiment and flowers there were cares and duties now; parlor, nursery, kitchen, butcher's bill, millinery bills; they had arrived and must be met. It needed generalship like that which controls an army—unless you have tried it, reader, do not smile—it needed the patience and gentleness of saints, the dutifulness of woman, it needed only a large, true, loving heart, and this might all go well.

"Pray speak of something, Ambrose, besides your children. Am I not worn to a shadow with watching them? Have I touched the piano for two weeks? Did I give them scarlet fever?"

"You have watched too closely, my pet." He had not called her pet, for long, till now. "You shall not be so enslaved, shall have more society. We will take a journey——"

"And leave the house filled with turbulent servants? They'd melt our silver into bars, and run away with the ceilings. Blessed be nothing, is my motto! But, Ambrose, dear, since you are good-natured, I did see the sweetest set of pearls at Jones' to-day."

"At the sweetest price, I'll be bound."

"Ah! I wonder if you inquired the price of those baskets of japonicas you used to send! 'Of a truth,' says the proverb, 'a man's love lasts not long, a woman's forever.'"

"Do not talk in that way, Lura. It sounds like earnest."

"I never said it was not."

"But, child, I would indulge every wish of your soul, were it not that——"

"Now I know: a sermon on money!"

"I am a young man."

"I might have married a rich man."

"I long for usefulness and distinction."

"Yes, you in your way; I in mine. You to print old prosy speeches; I to wear beautiful pearls."

"You shall have the pearls, Lura."

"May I? Now that is reasonable. You know, Ambrose, it is not as if I came to you penniless."

"Would to heaven you had!" was the mental response of the husband.

Months passed again, and years. Ambrose had failed, had rallied, forsaken his profession, was now a prosperous merchant. Lura was elegant still, but her beauty was gone; nervous, restless, fitful, she aimed at a position which she had not the genius to fill. They had followed children to the grave. Japonicas came on the birth-days and death-days of those whose little feet would come no more forever on this earth. They had long ago learned to distrust the world. Alas! they had at last learned to distrust the joys of home—to distrust each other.

"Come now, Lura, be a good child as you were at first."

"A silly child, you mean!"

"No, good. Let me speak, for once, seriously. I do not like these flirtations. If I have no personal feeling—if I have none, Lura, the comments of others annoy me, mortify me constantly."

"I choose to be independent of others opinions."

"Of mine—your husband's?"

"Oh! nonsense, Ambrose. I have had trouble enough without concluding with a jealous spouse. Let me but flutter through my days. I shall wear out soon, of mere weariness. Then you may find another wife, like, for instance, your own inimitable mother."

"Madam, I will not ask you again, but command you to treat my mother's memory with some respect! Do I mention her virtues so very often?"

"Nay, Sir Othello! But every time you look—as you're always looking—perplexed, annoyed, disappointed. I think now he compares me with the paragon!"

"That is the voice of conscience, Mrs. Willard!"

"Sweet Othello, why did you not think to consult this good mamma in choosing a wife?"

"I was a fool, and blind!"

"Ah! what was I?"

He left the house. They had never gone so far before; but they had gone thus all the way, little by little, losing ground, losing confidence, losing hope.

An hour later—in the interval Mrs. Willard had flown to her boudoir, to seek restoration in cosmetics and a rearranged toilet—an hour later, Lura Willard sat in the glow of the wine-colored shades to her chandelier, listened to persuasive words from lips long practiced in flatteries, but which her foolish heart believed to be now first inspired and eloquent. He spoke of joys all tranquil and foreordained, of celestial affinities, harmonies, possibilities; not a word of his friend betrayed, of a home disgraced, a child deserted, a good name brought to scorn—not a word of forbearance, and patience, and duty.

Frail because so weak. Weak, for she was an orphan, no mother had watched her growth, and by prayer and patient effort made her strong; frail and weak—let those who can condemn her! She left that night a home which was no home; and after weakness came sin, and after sin despair, the scorn of strangers, and then gentle death.

As Ambrose Willard walked at midnight through his lonely rooms, the spirit of his mother walked beside him, whispering comfort amid his self-reproach—whispering courage in his lonely woe.

Yes, he would live for his child; live to atone for the past, to wipe away the stain, which, through his name, had fallen on his father's name. He might even entice the lost one back, might—

Servants called him to the bedside of his little girl. She was delirious with fever, calling wildly for her mother. It was dreadful to hear this word echoing through the great, deserted house, in the shrill, plaintive tones of that childish voice,

"Father, father! You made her angry, you have driven her away. Only bring back my mother! No—not your hand, hers—hers!"

And thus, in a few days, the child died; and was buried.

The father laid flowers on her grave—boughs of sweet-briar, dewy and fragrant.

And then he went forth, it was said, to seek and reclaim his wife. There arose a wild storm, boats were wrecked in the Sound; and among the bodies washed ashore was that of Ambrose Willard.

"Poor fellow!" his friends said, "just when the horizon began to clear, just when he might have hoped for peace, to be swept away by an accident!"

They looked carefully in each other's face, as they spoke; but respected his sorrows, and were silent.

In his private desk was found, duly signed

and sealed, a will—made freshly—bequeathing
his wealth to his sisters: and meekly asking
them to bury him at his mother's feet.

It is a mournful story, reader! Would it were
drawn from less fresh and copious materials in
actual life!

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

BY ELEANOR CLAIR.

On the bleak hills the purple heather blows,
And the gorse yearlong glows;
So in the barren wastes of human life,
Meek flowers of patience and of faith grow rife,
And from the churlish soil,
Strength and endurance spring beneath the hand of toil.
Amid the gloomy moors her days were past,
Her humble lot was cast
Where dull existence holds its tedious way,
And the same burden day hands o'er to day.
Yet her true heart could see
The glory hidden in the meanest things that be.
Death took the loved whose joys embraced her own,
And she was left alone;
Toiling while sorrow's weight oppressed her ever,
Wise to conceive and steadfast to endeavor.
With eyes that tears made blind
Her life's great import seeking long to find.

Oh! shall we deem thy might beyond the human,
Most wondrous woman?
And think that we who suffer chastenings sore
Are therefore called to give our labor o'er?
Both crosses God decrees,
And our weak natures cry in vain for ease.
But now at length thy rest is deep and sweet,
While years their round complete.
Nights such as once brought neither sleep nor calm,
Now on thy grave distill their dewy balm.
Through days once filled with care
Thy busy hand and brain are quiet there.
And by that grave, lightened with clearer vision
To comprehend life's mission,
We learn that no success is born of fate,
But all true souls attain it soon or late,
That they who struggle, win,
And though the gate is strait, the brave may enter in.

THE MAID WITH THE LAUGHING EYE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

SWEET to my heart are the bright scenes of yore,
Where in childhood oft I have strayed;
And dear to memory is the retreat
In the shade by the old oak made;
But a holier calm, and a mightier thrill,
And charms far sweeter draw nigh,
As I think of my bonny, bonny Nell,
The maid with the laughing eye.
She is as pure as a snow-flake fair,
And her cheeks are as pure and bright
As the rosy hues that are kissed away
From off an Alpine height;

And as on memory's wings I soar,
I know that no other can vie
With my bonny, bonny, fairy-like Nell,
The maid with the laughing eye.
I told my love on a Summer's eve,
And she fell on my throbbing breast;
And as the glance of her eye met mine,
Our lips together were pressed;
The silent stars were the witnesses,
As they stole from out the blue sky;
And thus I did woo and win my Nell,
The maid with the laughing eye.

SPIRIT-DREAMS.

BY N. F. CARTER.

THERE are beautiful dreams that we sometimes know,
Which to life some gleams of their glories impart,
For all gorgeously bright, as they come and go,
Are the gladdening pictures they leave on the heart.
For then is the spirit untrammelled and free
To roam at pleasure wherever it wills,
And mirrors, as mirrors the beautiful sea,
The rainbow-hued scenes of the Heavenly hills!
And we sometimes are greeted with an angel's song,
And the ravishing strains of an angel's lyre,
Till with spirit enraptured we ardently long
For privilege of joining the Heavenly choir!

And when we awake to the real again,
In the soul sweet echoes are lingering still
And we join in the visions of the children of men,
Which for them so blessed a mission fulfill!
And stronger in spirit we feel to breast
And buffet the storms of a world of strife,
Hope whispering of future enjoyment and rest,
If the victory we win in the battle of life!
And then shall we know those beautiful dreams,
As their real we see with an angel's ken,
And drink with delight from perennial streams,
No more to return to the earth again!

THE OLD STONE MANSION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "MABEL," "KATE ATLESFORD," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 285.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BRIGHT, blue sky; a bracing, north-west wind; a flood of brilliant sunshine streaming in, as I threw open my window, welcomed me, when I awoke, the next day. The events of the night seemed to me incredible, in the presence of this glad, exhilarating morning; and I had half persuaded myself that a dream had deceived me, till I looked for my candle-stick and found it missing. As it was yet early, and I had not heard old Jane stirring, I opened my door and descended to the first landing, to see if the light was still where it had fallen. It was there; and I returned to my room, more bewildered than ever.

I breakfasted in nervous silence, though old Jane, who waited at table, seemed, more than once, inclined to talk. For I did not care, that my companion should know my feelings, or hear how my rest had been disturbed.

After the meal was finished, I took some work, which I had completed, the day before, and set forth for the city; for I felt I could not stay alone in the house, that day. My nervous system, after the exhausting events of the night before, required recuperation. In vain old Jane assured me that the roads would be impassable with mud, and that I would be chilled through; I put on overshoes, wrapped my shawl tighter around me, and started.

The brisk walk, the sharp air, the gay sunshine restored my spirits. By the time I had discharged my errand, I was almost ready to smile at what I now half believed the illusions of the night before. As the day was still early, I resolved to prolong my walk. I turned into the principal thoroughfare, which was now alive with pedestrians, for it was the fashionable hour for promenading, and drawing my veil closely over my face, so as not to be recognized by those who had known me under happier auspices, I followed the tide of human life.

I had not gone far, before, suddenly, I saw Rosalie approaching, with her nurse.

Dear Rosalie! Since the day I left her father's house, we had not met. How delighted I was to

see her now. I threw aside my veil, careless who recognized me now, and rushed up to her.

But the nurse drew her back, with a quick gesture, interposing her fat, coarse person between me and my darling.

"No, Miss! And I wonder you've the impudence. My orders is positive not to let Rosy speak to you."

I could not, for a moment, believe her words. Was this the creature, who, for the last year, but especially after my engagement to Mr. Talbot, had been so fawning? I stood bewildered and incredulous, my arms half extended to clasp Rosalie, in the attitude in which the nurse's words had arrested me. Rosalie, meantime, looked first at the nurse, and then wistfully at me, from behind the creature's back. She would have run to me, if she had been able to break loose. At first, I was tempted to encourage her in doing so; for oh! how I longed to take her in my arms, to feel her little cheeks once more resting against my own. But a second thought changed this half formed resolution. My better nature came to my aid. I could not, I said to myself, teach her disobedience. If her parents had interdicted her speaking to me, I would submit, for her sake, cruel as the decree was. But my eyes filled with tears.

"Good-bye, darling," I said, "if papa and mamma say you mustn't speak to me, don't do it. Be a good girl, and wait for better times. God bless you!"

I turned away, as I pronounced these last words, for my voice was choking. Dropping my veil again, I walked on, for a block or two, the tears falling so fast I could hardly see my way.

For nothing, since that fatal day, when I had left my uncle's house, had cut me to the heart so much as this. "To think," I said to myself, as I hurried on, "that they will set even Rosalie against me; that, in time, even she will learn to hate me!"

But the trials of the day were not yet over. I had now reached the most fashionable part of the city, having unconsciously gone farther than

I had intended. Wide, handsome mansions, built of brown stone, lined either side of the stately street. Here and there, from amid damask and lace curtains, looked out, through thick, plate-glass, lovely faces. Rare, hot-house plants ornamented many of the windows. Splendid equipages, with pawing horses and fat, stately-looking negro coachmen, stood before the doors, or rolled up and down the wide thoroughfare.

Suddenly, the massive portal of a house, just before me, was thrown open, by the obsequious waiter, and a gentleman and lady emerged. My heart beat quick, for I recognized, in the gentleman, Mr. Talbot.

His face was slightly turned away, as he addressed his companion, so that he did not observe me, but I beheld enough of it to see that there were no traces of suffering there. And why should there be? I said to myself bitterly. He was rich, he was distinguished, he was still happy; and the separation, which, in spite of my pride, was thinning my cheek, had left no trace upon him.

He gave his hand to the lady. As he did so, she turned, smiling and blushing toward him, and I caught sight, for an instant, of her countenance. It was very beautiful. As I saw the bright, blue, laughing eyes; the golden hair; the brilliant complexion; the high-bred air, a sudden pang of jealousy shot through me. It was a sensation I had never experienced before. In the worst hours of my loneliness and sorrow, when I said to myself that I should never see Mr. Talbot again, and when I had often thought of the possibility of his marrying, I had never, I now felt, realized what the reality would be, when he came to love another. But I was deceived no longer. I discovered, too, how much hope I had unconsciously entertained, and how much that hope had buoyed me up. Oh! if I could have sunk down, and died there, and so forgotten it all, how happy I would have been.

I trembled lest Mr. Talbot might see and recognize me. Fortunately I was still several yards off; and I slackened my pace and drew the folds of my veil still tighter. With inexpressible relief I saw him descend the steps, cross the pavement, and hand his companion into the light, trotting wagon, which stood awaiting them, without looking in my direction. In another moment, he had taken the reins from the groom, had leaped to the seat, and drawn the costly furs up over her lap and his. Then, with a quick, sharp word to the horses, a span of beautiful blood-bays, away dashed the light carriage, the groom and waiter standing mute and admiring, to look after them.

I watched them also. A spell was on me that I could not resist, and it would have been impossible for me to do otherwise, painful as the spectacle was. What a contrast between the bold driver and his slightly timid companion! She was all womanly grace, he all masculine strength. The bright colors of her bonnet and India shawl; the plume that streamed behind her; the air of indescribable dependence, which pervaded her whole figure, as she nestled toward him; the quick, resolute manner in which he pulled up one of the horses that shied from sheer excess of spirits; the idea of strength and self-poised massiveness of character, with which the grave hue of his dress harmonized so well: all these made up a picture, which haunted me for months subsequently. I noticed also the beauty of the horses, with a sensation, half of admiration, half of envy. How satin-like their coats; how delicate their ears; how broad their forehead; how intelligent their eyes; how full their nostrils! In every detail, as well as in the exquisite symmetry of their forms, I saw the unstained lineage, that could go back to "the blood of the desert." For I was born with a love for all animal life, and especially for beautiful horses, the noblest of animals. So I followed the metttled steeds, with my eyes, far up the street, till they were wheeled suddenly. Then I saw them, for an instant, tossing their heads and snapping at each other: and the next moment, they vanished, with their burden, down a cross street.

Anger now came to my aid. Up to this moment, I had been spell-bound. While that carriage was in sight I could not think, I could only gaze, gaze in a sort of bewildered amazement. But now a sense of injustice stung me to almost madness. I said to myself that Mr. Talbot had never loved me as I had loved him, or he could not have so utterly forgotten me so soon. My woman's pride rose in arms. My anger against him was only less hot than that which I felt against his companion, for I looked on her—yes! I will confess it, morbid as it shows me to have been—as even more culpable than himself.

I found myself, late in that day, at the old stone mansion, but how I got there it would be impossible for me to recall. There was a blank through the long hours of that day, which has left nothing to be remembered except a sensation of dull, hopeless pain. I must have returned home mechanically; I am sure it was unconsciously. The first thing that woke me from my stupor was the sound of the wintry wind in the pines before the door; for its melancholy seemed to sympathize with me, and the tears rushed to my eyes. Ashamed lest old Jane should see me,

I hurried up stairs, locked myself in my room, and, when she knocked to announce tea, declined to go down. And for two days, agonies of shame, remorse and indignation racked me by turns, and kept me nearly sleepless.

On the third day Georgiana returned. It had been my intention to seek an opportunity, during old Jane's daily siesta, to force my way into the long-closed library, in order to solve the mystery of the strange light and noise. But the events of the day had driven this design, for the time, from my recollection. It was too late now to make the attempt, for Georgiana would be constantly at home. So I was forced to postpone my determination. But I never, for a long while, passed the haunted apartment, in the dusk of the evening, without a feeling of awe, and often with a shudder. Frequently, at night, I listened again for the unearthly sounds, and occasionally thought I heard them, till opening my chamber door, I found my imagination had deceived me. Gradually the impression of that fearful night wore off, till, months after, it was revived again, as I shall proceed to relate in due season.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As the winter wore on, my cousin's failing health aroused all my sympathies. She had too much pride to confess anything; but the traces of tears were almost continually on her cheek; and I frequently recognized her husband's voice, elevated in anger, after they had retired for the night. Twice I thought I heard what was even worse, blows given and a woman's suppressed scream. 'Nor was I mistaken. For, a day or two after the last event of this kind, Georgiana happening, inadvertently, to bare her arm, I detected the marks of the blows. I think she saw she had betrayed herself, for she looked confused and covered her arm up quickly.

Several times, during the winter, Georgiana had written to her father; but her letters were returned unopened. Once she had summoned courage to seek an interview with him. I accompanied her, in a hack, to the door. She had chosen an hour when she knew Mr. Elliott would be at home. But her father sternly refused to see her, and when she would have forced her way in, the servant, acting no doubt according to instructions, shut the door in her face. Her look, as she turned to come down the steps, was that of hopeless anguish and despair. She staggered, as if she was about to faint, and would have fallen, I believe, if I had not sprung from the carriage and supported her to her seat.

This constant demand upon my sympathies

was, perhaps, a benefit to me, because it kept me from morbidly dwelling on my own sorrows. After this last vain effort at a reconciliation with her father, Georgiana's melancholy increased, as did also the irritability and harshness of her husband. Up to this time, I suppose, he had nourished a hope that Mr. Elliott would forgive them; and this had been some restraint upon him. But when he saw there was no chance of his wife's inheriting any portion of her father's wealth, he vented on her all his disappointment and rage.

No wonder her health gave way! It might have been thought, by those who knew Georgiana only as a willful girl, that she, at least, would never break her heart for love. But such would have taken a very superficial view of her character. Her failings had been, in a great degree, the result of her training. It is rare that the only child of rich and selfish parents is not petted till it is spoiled. She was still selfish, and often taxed my forbearance severely. She felt, also, acutely the loss of the position to which she had been accompanied, and the want of the luxuries which her father's wealth had given her. But if her husband had really loved her, she might, in time, I believe, have learned to be contented. The conviction that she had sacrificed everything to one who had married her only for her money, and who, now that she was penniless, maltreated her, was more than she could bear. She had not the strength of character to fight an adverse battle of life.

I was not without my own troubles, in addition to the one great sorrow of my life. Mr. Bentley still continued to visit us, and was becoming more marked in his attentions than ever. Often, to escape him, I thought of seeking a home elsewhere, but I knew that my presence was all there was to reconcile Georgiana to her lot. Once, when irritated beyond endurance, I told her that I really could stay no longer in a place where I was subjected to such annoyances.

"I don't blame you, my dear," I said, seeing how distressed she looked. "But Mr. Bentley will take no hints. The more I rebuff him, the more he persists: and I really can't bear it any longer."

Georgiana burst into tears.

"Oh! for my sake, don't go away," she sobbed. "This old house is so lonely that I shall die. Sometimes, I hear such strange noises, at night, that I almost think it's haunted; and I'm beginning to be afraid, indeed I am, to sleep alone, when Arthur's away. You won't go, will you?"

How could I resist such entreaties, especially

when, but for me, she would never, probably, have been the husband of this man? But I said, "I will stay, then; for awhile, at least."

"Oh! don't say that," she continued, with more tears. "Promise to stay till fall. I won't live longer than that. If it wasn't for another life than mine, I'd be willing to die now. I used to think life was so happy; but now, now——"

She could not go on. I took her to my bosom, and soothed her, poor child! till she sobbed herself into quiet.

But I had reason to repent my promise; and that before long. It was one day, when Arthur, a rare thing with him, had hired a carriage to take Georgiana for a drive.

I was sitting sewing, thinking of the past, and the tears were dropping on my work, when I heard a footstep, and looking up, saw Mr. Bentley before me. He had opened the front door, unannounced, and entered the parlor, without my having been aware of it.

"What! crying, Miss Gray?" he said.

I was vexed to have been detected in this weakness. I made no answer, therefore, but went on with my sewing. No farther tears fell, however; I was too proud for that.

My visitor, not having been asked, as yet, to take a seat, strolled uneasily about. Once or twice, I glanced up, and always caught his eye fixed on me. This, at last, embarrassed me. He took courage now, and drew near to me. At once I divined what his visit signified, and understood why Georgiana had been invited to drive. I rose to leave the room. But it was too late.

I will not repeat what Mr. Bentley said, nor what I replied. It is enough that he tendered me his heart and hand, and that I refused him. My manner was, perhaps, even more curt and decided than my words, for the color rushed over his face as I spoke, and he looked, for an instant, as if he would have liked to annihilate me. But he recovered the mastery of his features immediately.

"You are severe," he said, affecting to be calm. "Perhaps," and there was a malicious, snake-like gleam in his eye, "you still hope that Mr. Talbot will return to you."

He paused, evidently to watch the effect of his words. I felt the blood shoot to my temples. I was angry, the instant after, to think I had betrayed myself; that anger was heightened to see the exultation that sparkled in his look, as he went on,

"Because, if that is your notion," he continued; and he now dropped the elaborate politeness, which, up to this point, he had observed,

"you are laboring under a great delusion. Mr. Talbot was married yesterday."

It went through me like a knife. He was revenged, ay! more than revenged, for any superciliousness in my manner. But I was determined he should not see it. I had betrayed myself once: I would not betray myself again. I took up my needle and held it to the light: I think nobody but a woman could have done as I did; and deliberately began to thread it, saying, unconsciously,

"Ah! You don't say so."

If I am not mistaken, he muttered, not a farewell, but an oath, as he seized his hat and left the house. I watched till I saw he was out of sight, when I threw myself on the sofa and gave way to an agony of tears.

By-and-bye, I bethought me to look at the newspaper, for one was brought to us daily. I sprang up, with a sudden hope, for I felt convinced that Mr. Bentley would stop at no falsehood to gain his end. The marriage, if it had really taken place, would probably be published. With trembling fingers I unfolded the journal and sought the column where marriage notices were inserted. As I hurriedly glanced down it, my spirits rose, but only to be dashed forever, by an announcement near the bottom.

"On the tenth, by the Rev. Dr. Downs, at Christ church, Henry Talbot, of —, to Miss Julia Beverly, only daughter of Charles Beverly, Esq., of this city."

The paper fell from my grasp. I staggered to my seat again. The room seemed suddenly to darken. I gasped for breath. Oh! how sweet oblivion would be, or how sweet we think it would be, in those great crises of agony, which are the fruit life bears for the unhappy. For the dream, the wild, vain, mad dream, as I now felt it to be, was over. Shall I confess it? In spite even of what I had seen, a hope had gradually crept back to my heart—well! it is idle saying what that hope was. I escaped up stairs, as soon as I could, and there, till dinner was nearly ready to be served, fought, despairingly, the grim Appollyon in my heart. But I conquered at last, or, at least, I believed I did.

I have said nothing, in all this time, of the means by which we lived. In spite of my cousin's assertions, that her husband never played, I had come to the conclusion that he supported himself by gambling. Mr. Bentley resembled so much the keeper of a second-rate hell, such as I had heard them described, that I was confident he and Mr. Despencer were

partners in some enterprise of that description. This explained the hold which he had on Georgiana's husband, which otherwise was inexplicable. For the intimacy between the two men had relation, it was plain, to transactions in which both were pecuniarily interested, as I saw money frequently passing between them, account books produced, and receipts exchanged.

I was the more sure that I was right, because the financial condition of Mr. Despencer appeared to fluctuate, precisely as a gambler's will. Sometimes he would produce whole rolls of notes, crisp and fresh from the bank, out of which to give my cousin the funds necessary to discharge household bills. At other times, the bills would be allowed to accumulate for weeks; and any mention of money would make him angry.

All this while, Georgiana remained under the delusion that her husband was an English gentleman of condition, whose purse was full, or empty, according as his remittances from home were punctual, or otherwise. I could less afford than ever to tell her the truth. It would have taken from her the only thing that was left to cheer her spirits.

"Though I will be dead and gone," she would say, for she persisted in declaring she would not live, "my poor infant may yet be rich and happy. I hope it will be a boy, for then he can inherit the title, if it falls in, as Arthur says it is almost sure to do. A daughter might be no happier than her mother."

This was the nearest approach she ever made, in words, to betraying her husband's cruelty. She seemed to see, the moment she had spoken, what she had done, for she became confused and hastily turned the conversation.

The spring was far advanced, when these events occurred. For nearly two months I had not been in the city. During most of that time, the roads had been impassable, in consequence of the heavy rains. At last, late in the month of May, I set forth, at Georgiana's request, to make some purchases, which could not well be put off longer, and which she had been anxious I should make for her, ever since her husband, a few days before, had placed in her hands a tempting roll of bank-bills.

"Buy things that are pretty as well as good, *Maggy*," she said, "for Arthur tells me times are mending with him, and he's been quite generous, as you'll see when you count the bills."

I was gone all day, for there were many things to buy. I came home quite fagged out. But I was fully compensated for my fatigue, by

the extravagant, almost childish pleasure, which my purchases gave Georgiana. She held up the little, delicate lace caps, blushing, and seemed happier than she had been for months.

It was a beautiful evening, and so warm, that we sat with the windows up. Georgiana was gayer than she had been all winter. The soft, south wind, scented with far-off flowers, and the silver moonlight, which fell around us like a mantle of peace, assisted, doubtless, to work this change. Her husband seemed also to feel the influence of the hour. I thought what Georgiana had said, about his circumstances improving, was, perhaps, true; for not only now, but for several days, he had been less irritable and harsh. As I saw his wife leaning her head fondly on his shoulder, a caress which he did not rudely reject, as he would have done, a week before, I said to myself, that better days, perhaps, were in store for my cousin.

Nor did these hopes die with that evening. For the month and more, that followed, Mr. Despencer was once more attentive, almost kind, to his wife: and she, poor thing! was only too grateful, as her every action and look showed. In the middle of summer she became a mother; and though the child was a daughter, and not a son, she seemed to have forgotten, in the bliss of her new relation, all her former wishes that the result might be different.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEORGIANA had sunk into a soft slumber, one night, and was altogether so well, that, leaving the nurse to watch over her and the infant, I stole out of the chamber in order to seek some rest, of which, for nearly a week, I had been almost entirely deprived. I soon fell into a deep sleep. My system had been completely exhausted by anxiety and the fatigue of watching; and I did not even dream.

I was awake, after some hours, however, by the dash of rain across my face. The day had been sultry, even for the season, and, when I retired, I had left all the windows open, including one at the head of my bed. Sitting up, I felt that my pillow was quite wet, for a thunder-storm had arisen, and a cold wind was driving the rain, in huge drops, right across where I slept. I sprang out, as soon as I realized this, to close the casement. But just as my hand was on the sash, a peal of thunder broke overhead, seeming to shake the house to its foundations, and rattling down the sky, as if the pillars of that gigantic dome had been crashed, and the whole vast superstructure was tumbling back

into chaos. Instantaneously, there was a dazzling flash, which, for one brief moment, revealed the landscape without, clothed in a ghastly radiance, like the spectral and blasted wastes seen in a dream of the lost: the tossing pines on the lawn, every needle a point of light; the swaying woods in the distance, sheeted with electricity; the sullen stream in the valley beneath, emitting a dull blaze; and the pall-like clouds above, rolling tumultuously over each other, glowing a lurid black: and then all was darkness. It was a darkness a thousand times more intense for that moment of vivid light.

My first idea was that the house had been struck, for I found myself, simultaneously with all this, reeling backward against the bed, nor do I know to this day whether I was thrown there by the shock, or whether I instinctively retreated. The darkness was succeeded, almost immediately, by a wild, lurid glare, in which everything, for a moment or two, spun around: the bed, the room, the gloomy landscape without, nay! the heavens themselves. Then followed the sound of the rain rushing downward, like unseen Alpine torrents, when night and tempest are on Mount Blanc.

When I recovered, my first thought was of Georgiana, whom I knew that peal must have awakened, and who, from a child, had been afraid of thunder. So I hurried on my dress, as fast as I could, to go to her.

My cousin's room, as I have said, was next to mine, and on the same floor. But there was no communication between the two apartments, except through the hall, and when I opened the door leading into the latter, I was startled by seeing the passage, which I had left in darkness, an hour or two before, now almost as light as day.

At first I could not believe my eyes. I passed my hand over them, and looked again. I now became aware that the light was brighter below than above, and another look satisfied me that it came from the direction of the library, out of whose long closed door it seemed to stream forth, in a gush of brilliant, almost unearthly effulgence. I forgot, instantly, my errand. The remembrance of that winter night, when I had heard the story of the parricide committed in that room, and seen afterward this same mysterious light, rushed back upon me, with all its feelings of awe and terror. I staggered back into my chamber, my knees trembling, my heart beating wildly.

But I rallied almost immediately. I put my hand on the lock to reopen the door, and while one might have counted fifty, paused to listen.

I heard nothing, except the loud, tumultuous throbbing of my heart, and the steady pouring of the rain outside. Smiling at my momentary terror, I boldly threw the door open and stepped forth.

But my footsteps were again arrested, for a moment; for loud and distinct there came to my ears the strange noises of that winter night: the shuffling of feet, the voices, the thud of a blow, the sound like a dying sob. My breath came quick and fast. I was irresolute for a second. Then I rallied. My spirit was fully roused. I said to myself, that, if I went back, I should despise myself forever. Had I not wished, ever since Georgiana's return, for an opportunity to unravel this mystery, a wish which her presence had prevented? And now that the opportunity had come, should I, coward-like, fear to avail myself of it? No! I would go forward, come what might. I would dare everything. Under the influence of these reflections, the very danger, which, but a little while before, had palsied my limbs, now only stimulated me to proceed.

Fortunately I had list slippers on. For I had worn them, in Georgiana's room, ever since she had been sick, and when I retired, I had put them at my bedside, to be ready in case I should be summoned. They enabled me to glide down stairs noiselessly, and to reach the lower hall undetected. A step or two carried me to the library door. But there a sight presented itself, which arrested my rapid pace and transfixed me, breathless, on the threshold.

CHAPTER XX.

THE library was a spacious apartment, with book-cases ranged along either side, and a stately, old-fashioned fire-place at the extreme end. The cases were built into the wall, and consequently had been left standing, when the room had been dismantled. They had open doors of latticed wire-work, which had originally been lined with green silk, but this was now tarnished by damp and time; and in many places torn and rotten, revealing the empty shelves within. An antique glass chandelier, with crystal drops, depended from the ceiling, in the middle of the room: the centre-piece of this ceiling was a wreath, on a blue ground, on which were gilded stars, after a fashion much in vogue sixty years ago. It was from this chandelier that the brilliant light, which now almost dazzled my eyes, seemed to proceed. Every pendent twinkled and scintillated, throwing out glittering prismatic hues, as the current of wind, that poured in at the open door, stirred them, with a ghostly sound like the rattling of skeleton bones.

Directly under this chandelier, and in the full blaze of its light, was a strange machine, unlike anything I had ever seen before. My first idea, with my heated imagination, was that it was some hideous instrument of torture. But a second look suggested to me that it was a printing press of some description, for on a small table, at its side, was a pile of paper, cut into tiny sheets, and on another table, near by, was a similar pile, only printed upon. As I entered, a man, in his shirt sleeves, whom I recognized for Despencer, was in the act of taking one of these sheets from the press, and transferring it to this second pile; while another man, also without his coat, and whom I saw was Bentley, had hold of the spokes, by which the press was turned, as if he had only that instant taken an impression. As Despencer lifted the paper, and the light fell full upon it, I detected a sheet of bank notes, precisely similar to those I had disbursed for Georgiana, only a few weeks before.

I paused, as I have said, in dismay. For that one, rapid glance had revealed to me, not only the origin of the mysterious noises and lights, but the secret of the connection between Despencer and Bentley. I saw that I had been living, for months, in a den of counterfeiters. I saw why this dreary old mansion, which the country folk believed to be haunted, had been chosen for a residence by Georgiana's husband; for in this room, which no stranger would dare to approach, because of the tragedy which had been enacted there, he was secure from interruption at his felonious work. I thought, too, I comprehended the strange knock I had heard, on that winter night. It must have been Bentley, I said to myself, who, not gaining admittance promptly, had gone around to some other entrance known only to himself; for the strange light and noises, which I had seen and heard afterward, had doubtless been caused by his being at work, and had ceased because he had heard me coming and closed the door. The shuffling of feet moving about, to work the press; the rubbing in of the ink on the steel plate; voices, in conversation, or of one talking to himself; these were precisely such sounds as might be transmuted, by an active fancy, into the spectral ones of old Jane's narrative. I realized it all now. And I further saw that it was chiefly stormy nights that had been chosen for printing the notes, as on such nights the counterfeiters would be less likely to be detected.

I understood also why my presence, in this old mansion, had been courted by Despencer. I had been welcomed because I could be made a dupe, and, in that capacity, employed as a tool to put in circulation the counterfeit notes. Either

Despencer, or Bentley, would have been more liable to suspicion than a woman. Georgiana, though a woman, would not, on more than one account, have been a successful agent. It flashed upon me, as I recalled all this, that I also was criminal in the eyes of the law. Oh! at that moment, how the warning of Mr. Talbot came back to me. It was the bitterest thought of the hour that he would hear of this. But whether he believed me guilty, or not, my fair fame was equally tainted, for in the eyes of the world, from this time out, I would be the confederate of felons.

It is said that, when a person is drowning, a thousand thoughts, ten thousand recollections, rush upon them, and that they live, so to speak, whole years in a moment of time. In that terrible hour, when I saw hope closing over me forever, without a plank to cling to, I also thought and felt this, and other things, with a rapidity I could not have believed possible. I even speculated how far old Jane was a confederate with Despencer and Bentley, and whether the story of the parricide was a pure invention, or otherwise: and I remember that I concluded, from the recollection of her manner, when telling the tale, that the parricide had really happened; but that she had narrated the tragedy to me, doubtless at the instigation of the others, in order to check my curiosity regarding the long-closed room. Some mysterious bond, I supposed, connected her and Bentley, if not Despencer together. What was it?

Then I thought of Georgiana. Instead of being the bride of a nobleman, as, poor fool! she fancied still, she was a felon's wife. More than this, she was the mother of a felon's child. Oh! was it to such degradation, I asked myself, that my thoughtlessness had brought her? I pictured, rapidly, her future. How, sooner or later, the ministers of justice would discover the counterfeiters afloat, ferret out the counterfeiter, and consign him to the penitentiary. She would then be alone in the world, unless I stood her friend. That friend I resolved to be, till she died of the shame and horror of the discovery, which I knew would not be long. But her infant? It would survive, it would have no one to take care of it; and I determined to be a mother to it, even though it was the child of a felon. These reflections, in succession, rushed through my mind, and I was only roused, by observing that Bentley had left the press, and was gliding swiftly and noiselessly toward me, with the sinister look of a red Indian stealing through the woods on the war-path.

For the first time, that evening, I lost my presence of mind. My true course was to have

fled, closing the door behind me. But I did not think of this. I was so startled, horrified and bewildered, so doubtful yet that what I saw was not a dream, that I only stepped aside, instinctively, to avoid him. In a moment he had slipped between me and the door, which he closed and locked. The look of savage certainty, the certainty that he had me in his power at last, which supplanted the one of cunning which had been on his face before, gave me the first intimation that a real and tangible peril, a peril even of life, had taken the place of the vague and supernatural one which I had originally dreaded.

He came up to me, with a hideous grin on his features, now looking more satyr-like than ever; and I recoiled, trembling in all my limbs. For what was I in the hands of this brutal, revengeful and desperate man? He followed me up, and I lost all courage. With a shriek, I turned and fled to Despencer.

The latter had stood, hardly less spell-bound than myself, holding the sheet of paper in his hand all this while. As I now threw my arms about him, with a wild look of entreaty for protection, he raised his eyes to his companion, with a sort of puzzled, alarmed expression, which showed me what a craven he was at heart, and how he not only feared his confederate, but depended even on his counsel to extricate themselves from this crisis. No word was spoken, nor did I see Bentley's face, but the eyes of Despencer quailed, and I was not surprised, therefore, when the latter began, nervously, to unloose my arms from about him.

"No, my saucy Miss," said Bentley, following me up, "that won't serve your turn. We meet now where I have the say all to myself."

I knew, from this, how my rejection of him had rankled, in his heart, all the while. I knew also, from the hurried manner in which Despencer disengaged himself from me, that I had no hope except in myself. In a moment all the pride of my character came to my aid. I flung myself loose from Despencer, with a quick, decisive gesture of contempt, and faced Bentley, feeling as I suppose a stag feels, when, after being hunted all day, it turns at bay on its pursuers. His eye quailed before my defiant look.

But it quailed only for a moment. Base as he was, Bentley was brave. He colored, as if with shame, at that momentary hesitation, and said, stopping at a respectful distance, and with an oath,

"You're a trump, and if we can come to an understanding, you need be afraid of nothing. Despencer," and he turned to his comrade, "what do you say? Will this girl keep an oath?"

Despencer seemed to know, as little as I did, what the speaker was aiming at. He looked bewildered from Bentley to me.

A smile of contempt began to wreath the coarse lips of Bentley.

"Will you keep an oath?" he said, turning to me.

I answered promptly and decisively,

"I won't take any oath, here: open the door and let me go."

A derisive laugh was the only reply I received. In spite of my attempts to seem fearless, that laugh smote me with secret terror, for I knew, let what would happen, that I could not depend on Despencer for aid.

"You can and shall swear," said Bentley, fixing his eyes on me, and speaking slowly and between his teeth, as if to convince me how relentless he was. "Look here, Miss; you are no fool. You have caught us at what, if known, would send us to the States Prison; and you can't suppose we're going to let you off, so that we may be blown, to-morrow."

"For God's sake," interposed Despencer, "swear not to tell. You don't know Bentley: I do. Swear."

He caught my arm, as he spoke, and, in his energy, pinched it till it was black and blue. His face was pale as ashes. This terror of his, at what might happen if I persisted in my refusal, revealed to me, far more than words could have done, the peril that surrounded me.

"Swearing, in that way, won't do," interrupted Bentley, coolly folding his arms and leaning against the table. "You don't seem, Despencer, to realize the facts. What guarantee have we that she will keep such an oath? She may do it, at first, and afterward change her mind: and then where are we? No, we must make it her interest to hold her tongue, or rather put her in a position, that, even if she wished to tell, she couldn't. She must swear to marry me: that's the only way; for a wife can't be witness against her husband. You're comparatively safe, for the girl has her own notions of honor, and, unless I'am mistaken in her, won't blab against her cousin's husband. But with me, you see, it's different. She'd as lief hang me, I believe, as look at me."

The cool, logical way, in which he put all this, fairly took my breath away. I realized, at once, that entreaties or supplication would be powerless, addressed to such a man. From his point of view, indeed, there was no other safe course for him to take. The plan he proposed was necessary to self-preservation. But I could detect, also, under this calm show of reason, a

latent exultation lurking in his eye, that seemed to say to me, "You once scorned me, you have been fool enough to come prying into the lion's den, now see what you will make of it." That diabolical look of revenge was for me; the reasoning was for his comrade.

Despencer gazed at Bentley and then at me. Once more I appealed to him by a look. There was still enough of common humanity in him to make him pity me. But he saw the justness of his confederate's reasoning, and evidently knew that there was no possibility of moving that confederate from an opinion so emphatically expressed. "I—I," he stammered, turning finally to me, "can't interfere, you see. Bentley's right. The only safe way is to marry him."

"Never!" I said.

"Never?" asked Bentley, in a mocking tone, moving a step toward me.

"Never!" I retorted, looking him full in the face. Death, I felt, would be preferable to a union with this ruffian, for that would be worse than mere physical death, it would be the death of the soul.

He returned my look, for a full minute, it may have been longer. I had heard that the human eye had a strange power, and the vain hope came across me, that I might awe even this unscrupulous and merciless man. But I felt, as second after second went past, while he continued to gaze at me with that hard, stony, resolute expression, that this hope was slipping by.

The expression of his eye changed, indeed, at last; but what a change! That strange gleam, which I had so often noticed there, that dull and sleepy gleam, which reminded me of a snake, began to blaze, as he advanced on me; till it was transmuted into the glare of an assassin.

CHAPTER XXI.

I RETREATED rapidly to the door. To that movement, perhaps, I owed my life. For, at this very moment, a peal of thunder, more awful even than the one which had awoken me, broke over the house, shaking it as if an earthquake was about to topple it from its foundations. Simultaneously a blinding glare paled the light of the chandelier; the room was filled with a sulphurous smoke; and I was hurled still further from Bentley, by a shock, sharp and quick as that from a vast volcanic battery, and that deprived me, for awhile, of all sensation.

When I began, at last, to recover recollection, I was amazed to behold the door wide open, as if it had been burst violently from its hinges. The

apartment was still dim with smoke, but I could see that there was a great rent, for half the distance down the wall, close by the doorway; and I realized, at once, that the lightning had struck the house, and passed down in this direction, tearing the door off in its course. The next object I saw was Despencer, who stood, as if suddenly transformed to stone, his eyes distended with horror, gazing at some object on the floor between us. My glance following his, rested on the prostrate form of Bentley, that lay directly under the splintered wall, surrounded with bits of broken plaster, and apparently lifeless. My brain was still in a whirl, and, for an instant, I could not realize it all. But a second look at Despencer, and then one at the motionless body, told me that my late enemy had gone to his last account. On his forehead was a small, round hole, as if seared into the brain by a red-hot iron; the side of the face was convulsed; and there was a smell as of burning garments. Despencer stooped over him.

"Good God! he is really dead," he said, in a husky voice, and he started back, his face more livid than ever.

All this had occupied less than a minute, and the echoes of the thunder were still rattling faintly down the heavens, when I heard a shriek, and almost simultaneously a white, sheeted figure, appeared at the entrance, the countenance wild with terror. At sight of it, Despencer, who was just rushing away, recoiled, believing it, I suppose, for the instant, the apparition of the faithless bride. But I knew better. I recognized Georgiana immediately. To explain her appearance, and in this half-crazed condition, I must, however, go back for a short interval.

As I had feared, the first of the two thunder-peals had woken my cousin, who, in a state of great alarm, began calling for me. The nurse waited awhile, thinking I would make my appearance, but as I failed to do this, she left the chamber to summon me. While she was absent, Georgiana had risen from bed, and hardly conscious in her terror of what she was doing, had slipped on her dressing-gown. At this juncture the second clap of thunder broke over the house; and this deprived her of what little presence of mind there was left to her. Rushing from her chamber, she darted down the staircase, and turning in the direction where she saw the light, reached the library in the manner, and at the moment, I have described.

For an instant she looked around affrightedly. In her half-insane condition, she was not able to comprehend all she saw; but she understood enough to have some glimpses of the truth. I

shall never forget her horror-struck look, when she beheld the corpse, or the shudder over her whole frame with which she averted her gaze. Her eyes now rested on me for the first time. I was hastening to support her, for I too well foreboded what was to follow. She sprang toward me, as a child, chased by a terrible beast, darts into its mother's arms; broke into a stifled shriek; that was followed by a sob as if her heart had burst; and went off into violent convulsions.

Fortunately the nurse arrived at this crisis. She had found my chamber empty, and was returning to Georgianna's, when she saw a white figure flitting down the staircase. Together we bore the unhappy wife back to her bed. Despencer had partially recovered from his stupor of terror, but was still too unnerved to render us much assistance. The nurse, at first, had given me the candlestick to hold, and motioned for the husband to take Georgianna up in his arms; but seeing his condition, she had snatched the light from me, and handed it to him, with a look almost of contempt, telling him to follow us. In this way, the nurse supporting the head, and I the feet, we bore my cousin to her chamber, Despencer creeping after us, speechless, and shivering as if in an ague-fit, hardly able to hold the candle in his nerveless hand.

I have but a vague recollection of some of the events of that terrible night and the two succeeding days. But others are burned into my memory indelibly. My office was at the side of my cousin, whom I did not leave, except for a few minutes, for eight-and-forty hours. During part of that time she lay in violent convulsions, so that the nurse and I expected every hour to be her last. Toward morning the strength of the attacks abated, and the physician, who arrived soon after, gave us faint hopes of her recovery. But though she had relief, from that period out, she never looked up again; and we could see that her days were numbered.

For it was impossible to conceal from her entirely the true state of affairs, and this knowledge broke her heart. If nothing else would have betrayed to her the real character of her husband, the passionate grief of old Jane would have done it; for the mystery that connected the ancient servant with Bentley was solved, now that he had met so fearful a death. Bentley, it came out, was old Jane's son. He had never, indeed, borne her name: and had been educated away from her. But her heart clung to him, in secret, as the only thing which was left to her to love. When he grew up, his handsome person, his talents, and the fashionable company he kept, made her dote on him, if pos-

sible, more than ever. In her lonely life, at the deserted old mansion, he was continually in her thoughts. When his evil habits began to tell on his fortunes, and he not only slipped out of reputable society, but got into pecuniary difficulties, she opened her store of hoardings and supplied him from her own purse. At last, even this resource was exhausted, and then Bentley became a sharper, a gambler, even worse. But still she loved him, as only a lonely, desolate woman can. Years passed. Her son grew toward middle-age; she was becoming decrepit herself; he associated now only with felons; when he was with her he often struck her; and yet she loved him still. Finally, he came to her and demanded the use of the long-closed library to establish a press for counterfeiting; and though it seemed to her almost sacrilege, for she was thoroughly superstitious, she consented. Hence it was that Despencer, with whom Bentley had now become associated, had rented the old mansion. But a terror of some great calamity, which seemed to haunt her like a Fate in a Greek tragedy, kept her in continual apprehension. Often she implored her son to forego his practices, or, at least, to carry them on somewhere else. But he answered only with a scornful laugh. All this we learned from her frantic ravings.

The clap of thunder had awoke her in common with the rest of the household, and the shrieks of my cousin had brought her down stairs. When she saw the corpse of her son, she broke into the most piteous lamentations, mixed with insane reproaches of all in the dwelling. The dangerous condition of Georgianna did not restrain her. She burst into the chamber, and assaulted Despencer to his face, declaring that if he had not misled her son, she would not be childless. My flesh crept at the frightful manner in which she cursed the covering survivor, invoking on him and his family every evil which her imagination could suggest. We could not, for some time, leave Georgianna long enough to force the half-maniacal mother from the room. But when our patient had partially recovered, the nurse and I, with some help from Despencer, removed her, and double-locked the door. I believe, after this, her passion took a new turn and subsided into grief, and that she threw herself on the dead body of Bentley, and wept frantically there till almost morning.

It was daybreak before we could rally Despencer sufficiently to induce him to go for a physician. I have always thought that he was afraid to go before. Even while he remained in his wife's chamber, he would start and look fur-

tively around, at the slightest noise, as if he expected another thunderbolt to fall, and that he was to be its victim.

He never returned from that errand. I had already determined, in my own mind, that he would not. For it was impossible to prevent a coroner's jury on the body of Bentley, when the fact of the felonious occupation in which the dead man had been engaged would be discovered: and in such an event, the arrest and trial of his confederate would inevitably follow.

I thought over all this, as soon as the condition of Georgiana gave me leisure to think of anything but her peril. I had many doubts also as to my own immunity from the law. I knew I was innocent in intention; but I knew likewise that this would avail me but little. However, it was impossible for me to leave Georgiana. My post of duty was at her side, and there I would stay, I said to myself, even if it led me to the Penitentiary.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTIE LANE.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

In those days that long have vanished,

Hours I ne'er may know again,

Spirit-angels told me softly,

They had come for Lettie Lane!

Lettie Lane and I had studied

Happy school girls side by side;

Or, perchance, together loitered

Where the brooklet's tiny tide

Washed the pebbles that we gathered,

Or, with low and tinkling song,

Bore the blossoms that we scattered,

On its ripples far along.

Skies of blue seemed then the purer,

Fresher grew the wild-wood green,

Clearer rang the robin's numbers,

Brighter gleamed the river's sheen,

For our hearts were lit by fancy,

In those joyous times of old,

Like as Autumn sunbeams tincture

Crimson leaves with hues of gold.

So we rambled, as I told you,

Two young, laughter-loving girls,

On my brow were plain brown tresses,

Hers was wreathed with golden curls.

But full soon a change came o'er her,

Brighter grew her eyes of blue,

And the pure and lovely forehead

Wore a more transparent hue.

On her cheek, where erst the health-tints

Rested in rich, damask bloom,

Came the fatal hectic flower,

Like a signal from the tomb!

So I can but thus remember,

While one white pond-lily lay

In its fragrance on her pillow,

My young playmate passed away!

Fair the petals of that flower,

But as pure and fair as them,

Were the cold and waxen fingers

That had clasped its balmy stem!

Thus she passed the shadowy valley,

And they laid her down to rest,

Where the birds of Summer caroled

Notes of beauty o'er her breast.

Other friends since then have cheered me,

With kind friendship's soothing power,

But my yearning heart turns backward

To that mournful, parting hour!

Other scenes have come, and vanished,

Yet will tears, like Summer rain,

Fall upon the flowerets growing

O'er the grave of Lettie Lane.

THE WILD FLOWER OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY JAMES M. THOMPSON.

Once roaming free o'er hill and vale,

With heart uncaptivated,

I found within the forest's pale

The fairest form created,

She dwelt beneath a cottage roof,

Hard by a limpid fountain;

And bore the soul-enhancing name—

The Wild Flower of the mountain.

When first I saw this lovely maid,

The modest smile she gave me,

Placed me beneath the yoke of love,

So that no hand could save me;

And there, upon the moss-grown rock,

Beside the dimpling fountain,

I wooed and won my only love.

The Wild Flower of the mountain.

And as I think of dangers past,

And joys between them shining,

I feel new cords of tender love

Around my soul entwining;

To that dear maid I wooed beside

The purling crystal fountain,

And then I twine my arms around

The Wild Flower of the mountain.

MY UNLUCKY COUNTENANCE.

BY A. L. OTIS.

I SUFFER under a singular misfortune. It will not seem much to you when you hear it stated. I dare say if you are sentimental you will fail to understand the hardships of my case.

It is simply this—everybody knows somebody who looks like me. The words I am sure to hear, as soon after an introduction as etiquette will allow, are, "You so strongly resemble a friend of mine," &c.: or "You remind me so forcibly of my absent cousin, aunt, sister, or sweetheart," as the case may be: or "Pardon me, but your likeness to my old friend so and so, leads me to treat you with the familiarity due only to a longer acquaintance," &c., &c.

If you are of the turn above said, you ask, "Where is the misfortune?" Very agreeable, you think, for me to find mine always one of the "old, familiar faces"—charming! never to look the stranger to any one, to be "hail fellow well met!" with every new-comer—to have a special resemblance to everybody's particular friend.

You think so? Well, I object to it for the following reasons—or no—I will give no reasons. I will let you deduce them for yourself from my experience. Put the case as yours. How would you like to find the resemblance generally unflattering? I have seen some of these fac-similes of myself. They were about as much like each other as Laps are like Spaniards, or Turks like Frenchmen. I don't know how they can all be me! I have not, generally, felt elated by the comparison when confronted with my "very pictures." They may possibly have experienced the same dissatisfaction—I hope not to the same extent.

Or, how would you like to have no personality of your own; to be forever prejudged by the qualities of others; to be sneered at because Miss A—— is so vain; to be hated because Miss B—— is so malignant; to be laughed at because Miss C—— is so ridiculous; to say nothing of having miracles of industry required of you because of Miss D——'s "faculty," and miracles of patience on account of Miss E——'s amiability?

This is to have no identity—to be perpetually swamped in others having stronger traits, like the sugar in a dose of castor-oil.

I have had shop-keepers look sharply after me as I stood by the counter. One asked a friend

of mine, if I "Was not that little lady who had a fancy for taking things and not paying for them?"

Oh, my counterparts! do conduct yourselves with propriety, or a harmless sufferer will haunt you, if she can!

I asked one of the trustees of some museum for a permit to visit it. These permits are given to all applicants who are deemed respectable. What was my dismay to receive in reply such words as these,

"No, ma'am. To you we must refuse one, unusual as such a denial is."

"Why so?" I stammered.

"You were so careless, and did so much damage in handling the specimens the last time you were there, that my duty to the society obliges me to refuse the permit."

I had never before visited the museum; but some rough copy of me, doubtless, had done so.

I have occasionally tried to prove the mistake about my identity, but have generally been considered only unblushingly persistent in gaining my object at the expense of truth. If I meet with no contradiction to my representations and gain my point, those I address generally let me see that they are not "gulled," but only indolent or indulgent.

Is not such experience charming?—or what follows?

Walking quietly along Chesnut street, I see blustering old Dr. —— driving along in his carriage. He pulls up, and calls out to me, a perfect stranger to him, though, as he is a distinguished man, I know him by sight.

"Go home—go home! I never saw such a perverse woman! Any person of sense, sick as you are, would be abed! Such a patient abroad speaks ill for her doctor. I won't have it. Go home!"

I—the picture of health—ordered home for a sick and unreasonable patient! and that too when the old novelist ——, is just passing, and hears every word, as a perceptible sneer in his face tells me! A month or two afterward, I see some fling at womankind in his latest work, which I trace clearly to this incident. And all the time, no doubt, the poor, sick lady is groaning in-doors, and hoping to win golden opinions

of her physician by her obedience. A stormy meeting with her unbelieving dictator, my unlucky visage has procured for the dear, good creature. Of course, he will maintain that he saw her out walking, and set an attempt to deceive down against her, when she protests she has not left her room.

Sometimes the mistake produces only laughable results. At a pic-nic I wandered alone in a shady, cedar grove. I was dressed, as all the ladies were, in white. I leaned over a little, babbling brook, and became much interested in some minnows. I heard a step behind me, but that imported nothing to me—I expected no fond surprises. Suddenly an arm stole about my waist.

"I have watched a whole hour for this!" said a man's voice. I knew the gentleman well—supposed to be a stony, old bachelor. I looked up, met a prompt kiss, gave a prompt scream, and saw my astonished swain take a prompt departure, after a close, hasty, frightened look into my face.

Walking along a country lane, I was overtaken by a young gentleman in a very stylish buggy. I never saw him before, yet he smiled, bowed, and stopped his horse suddenly. "Come, jump in!" he cried out. "Miss Monroe sent me for you. She is sick—you have not a minute to lose."

Very much flurried at being summoned by a Miss Monroe I never heard of before, I hastily seized the extended hand and sprang into the wagon, without taking pains to look again at the messenger, who meantime is carefully averting his face. No sooner am I seated beside him, than I perceive that he is shaking with laughter; and suddenly he turns to me saying, while he starts off his horse with a brisk touch,

"All a ruse, Lizzie! Miss Monroe don't want you—but I do!"

I lift upon him a blank, amazed face. He starts, stares, colors, stammers out an apology, and something about expecting to meet Lizzie—says I am "not the lady," stops the horse and lets me get out in violent confusion; and while he drives off sheepishly recovering his countenance, I walk off lamenting mine, which plays me such tricks.

At an evening party, I was introduced to a Mr. K— at his request. He gazed at me thereupon in a very confusing manner, grew pale and teary. I hastened to draw his attention from myself to the music, the pictures, the dancing. But though he was sufficiently polite, I saw that his mind was fully occupied in dwelling upon me. From being embarrassed and annoyed, I

began to feel flattered, as his attention seemed delicate, almost reverential, and quite involuntarily prolonged. He scarcely left my side that evening: and when he took leave, asked permission to call upon me. I granted it readily, as I knew his family and antecedents.

The very next day he came, and the next, and the next—I was fluttered a little. I had been through such affairs before, and knew what this devotion foreboded; besides did not every friend I had congratulate me upon my conquest?

At parties he scarcely left my side, for no coldness on my part could daunt him. At home he sat as near me as circumstances and etiquette permitted, tormenting me with his long gaze. He sent me bouquets anonymously, lent me books, sang with me, and came daily.

He was well-educated, handsome, of suitable age, and good estate. I began to look upon him with favor, but yet always felt that the whole affair was rather inexplicable, and probably founded upon some mistake; though I knew it could not be one of identity this time.

One morning he asked for a private audience, and I was afraid the time had come when I must give him a positive answer, yes or no. I was not prepared to do this, and concluded to be guided by circumstances whether to say "wait" or "no." "Yes," was decidedly not to be uttered nor implied.

He came, and I fluttered down to the parlor. He rose to meet me, took my hand, and led me to a chair remote from a window. He took another, and sat facing me. It made me nervous, this ceremony, and no, no, no, was on the tip of my tongue before he said a word.

"I asked to see you alone," he said, at last, after mastering some emotion, "that I might open my heart to you." I smiled a willingness to preside at the uncovering of that casket; he continued, "You must have seen—have you not, that for the last month you have been the delight of my eyes?"

"Does he expect me to answer that?" I said, to myself, as he paused. I put up my fan to hide lips quivering with amusement.

"The delight of my eyes and of my heart! For years I have not known such refreshment, such pure joy as you have given me." I was touched, moved, no laughing now, nearer crying.

"You have comforted my inmost soul; the world looks bright because of you. It has been dark and desolate enough, God knows: but all clouds fly before your presence. I never expected to be so happy in this world as you have made me." He was deeply in earnest, trembling with magnetic emotion. He paused again. If

his next question had been whether I would marry him, I think "yes" would have been inevitable.

"I have come now to beg you to make my happiness. I know you can. You are the image of my former wife, my angel Belinda in heaven, who is waiting for me there, after a most blissful union here, cut too short, alas! I know she will not be jealous of you, for you are but her image here below, and I am complimenting her in marrying you."

As I listened to his fatuity, the angry spark in my eyes burnt up the softness he had at first evoked. I had half a mind to marry him, so as to revenge myself upon his angel Belinda. But after all I could not. "Come!" I said, cheerily, "I wonder if I am really like your wife."

"You are like her in every lovely feature—in glossy hair—dove-like eyes—happy lips—sweet dimpled chin, telling of gentleness. Then in expression your face is like hers, all filled with the loving submission of woman, of her sweet helplessness and graceful dependence upon man's stronger mind."

"Ah," said I, dryly. I knew now that there was glamour on his eyes, and he could not see me as I was. "Suppose we look alike—but are our characters similar, our turn of mind?"

"Yes, I think so. You are both the humblest, meekest, most refined of women. Belinda was a true woman. I believe she never had a positive opinion on any subject out of her household. She knew woman's sphere. She said, with woman's instinctive delicacy, that she hated newspapers, and would never read them."

"Humph! ahem!" I choked a little. "Then our circumstances, surroundings and experience? Such things have the making of all people but geniuses—were ours similar?"

"That I cannot say. I knew nothing of you a month ago."

"I should like much to know whether our lives have moulded us into the resemblance you find between us, or whether it is inborn? May

I ask a few questions? I will state particulars of my own experience, and if hers was different, please tell me."

"Most certainly." He was rather glad, I thought, to learn a little of my history. Perhaps he already began to doubt me. Belinda, I fancy, did not so bother him with questions.

"Did she ever, being left penniless, earn her bread by her own exertions? Fighting hard for it with the men who denied her a chance to get it only because she was a woman; and when she had won it, eating it with bitter tears, because she was hated by her brothers, and despised by her sisters for having had to fight for it?"

"Belinda was averse to strife, and would have died of starvation rather than contend for food. She was all meek submission to whatever good or ill God sent to her; as woman should be."

He was rather speaking to himself in retrospective admiration of his meek, inert partner, than to me, so I did not try to defend myself from his implied charge of unwomanliness. I only asked, "Was Belinda an authoress, or even a type-setter?"

"Belinda shunned notoriety," he said, freezingly, eyeing me askance.

"I set types in a printing-office once, and then became a small authoress, at which dignity I try to maintain myself now. Did Belinda study medicine? At the time that Florence Nightingale made every woman's heart beat with pride and emulation, I went through two or three courses of lectures at the Female Medical College, and would have pursued the calling, if I had not had other claims upon me which forbade it."

He rose suddenly, stared at me with glaring, ghastly eyes.

"Is it possible?" said he. "Have I nearly—yes, quite—asked a—a—a woman doctor to be my wife? I beg your pardon—I—I—I did not know," &c. He shuddered, and with a frightened look bowed himself out. He thought I was like Belinda! What an escape!

IN EACH HEART TWO BEINGS.

BY J. A. TURNER.

In each heart two beings dwell,
One an angel bright and good,
And the other, mark it well,
Comes of Satan's sable brood.

And they struggle day and night,
Striving which shall wear the crown;
One for darkness, one for light,
One to smile, and one to frown.

When the demon has the sway,
Then the heart is dark and sad;
When the angel has his way,
Then the heart is light and glad.

Brother mortal, fellow man,
Watch the conflict every hour,
Aid the angel if you can,
In his deadly fight for power

ONE MONTH AT CHESTNUT-WOOD.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

PERHAPS I ought to bring my *dramatis personæ* regularly upon the stage—introduce them in due form. The hour is a September twilight—the scene, a cosy, bachelor's room. Handsome books are on the shelves; handsome pictures on the wall; and in one corner, standing on a marble pillar, is a bust of the Greek Clytie. The glow from the fire illumines the hushed, still face, informed with a most tender sadness. You would think she was the guardian spirit of the room. At present two young gentlemen occupy the apartment. One of them is stretched lazily upon a lounge, watching the smoke from his cigar curl upward in blue, fantastic rings, enjoying, to the utmost, the *dolce far niente* of his idle youth, the idle hour, the luxurious room. No matter about his name—his companion calls him "Hal," but he is not our hero. The other deserves more especial notice. Mr. Carlton Newbury, at your service, gentle reader—handsome, rich, *distingue* and twenty-six. He is our hero, and he shall tell his own story. He has just taken his cigar from his mouth, thumped off the ashes against the fender, and laid it on the table beside him, and addresses his companion.

"I have a confession to make to you, Hal, concerning an episode in my own life. Perhaps it carries a moral with it, and perhaps not. That is as you take it. At least it will explain to you the reason of that indifference to the women of society, about which you have so often rallied me.

"I was twenty-two when I left college. I had graduated with all due honors. Perhaps I was a little conceited—Harvard is a good soil to grow vanity in. I felt myself irresistible, and was quite ready to be fallen in love with. I shouldn't be a bad match for any young lady, I flattered myself. I had a snug, little fortune of fifty thousand, which I had just stepped into, and then—my talents. To be sure these latter haven't done much for me yet, but they were a perfect Eldorado in prospective. I was pleased with myself, and, therefore, with every one else, and, in this amiable state of mind, I went to Chestnut-Wood.

"Chestnut-Wood is the handsome country-seat of my uncle, Philip Newbury, my father's half brother, a beautiful place on the west bank of the Hudson, a few miles before you reach West

Point. Uncle Phil had lived there, summer and winter, for ten years, but this was to be my first visit. Indeed, I had not seen any of the family for at least twelve years. It was afternoon when I arrived there. Uncle Phil had met me at the boat-landing, and given me a welcome so hearty that I already felt at home; my anticipations of pleasure were vivid as I lay back at my ease in the handsome carriage, which was conveying us through the most charming of winding drives to Chestnut-Wood.

"And how is little Madge?" I asked, after having made minute inquiries with regard to the health of my aunt and my two older cousins, Sylvia and Fanny. Uncle Phil smiled as he answered me,

"You forget, my boy, the changes that twelve years make. Little, six-years-old Madge, everybody's plaything, has grown into Miss Margaret Newbury, a young lady of eighteen; the tallest of my three."

"I felt a little disappointed at first. When I had spent a winter with my uncle, in New York, little Madge had been my especial pet and darling, and now she was grown, it seemed, out of all possibility of spoiling and petting—a dignified Miss Margaret. Never mind, I would revenge myself upon time and change by getting up a flirtation. It would make the month I intended to stay pass pleasantly for me, and just give her a lesson in the ways of the world and society; poor, unsophisticated, country-bred little thing!

"By the time I had arrived at this magnanimous resolve, the carriage had stopped in front of Chestnut-Wood. It was a large, rambling house; just the most comfortable-looking place you can imagine. A double piazza surrounded it on three sides, and a spacious flight of white stone steps led up to the front entrance. A charming young girl stood on the lower piazza, her dark straw hat hanging on her arm, and her soft, brown curls blown all about her fair, youthful face. She was dressed in white, with a blue girdle about her waist. She had bright, yet dreamy, hazel eyes, which just matched her hair in color, rosy cheeks, and face of the purest oval. She came forward to meet me as I stepped from the carriage.

"'This is little Madge,' said uncle Phil, with a merry laugh. 'Your cousin Carlton has been inquiring after you. He remembers some of your mad-cap tricks, and he expected to find you the same little, teasing plague as ever.'

"She shook her head saucily. 'He may find me a teasing plague still, though no longer a little one.'

"I took her hand and looked into her clear eyes till the roses on her cheeks deepened to crimson, as I whispered, with the gallantry of a newly fledged beau, 'I find you all that I could have dreamed, and more than I should have dared to hope.'

"'Very prettily said,' laughed Miss Margaret, more self-possessed than I was, and that was the beginning of my first flirtation.

"Of all places in the world give me a well laid-out country-seat for making love. What with walks and drives, summer-houses and arbors, and little rustic seats under sheltering trees, he must be dull indeed who cannot find an opportunity to air his vocabulary of pretty speeches.

"I found my aunt the same kind, motherly soul as ever—only, perhaps, a trifle fatter, a trifle slower in her movements. Sylvia and Fanny were young ladies quite *comme il faut*; well-dressed, well-bred and well-looking; but, it seemed to me, no one could see them when their younger sister was in the room: I, at least, had only eyes for Margaret. It was not long before I had established myself on terms of quiet familiarity with her. I called her Madge, as I used to when we were both children, and, walking, riding, reading or dreaming, we were together all the day long. I had not thought of falling in love with her, or, indeed, of her loving me. God knows I was not cruel enough or reckless enough knowingly to have trifled with her—to have won that innocent young girl's heart only to cast to the winds the treasure of her love—to darken the merry life that was like a fair summer morning, jubilant with birds, glad with roses and sunshine. I thought, at first, that it was only a flirtation, and soon I ceased to think at all, and contented myself with simply enjoying. She made me very happy. A purer creature, or one more innocently, blithesomely glad heaven never created. I loved to read to her—to see how her fine taste appreciated and recognized all that was true, and beautiful, and worthy—to watch the quick thoughts rising in her clear eyes.

"Never had summer been to me so bright, so full of life and splendor and richness. Never were sunsets like those we watched together,

building our Spanish castles in the clouds. And yet I should have sworn I did not love her. I had dreamed of love as a wild, tumultuous passion; taking the strong heart by storm; filling the veins with fever; making nights turbulent with dreams, and days full of wild unrest. I experienced nothing of all this. My rest was quiet. I don't know that I ever once dreamed of Madge. My pulses beat regularly, and my enjoyment of her presence was tranquil.

"Things went on thus for two long, delicious weeks. I was thoroughly content—I desired no change, but Fate had ordained one, nevertheless.

"I had sat, one evening, with Madge by my side as usual, watching the sunset, as it kindled up with its weird fires the tranquil river, the rocky heights, and the stately chesnut trees. For some time we had both been silent, but as we rose to go I said, idly,

"'How happy we are together, Madge, at least how happy I am with you.'

"She smiled. 'Yes, but after to-night, you know, we can't be together quite so much. You are at home here now, so you must help me to entertain the new guests.'

"I had forgotten until that moment that a half dozen visitors were expected on the morrow. Now the recollection vexed me. I was in the mood to quarrel with anything which should make Madge less exclusively my companion. I presume my tone reflected my annoyance as I said,

"'Well, they will be nothing to me, nothing but a vexation, anyway. Do you like any of them?'

"'Yes,' she answered, heartily, 'I like them all, and I love Virginie very much. Has she not a pretty name, Virginie St. Clair? She is of French descent, and wonderfully fascinating.'

"'Is she handsome?' I asked, somewhat interested in spite of myself. But on this point Madge would give me no satisfaction. She would not spoil my surprise, she said; I must judge for myself. The subject dropped there. We paced leisurely along, under the lofty trees, toward the house. As we drew near, moved by an irresistible impulse, I took her hand in mine, and, looking into her clear eyes, I whispered,

"'Madge, words are not enough to tell how dear you are to me,' and bending toward her I pressed a quick, silent kiss on her trembling lips. I think her first impulse was to turn away, but she did not, and I felt a faint, caressing touch of those pure lips; my kiss was returned. I think it was the first one any man, save her father, had ever pressed on that sweet, young mouth, since she had grown to womanhood,

and my heart thrilled with a strange sense of sacredness. I did not mean that she should understand that I loved her as lovers love, and yet, perhaps, I could hardly have said it more plainly.

"The next afternoon, when I returned from a ramble in which Madge had excused herself from joining me, I found the company had already arrived, and were assembled in the drawing-room. There were three young men, I think, and as many ladies, and with them were my three fair cousins. I stood for a moment, watching them from the door, before any one had perceived me. With one exception the ladies were all attired in light summery dresses, white, or nearly so. But one was standing with her back toward me, dressed in a robe fashioned of some thin, black material, through which her fine arms and shoulders gleamed like marble. Her hair was very light, soft and silky, but heavy from its redundancy. It drooped low upon her neck, and among its shining coils she had twisted carelessly a large, white water lily. Her head was small, classically shaped, and haughtily set upon her shoulders.

"This was all I could see from the position I occupied, but presently Madge turned toward the door and saw me. I was at once introduced to all the party, and I found my tall lady in black was no other than Miss Virginia St. Clair. Her face was very striking—a low, womanly brow, large, ultra-marine blue eyes, Grecian features, thin, yet strangely expressive lips, and complexion pure and perfectly colorless. She seemed to me the most magnificent creature I ever beheld. When she spoke, her tones, low, dreamy, musical and sweetly pathetic, completed the spell. I was her bond slave from that moment. When I was presented to her she blushed, and perhaps nothing about her was more peculiar than the change thus effected. Her brow remained marble white, but there rose slowly to each cheek a single crimson spot, which settled and burned there steadily. I do not know her age: I should think, now, she might have been twenty-five.

"Neither of my cousins were musical, but among the other furniture of the drawing-room were a fine harp and piano. That evening both were in requisition. Miss St. Clair performed for some time on the former. It was well suited to display her snowy arms and regal figure, but she appeared quite unconscious of this. Indeed, after a time, she seemed to forget the presence of any one in the room, and went on improvising one wild, fantastic strain after another; sometimes accompanying them with her voice, singing

snatches of old and melancholy ballads; sometimes letting the music tell its own story of complaint, or passion, or triumph. Was it strange I was bewildered?

"The next day, at sunset, I found her sitting alone in the very place where I had sat with Madge, two evenings before. Apparently she did not see me as I approached. Nothing could have been more picturesque than her attitude. She leaned against the bole of an old tree, whose drooping boughs waved over her bared head. The sunset had kindled her fair hair till it looked like a halo of glory, and her large, blue eyes were fixed steadily on the distant clouds. When I called her name, that same marvelous blush transfigured her face, but she made room for me on the bench beside her.

"I am surprised to find you alone, Miss St. Clair," I began. I did not feel quite so much at my ease as I should with Madge.

"Yes," she answered, indifferently. "I seemed to be Madame De Trop. Messieurs Elliott and Marsden brought their lady-loves with them, Mr. Holbrook is absorbed in his devotion to your cousin Sylvia, and you—but I haven't learned yet at whose shrine you do worship."

"At yours, if you will allow me," I said, with a half boyish attempt at gallantry, but very much in earnest, nevertheless. That was the commencement of my second flirtation. From that time I believed myself really in love. I had all the proper symptoms—throbbing pulses, dangerous dreams, nights and days of unrest. I can remember now how pale and quiet Madge grew in those days. She stole round the house noiselessly as a shadow. Her merry laugh was hushed, and for the most part she seldom spoke. Sometimes, however, she would rouse herself, and break forth into fitful flashes of wild gayety. I must have noticed these things at the time—otherwise I could not have remembered them; but I did not at all realize them then. Virginia St. Clair intoxicated me—she got into my head. She was like continual draughts of strong, old wine.

"She certainly encouraged all my attentions. She talked to me often of herself, of her own tastes, and hopes, and dreams. I thought she had revealed to me her inner nature. Sometimes I even believed that she loved me. She would tell me so, with her looks, her blushes, the low intonations of her voice—every way but in words. Then again she would torture me with some unaccountable freak of coldness. I believe she tantalized me as much as she charmed me into loving her.

"One day, just at twilight, I chanced to meet

Madge in the grounds. It was the first time I had seen her alone since Miss St. Clair came, and I noticed, with a real pang, that she had grown thin and pale—that a look of settled sadness was on her young, wistful face. I think she was dearer to me than I knew, even then. I caught her hand, as she was silently passing me.

“‘Madge,’ I cried, ‘you are looking wretchedly. All this company and excitement is too much for you. Come and take a quiet stroll with me.’

“A perceptible sneer disfigured her sweet face for a moment, and she snatched her hand from my clasp, as she answered,

“‘Certainly not. Miss St. Clair could not spare you.’

“She hurried away, but she turned once as she flitted on, and gave me a look so full of love and grief, blended, it seemed to me, with scorn, that I was confounded. Vanity enough I had, but the possibility that she loved me had never occurred to me. I was utterly at a loss to comprehend the sudden change which less than two weeks had brought about. I did once think she might have felt that since Miss St. Clair’s coming I had slighted her; but then she, herself, had asked me to help entertain her guests, and she had said that she loved Virginie.

“I suppose I had overrated my own coolness and courage. Certainly with Virginie St. Clair I was far from bold. When at last I told her my love, I think nothing but my desperation could have given me strength. You don’t know, Hal, how I worshiped that woman. It seems strange to me, now. It was a brief, temporary madness, but while it lasted I deemed her the purest and most perfect being heaven ever chiseled into faultless beauty. She had been there two weeks when she told me, one night, that she was to leave the next day. Then I must speak. Hope, life, heaven, it seemed to me were slipping from me. I must make one wild, frenzied effort to hold them back.

“I cast myself on my knees at her feet, my madness went even so far. I poured out my soul before her. I could not if I would, I would not if I could, recall the rhapsodies of my frantic idolatry. I do not know what I said, or how long I talked to her. I know she listened quietly, but that bewildering blush burned steadily on her cheek all the while, and her eyes gleamed like stars. In some fashion I asked her to marry me, and then I paused. I had had some delicious visions, in which, in answer to such words of mine, I had felt her arms around my neck, her kisses upon my lips; but they were very far

from the reality. She drew herself up like a queen, and haughtily she answered me,

“‘I did not anticipate this, Mr. Newbury. Upon my word, I never thought of any danger in a pleasant friendship with one so young as you. Why, I am years older; my tastes are different. I have seen more of life. I should make you wretched. You need some cooing, little dove—Madge, for instance—not a world-worn, world-wise woman like me. Besides, highly as I estimate the honor you do me, I could, under no circumstances, accept it. My promised husband is to come for me to-morrow. I do regret this—I do deeply regret it, if, as you say, your whole life’s happiness depends on me, but I hope to hear, ere long, that you are happy in some other way.’

“Mine is a nature of quick intuitions. In that moment the scales fell from my eyes. Before that woman had half finished speaking, I would not have made her my wife for the Universe. I saw her as she was; a finished coquette, whose sole principle was worldly prudence; to whom love was a myth, friendship an absurdity. Possibly her sneer at my youth may have quickened my perceptions. At all events I was disenchanted, then and there. I think she saw it and it piqued her. Coolly as she had spoken I replied,

“‘At least, Miss St. Clair, allow me to thank you for some very happy hours—in short, for the pleasantest flirtation in which I have ever taken part.’

“‘You know your experience has been but short,’ she retorted, with a bitter curl of her thin lip.

“When I went into the house, I looked at Madge with a sharpened perception. Then, for the first time, it occurred to me that perhaps she loved me—that it might be love of me which had paled her cheek and saddened her voice. How I blessed the thought. I don’t know as you can understand such sudden transitions, but, now that the fever fit was over, I knew that I had loved Madge purely and truly before Miss St. Clair came to Chestnut-Wood, and that I had never really loved any other. In one sole respect, I thought, Virginie St. Clair had understood me; and that was when she said my nature needed one like Madge. I looked at the dear girl again, as she sat opposite to me. I cannot describe to you the expression of tender sorrow that her face wore. It was the same which makes that bust of Clytie, to me, the most beautiful that sculptor ever chiseled. I bought the Clytie for the sake of its strange resemblance to Madge, not in features, but in expression.

"That night Miss St. Clair played, and sang, and talked. She exerted every one of her rare and peculiar powers of fascination. So far as I was concerned she exerted them in vain. I was indifferent enough to be amused and entertained by her, but the hour was past when she could touch my heart.

"The next day her lover came. Jove! What a man he was to chain that proud woman to his chariot wheels. A man worth, they said, half a million. It certainly was all he was worth. I have never seen a more expressionless face—a man more utterly void of intellect, of enthusiasm, of all spirit save a certain dogged and asinine obstinacy. He had chosen her without the shallowest pretence to loving or understanding her; because she was recognized in the world as a splendid woman; because even his dull eyes could see that she was beautiful.

"I tell you, Hal, I saw that woman in society last winter, and it made my heart bleed. Despite her heartlessness and insincerity—for which I doubt not her thoroughly worldly mother is in a great degree responsible—despite these, I believe heaven gave her, had she not so outraged it, a lofty nature. To see her—with her keen intellect, her aesthetic tastes, her fine organization—chained to the dolt she married is a piteous sight. But the best part of her gifts had been perverted before I knew her: and in her best days she could never have satisfied my heart.

"She had been gone three days, when at length I secured an interview with Madge. She had resolutely avoided me; and it was only after a very urgent and positive request that I was allowed to see her alone. I made to her my humble confession; I unveiled to her all my heart. I offered her my love, my hand, my future life. She answered me with pale face and eyes streaming with tender tears. She would not wrong her own heart, she said, by denying her love for me. She did love me, deeply, dearly. When I, as it seemed, was but playing with her she had loved me in passionate earnest. When I had kissed her, under the

trees, she had thought I meant the kiss for my future wife. But when Miss St. Clair came she had seen her mistake—seen that what I had felt for her had been only what I could feel for any pretty woman. I had made her blush for her own folly; for the ease with which she had been won, almost unsought. Now, I turned again to her, but she could never marry me. It was not at all that Virginie had rejected me; not that she did not love me; but she could not trust me. While there were so many beautiful women in the world, so many far superior to her in every way, she must never, never run the risk of finding herself an unloved wife. In vain I entreated her. Gentle and loving as she was, she was firm. Oh, Hal, I knew then what a woman I had lost.

"I left Chestnut-Wood. My month was over, and so was the crisis of my destiny. It boots not to speak of my sufferings. They were such as the best friend could hardly sympathize with. I thought then I should never see Chestnut-Wood again, but twelvemonths had not passed before I had sought Madge and again striven vainly to change her decision. I came back then with my life's hope dead utterly.

"I have not been misanthropic since. I have striven to give and receive happiness; but can you wonder at my indifference to the golden-winged butterflies of society, when I remembered what a woman had loved me?"

"So you will never be married?" cried Hal, half sadly.

"I hope I shall," and as he spoke, Carlton Newbury's smile glorified and transfigured his face. "If I had not hoped so I could not have borne to tell you this story. I saw Madge again this summer. My four years of lonely waiting had touched her heart. I have at last succeeded in convincing her that her empire over me is unchangeable and absolute; and I hope, next Christmas, to present her to you as my wife."

His friend grasped his hand in a fervent pressure. "May you make her as good a husband as she deserves, and, if you'll promise that, I'll be groomsman at your wedding."

STANZAS.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

THERE is a star 'mid beauty's train
Of mild and pleasing ray;
Before its light all others wane,
That this bright star may ever reign
Peerless through night and day.

THERE is a heart on which the beams
Of this bright star shall shine;
For this it lives; on this it gleams,

Like sunlight in its golden streams—
'Tis this fond heart of mine.

THERE is a power that rules this star,
'Tis love within the breast;
It guides to joy, then points afar,
Beyond the dark and narrow bar
Of time to sweeter rest.

MABEL JORDAN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

THE hazy softness of an Indian summer sunset shone in through the open windows, filling the room with a mellow radiance seen at no other season. A wood fire was burning on the hearth, which gave an air of luxurious comfort to the apartment, although the evening was not chilly, for the day had been as warm and bright as a return of midsummer.

The room was spacious and lofty, furnished with every elegance which wealth and refined taste could gather around. Carved book-cases lined the walls—rich crimson draperies were swept back from the windows—easy-chairs and couches of every description were scattered about, yet there was no confusion, no disorder, everything showed that some hand had arranged the apartment with artistic care.

A middle-aged lady, comfortably common-place and placid, was seated in a low chair by the hearth, her hands folded upon her lap, and a roll of knitting half fallen upon the carpet with which a pet kitten was making sad havoc. The lady had evidently lapsed into a gentle doze, such as only a truly indolent and matter-of-fact person can enjoy in its full perfection.

The other occupant of the room was a tall, sad-looking man, whose restlessness presented a singular contrast to the quiet around. He was walking hurriedly up and down the floor, occasionally pausing near the window to glance out upon the lawn, evidently in momentary expectation of some arrival. Many times he looked impatiently toward the sleeper; then walked rapidly on again, as if hesitating to disturb her repose.

At last his impatience seemed to overpower his good nature, and he said, abruptly,

"It is very strange, Elizabeth, that Mabel does not come in."

The lady moved in her chair—she was evidently not one of those nervous persons who are startled by any unexpected sound—opened her eyes languidly, and said, in just the placid tone one could have sworn would issue from her lips,

"Did you speak, John?"

"I said that it was very strange Mabel did not come in. She knew that I was expected!"

"Oh! dear, yes, I should think so. She knew that I sat up all night long looking for you—

that makes me a little stupid—you will excuse it, I am sure."

"Do not apologize; you were very kind and considerate, but I am sorry you took so much trouble," Mr. Thirstan said, with a peculiar smile, fully understanding that his sister had spent the night in her easy-chair quite as comfortably as she would have done in bed; still her intention was affectionate, and if she had a tendency to doze certainly that could be forgiven.

"Do you know where she went?" he asked.

"Only for a little walk, John. Really your sudden arrival has quite confused me; I am sure dinner ought to be ready. Where can Mabel be? How tiresome of the child to be out?"

"Did she say nothing at all before going?"

"Dear me! I cannot remember. How stupid of me, to be sure! You see the gentleman was here, and they were talking at the other end of the room, or playing the piano"

"What gentleman?"

"And I really believe I was quite asleep when she left the room. Go away. Kitty, you have quite spoiled my work, you naughty little thing!"

"Who was here, Elizabeth?"

"Why Mr. Myers—he comes very often—quite a pleasant young man he is too. I assure you, the other day, he took up some stitches in my knitting as nicely as I could have done myself—much better than Mabel, I am sure, for she always manages to drop more."

"Well, well," broke in Mr. Thirstan; "Myers—Myers! What were you saying?"

"About the knitting, of course. Mabel always disarranges the whole thing."

"Confound the knitting!" muttered Mr. Thirstan, crushing a letter envelope in his hand and flinging it upon the floor. "I ask you, what Myers? how came Mabel to know him? where did you meet him?"

"Indeed I don't think I met him at all. Mrs. Anderson brought him here, if I recollect."

"Do you know his other name, Elizabeth? Is it Philip?"

"Really now I can't tell," returned the lady, slowly, quite unmoved by her companion's excitement, "I have such a bad memory for names; but it seems to me it was—what was it now—

James, Henry? Well, it might have been Philip, after all."

"Tell me all you know about that man!" exclaimed Mr. Thirstan, in a tone which roused even the imperturbable Elizabeth.

"What on earth, John," she began, but he interrupted her without ceremony.

"Answer me at once, Elizabeth. How comes it that I find that man a visitor at this house during my absence?"

"Why I told you; Mrs. Anderson brought him! Is there anything wrong? Are you angry, John?"

"Has he been in the habit of coming here often?"

"Oh! very often. I think they called the day after you left—really I think he has been here every day since, and that is six weeks ago. He rides and walks with Mabel—sings—oh! he is very accomplished! If you had only seen him taking up those stitches."

"Elizabeth, you will drive me insane! Do, for one moment, keep to the point of your story!"

"Now you are angry, John, and you know how that always flurries me! Really it is hard, when you have just come home, after my sitting up all night too—never closed my eyes, and was so anxious I could scarcely eat a morsel of the chicken Margaret had prepared. It isn't right, John!"

There were symptoms of tears, so Mr. Thirstan endeavored to check them at once.

"I did not mean to be harsh, Elizabeth—excuse me! Only tell me about that man."

"Hark, they are coming; I will ask Mabel at once."

"Hush, not a word—here they are."

The sunlight had parted from the room, and the grey tints of evening had gathered round. Mr. Thirstan stood upright in the twilight, looking pale and stern; and Elizabeth was quite startled out of her complacency by his appearance.

The door opened, and a tall, slender girl entered hurriedly, exclaiming,

"Oh, Mr. Thirstan, I am so glad you have come back! You naughty man to stay away so long!"

She ran to him, clasped his hands and held up her lips to be kissed. He greeted her with grave affection, but said only, "You are not alone, Mabel?"

"Oh, no, where is Mr. Myers? You see we had no idea you would come! Mr. Myers?" and with these disconnected words she hurried out of the room: and her voice was heard in the hall in eager expostulation.

"Excuse me," said a deep voice, that made Mr. Thirstan start and clench his hands; "I will not intrude this evening—another time."

"Now, come in now!" exclaimed Mabel, evidently leading him toward the door.

At that moment a servant entered from the inner room with lamps, illuminating the apartment after the grey gloom; and at that moment the girl returned, accompanied by a young man, who paused near the entrance as if uncertain how to proceed.

"Mr. Thirstan," said Mabel, "let me present to you a new acquaintance of ours—Mr. Philip Myers."

The young man took a step forward, evidently concealing his hesitation under an assumption of assurance; but Mr. Thirstan waved him back, and stood for a moment looking fixedly in his face.

"How happens it that I find Mr. Myers a visitor in my house?" he said, in a cold, hard tone. "Leave this room, young gentleman, and never dare to look in my face again."

"This is very singular," said Myers, in a faltering voice.

"No words, sir, but go! I warned you long since not to approach me; now I bid you leave my house."

"If you will allow me to speak with you for a moment—I can explain——"

"Not a word. Go, or I will have you driven out like a whipped hound."

"You know that in the presence of these ladies you are safe to insult me," exclaimed Myers: "but another time——"

"I warn you to go!" said Mr. Thirstan, in a low, terrible tone.

The young man's eyes fell. He turned toward the door. "Excuse me, Miss Jordan," he said; "I regret this, but it is not my fault."

Mabel and Miss Thirstan had remained amazed spectators of that strange scene. The latter was quietly crying, her grand resource upon all occasions; but the girl had recovered from her stupor of astonishment and stepped boldly forward,

"Stop, Mr. Myers!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Thirstan, your conduct is ungentlemanly and ungenerous."

"Allow me to retire," Myers said, and as he bowed over her hand he whispered, "you will hear from me to-morrow. I can explain all."

Mr. Thirstan paid no attention to her words; never moved, but stood watching Myers until he left the room. When the outer door closed, Mabel turned toward him, her cheeks crimson with passion.

"You have insulted my guest," she exclaimed;

"how dared you do it, Mr. Thirstan? It was a miserable, contemptible act—I blush for you, sir."

Still he did not move, but the harshness of his face gave way to a strange sadness.

"Hush, Mabel," he said only; "you will be sorry for this."

"Don't quarrel," sobbed Elizabeth; "pray don't!"

"That man, Mabel, is a villain, and I have treated him as such."

"I do not believe it!" she cried. "Whoever told you so has lied!"

"I speak from my actual knowledge——"

"I will not believe it!"

"Mabel, do you think I would tell you a lie?"

Her rage gave way to a passion of tears. She threw herself upon a couch and wept aloud: while Mr. Thirstan sat down pale and trembling; and Elizabeth went from one to another wringing her hands, alternately blaming and persuading until she grew quite frantic.

After a time, Mabel rushed out of the room and locked herself in her own chamber, from whence no persuasions of Elizabeth could induce her to descend again that night. The dinner was sent away from the table untouched, and the most wretched night that old house had witnessed for years settled heavily down.

CHAPTER II.

MABEL JORDAN had been left while quite young the ward of Miss Thirstan, who had been a boyish love of the girl's father, and for whom he had preserved all the illusion which is apt to centre about the memory of an early affection. John Thirstan was several years younger than his sister, still she had been accustomed to look up to him as a superior being; and when Mabel Jordan came to reside with them, a wild, high-spirited school girl, the guardianship had, in point of fact, devolved upon him, as Miss Thirstan made no exercise of her power beyond spoiling and petting the girl in every way possible. She had grown up almost to womanhood under John Thirstan's care. He had been her teacher, her companion, and unconsciously to himself deeper and stronger feelings had stolen into his heart, which had found no utterance, and which were perhaps scarcely acknowledged to himself.

Six weeks before, important business had compelled him to leave home, and for almost the first time Mabel had been left wholly to his sister's guidance. With the entrance of Philip Myers

into the house, a new revelation had dawned upon the soul of that young girl. She was an excitable, impulsive creature, and it needed not long for that bad man to obtain an ascendancy over her, which, for a season, quite overpowered the influence of the past, and the tender guidance which had aided her hitherto.

Mr. Thirstan had known Philip Myers years before in Europe—known him as a boy, not a wild, reckless youth, whose errors sprang from the thoughtlessness of early passion, but a bold, unscrupulous man, who had never known the innocence and purity which should belong to boyhood. Since then circumstances had thrown them together, and he knew Myers now for a dastardly fortune-hunter and a heartless libertine, who could only have been attracted toward Mabel by her reputed wealth, and the first blush of youthful beauty which made her so irresistible.

The next morning, Mr. Thirstan had an earnest conversation with Mabel, but he found her unyielding and rebellious as on the previous evening. Before he conversed with her a long letter from Myers had been placed in her hand, full of beautiful sophistries and false explanations, which rendered all Mr. Thirstan's arguments of no avail. He made no denial of his past errors; but he assured Mabel that she was the angel who was to lead him into better paths: if she deserted him he was wholly lost. He narrated a well told tale, which accounted for Mr. Thirstan's hatred; and as the latter would enter into regular explanation, left Mabel with the impression that her guardian had been the one most in fault.

A wretched, miserable week passed in the house. Elizabeth was so completely overcome by the state of affairs, that she was quite unfit to leave her room; and Mabel was in a fit of proud anger, from which no effort of Mr. Thirstan's could rouse her. He learned that Myers had left the neighborhood, so that there was no fear of her meeting him, and Thirstan determined to allow matters to rest for a time.

How much he suffered no one dreamed. He looked cold and grave, performing his daily duties with unchanged serenity: but oh, the nights of anguish and despair, when sleep stood aloof, leaving him alone with his misery, seeing no hope, no release!

When life ends, and in the broad morning of the hereafter we all stand face to face, with every thought and feeling revealed, how will those who knew and loved us best start and shudder at the unspoken pains which have been the daily companions of each of us, during this

long pilgrimage, which seems to reach no goal, no fruition here?

Mabel did not dream that Mr. Thirstan loved her; had she know it she would not have been in the least softened or touched! The young are proverbially hard-hearted: it is only time and long suffering which teach us real kindness of heart and sympathy for those who love in vain.

Mabel received letters daily from Myers, and was preparing for herself a terrible fate if no good angel interfered to check her in her reckless courage.

I said that a week passed thus—a week in each day of which seemed concentrated the suffering of a life time.

One night Mabel and Elizabeth had retired early to their rooms, leaving Mr. Thirstan alone in the library. He sat there until late in the evening, surrendering himself to the gloomy thoughts which preyed upon his mind, and at last he too went to his chamber, and throwing himself still dressed upon the bed, strove to forget in sleep the misery of the past hours. It was in vain that he darkened the room and buried his head in the pillow. There was a strange oppression at his heart worse than the anguish he had been enduring, a presentiment of ill, not for himself, but the dear one, which nothing could quiet.

At last he rose, threw open the blinds and leaned out in the night. The moon was setting round and full, crimsoning the western sky with a solemn gorgeousness, through which the stars shone faint and dim. A low wind sighed amid the shrubberies, and died with a mournful wail in the grove beyond.

Suddenly Mr. Thirstan's quick ear detected a sound. He listened while every pulsation of his heart seemed to cease; again he heard it distinct and loud through the stillness. A carriage had driven up near the gate and paused there. He rose to go out and held the door partially open. Light footsteps glided down an adjoining staircase; he could see no one, but by the thrill at his heart Mr. Thirstan knew that it was Mabel's tread.

For a moment he stood completely paralyzed by the blow! The truth flashed upon his mind; the wretched girl was about to dare the worst, to leave behind the tried love of years, and, taking her fate in her own hands, go unshrinkingly forth and commit it to the guidance of that bad man.

Another moment of reflection, and Mr. Thirstan was down the stairs and speeding through the shrubberies in hot pursuit. He reached the

gate, but there was nothing visible—no sound met his ear save the low moan of the wind, more sad and ominous than before.

She could not have passed that way. He rushed back to the house and entered her chamber—it was deserted. He clutched his hands together until the nails sunk deep in the flesh, but he was not a man to give way to impotent grief.

Suddenly he remembered that she must have gone out of the back entrance, and gained a side road from the grove beyond. The carriage that drove up in front had been only to deceive the ears of any watcher.

Again he dashed on in hot pursuit. It was quite dark in the grove, and once he stumbled and fell, bruising his forehead till the blood streamed hotly over his face, but he did not feel the pain. He gained the road, and saw by the waning moonlight a carriage driving off in the distance. More time had to be lost. He returned to the stables, roused the wondering keeper, and mounting his horse dashed off like the wind.

The fugitives were so far in advance that it took him more than an hour to overtake them. As he rode into a little village, he saw the carriage drive up to the inn, and the coachman dismount to water the heated horses.

A little crowd of the hotel hangers on were awaiting the arrival of the stage: but there was no time to think of appearances. Mr. Thirstan flung himself off his horse and rushed to the carriage, threw open the door and called,

"Mabel! oh, Mabel!"

The frightened girl shrunk into the farthest corner without a word; but Myers dashed him back with a blow which staggered him for a moment, and shouted to the driver to go on.

Mr. Thirstan recovered himself, and with a sudden spring dragged the man out and trampled him upon the ground, while the crowd gathered round in mute astonishment.

Myers gathered himself up, exclaiming with a fearful oath,

"John Thirstan, you have thwarted me for the last time!"

He threw out his arm—something gleamed brightly in the light of the carriage lamps—there was a flash—a quick report—but Mr. Thirstan had thrown up his hand, and the bullet passed harmlessly over his head.

The group of lookers on rushed upon the desperate man and held him down; but Mr. Thirstan said,

"Let him go," and turned to Mabel, who had attempted to leave the carriage, but had fallen

back insensible upon the seat, and lay there rigid as a corpse.

Myers broke away from the men, and when Mr. Thirstan removed Mabel from the vehicle, entered it, and before they could interpose had driven away.

They were forced to carry Mabel into the hotel, and it was a full hour before she recovered from that death-like swoon.

"He is killed," were her first words. "I have murdered him—oh! Philip, Philip, how could you do this!"

"I am here, Mabel," said Mr. Thirstan; "here, and unhurt!"

Mabel raised herself and looked wildly around.

"Philip—where is Philip?" she moaned.

"Do not speak of this now, Mabel," whispered Mr. Thirstan, "we are not alone."

Mabel lay back upon the pillows, passive and silent, like one completely stunned, until a carriage was driven to the door to convey them home. She made no opposition when Mr. Thirstan raised her in his arms and bore her down stairs. She allowed him to place her in the carriage, and during that long drive she never once spoke or moved, save when an occasional spasm shook her frame.

It was after daylight when they reached the house, and they found a crowd of frightened domestics and neighbors gathered there, and Miss Elizabeth in strong hysterics within. The stable-keeper had gone to the house and raised an alarm; and when Miss Thirstan found that both her brother and Mabel were gone, with her usual discretion she summoned everybody who could possibly be roused, and then feeling that she had done her duty, solaced herself with an hour's fainting and hysterics.

Even then John Thirstan's first pang was for the suffering Mabel must endure. Her reputation was irretrievably injured, and there seemed no remedy for the wrong.

For two long weeks, Mabel lay upon her bed delirious with fever: and when she recovered from that severe illness, she was so weak and wretched that death would have been a relief to her. Madly she prayed for it; she would at times refuse all remedies, beseeching them to kill her—anything that she might have release.

John Thirstan sat and heard it all—her mad cries for Philip—her execrations against himself. He never once left her bedside, and when she rose from it, he was there patient and kind as of old.

CHAPTER III.

"MABEL!"

It was Mr. Thirstan's voice, and at the sound

the girl raised her head languidly from the cushions, then let it fall back as if even the slightest exertion was painful to her.

Mr. Thirstan had entered the room unobserved and was standing near her, looking down into her white face with his mournful eyes, noting the changes which grief and illness had wrought there, and keeping back only by a powerful effort the spasm of pain which shot across his heart as he gazed.

"Are you strong enough to talk?" he asked, gently.

She bowed her head, while a faint tinge of color dyed her cheek for a moment, making the sickly pallor of her mouth still more apparent.

"There is something I must say to you," he said, sitting down by her side, then pausing as if he were in doubt how to proceed. Her hand was lying over the edge of the couch, and when he laid his near it she drew hers quickly back, but he took no notice, though slight as the action was, it pained him and rendered his task still more difficult.

"I am not going to talk of the past weeks, Mabel," he continued, "it would only be painful to us both: but events have sprung out of them of which you must be informed."

She shuddered anew, and put her hand over her eyes to shut out the light.

"Go on," she whispered, "I can bear the worst. Is it about——"

She could not utter the name that had been trembling on her lips for days: but he understood and answered her as if she had spoken.

"Mr. Myers has gone, Mabel, and he will never return."

"It is better so," she murmured, after a pause. "Go on, Mr. Thirstan, nothing will make any difference now."

"I hardly know how to tell you, Mabel, but it must be done, and better that it came from me than another. The scene of that unfortunate night was witnessed by a crowd of spectators, both at the village and here, Mabel——"

"I know, I know!" she interrupted. "I am disgraced, ruined—do you suppose I do not understand all this? Tell me what to do—if I could only have died. God was very cruel to me to force me to live!"

"Hush, Mabel, do not be wicked and weak. We must all live our appointed time, and it is useless to murmur."

"How can I live, Mr. Thirstan? Think what life will be to me! If I were a Catholic I could bury my shame in a convent; but as it is there is nothing left for me."

"There is one way, Mabel, by which these slanderous stories can be stopped——"

"And that? Only tell me—I will consent to anything—I will change my name—go away."

"Not that, Mabel; something which, I fear, will be even more painful."

"Let me hear it—I am ready for any sacrifice."

"Become my wife, Mabel. Once married to me, these idle reports will die away of themselves."

She raised herself on her arm and looked wildly at him.

"Your wife!" she cried, "your wife—never!"

"I knew that the sacrifice would be too great," he said, mournfully; "poor Mabel!"

"Not that. You misunderstand me! Do you think I would allow your good name to be tarnished by marrying me?"

"I run no risk; if you can marry me I will try to make you happy."

"But we do not love one another. Oh! Mr. Thirstan, I have no heart to offer."

"You are very young yet, Mabel, only seventeen! I do not say that you can ever love me, but I do not believe this youthful dream can be lasting."

"You do not know me," she said; "I feel how unworthy that man was, and yet—I love him! After that can you ask me to become your wife?"

"Yes, Mabel, without a fear!"

"But you do not love me—you will hate me."

"Child, child!"

He seized her hands in a tight grasp, while his strong frame quivered from head to foot.

"I have loved you for years. In taking you for my wife I feel that I am honored. You are a noble girl, Mabel, you will be a grand woman."

"You love me! you love me!" she repeated, incredulously. "It seems impossible."

"I do love you, truly, fondly, as I never thought to love any woman again. I offer you my hand, my name. I will weary you with no protestations, I will exact no affection. I will be your friend, your brother; but for your own sake accept this offer."

"It is so selfish—marry you to save my reputation? Oh! Mr. Thirstan, you can never respect me."

"More if you do what you feel to be right than if you hesitate through weak scruples."

She was weeping now: not passionately, but out of the deep contrition of her heart. For a time he allowed her tears to fall in silence, then he spoke again.

"Will you be my wife, Mabel?"

She extended her hand, and a deep thankfulness mingled with the anguish in her face.

"If you will take me. I do not love you—I never can; but I will be obedient and faithful. God bless you, John Thirstan!"

He pressed his lips upon her forehead, and went away, leaving her to her agony and remorse. They both suffered greatly, but the man was most to be pitied; he was giving the entire devotion of his great heart, lavishing it upon one who disregarded it; and she mourned only over the wild dream of a few weeks which seemed eternal, but would vanish in the clear light of the morning beyond.

Three days after, they were married: and Mr. Thirstan sailed, with his wife, for Europe, at once, leaving his sister behind. To the very last it appeared to Mabel like a troubled vision from which she must wake: and even when she stood on the deck of the steamer and saw her native shores receding from view, it seemed as if some voice or touch must break the spell and bring her back to reality again.

CHAPTER IV.

A YEAR had passed since their marriage—a year of much suffering to both. Now Mabel had become more quiet and reconciled to her fate. Mr. Thirstan's uniform kindness could not have failed to make its impression upon the most cold-hearted woman, and Mabel was generous and affectionate.

Mr. Thirstan had kept his promise. He had not troubled her with any protestation of love; though he had watched over her with more than a husband's fondness, anticipating her slightest wish, leaving her little time to brood over the past, and seeking by constant change to give her an interest in the present.

Myers' name had never been mentioned between them during the whole time, but the thought of him had caused Mr. Thirstan much pain. When his wife looked sad he could but think that she was grieving over that broken dream. Many times during her returns of illness she would call for him in her sleep, and there the husband sat and heard it all, giving no sign, betraying no emotion, kind and self-possessed as before.

It was late in the fall, and they had gone to Naples to pass several months. The weather was balmy and beautiful: and over Mabel there came a feeling of content such as she had not felt since her early girlhood.

One morning they were seated in her room which looked out upon the bay. Through the open windows the warm sunlight came streaming

in, tingling Mabel's hair, as she sat with her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes wandering over the lovely scene without.

Mr. Thirstan was reclining upon a couch at a little distance, and where he lay the shadows had gathered: it seemed as if he had given all his sunlight to brighten her way. He had been reading, but the book had fallen from his hand, and he lay sorrowfully meditating upon the past and all that was yet before him to endure.

Suddenly Mabel turned and looked at him unobserved. A keen pang wrung her heart when she saw how he was changed. The temples were hollow, the eyes sunken, and his mouth had that worn, compressed expression which comes from long concealed suffering. For the first time she felt what he must have undergone, and a strange tenderness, mingled with remorse, welled up in her heart.

With one of her quick impulses she rose from her seat and took a low footstool by his side. It was the first time since their marriage that she had shown affection for him by any of the thousand trifling acts which are so natural to those who love. He turned and looked at her in surprise—for a moment a strange joy shone in his eyes, then faded, leaving his face paler than before.

"Do I disturb you?" she asked, timidly.

"Never, Mabel, you know it well."

She took his hand and pressed it to her lips.

"May I tell you something, Mr. Thirstan?"

He looked at her still with the same strange, bewildered expression.

"I want to tell you how deeply I feel all your kindness—how much I despise myself for my wicked folly."

"Poor Mabel!" he said, tenderly. "You have suffered enough—do not reproach yourself now."

"I cannot help it—I ought not. Listen to me, Mr. Thirstan—I want to speak of something to which we have never alluded."

He understood her, but motioned her to proceed, though the hand she held grew cold in her grasp.

"That man—I want to know where he is—I want something which would thoroughly convince me of his baseness, and then——"

"What then, Mabel?" he cried, eagerly.

A strange timidity restrained the words she longed to speak, and she answered almost coldly,

"I should be more content."

His hand fell to his side. For an instant he had dared to hope; now the dazzling joy died out like the flame of a torch. But his self-control did not desert him, and in a moment he was calm again.

"Then I may speak now," he said. "Mabel, if I did not tell you all at the time, it was because I felt that it would only increase your wretchedness."

"Let me know all. I want to hear for how much I am to be grateful to you."

"Gratitude is a cold word, Mabel, I did but my duty."

"And that is a still colder one!"

"Then it was because I loved you, Mabel!"

She tried to answer, but could not: and after an instant he went on,

"I do not tell this to weary you, Mabel—do not turn away from me—I will not offend again. Get your bonnet and come with me—you will understand now my conduct better than before."

They went out of the house, and passed through the narrow streets into a quarter of the city which Mabel had never seen. She shuddered at the squalid poverty around, but Mr. Thirstan still drew her on.

They entered a miserable dwelling, and ascended many flights of stairs to an attic, at the door of which Mr. Thirstan knocked. An elderly woman opened it at the summons, and Mabel found herself in a room much more comfortable than the exterior promised.

"The poor lady is much worse to-day," the woman said to Mr. Thirstan; "I fear she cannot last till night."

"Where have you brought me?" whispered Mabel. "What place is this?"

"Sit down," he said. "Mabel, I have brought you to see Philip Myers' dying wife."

"My God!" She fell into a chair, almost fainting, but the horror at her heart preserved her consciousness. "Not then—he was not married when——"

"Yes, Mabel, he was that woman's husband when he sought to win you from your home. I could not tell you that he was married, for you loved him, and I wished in saving you from his power, to spare you the shame of knowing from what terrible disgrace you had escaped."

It was many moments before she could stand, then she shed no tears, uttered no complaint, but stood upright white and still as one who had seen an evil spirit.

A cry from the inner room roused them, and they heard the attendant exclaim,

"She is dying."

Mr. Thirstan drew Mabel in, and she saw upon the bed a wasted form evidently in the last struggle for life. The dying woman turned her eyes toward Mr. Thirstan, and a wan smile stirred her lips.

"I thought you would come again," she murmured. "God bless you, Mr. Thirstan!"

She strove to raise herself in bed, but she was too weak. She said feebly,

"That is your wife? Kiss me once, will you?"

Mabel stooped down and pressed her lips upon those of the sufferer.

"I can die now—I have seen you again! Forgive me, John Thirstan—pray for me, innocent girl—God bless——"

The words died upon her lips—a slight convulsion distorted her features, but before the nurse could reach her side she was dead.

All that day little conversation passed. Mabel could not talk, and Mr. Thirstan was revolving in his mind a plan, which he felt it would be better for both to carry out.

Toward evening, she called to him from the couch where she was lying.

"Tell me all," she said.

"There is little to tell, Mabel. That poor woman I knew when she was a lovely young girl—the daughter of an Englishman who had married an Italian. I loved her, Mabel, and then came Philip Myers still a boy—he charmed her—they were secretly married, but he would never acknowledge her, and there was some legal informality which aided him in his plot. I lost sight of both for years, till I saw him standing by your side, Mabel. Since we came, I discovered poor Lucy."

Mabel was silent still, covering her face with her hands. Mr. Thirstan walked slowly up and down the room for a time: at length he returned to her side.

"I have something to say, Mabel. I think that, for a time, it would be better for us to be apart. I am going East for my health—you shall select any place of residence you please, and have everything to render you comfortable."

"How long shall you be absent?" she gasped.

"Six months, possibly a year."

"And I am not to go? You are ill and wish to leave me!"

"The journey would be too tedious for you.

Believe me, Mabel, it is better thus! Perhaps during this separation you will learn to regard many things very differently——"

"Do not reproach me—do I not suffer enough?"

"I did not mean it unkindly; with my life I would spare you every pain. But my task has been a hard one, dearest, my fortitude is giving way. I shall come back to you brave and strong. Tell me that you will be glad to see me!"

"No, no, it must not be! I will never consent! I have killed you—I see it all."

"No, Mabel, no! You, too, will be better alone for a season; you will feel me more your friend than ever."

"I will not consent. I should die before you came back."

"That is because you fear to have made me unhappy."

"Not that—it is because I love you. My husband, oh! my husband, forgive me!"

She fell at his feet, clasping his knees, and uttering words of passionate tenderness.

It seemed to John Thirstan that the old world had passed away, and he stood transfixed amid the glory of a new morning. He clasped his wife in his arms, weeping over her tears which were no stain to his manhood, praying for another word of love—another look.

"Mine," she cried, "you are all mine now—you accept my love—you forgive me!"

"Mabel—my darling—my wife!"

The last crimson of sunset flooded the chamber, and amid its glory they sat there dazzled by that excess of happiness which no after time could dispel.

Six months from that time the old house, where Mabel had spent so many happy years, was again made bright and cheerful by her presence. But it is doubtful if Miss Elizabeth ever distinctly understood the affair; for a long time she used to watch Mabel's every movement, as if she feared they were in danger of losing her, but, as the husband and wife seemed perfectly happy and content, she at length returned to her knitting and her cat, serene and placid as before.

LITTLE ROBERT.

Among my treasures there's a tress
Of shining golden hair,
And in my heart a sweet, bright face,
As angel beauty fair.
The blue eye softly beams
With a love-look in my dreams,
As of yore;
And a holy spell comes o'er me,
As a white form floats before me
Evermore!

It was a weary time ago
That little one was taken,
An idol 'mong a happy group
Left loving hearts forsaken;
Then came the burning tears,
Crushed hopes of future years,
Weary hours:
And baby Robert slept
Where the moss and myrtle crept,
With the flowers.

L. A. R.

EVELYN'S LOVE.

BY CATHARINE PROCTOR.

CHAPTER I.

"WHICH would you prefer, Evelyn, a wild, daring, adventurous life at sea, or to go through a plodding, hum-drum college course, and then to settle down to the monotony of law or medicine, or, worse still, the ministry?" and here the speaker laughed merrily at the absurdity of the latter calling.

It was no difficult matter to detect his preference in his tone. Evelyn, the quiet, passive, and intellectual Evelyn, smiled quaintly at his question.

"You smile, Evelyn: but which would you? Consider that the decision is a momentous one—a choice between stupid libraries and professors, an eternal quibbling and quarreling about Greek roots, and whether Homer was one man or a hundred; and after that the dry wading through Blackstone, &c., and on the other hand the sea,

"The sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

endless waters, constant, wild, tumultuous life in the fresh air, foreign countries, pirates, mermaids, Dary Jones' Locker!"

Here he jumped up from his reclining posture on the sofa, and walked briskly to the window where Evelyn sat; the mere thought of sea life exhilarated him.

"Which would you, little cousin?"

She laughed outright, an unusual thing for her.

"Why, Henry, what shall I say? Do you wish me to decide for you or for myself?"

"For me, of course."

"And give my individual preference?"

He nodded.

"You summed up college life briefly, I acknowledge, but I hardly think justly. You look only on the exaggerated darkness of one side, and upon the equally magnified brightness of the other. You pass by all the ennobling influences of books, which are the greatest thoughts of the world's wisest minds, and only glance at the obscurities and difficulties of a few. Whether the 'blind, old bard of Scio's rocky isle' was the author of the Iliad, or whether it be a collection of the songs of many, can make no material difference in its beauty. Don't always be dreading the 'Greek roots!' Imagine what the

world would have been without the Arts! I doubt if ever——"

"But, Evelyn, there is thrice the beauty in the sea, if you go for beauty alone, that there is in the Iliad."

"But it is not for beauty alone, Henry."

"Well, tell me," he interrupted, impatient at her reasoning, "what can you say against a life at sea?"

"Much, Henry; you only think of the blue waves, the foam and the salt air, as if you had control of the element, and were unlimited in your power to explore and enjoy it."

"I would be unlimited, Evelyn; there is no necessity of being a fish either to be so, but on such a steamship as your Mrs. Browning tells of, which

"Crushes down the brine
Like a blind Jove who feels his way with thunder."

I could defy anything."

"I perceive you annihilate all objections to a sea life: why didn't you reason away the hindrances to a college course?"

"Because, *ma belle*, my sympathies were not there."

"This is arguing unnecessarily, Henry: neither you nor I are interested. Look at this beautiful——"

"But I am interested, Evelyn," he interrupted, vehemently. "Haven't you seen uncle since breakfast? He deliberately put the choice before me this morning; I decide before to-morrow noon. He says he is tired of having me live such an useless life, and—I may as well tell the whole truth—he fears I will marry Clara Browne, his clerk's daughter; you know his stubborn family pride."

"But, Henry!" said Evelyn, in amazement.

"He thinks absence will change me." He pressed his lips firmly for a moment, and then his usual cheerfulness breaking over his face, he continued, "you have seen Clara; she is very beautiful and charming—not at all intellectual like you, Evelyn, but still very charming. Beautiful flowers are not always of the same hue, you know. Some prefer roses, some violets, and, Evelyn, *entre nous*, I prefer her to any being I ever saw."

She grew very pale, and looked almost vacantly

at him as he ran on. He, careless body that he was, did not notice her emotion, and as he turned to pace the room, she arose quietly and quickly and slipped out the door.

He missed her, and following her, caught her hand just as she reached the staircase.

"Let me go to my room a moment, Henry!"

"No, come back, Evelyn." He led her back. "You look so pale," he looked fixedly at her, and she, unable to control herself, sank on the sofa, and covering her face burst into tears. He knew not what to do, and so for a moment sat gazing at her without doing anything.

"What have I done?" he said to himself, with a man's usual obtuseness; and the more he tried to think the more he became bewildered; meanwhile Evelyn tried to control herself, and succeeded in a measure.

"Pardon me, Henry, it was so unexpected that it quite overcame me. Choose a college career and do not leave us!" She looked pleadingly into his face. He called her bonny cousin, and told her how for Clara's sake he would win fortune and then come back and have her, Evelyn, live with them. He would bring her beautiful things from other lands, would write equally often to her and Clara: in short, man-like, he did all he could—unconsciously of course—to agonize her.

If there were no such things as ignorance and misunderstandings, what a deal more of misery would fall to the lot of mortals! If all were clear to the sight, we would often be compelled to read painful but unavoidable truths. He was happy in his innocence, whereas had he known the actual state of things he would have been made wretched without the means of remedying it.

After a lengthened statement of his plans, to which Evelyn quietly listened, she begged him to hear her for a few moments.

"Henry, you are almost like a brother to me: do, I pray you, listen to and follow my advice as that of a sister. Free your mind of this wild scheme; let no visionary dreams of fortune outweigh your common sense; there is peril in one of your thoughtless nature going away from home influences. Your uncle is not obdurate nor unreasonable, he is only hasty; allow me to plead with him for you!"

"Never! you little know my pride, Evelyn, if you think I will have one word of his sentence revoked. I have decided."

She left him abruptly before he could attempt to detain her.

"Now she is angry too," said he to himself, "Clara is the only one who cares for me; she

says, 'go and win fortune and fame.' Pahaw! I thought Evelyn was more sensible."

Henry's decision pleased his uncle. A man of his swerveless exactness and rigid uprightness, had little sympathy for a nature whose motive powers were enthusiasm and generosity; he had no charity for youthful extravagance of thought or action, and a situation on board a trading vessel was shortly procured for Henry. Evelyn's thoughtfulness had been exercised to the utmost for his comfort, and, therefore, he shed some tears of gratitude on saying good-bye.

"Don't get married," he said, playfully, "for Clara and myself will want a maiden aunt to live with us," and laughing in the midst of his tears, he waved his hand in adieu. He could not understand the flush which painfully colored her paleness at his words, nor did he see the after apathy of pain which prostrated her for days.

CHAPTER II.

MANY years passed. Henry returned but once during the interval, and then spent but little more than half an hour with Evelyn, who, in reply to his eager questioning, told him of Clara's marriage. During his long absence he had dwelt fondly on her constancy, and never failed to imagine her pining for his return. The shock was not stunning. It was a rude obliteration of his life's fairest dream; he saw the sweet tracery of his hopes melt away like the absorbing of frost-work by heat, and yet he betrayed no pain.

He hardly gave Evelyn time to realize the many changes in him, or her great joy at seeing him when he was gone again.

Evelyn was frail; consumption was her hereditary doom, and her sweet life wasted, as thousands have done from the same disease. But few have the secret heart-wound to accelerate disease which she had borne for years. The wound was outwardly healed, but the poison lurked under the scar and ate its corroding way day by day, deeper and deeper into her life sources.

It was a rainy October day. Wild clouds careered darkly over the sky, letting fall tears of dismay over the faded earth; they were impelled by a resistless wind, which shook the tallest trees with a shrieking defiance, and scattered troops of faded leaves like flocks of storm-stricken birds. Everything was wet, but the beating rain-tears still fell, and the day grew dark long before its close.

Evelyn was at her window, reclining wearily in her large chair. There were fiery spots on

her cheeks, and a burning brilliancy in her eyes; her emaciated hands were locked in her lap, and she looked out upon the dismal garden. All the flowers, the hardy, autumn flowers, were prostrate in the wet; the far woods looked to her like a rocking sea.

The door opened, and a man entered.

"I knew the old house too well to need showing. I don't intrude, Evelyn?"

She turned at the voice; he hastened to her, and, kneeling by her chair, took the two thin hands in his, and without another word looked long at her changed face. She looked only for a moment at him, and then closed her eyes. It seemed as though she noted every change in him at a glance; while he, stupefied with amazement, seemed unable with the closest study to fathom the mystery of her strange alteration. It came at once, the knowledge of her dying state. He drew a chair close to hers, and said,

"Evelyn, I can hardly think this is you. I should not have come back now, uncle is dead, but I wanted one more look at your kind face; I wish it were not so pale."

"How haggard you are, Henry!"

He started at the name. He was indeed haggard, not from disease, but dissipation. He was also older and harder-looking, worldly and callous; his eyes had lost all their youthful cheerfulness; his voice its manly enthusiasm, and his brow and cheek their purity.

"Yes, I am changed, Evelyn, even more than you: you are nearer heaven; and I——" He

broke down. It was many minutes before he recovered from his emotion and regained his usual indifference.

"Evelyn, if I had followed your advice I might have been a happy man; now I am a ruined outcast, a wreck of my former self. I am too old to reform, too hardened to repent. Don't worry your pure soul with prayers for me. I am past redemption." He talked long in the same bitter strain, and at last rose to go.

"I shall live only a little longer, Henry, stay with me." But he only shook her feeble hand, and said, "good-bye."

Outside the wind and rain grew stronger. Evelyn bowed her head upon the hard window-seat.

"Not one word of love—not one kiss for this life-long worship of mine! He might have given me that little! Oh! God!" The poor voice broke down in sobs.

The heart's last vital chord had snapped, and the poor heart crumbled into ruin. She lived until November. They buried her under frozen leaves when the air was whitened with the first early snow.

"Evelyn, aged 32," is carved upon her simple head-stone. There is no record of the bitter, unavailing struggle which ended with those years. Placidly, at last, sleep the weary eyes, tearless and sightless. "Bramble roses, faint and pale," long grass and tiny flowers grew over what was once all pain and disquiet, but is now dust.

SPRING WHISPERS.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

SPRING is wafting balmy odors
From the sunny Southern seas,
And the maple buds are swelling
On the tall and waving trees;
There is music in the streamlets
That are sparkling down the vale,
And a soft and gentle murmur
Fills the dewy evening gale.

There are fairies in the woodlands
Singing all the sunny day,
As they bring the bright-hued flowers
From the Southland far away;
And I know they linger near us,
As the gay hours speed along,
Breathing gladsome spirit music,
Filling every heart with song.

But the Spring brings not the visions
That it did in days of yore,
Ere my heart knew aught of sorrow,
Ah! the "dear old time" is o'er:

And its music cannot cheer me
With that soul-enthraling spell,
Making earth far gayer, brighter,
As it on my spirit fell.

There are loved ones lowly sleeping
'Neath the cold and grassy sod;
Tho' I know that they are happy,
For they've wandered home to God:
But the heart must ever sadden,
When the loved of earth are gone,
And we miss the voice that gladdened
With its fond, devoted tone.

Aye! the Spring is still as Joyous
As it was in days of yore,
But I think of friends departed,
And its music-spell is o'er.

There are whispers in each zephyr,
As it wanders lightly by,
Telling all the beauty round us
Is now budding but to die!

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 306.

CHAPTER VI.

As Mrs. Ransom entered the room with young Hurst, a faint shudder passed over her as if it was repulsive to find herself again in his presence.

Then her face softened as she looked toward him; some tender memory was evidently struggling at her heart, which, for a moment, asserted its supremacy over the displeasure which his appearance had at first caused her.

"Michael," she said, softly.

He turned toward her, and she made a movement to lay her hand caressingly upon his shoulder; but, looking in his face, she met the same smile which had so irritated her when she saw the young girl blushing beneath it.

"Did you speak?" he asked.

"It is nothing," she replied, abruptly; "I had forgotten that it was you."

"What a charming little dove that was I frightened away," he said. "I felt quite guilty at having startled her so."

Again Mrs. Ransom's face darkened with stern displeasure, and she replied coldly,

"I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, the young lady desired to see me alone."

"A thousand apologies for the intrusion, dear madam," he returned, with easy assurance, "but it never occurred to my mind that such a command could apply to me."

"I should prefer to think that some urgent business made you so unceremonious," said Mrs. Ransom, with severity. "Certainly the indulgence and kindness which I have shown you, would be a poor reason for presuming to disobey my wishes."

Hurst bit his lip to keep back the angry retort which her words suggested. He knew her varying moods, and saw that she would permit neither trifling nor impertinence: and as he had a favor to ask, he could not venture to irritate her.

"Forgive me, dear lady," he said, taking her hand respectfully and pressing it to his lips. "I believe I am a rather spoiled child, but you know well that for the world I would not offend you."

Mrs. Ransom quietly withdrew her hand, and

the displeasure in her countenance gave way to an expression of sad thoughtfulness. She motioned the young man to be seated, and sank back in her own easy-chair, leaning her head upon her hand, while her eyes fastened themselves on the picture over the mantle-piece, as earnestly as if she were asking counsel of the face that looked so kindly down upon her. She seemed to have forgotten the young man's presence, and when he ventured at last to break the silence, looked wonderingly around as if surprised to find that she was not alone.

"Pray where did that little fairy spring from, Mrs. Ransom? I do not remember having seen her here before."

"It is the first time she has ever visited me."

"I hope, at least, it will not be the last, for certainly she is one of the loveliest creatures I ever saw."

Mrs. Ransom looked annoyed; her foot began to tap the footstool impatiently, a habit she had when irritated or thoughtful.

"It is not probable that she will come again," she said.

"Then you do not know her?"

"I do not. She came, as many young girls do, from a desire to see a literary woman."

"But at least you know her name?"

"Really, Michael, your curiosity seems wonderfully excited. Might I be envious in turn, and ask what brings you here, this morning?"

"I had some business, I believe," he replied, with a gay laugh; "but to tell you the truth, the sight of so much loveliness has quite driven it out of my head."

"Then you will not think me rude if I go on writing, while you try to recall your errand?"

"I see you are determined not to gratify what you are pleased to style my curiosity concerning your visitor."

"I am quite unable to imagine how you can be in the slightest degree interested in a perfect stranger, Michael."

"Do you think any man would not be bewildered by the sight of an angel?"

"You are growing poetical, young gentleman, something I never remarked in you before."

"Ah, now you are going to be satirical, and you know I never can answer your sarcasm."

Mrs. Ransom frowned impatiently and took up her pen.

"As I am somewhat hurried to-day you must permit me to work. Whenever you have exhausted your raptures, and can recollect your business, I will listen to you."

"I have troubled you so much of late, dear madam, that I am almost afraid to annoy you again."

"You know, Michael, that I am always glad to serve you, and I am never annoyed by listening to anything in which you have really an interest."

"Then perhaps you will tell me the name of your visitor?" said Hurst, laughingly, and with one of those quick changes of manner peculiar to him.

"Your jesting is ill-timed," Mrs. Ransom replied, almost harshly. "If you indeed desire my advice, you have only to ask it, but I have no leisure for such trifling."

Hurst moved impatiently in his chair, but did not venture a reply. Nothing excited him so much as the least opposition to his wishes; and in this sudden interest for the youthful stranger there was something beyond the momentary attraction of girlish loveliness. There was a vague suspicion in his mind which he was burning to have resolved into certainty; but he knew Mrs. Ransom's moods too well to venture upon farther importunity for the moment.

She had fallen back in her former attitude of mournful meditation. One saw at a glance that it was no new grief which moved her, but some great sorrow which came out of the past, and had been her constant companion for years, like some mournful ghost which no power could dispel.

Hurst looked curiously at her. She was a singular study during such moments; and he was a man of sufficiently vivid imagination to weave in his mind innumerable wild fancies while watching her protracted reverie.

At length Mrs. Ransom roused herself with an effort and turned toward him again.

"You must excuse me this morning," she said, with a troubled smile, "I really am not quite myself; I have been writing steadily for hours, and the exertion has left me strangely weary and absorbed."

"One would think that after so many years of continued labor, writing would have become almost a mechanical effort," Hurst remarked.

"On the contrary, it seems to me that every year I write with more feeling, more earnestness of purpose, throwing my whole soul into the task much more completely than during my youth, when authorship was a passion and not a power."

"Something more than mere fatigue seems to trouble you," he ventured to say.

"What else should?" she asked.

"Nothing that I know of. I thought possibly your visitor had brought you some unpleasant news."

"I have told you that she was an entire stranger to me; therefore such could not be the case."

"She might have resembled some one whom you knew formerly. We can never account for the fancies and reminiscences a stranger's face often arouse."

Mrs. Ransom looked up quickly, but the young man had averted his eyes. He was toying carelessly with one of the little ornaments upon her table, and seemed to have uttered the words with no thought beyond the moment.

"Your remark is sufficiently true," she replied, drawing a deep breath, like one relieved from a sudden fear. "Very often the sight of a picture or a beautiful view will arouse the same feelings; they seem places which we have seen before, and remember like objects in a dream, or some memory from a previous life."

"That young girl was lovely enough to have been the reality of a poet's ideal. I have seldom seen such grace and beauty united with such a childish simplicity of thought and manner."

"She was indeed very lovely," Mrs. Ransom murmured, as if thinking aloud, "very, very lovely."

Hurst had led the conversation back to the visitor in the hope of discovering her name; but at that moment his eye fell upon a card which had fallen near his chair. He allowed his handkerchief to drop, and in stooping forward to pick it up, managed to secrete the card among its folds. Quick as the action was he found an opportunity to read the name,

"Miss Gillian Bentley."

He felt singularly irritated with Mrs. Ransom, so much so that his fear of offending her was wholly gone.

"I have an engagement in an hour," he said, "and must soon go."

"You appear to find a great deal of leisure time. I think your employers must be very kind to you."

Hurst's lip curled with a sneer. Mrs. Ransom's remark had evidently called up a new train of thought, but he said only,

"Business men are not given generally to such

weakness. I have nothing to complain of except the smallness of my means."

"Certainly, Michael, you have had no lack of money during the past year; I was quite startled yesterday at recalling the amount of your expenditures."

"You do not expect a young man to live like a hermit, I suppose," Hurst said, impertinently.

"Perhaps not; but I expect him to be just to himself and to those who feel an interest in him."

"I know of no one who has any in me."

"You are angry, Michael, and therefore I excuse your injustice."

"I am not angry, Mrs. Ransom, but I do not choose to be treated like a child, to have every wish thwarted, to be told that I have no right to enjoy life like others of my age."

"You have no right to allow yourself to be drawn into extravagances, the demands of which it is out of your power to meet; no man has any right to do that."

"You have told me all this, madam, many times."

"Do not fear, Michael, that I shall repeat it. I have tried to be a good friend to you; I have had an interest in you for which you could never account, and surely when I see you leading a life that I know to be wrong, I have at least a right to expostulate."

"I will allow no one to play the tyrant over me—my actions shall be free."

A withering retort trembled on Mrs. Ransom's lips, but she checked it, she could not find it in her heart to reproach any one with her bounty, and she knew well that Hurst's only hope was in her.

"That is childish," she said, after a moment's pause; "a few years since such language could be tolerated, but you have grown too old now for it to be excusable."

Hurst struggled for self-command. At that moment he fairly hated the woman who had been his benefactress. He had that weak, false pride which made him rebel against receiving a favor, although he never hesitated to accept it, nay, even to claim it as his right.

"Tell me what brought you here this morning, Michael?" Mrs. Ransom said, more kindly; "you came on business—what was its nature?"

"I want money," he said, sullenly, "and I must have it from some source."

"More money? Have you forgotten how few weeks have elapsed since your debts were paid, and a large amount beyond placed in your hands?"

"Remind me of all I owe you!" he exclaimed,

with reckless bitterness; "make me feel wholly base and degraded—I am at your mercy."

"Indeed I did not mean that; were you my own son I should say to you what I am now doing."

"Can you procure me the money I need?" he asked, bluntly.

"I shall give you none at present. If you have wasted the sum I put in your hands, not a month since, on condition that you would conduct yourself very differently, I cannot help it—I am powerless to aid you at present."

"That means you will not!" he cried, angrily. "This is your boasted kindness; this is a proof of the interest you profess for me."

"You are rapidly wearing out all such feelings, Michael. Have a care! You, with no opposition, will listen to no counsel. Before long I shall cease to offer any; but when that time comes I shall have lost all interest in you."

"Let it come," he replied, defiantly, lifting his head and looking boldly in her face, while his eyes grew black and inflamed with anger. "Let it come! I want to feel that I am entirely alone in the world—no resource—no friend. Go on, Mrs. Ransom."

"Oh! boy, boy, how you wrong yourself and me! Have I deserved this?"

"Mrs. Ransom, I have no time to trifle; I must have money, my honor depends on that."

"You have been gambling again! No, Michael, I will not aid you. Six months ago I told you that I would never pay another gaming debt, and I will not."

"Then let me go, I must find it elsewhere!"

"Stop! Michael, you shall not leave this house in a mood like that! You must listen to me—I have a right to demand it."

"What right, madam? I admit no right that any one has over me."

"I might reply very bitterly, young man; it is not for your sake that I refrain! Still I have a right—my affection for you has given it to me; no parent ever watched over a son more faithfully than I have done over you."

"Who were my parents?" he asked, abruptly; "where are they? why have I been left all my life to the mercy of strangers?"

Mrs. Ransom made no answer. In her excitement she had risen from her seat, and was standing directly before him. A strange pallor, which in moments of intense feeling troubled her face, swept over it then; her large, grey eyes, not beautiful at ordinary times, grew bright and dark, while her white lips parted in a vain attempt to speak. Hurst was startled by her appearance; even through his reckless anger he

saw that some subtle chord in her soul had been swept, and that her whole being vibrated to the rude touch.

"Mrs. Ransom!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," she repeated, like one who has heard a voice from afar, and only sighs out a faint response from a vain effort to send an answer in return; "I hear you—go on."

"My parents," he said, "who were they?"

Mrs. Ransom shivered down into her seat—that is the only word which could express the movement—she seemed literally like one struck by a mortal chill that had slowly penetrated to her heart, closing its pulses in an icy grasp.

"Are they alive?" he questioned. "Why have you never spoken of them? Why am I left in the world friendless, an outcast? If I died to-morrow there would be no living soul to shed a tear over my grave. I have lived unloved and alone, I shall die unregretted and forgotten."

The wily man knew well the nature with which he had to deal; he knew how every fibre of her being responded to the least call for sympathy: yet it was not wholly art which caused his agitation; he was impulsive and excitable like all imaginative temperaments, and the question which he so eagerly demanded had often troubled his passionate soul. He felt no tender regret for those unknown parents; but the doubt and implied disgrace, which hung over him, had preyed for years upon his proud spirit: and perhaps a portion of his reckless conduct was to be attributed to the bitter feeling toward the whole world which had sprung from that terrible suspicion.

"Answer me, Mrs. Ransom. Do not torture me by this silence. Is my father living? where is he? what is his name?"

Mrs. Ransom drew her hand slowly across her eyes, and again that agonized shudder passed over her frame.

"Your father is dead!" she gasped, "dead! Ask me no more."

"And my mother—is she living? Has she no kindly remembrance of the child upon whose unconscious lips she pressed a first tender kiss? Will she allow him to go through life without having once known a mother's fondness? Was she not human? Had she no feeling in common with the rest of her sex?"

"Hush! Michael, hush!" pleaded Mrs. Ransom, in a tone of deep anguish; "do not torture yourself and me by these wild questions."

"I have a right to ask them, lady; I will no longer be surrounded by this impenetrable mystery. Answer me, I beg."

"Of what avail to rouse memories of the

past, Michael? You are raking the ashes from off a tomb. For your own sake leave the dead to rest in peace."

"Dead! Are they both dead?"

"Dead to you! demand no more! Learn to live in the present—forget these haunting doubts which can never be gratified. I warn you, Michael Hurst, that you are only preparing for yourself misery in the future, by this reckless determination to penetrate mysteries in which you have no share."

"No share, madam? Is it nothing that I have no family—no name? Must I sit quietly down in this disgraceful ignorance, and be patient beneath the ignominy which the sins of others have forced upon me?"

"Beware, young man!" exclaimed Mrs. Ransom, in a hollow voice. "Do not dare to insult the memory of your parents!"

"What have they done for me that I should respect it? I owe them neither gratitude nor affection, and I will give none! Were I standing by my father's grave I would say the same! There must have been guilt somewhere, and I am left to suffer the consequences of wrongs in which I had no part."

"Yes, Michael, there was wrong, deep wrong; but it was not meant—before heaven I assert that!"

"At least I am forced to endure the consequences of that sin——"

"Who spoke of sin?" broke in Mrs. Ransom, with a passionate excitement, strangely at variance with her usual calm demeanor.

"Is not wrong sin?" cried Hurst, angrily; "is not error sin?"

"No, no, a thousand times no! Stop, boy, you have reached a limit beyond which you shall not pass."

"Who shall prevent me? I fear nothing! Perhaps I am bold and unscrupulous: but with whom rests the fault?—not with me—I refuse to accept it!"

Mrs. Ransom rose from her seat and paced slowly up and down, her hands locked together, and her eyes cast upon the floor like one striving to regain her self-command. Suddenly she paused before the picture which hung above the mantle, and raised her eyes to the face that beamed so benignantly down upon her. She extended her arms in supplication, her lips moved in inaudible prayer. At length the anguish died out of her face—her eyes cleared—her lips softened into a faint smile that wandered over her features like a waning sunbeam. She turned back to the table and sat down, once more calm and self-possessed.

"We have wandered from our subject, Michael, let us return to your affairs. Tell me how it happens that you are again in difficulty—I wish to know all."

"I do not see why I should account to any human being for my actions."

"Then why have you come to me for counsel?"

"Because you have told me that you were my friend, because you have taught me to consider you as one to whom I could come with every trouble, every pain"

"Then at least do not insult me!"

"It is I who am insulted by your doubts and suspicions," he replied, his passion again mastering his prudence.

"You certainly give me every reason for them by your reckless conduct. Stop, Michael!" she continued, in a warning voice, as he was about to answer more insolently than before. "I will not suffer you again to address me in such language, more from the injury which this giving way to violent anger upon the slightest occasion causes you, than from any effect your words can have upon my feelings."

"I will leave you, madam, if my presence is so distasteful to you."

"Do not go away with such feelings, Michael; I have faith enough in your goodness of heart to believe that you would repent having left me thus."

"It is useless for me to remain here—you have lost all interest in me—there is nothing left me now."

"I have not lost it, Michael, but I confess that your conduct is rapidly wearing away my forbearance. I have borne much from you for reasons of which you knew nothing; but even that desire to keep faithfully a promise made long years since, will not induce me to compromise my own dignity and self-respect."

"Mine are not to be considered; I am to submit to disgrace, and bear it with calmness—I tell you I will not do it! I must have a certain sum of money before night, and by some means have it I will."

"It is out of my power to assist you to-day, even if I were so inclined; your needs cannot be so urgent that a few days delay will be more than a trifling inconvenience"

"Surely I must be the best judge of that! Have the money to-day I will."

"Then you must seek assistance elsewhere, for I have none to offer."

"Good morning, madam!" he exclaimed, rising and hastening toward the door. He paused with his hand upon the knob, thinking that she would call him back, as she had often done before when

he left in moments of anger: but the lady made no sign. She was leaning back in her chair with a sort of stony composure, which at times came over her, and did not even raise her eyes.

Hurst muttered an oath and dashed out of the room, closing the door violently behind him. When he had gained the street, he drew from his vest the card which he had secreted, and looked again at the name.

"Gillian Bentley," he said, almost aloud. "Yes, yes, I know the name, I see my way clearer now—it is a plot worthy of Machiavelli! Many thanks for that little scene at the gambling house last night; the money was well lost which was the means of my making the discovery."

He sauntered carelessly down the street, greeting any chance acquaintance with a pleasant smile or word, seemingly unoccupied beyond the idle thoughts of the moment, so frank and happy-looking, that it appeared impossible it could be the same face which an hour before had been dark with evil passions.

Mrs. Ransom remained sitting where Hurst had left her. What a world of unquiet memories surged over her face during that season of self-communion! One might have half understood her whole life by looking at her then; she usually so calm and gentle, full of tender sympathies for others, searching the bright side of life and turning resolutely away from the gloom, now so wan and spent beneath those harrowing reflections, which started up before her like mournful shapes that had, for a time, been hidden, but now forced themselves out of the mist of the past and intruded themselves upon her.

Once she raised her eyes to the portrait, murmuring,

"This is hard, hard to bear—give me strength, for I am without strength and without hope."

So the day wore on in Julia Ransom's solitude, and amid all the friends that her genius had raised up for her, there was not one with power to comfort her during that sad hour; and she whose beautiful creations had brought so much happiness to others, was unable to find in her own grand soul a single gleam of consolation for that irretrievable woe.

CHAPTER VII.

THE room seemed to have been fitted up as a library, for the walls were filled with book-cases, and the tables covered with richly bound volumes and pamphlets; still it was evidently the common working room of a business man, for near one of the windows was a long writing table surmounted

by a cabinet, filled with large packages of papers and deeds.

Seated by the table was a tall, thin man, in whose face there was a singular mingling of the lines and furrows, which long years of constant occupation will bring upon the face, with a serene moral composure which would have deceived even a keen observer.

But now in that solitude the calmness which a long life of dissimulation had given the countenance was gone, and the undercurrent of passion showed through like a turbid bottom seen beneath smooth waters.

That man was Nathan Lawrence, the influential partner in the house in which Michael Hurst was employed, and the person whom the young man had so unexpectedly seen at the gambling house upon the previous night.

He was sitting with paper before him and a pen in his hand, but he had not yet written a line, although it was full an hour before that he had taken his seat there.

The events of the past evening had evidently left an impression upon him, which he could not readily shake off, for his losses had been large, even for one of his great wealth, and he might well pause to reflect upon the consequences of many nights of misfortune like that.

In the eyes of the world, Nathan Lawrence possessed the reputation of being a moral man—not religious perhaps in the strict sense of the word—but perfectly upright and conscientious; to be seen every Sunday in his seat in church, uttering the responses with the utmost fervor, always foremost in every public charity or philanthropic act which was sounded abroad. In short, he was a man who possessed the esteem of all who knew him; and when once or twice strange reports had gone abroad concerning him, the source of which no one could explain, they had been indignantly refuted by his large circle of acquaintance, and for a time he had risen almost to the dignity of a martyr from that attempted persecution.

In the business world no man's credit stood higher. He was the head of one of the most influential firms in the country, and his slightest word was considered equal to the bond of almost any common man.

This was the man whom young Hurst had encountered at the gambling house, and had he known by whom he had been watched, the desperate condition and daring character of the youth, he would scarcely have sat at that table with so much composure, dwelling only upon the sums which he had lost, for his reputation was dearer far to him than wealth or life itself.

While he sat there, a low knock sounded at the door, and in obedience to his summons a domestic entered the room, and paused before him with grave respect.

"What is it, Peters?" Mr. Lawrence asked, after a second's silence, laying down his pen, and seeming to rouse himself from some important calculation.

"There is a gentleman below who wishes to speak with you, sir?"

"Did he give his name, Peters?"

"Mr. Hurst, sir."

"Hurst? What can he want? Did you tell him that I was extremely occupied?"

"Yes, sir; but he said that he had just come from the counting-house, and wished to see you on some business of importance."

"Show him up, Peters, and remember I am at home to no one else."

The servant left the room, and Mr. Lawrence again took up his pen, but his hand shook so that he could not frame a letter, although his face looked cold and stern as before. The past night had left him strangely nervous; and simple as was the fact of his clerk calling upon him, he was startled at the sound of his name.

In a moment the servant again opened the door, and young Hurst entered with his usual air of careless composure.

Mr. Lawrence turned slowly round with his most dignified manner, and surveyed him from head to foot.

"Good morning, Mr. Hurst," he said, with a proud blandness; "my servant said that you desired particularly to see me. Business from the office, I suppose?"

Hurst returned his glance without faltering, and replied with the familiar ease of an equal,

"Partially so, Mr. Lawrence, partially so."

The rich man looked at him in astonishment. It was the first time one of his clerks had ever ventured to address him, except in a tone of the utmost respect, and he could not comprehend the singular assurance of this young man.

"I am very much occupied this morning," he said, with pompous dignity; "let me hear your message at once."

"I have none, sir," replied Hurst, with the same unchanging assurance, "I always employ my servant in anything of that sort."

"Mr. Hurst!" exclaimed the man of respectability, "what is the meaning of such language? and why have you intruded upon me this morning?"

"Ah, that is the bore of business; one never has a moment for himself or friends."

"Sir, I am not in the habit of classing my

hired clerks among my friends. If you have any business state it at once: if not, I must request you to withdraw."

"I met with a little misfortune last night, my dear sir," said Hurst, coolly seating himself near the merchant, and leaning his arm upon the writing-table. "I have come to you not only as the head of the firm, but as a man of the world, to consult you."

"Really, sir, this is a strange proceeding. I know of nothing in which my advice can be of value to you; I believe you receive your salary regularly, beyond that I have nothing to do with your affairs."

"Last night," continued Hurst, as quietly as if he were a millionaire, and speaking of some insignificant loss, "I had the ill-luck to lose a thousand dollars at cards——"

"Enough, sir," interrupted Mr. Lawrence; "I will not tolerate a gambler in my establishment for an hour—you are discharged."

"The most disagreeable thing in the whole affair," pursued Hurst, as calmly as if the other had not spoken, "is that the money was not mine."

"You have not dared——"

"Yes; it belonged to the firm. It was very careless on my part, but, after all, the sum is so trifling!"

"I will hear nothing farther, the law will deal with you. I am a just man—I thank heaven that I can look back on my life without being forced to blush for a single act—but I never falter where my duty is concerned."

"I knew, of course, that we could arrange the little matter at once, and so I tore myself away from a very charming woman in order to call upon you."

"A gambler and a swindler! Young man, what can your associations have been to leave you at this age so utterly depraved? Had you come to me in a spirit of repentance my feelings would all have been in your favor, but you enter my house with insolent bravado, and acknowledge your theft without a blush. Do you know what is before you? Do you know the penalty of an act like this?"

Hurst was leaning back in his chair, toying with his watch-chain, and upon his lips the same smile of conscious superiority.

"Even if I were inclined to aid you my partners would not permit me. Young man, you are lost!"

"The money you mean, my dear sir. *Apres* losses, I was sorry to see last night that you were as unfortunate as myself."

The merchant dropped his pen, and sat gazing

into that insolently handsome face, pale and aghast.

"I hope it was not enough to inconvenience you! We must try fortune again to-night, she may be more propitious."

Mr. Lawrence struggled for composure. His dissimulation came to his aid, and except that the deathly pallor did not leave his face, he looked calm.

"You must be mad, young man, I can account for your conduct in no other way."

Hurst smiled again. He knew well the man with whom he had to deal, that death itself would be preferable, in his eyes, to the loss of one atom of the respectability which he made his bulwark. The youth felt his advantage, and knew that when the man was convinced that he had learned all, would cringe for mercy like the poltroon he was.

"Did you stop for supper?" he asked. "I hurried away, for I had an engagement of importance."

"Leave this room!" exclaimed Mr. Lawrence; "I will not be insulted under my own roof."

"My dear sir, how you misunderstand me! These little annoyances will occur to all the votaries of the green table: I have no hesitation in alluding to them."

Once more the man endeavored to intimidate him, though his voice shook as he said,

"If you remain here you will be arrested. I advise you to leave the city, or remember the consequences."

"Nonsense!" returned Hurst, contemptuously. "You forget we are both men of the world, not grey-bearded Puritans. We must assist each other, Mr. Lawrence; these are but trifles."

He laid his hand upon the merchant's arm and looked full in his face, smiling still, but with a deadly glare in his eyes, which seemed to fascinate the other like the glance of a serpent. An ashen grey settled over his features, he trembled from head to foot, as if the young man had dealt him a heavy blow.

"You know—you saw!" he gasped. "Good God, my reputation!"

"My dear Mr. Lawrence," said Hurst, laughing gayly, "I am sure last night must have shaken your nerves—let us change the subject."

"Mr. Hurst, I hope you will forgive my rudeness—I was very much hurried. Your affair is extremely unpleasant, but I will endeavor to conceal the loss from my partners, and will help you away. What say you to New Orleans?—charming place."

All this was uttered in a breathless haste, still more apparent from the other's composure.

"Thanks, but I have no desire to leave New York—quite impossible to exist elsewhere."

"You cannot remain here! I am very willing to help you; I have always felt an interest in you; I assure you money will be no object, and am certain that my secret——"

"My dear Mr. Lawrence, how little you know me! I have completely forgotten the events of last night, or shall have done so when we have replaced that little check—we will not refer to it again. I am glad to have met you this morning—in the confusion of business men have no time to become acquainted. I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you thus again?"

"Nothing would gratify me more," returned the merchant, with trembling lips. "Mrs. Lawrence receives every Saturday—I shall be happy to present you."

"And I to avail myself of the invitation. You know Mrs. Ransom?"

"The authoress? yes, very delightful woman."

"A most intimate friend of mine; nothing would gratify her so much as to know that you considered me your friend."

"Delighted to hear that; she so seldom goes out—genius has its peculiarities."

The wretched man was so ghastly and white that his appearance might have softened his deadliest enemy; but the youth in whose power he found himself knew no relenting, he liked to taste his revenge drop by drop, and would never cease while there was still a chord in his victim's heart that could be wrung.

"By-the-way, Mr. Lawrence, do you know Mr. Bentley?"

"Well, very well; an extremely rich man."

"I know that he has a charming daughter," replied Hurst, laughing again, "I met her at Mrs. Ransom's. Perhaps you would present me there?"

The merchant paused for a moment, writhing

under that assumption of power; but Hurst's eyes were still fixed upon him, and he could only falter out,

"With pleasure, of course."

"Indeed I must say good morning," Hurst said, rising. "On Saturday you say Mrs. Lawrence receives?"

"But this thing—you understand!" exclaimed Lawrence, catching him by the arm. "Tell me that my secret is safe—money—anything—name your terms."

"Do not insult me," returned Hurst, coldly, "between equals such offers are not endurable."

"Excuse me—I—— At least the check shall be sent down."

"Of course, of course!"

"May I mention one fact?"

"I shall listen with pleasure."

"I shall be delighted to receive you at my house; but it is quite possible that you might prefer to give up your situation—I shall always be willing to assist you in any way."

"I am infinitely obliged. If I decide to leave your establishment, I will come and talk the matter over with you. Good morning, Mr. Lawrence! On Saturday? Till then, *au revoir*."

He passed out of the room with the same careless ease and went down stairs.

The merchant fell back in his chair completely exhausted by the excitement of the last hour. He looked like a man just recovering from a terrible illness. When he strove to rise from his seat he fell back, covering his face with his hands, and murmuring broken words of despair.

Hurst left the house and returned to his home. His face was lit up with fierce exultation, and his eyes fairly blazed with light.

"This is the beginning," he muttered, "and it promises well! The fair Gillian is almost reached—patience, patience, the end is not far off."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMAN'S LOT.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

To feel that she is slighted
By one most dearly prized—
That all her self-devotion
Is nothing in his eyes—
To hear the words of anger,
Tho' she deserves them not;
To bear with harsh unkindness,
Is often woman's lot.

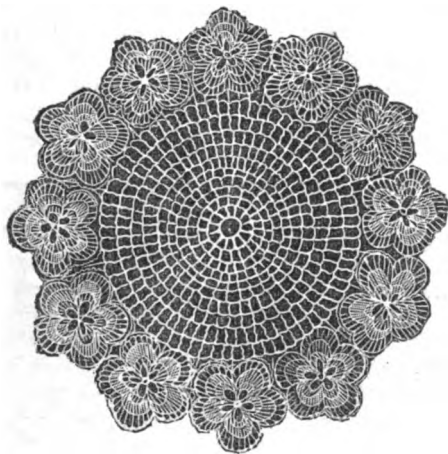
To see her slightest error
Converted into crime,
Whilst even then she dares not
Weep, murmur, or repine;

To know his vow is broken—
That he is faithless now—
And yet to be upbraided,
If grief is on her brow;

To soothe the hour of anguish,
And be repaid with scorn;
To hear severely chidden
The tears from sorrow drawn,
To feel her long enduring,
Her patience—all as naught,
Till hope itself is blighted,
Is often woman's lot.

TO CROCHET A MAT WITH BORDER OF CROCHET ROSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—One spool white crochet cotton, No. 16, one spool pink crochet cotton, crochet hook. This is an original pattern.

FOR THE MAT.—With the white cotton make a ch of 6. Join. Work in d c, widening enough to keep the work flat. Make the centre of mat any size you may see fit.

FOR THE BORDER.—Use the pink cotton. 1st row.—Make a ch of 6. Join. 2nd row.—Make a ch of 5, work it in the circle made by the first ch, then a ch of 4. Repeat until you make five holes. 8rd row.—Then begin to make leaves by making 1 s c stitch, 5 d c, 1 s c worked in the

loop made by last row of ch. Repeat until the row is complete. 4th row.—Make a ch of 5—loop it in the stitch occurring between the leaves. Repeat until the row is complete. 5th row.—2 s c, 6 d c worked same as 3rd row. 6th row.—Same as 4th row, only making the ch 6 stitches. 7th row.—1 s c, 7 d c, 1 s c worked into each loop, same as 5th row. 8th row.—Make a ch of 7 stitches, loop in as before. 9th row.—1 s c, 8 d c, 1 s c in each loop. Fasten off the thread carefully, and the rose is complete. Make enough of these roses to form the border, sew them upon the centre of mat already made.

TO KNIT A SOFA-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS cushion is to be knitted in stripes, each stripe of a different color; the color to be selected that they may contrast prettily. Materials required, 1 oz. of each color, (single zephyr) pair bone needles. This is an original pattern.

Cast on 18 stitches. Knit in garter stitch.

1st Row.—Knit plain.

2nd Row.—Knit 5 stitches, take off next 4—

without knitting pass the thread back of these 4 stitches, and knit to the end of the needle.

3rd Row.—Knit 9; thread forward, take off next 4 without knitting; thread back, knit to the end of the needle.

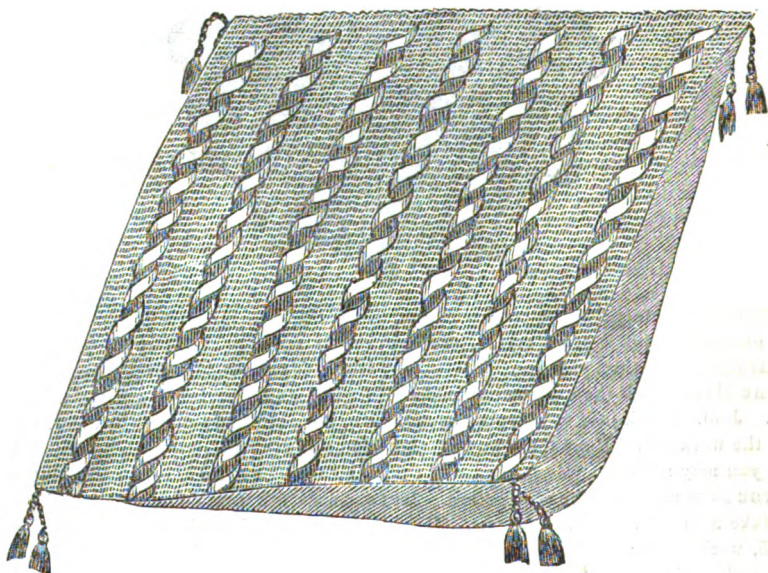
4th Row.—Same as 2nd.

5th Row.—Same as 3rd.

6th Row.—Knit 5; now knit the 4 stitches

which have been taken off with knitting heretofore; turn the work round and purl those 4 stitches; turn the work back again and knit same 4 stitches plain. Repeat (knitting the four stitches only; one row plain, next purl,) until you have knitted twelve rows; then throw the thread back and knit off the 5 stitches remaining upon the left needle. Next row, knit 5; now pass the right needle through the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th stitches of those remaining upon the left needle; let it remain in those four stitches; then slip off of the left needle the four stitches which form the cord. Do it carefully. Now the four stitches (through which you passed the right needle,) slip off the left upon the right, and take

up the four stitches forming the cord, upon the left needle, again taking those four stitches which you passed upon the right needle, back again upon the left one. The work is now properly arranged to knit the remaining stitches off the needle. Repeat from the 1st row. This arranging the cord from right to left, though rather complicated, will be readily accomplished by strictly following the directions. Knit the stripes the length of the cushion you wish to cover. Sew them together. Let the under side either be knitted plain, all one color, or cover it with silk or satin some dark shade. Finish the corners with tassels in groups of two's or three's. They may be either of worsted or chenille.



TO CROCHET A TIDY OF ZEPHYR.

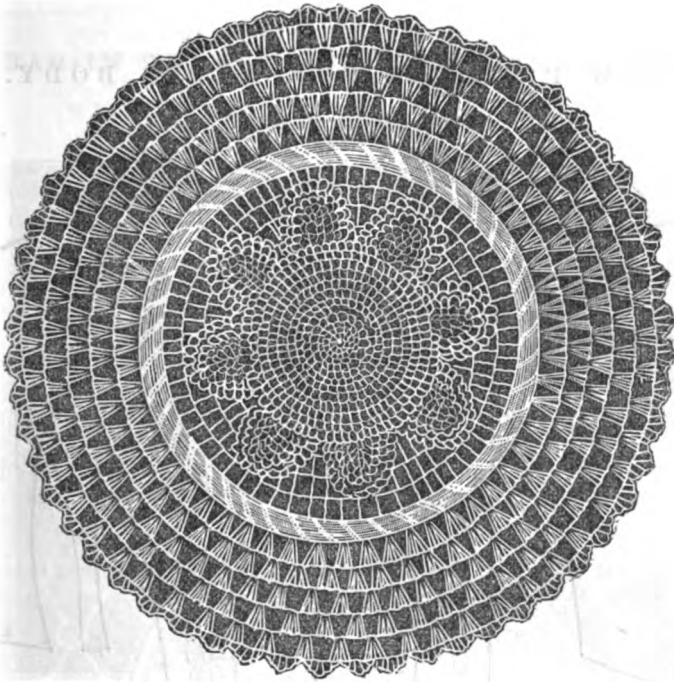
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Half oz. black single zephyr, four shades scarlet, half oz. each, 5th, or lightest shade one oz., half oz. white tidy cotton, bone crochet hook.

With the black wool make a chain of 3 stitches.

Work 7 rows single crochet stitch, widening enough to keep the work flat. 8th row.—Join the cotton, work 8 rows in d c, working the last 8 rows very loosely—1 row in s c. Join the black wool, work 1 row s c. Join the darkest shade of zephyr and the cotton. Lay the cotton close down upon the last row worked, and crochet

4 stitches in s c over the cotton. Take up the cotton, (holding down the zephyr as you did the cotton) and work 4 stitches in s c over the zephyr. Repeat this until the row is complete. Join the next shade, work in the same way, observing to work the first zephyr stitch over the last cotton one, then do the 4 stitches as before. This makes the cord. Repeat until you have worked in all the shades, (allowing 1 shade to every row.) 1 row black in s c, 1 row black in d c, doing it in groups of 8 stitches with 2 chain between each group. Join the darkest shade, work in d c same



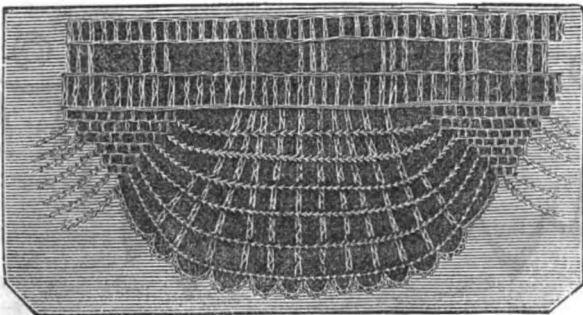
as black row. Repeat until you have worked in all the shades, (1 shade to each row.) Edge the whole with 1 row shell stitch, making 9 stitches to the shell. This edge is to be of cotton.

FOR THE CENTRE PIECE.—With the black wool make a chain of 3. Work 7 rows in s c, widening enough to keep the work flat. 8th row.—* Work 8 stitches s c, make 7 ch. Work back on

those 7 ch stitches in s c*. Complete the row in this manner. 9th row.—Join the darkest shade, work in d c round the points made by the 7 ch stitches in 8th row, doing the intervening stitches in s c. Repeat until you have worked in all the shades. Sew this piece to the centre, and the tidy is finished. This is an original design.

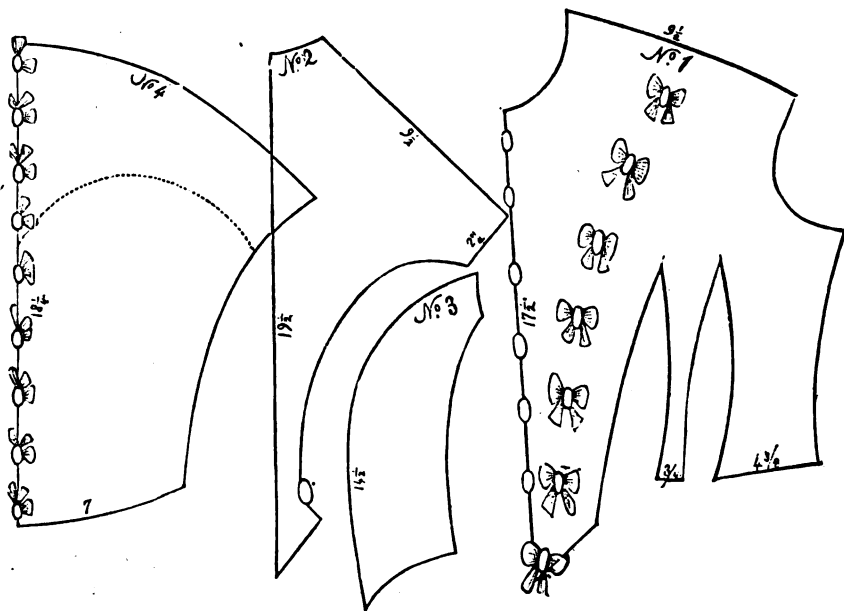
CROCHET LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



NEW PATTERN FOR DRESS BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



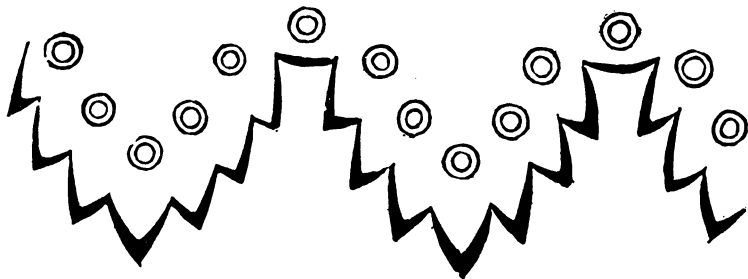
THIS is one of the newest patterns which has appeared in Paris. Its peculiarity, it will be seen, is in the shape of the point behind, and in the mode of trimming, which consists of bows of ribbon put on in the butterfly style.

- No. 1. HALF THE FRONT.**
No. 2. HALF THE BACK.
No. 3. ONE SIDE-BODY.
No. 4. HALF THE SLEEVE.

Where the dotted line goes, a cuff is to be put.

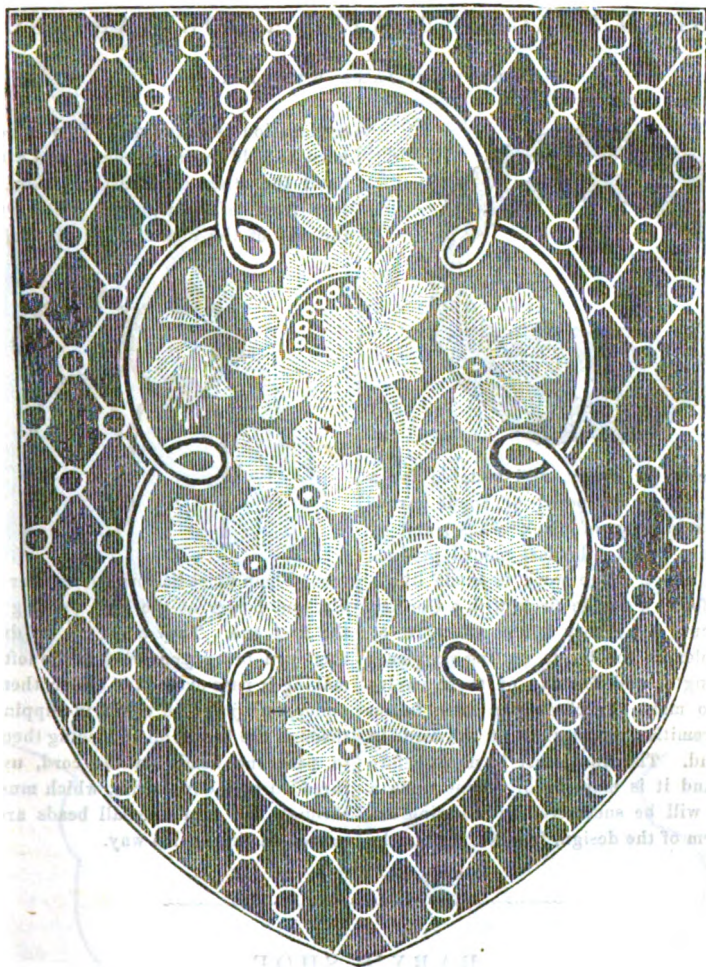
FOR BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



BAG IN VELVET AND SILK EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



LADIES have long felt the necessity for some convenient receptacle for containing the purse, the card-case, &c., as the pockets in the dresses have many drawbacks. They are very insecure, the white under-sleeve becomes speedily deranged, and the flow of the skirt is injured by the weight. Fashion has at last come to their aid, by giving her sanction, in London, to the introduction of the Bag, the adoption of which will, no doubt, become very general. It adds another to the list of ornamental novelties, either for a contribution to a fancy fair, or for presentation to a friend. We have copied from a late English journal, a design for one of these useful little articles, which is extremely pretty when completed. It is intended to be worked on velvet in silk embroidery, and allows some diversity in the arrangement of the color. The group in the centre may be worked either in white silk or maize color, on a velvet of crimson, green, violet, or blue. The scroll round is in gold braid, a double row of very narrow, or one

row of the width given in the illustration. The filling in round the medallion may be with either silk or fine gold cord, and the spot worked in silk or a gold bead. Three tassels are required, one for each side and one for the bottom. These ought to be formed of silk the color of the velvet, with a mixture of gold in them. This bag, when completed, is both elegant and useful.

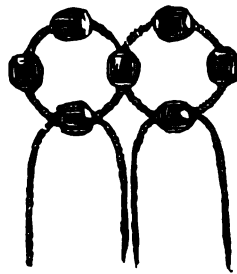
A BEAD BRACELET, WITH A GORDIAN KNOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS bracelet is pretty, and suitable for a young girl. It is composed of small garnet beads, (for mourning, of black beads,) and of blue turquoise beads; the last named produce a charming effect. The work is made like a chain, and forms a double circle with a Gordian Knot. Procure some very fine elastic cord, of the same color as the beads, cutting six pieces of equal length, and forming of these twelve strands. To make the chain you must fasten the two extremities, passing one of the cords in the side bead. The knot must be made before closing it, and it is more readily done upon a table. You will be successful by following exactly the form of the design, (cut No. 2,) but the

explanation is as follows:—One end of the cord must be held in the left hand, and with the right hand the other end must be taken, to form a loop from left to right by passing underneath the end of the chain held in the left hand. A



second loop must be formed, smaller in the middle, and larger at the side, passing underneath the first one. They must not be drawn tight; then you bring your cord to the left hand loop, making it pass over, then under, then over, then under, and join the chain in slipping the cords through the beads, and fastening them. In order to pass the beads on the cord, use a needle threaded with double silk, which must be drawn through the cord. Small beads are generally passed on silk in this way.

BABY'S SHOE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of this number will be found a design for a baby's shoe, for which we are indebted to one of the late English journals received at this office. The pattern is the one at present adopted in Paris. The material is cashmere worked in ingrain Berlin wool. We recommend that colors should be chosen that will bear the roughest usage. Ladies can make up this little shoe with perfect ease, as the sole is formed of the cash-

mere, only that between itself and its lining a couple of thicknesses of flannel should be introduced.

It is then neatly bound with a narrow ribbon. The upper part being also lined with one thickness of flannel instead of two, is also bound, being slightly drawn in round the front part of the shoe, and thus the two edges are neatly sewn together.

SILK BASQUINE FOR A YOUNG MISS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS is a very pretty and seasonable article, and one which will be quite fashionable this spring. The material is black silk. For a young Miss, from ten to fourteen, this basquine is particularly suitable. The following diagram will show how the basquine is to be cut out.

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 3. HALF OF SLEEVE.

No. 4. SIDE-PIECE UNDER ARM.

It is this last piece, which forms the side of the garment, and is inserted between the front and back, which gives to the basquine that graceful fullness, that is one of its principal recommendations.

The sizes of the various pieces are marked, in inches, on the diagram. It is best to cut the pattern first in paper, according to the size here given, and then enlarge, or reduce it, till it fits. The size we give will fit most girls of twelve years of age.

We give this, in answer to a request from a subscriber. We are always ready, in this department, to give patterns such as our friends may desire. Our wish is to make this feature of "Peterson" unrivaled.

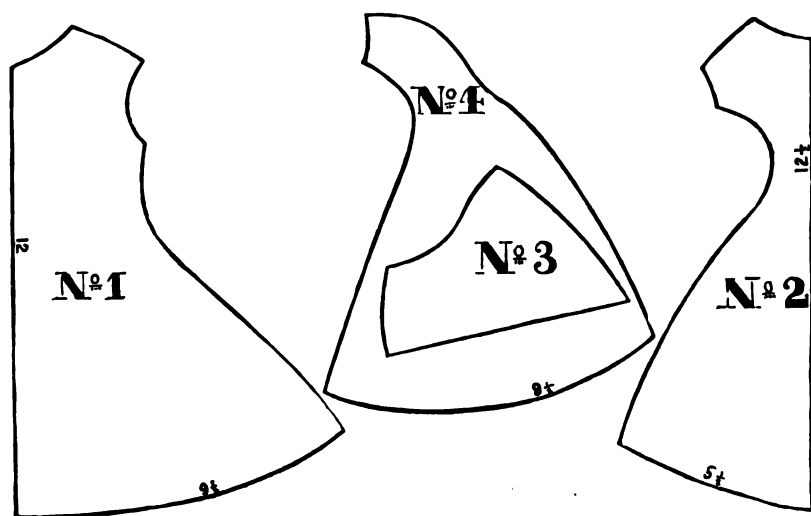
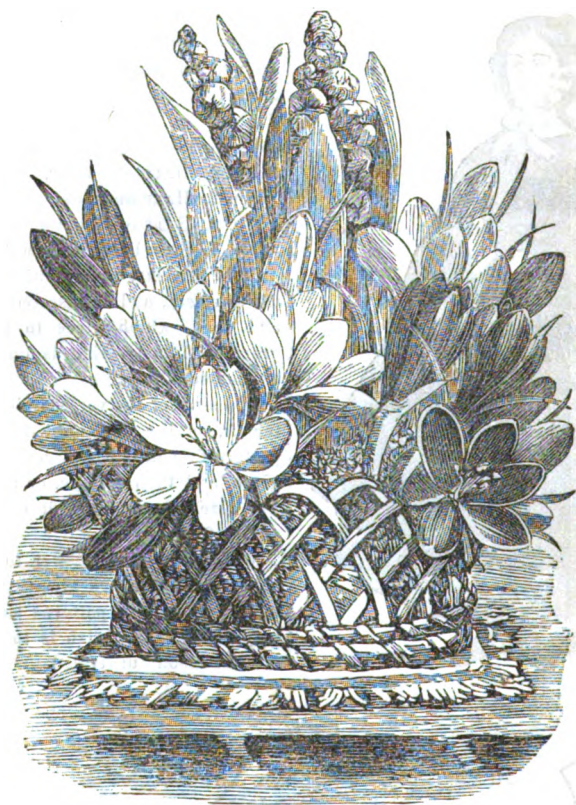


DIAGRAM OF SILK BASQUINE FOR A YOUNG MISS

WINDOW GARDENING.—NO. I.

BY THE "HORTICULTURAL EDITOR."



Nothing is more cheering and beautiful at a drawing-room window, than a cluster of crocuses mingling their petals of purple and gold, or a group of crimson hepaticæ, or of the delicate snow-drop. But much as we delight in such glimpses of nature, we cannot say that we admire these favorite flowers when seen issuing from symmetrical apertures in a china hedgehog or a delf beehive. It is painful to contemplate them when they are reduced to such artificial contortions. A far more agreeable effect is gained by a much simpler arrangement. If the reader refers to the illustration it will be found that the flowers issue from a tuft of rich moss, confined within a slight, green basket-work, as from a natural bank.

But it is not with the crocus alone that our

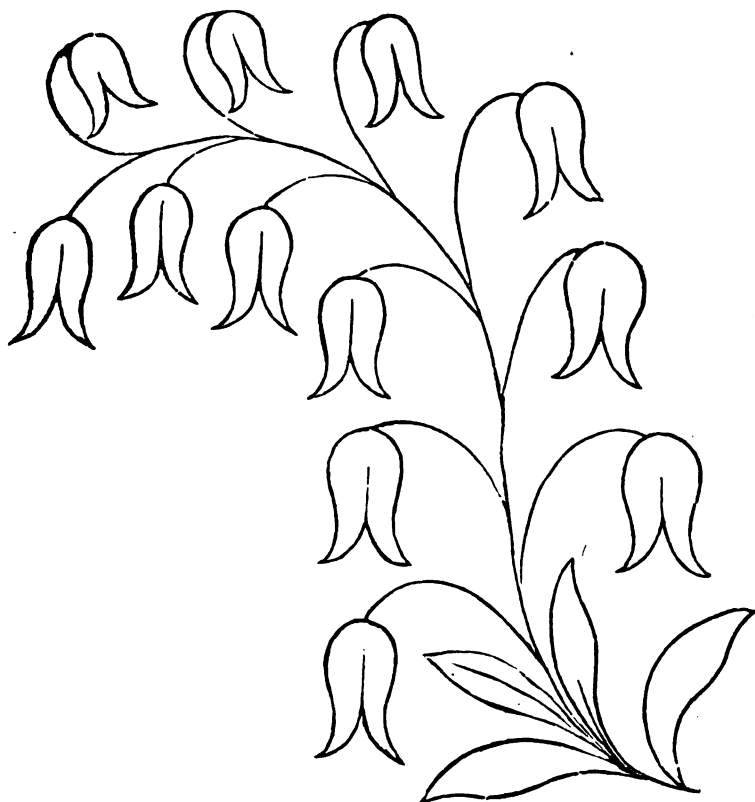
rooms may be made gay. By judicious preparation, the sparkling Von Thal tulip, and the delicate China primrose, and the elegant Persian Iris, might be made to minister to the varieties of form and hue that should enrich our Buhl "*jardinière*," or simple flower-stand, or simpler window-sill.

The proper season to prepare a supply of these window flowers is October, and it would be well for our fair readers to lay this article by, to be ready for the suitable season. Near cities, or even large towns, nurserymen can be found, who will be able to supply hyacinth bulbs and other suitable window flowers, just in a fit state to remove to the drawing-room.

In selecting a stock of crocus corms for next season, we would recommend the following kinds:

La Neige, (large snow white,) La Puritaine, Dutch Yellow, (rich gold color,) and lastly, the (cream, with purple tube,) Sulphurous, (pale yellow,) David Rizzio, (deep purple,) Pourpre In our next article we shall describe several kinds of pendent baskets; these we shall accompany with illustrative designs, and a copious list of beautiful plants of "pendent habit."

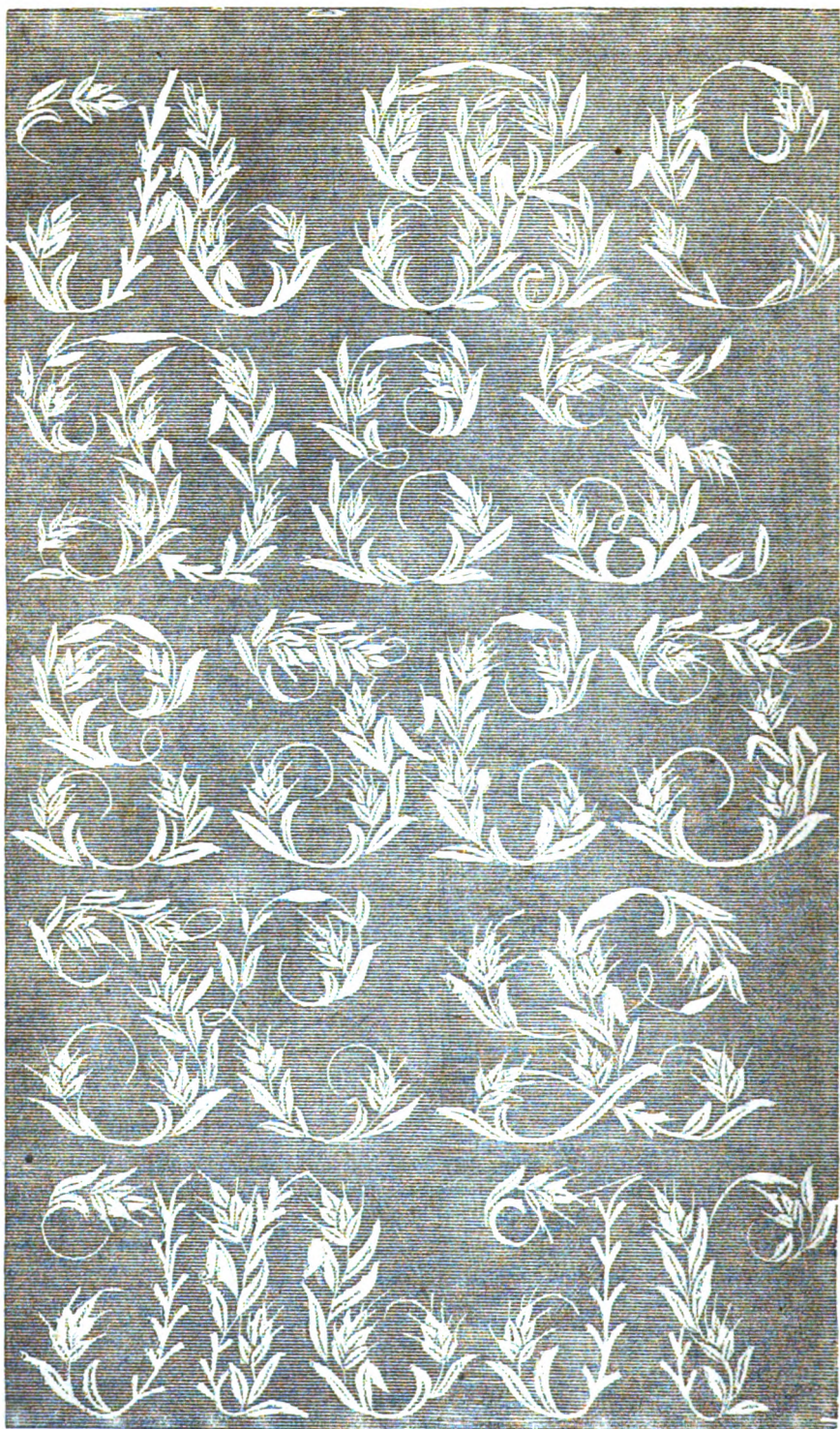
LILY OF THE VALLEY.



THIS is a beautiful pattern for embroidery, which may be used for a variety of purposes. Worked in colors, in the corner of a handker- chief, it looks extremely well. We have used a succession of them also to work around the bottom of a white, evening dress.

EMBROIDERY FOR BABY'S CAP.





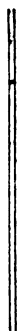
ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

COME BACK TO ME.

WORDS BY J. HAY DOBBIN.



ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

f *mf* *dimin.*

Come

back to me, when pleasures that now woo thee Shall bring the pain - shall cause the anguish wild, I'll

share thy grief as true as when I knew thee, The bright, the beautiful, the happy child. Oh, should one dream, one dream of the sweet past come o'er thee, And

D. C. al Seg. F.

wake an echo in thy memory, I call to thee by that pure love I bore thee, That love unchanging, Come back to me, come back to me!

- 1.**
- Come back to me when pleasures that now woo thee
Shall bring the pain, shall cause the anguish wild;
I'll share thy grief as true as when I knew thee
The bright, the beautiful, the happy child.
Oh! should one dream of the sweet past come o'er thee,
And wake an echo in thy memory.
I call to thee by that pure love I bore thee—
That love unchanging—Come back, come back to me!
- 2.**
- Come back to me, for summer friends will leave thee
Alone to meet the coming winter's shower;
The trusted most will yet the most deceive thee—
Thou'lt find a thorn where thou hast sought a flower.
Come back to me—thy image still is beaming,
Enshrined in nature's inmost sanctuary,
As some bright star through midnight darkness gleaming,
To light the way.—Come back, come back to me!
- 3.**
- Come back to me when joys are failing round thee,
And air-built castles fall like autumn leaves;
I'll weave anew the ties of love which bound thee—
The brightest web which loving memory weaves.
Oh! come to me, nor aught of earthly sorrow
Shall wake a sigh or cast a shade on thee;
The light of Hope shall cheer the dawning morrow,
And shine through life.—Come back, come back to me!
- colla voce.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHO ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY?—Yes, who are you going to marry? None of my business? Well, perhaps not, but after a fashion I shall make it my business. I repeat, who are you going to marry? That fop who sits opposite you with the foot of an opera dancer in his mouth? That simpering fellow who takes you every other night to the theatre or the ball-room, and treats you afterward to an expensive supper? Heaven pity your future!

"Men," say some, "conceal their real sentiments, habits and opinions for years." Don't believe it. The truth is, most women, before marriage, encourage looseness and familiarity with vice by their foolish inconsistency. They treat the occasional glass, the occasional cigar with elegant rillery; smile as they protest, and end by saying that "men are so different from women!" How can this be? Has God made any promise—left any margin for the delinquency of men? Has He said, thou woman shalt not swear—thou woman shalt not commit adultery? Is there any better reason why a man should muddle his brains with cigar-smoke than that a woman should indulge in her pipe of tobacco? Is it really any worse for a man to get beastly drunk than for a woman? Away with these excuses for sin! Stop that everlasting twaddle that such and such persons are excusable because they are men. It has ruled the world too long. It has trained too many recruits for Satan's army.

But about this matter of finding out who you are going to marry, there seems to be a shrinking from all serious thought upon the subject.

"I like him very much, and am determined to have him! I have called to see if you knew anything against his character; but if you do you mustn't tell me, for I shan't believe you. I'm going to be married because—well, because it's customary, and I don't want to be an old maid. Besides, I shall have some one to pet me, to wait upon me, to stay at home with me when I am sick, to be devoted to me alone, and, in fact, I rather fancy being styled a married woman."

"But you don't consider what a serious thing it is to unite your destiny with that of a stranger. How do you know what his habits have been—who his acquaintances are—where are his haunts? If they are bad, after the novelty of the marriage life is over—after he has presented you to the world as his prize—after he has seen that your wants are sufficiently or insufficiently attended to, he will return to his old manner of life. No matter how lovely you may be, or how accomplished, you are chained. A helpless babe lies in your bosom; hands and heart are full; and if you have made a mistake in your choice; or, if you blindly married him when you knew, or had reason to fear, on the representations of those who loved you, that his course had been a vicious one, God help you! But don't say, if you married him in utter ignorance of his character, that you never dreamed of this neglect—this loneliness—this suffering—these tears—his indifference, perhaps brutality. Were you destitute of common sense that you took everything for granted? What! it would not have been modest nor delicate to make such inquiries? Are you too modest, too delicate now for his reproaches, his taunts, his desertion?"

Girls, for the sake of purity, be as modest, as sensitive, as God intended you should be; but be sure that the man to whom you are about committing yourself for life, has, to the full, those indispensable qualifications for a happy and holy wedlock, a belief in the word of inspiration, and a character that will bear the strictest investigation.

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"AT SEA."—Under this head we find the following poem floating through our exchanges, anonymously. Who is the author? Surely no untried hand wrote it. How full it is of pictures! We know not in what way it may affect you, fair reader, but parts of it brought the tears to our eyes, though we pass for rather a stern specimen of manhood.

Midnight in drear New England;
'Tis a driving storm of snow—
How the casement clicks and rattles,
And the wind keeps on to blow!

For a thousand leagues of coast-line,
In fitful flurries and starts,
The wild North-Easter is knocking
At lonely windows and hearts.

Of a night like this, how many
Must sit by the hearth, like me,
Hearing the stormy weather,
And thinking of those at sea!

Of the hearts chilled through with watching—
The eyes that wearily blink,
Through the blinding gale and snow-drift,
For the Lights of Navesink!

How fares it, my friend, with you?
If I've kept your reckoning aright,
The brave old ship must be due
On our dreary coast to-night.

The fireside fades before me,
The chamber quiet and warm—
And I see the gleam of her lanterns
In the wild Atlantic storm.

Like a dream 'tis all around me—
The gale, with its steady boom,
And the crest of every roller
Torn into mist and spume—
The sights and the sound of Ocean,
On a night of peril and gloom.

The shroud of snow and of spume-drift,
Driving like mad a-lee—
And the huge black hulk that wallows
Deep in the trough of the sea.

The creak of the cabin and bulkhead—
The wail of rigging and mast—
The roar of the shrouds, as she rises
From a deep lee-roll, to the blast.

The sullen throb of the engine,
Whose iron heart never tires—
The swarthy faces that redden
By the glare of his caverned fires.

The binnacle slowly swaying
And nursing the faithful steel—
And the grizzled old quarter-master,
His horny hands on the wheel.

I can see it—the little cabin—
Plainly as if I were there—
The chart on the old green table,
The book, and the empty chair.

On the deck we have trod together,
A patient and manly form,
To and fro, by the foremast,
Is pacing in sleet and storm.

Since her keel first struck cold water
By the stormy Cape's clear light,
'Tis little of sleep or slumber
Hath lain on that watchful sight—
And a hundred lives are hanging
On eye and on heart to-night.

Would that I walked beside him,
This hour, on her Wintry deck,
Recalling the Legends of Ocean,
Of ancient battle and wreck.

But the stout old craft is rolling
A hundred leagues a-lee—
Fifty of snow-wreathed hill-side,
And fifty of foaming sea.

I cannot hail him, nor press him
By the hearty and true right hand—
I can but murmur—God bless him!
And bring him safe to the land,
And send him the best of weather,
That, ere many suns shall shine,
We may sit by the hearth together,
And talk about Auld Lang Syne.

VANISHED.—The old myths, that frightened children and shook the nerves of sensitive people, are gradually dying away. Old sayings still hold their own, however, and many a man of strong frame and good sense, chuckles with an inward delight as often as he sees the moon over his right shoulder. If he should happen to greet the gentle goddess with a left-handed glance, he says nothing to nobody.

The solemn preface of the ancient morning story—last night I dreamed, when with spectacles atop her Roman nose, and grey hair parted under her snowy cap-frill, the dame of nearly a century prophesied of coming good or evil, is seldom listened to with pleasure in this enlightened age. Mysterious knocks heard in three distinct reverberations against the top of some worm-tenanted, high-posted, long-curtained and long-venerated bedstead, come no more as the solemn ushers of the slow-moving house, to warn the family that they must soon go weeping over their dead. The haunted room figures only in traditions of broken-backed castles crumbling to decay, and dilapidated mansions long since leveled to the dust. Some clingers to musty chronicles still delight in arousing the story of some fancied ghost, which, very strangely, always appears in the costume of its age; though the clothes it then wore, leather breeches, top-boots and all, have mingled with the elements a century ago. Others delight in pointing out strange dark stains, which, with an air of owl-like wisdom, they say can never be washed out, because it is murdered blood. A carpenter's plane in such cases would be of service. We suggest this for the benefit of those who believe such spots indelible.

THE WAYERLEY NOVELS FOR THE MILLION.—That enterprising firm of book-publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, has just begun an undertaking, which cannot fail to be as profitable to its projectors, as it will be beneficial to the reading community. We allude to the edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels, which is advertised on our cover, and which is to be completed in twenty-six volumes, at twenty-five cents a piece. These volumes are printed in double column octavo, and each will contain about one hundred and twenty-five pages. The entire set of twenty-six volumes will be mailed, free of postage, to any person remitting five dollars to the publishers. This is an opportunity, never before had, for obtaining the Waverley Novels entire, at a price within the means of everybody; for those who remit five dollars, and thus subscribe for the series, secure each volume for less than twenty cents. The price of the Edinburgh edition, from which this edition is reprinted, is seventy-two dollars. Very properly have Peterson & Brothers called this the "Edition for the Million," for they ought to get a million of subscribers to it, in this reading nation, and doubtless will.

"WHOLLY UNRIVALED."—The Maumee Valley (Ohio) Standard says:—"Peterson's Magazine for April has arrived, and in our estimation, is wholly unrivaled by any similar work in this country. Each number contains original patterns in embroidery, crochet, knitting, bead work, shell work, hair work, &c. &c. Latest and most reliable fashions are always to be found in Peterson." We could quote hundreds of similar notices, every month, but keep our brief space for what is more interesting to our readers.

"HELP MR. OVER."—Another mezzotint, this month, and from an original picture. We have, however, even prettier things coming.

ORIGINAL WORK-TABLE PATTERNS.—Nearly all of our patterns, this month, were designed expressly for our readers. This is the *only* Magazine, in America, which gives original patterns in crochet, knitting, &c., &c. The handkerchief corners, printed in colors, in the front of the number, are original designs.

"COMING THROUGH THE RYE."—This illustrates the old and well known Scottish song. We quote the particular stanzas.

"If a body meet a body
Coming through the rye;
If a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?"

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tressillian. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, L. L. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is the most readable novel that has issued from the American press for a long time. It combines the keen, satirical observations of the man of the world, with the imaginative feeling of the born poet. Dr. Mackenzie is already known to the American public for his racy notes on the Noctes Ambrosianae, Maginn's Miscellanies and other works; but this is the first time, we believe, that he has appeared as a novelist, a fact which everybody will regret who reads "Tressillian." A writer, with such a knack for story-telling, ought not to let his talents lie idle. Readers have had a surfeit of the mawkish sentimentality, with which the American press has been overloaded for several years, and begin to desire something more robust in the way of fiction, something more true to life. "Tressillian" is planned, in some respects, after Chaucer's Tales, and Boccaccio's Decameron, for a party of acquaintances, meeting at a watering-place, while away the time with tales: a love-story, like a weaving melody, running through the whole, binding the several parts together, and so keeping up a continuity of interest.

Adam Bede. By George Elliott. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this novel is favorably known for his "Scenes in Clerical Life," a series of highly meritorious tales, which lately appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine." His present fiction will even increase his reputation. Of all living novelists, he stands foremost, we think, in the delineation of character. Hetty, Miss Poyser, Arthur, Mrs. Bede, Totty, Adam Bede himself, and Mr. Irvine are all capably drawn. Mr. Elliott has a good deal of humor. His tragic scenes are drawn with great power. Altogether this fiction has sterling merit. A healthy, moral tone pervades "Adam Bede," though the book is by no means didactic. It is the best English novel of the season.

Letters of a Traveler. Second Series. By William Cullen Bryant. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A principal part of this volume is occupied with Mr. Bryant's impressions of Spain and Algiers. The book is no crude production of a young and superficial traveler, but the observations of a man of ripe years and expansive intellect, and as such is the most valuable and entertaining work of its class which has appeared for years.

Man and His Dueling Place. An Essay toward the Interpretation of Nature. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—This is a book for thinkers. It is divided into four principal parts, which treat severally of Science, Philosophy, Religion and Ethics. To these are added four dialogues. We have not had time yet to peruse the book, and so cannot speak critically of its merits. Perhaps we may return to the volume next month.

Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson.—A series of papers, reprinted from a daily Journal, but hardly having merit enough to warrant this second publication.

Three Visits to Madagascar, during the years 1853—1854—1856. Including a journey to the Capital; with notices of the Natural History of the Country and of the present civilization of the People. By the Rev. William Ellis, F. H. S., author of "Polynesian Researches." Illustrated by wood cuts from Photographs. 1 vol., 18 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—So little is known about Madagascar, that this is really a treasure. In its way it is hardly less interesting than Dr. Livingstone's late work on Southern Africa. Customs and habits entirely different from those of civilized Europe and America meet us on almost every page, and show us how various human nature becomes in its development, even amid its radical sameness. An untraversed field is a rare piece of good fortune for a traveler. It is now more than twenty years since any reliable accounts of Madagascar were published, so that our author has the advantage of a subject comparatively novel. The volume is profusely illustrated with engravings, most of them drawn from photographs, and is printed in a style to match Barths, and Livingstone's travels, lately published by the Harpers.

Pictures of Country Life. By Alice Cary. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Derby & Jackson.—Miss Cary has been, for many years, an occasional contributor to this Magazine, and is, therefore, well known to our subscribers generally. The story to which she gives the precedence, in the volume before us, is "Lena Lyons," originally published in "Peterson," and certainly one of the best sketches of its kind in American literature. Alice Cary, indeed, is one of the few conscientious artists we have. Her aim is always to do the very best of which she is capable. There are thirteen different stories in this volume, any one of which is better than ninety-ninths of the new novels published, besides having the advantage of being shorter. We commend this book especially to persons of taste and culture. It is very handsomely printed.

Poems. By Rev. T. Hempstead. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.—The author of these poems is an old and favorite contributor to this Magazine. The first poem in the volume, "The Ode to Genius," appeared lately in our pages and was very generally admired for its spirit and ideality. But there are other poems, in the book, scarcely less meritorious. A strain of unaffected piety runs through everything that Mr. Hempstead writes. Now and then indications of the influence of other poets, intellectually, may be observed, as in the opening lines of "Emigravit," which suggest a well known poem by Poe. The publishers have issued the volume in quite a handsome style.

The Methodist; or, Incidents and Characters from Life, in the Baltimore Conference. By Miriam Fletcher. With an Introduction by N. P. Strickland, D. D. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Derby & Jackson.—We have often wondered at the neglect of the rich, yet hitherto unworked mine, which the scenes and characteristics of Methodist life present. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we hail this volume. The story, indeed, is a fiction, but the incidents are drawn from life. The work cannot be called a sectarian one, as its name would seem to imply; for members of every denomination may read it with profit as well as interest. The volumes are neatly printed.

Onward; or, The Mountain Clamberers. A Tale of Progress. By Jane Anne Winscom. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—In her preface, the author says:—"This volume is intended for the encouragement of those who are endeavoring to fulfill life's great end—to glorify their God on earth, and to be rendered meet for His eternal kingdom." A hasty glance, through the book, assures us that this praiseworthy end has been attained.

The Laws and Practice of Whist. By Celebs. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A manual to young beginners, which is said to be excellent.

The American Home Garden. Being Principles and Rules for the Culture of Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers and Shrubby. To which are added brief notes on farm crops, with a table of their average product and chemical constituents. By Alexander Watson. Illustrated. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We can recall no work, on the garden, of equal merit with this. Whoever has a garden, however small, should buy the book, for he or she will be compensated, a dozen times, in the course of a single season, for the cost of the volume. Take what is said of drains, for an example! It occupies less than two pages, yet the information it imparts, if followed out, will save days, sometimes weeks, of mis-spent labor. The smallest details, in reference to the garden, are not beneath Mr. Watson's notice; he even describes the best tools suitable for the different departments. Every variety of vegetable and fruit suitable for this climate is mentioned, with directions how to grow it. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

Shakers and Shakerism. By F. W. Evans. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a compendium of the origin, history, principles, rules and regulations, government and doctrines of the people popularly called "Shakers," but who designate themselves, we believe, as "The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearance." The volume also contains biographies of Ann Lee, William Lee, James Whittaker, J. Hocknell, J. Meacham and Lucy Wright.

The Surgeon's Daughter, &c. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—These two volumes, which complete the now famous "Household Edition of Scott's Novels," contain "The Surgeon's Daughter" and "Castle Dangerous," besides a glossary and index for the entire series. No family of taste should be without this edition, and now is the time to purchase it.

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OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.

SOUPS.

Gumbo Soup.—Put on about four pounds of beef to a gallon of water, let it boil five or six hours. About an hour before serving the soup, put in a quarter of a peck of ockra's, cut round, half a peck of tomatoes, and two dozen of corn cut off the ear. Season with pepper, salt and potherbs to your liking. If you have a ham bone, or slice of ham to boil in the soup, it is a great improvement. The soup should be boiled quite thick.

Gravy Soup.—Put a shin of beef to six quarts of water, with a pint of peas, and six onions—set them over the fire, and let them boil gently till all the juice is extracted from the meat; then strain it through a sieve, add to the strained liquor one quart of strong gravy to make it brown, put in pepper and salt to your liking, add a little celery, and some beet leaves, and boil till they are tender.

Green Peas Soup.—Boil four pounds of beef in one gallon of water for about three hours. Have ready one peck of young peas, a few potatoes cut in slices, and a bunch of potherbs. Twenty minutes or half an hour before serving the soup, add to the broth the potatoes, peas, &c., and season with salt and pepper to your liking.

FISH.

Lobsters—Potted.—Take the meat out of the claws and belly of a boiled lobster, put it in a marble mortar, with two blades of mace, a little white pepper and salt, and a lump of butter the size of half an egg; beat them all together till they become a paste. Put one half of the paste in a pot, take the meat out of the tail end of the lobster, lay it in the middle of the pot, and then lay on it the other half of your paste; press it down close, and pour over it clarified butter, a quarter of an inch thick. N. B.—To clarify butter, put your dish into a clean saucepan, set it over a slow fire, and when the butter is melted scum it, take it off the fire, and let it stand a short time; then pour it over the lobster. Take care you do not pour in the milk, which settles to the bottom of the saucepan.

Sauce for any Kind of Fish.—Have ready some gravy made of veal or mutton, and add to it a little of the water that drains from your fish. Boil it, and when done enough, put it into a saucepan, adding a whole onion, (or anchovy) a spoonful of some catchup, and a glassful of white wine; thicken it with a good lump of butter rolled in flour, and a spoonful of flour. If convenient, add some oyster to it.

Lobster—Stewed.—Pick your lobsters in as large pieces as you can, and boil the shells in a pint of water with a blade or two of mace, and a few whole peppers. When all the strength is extracted from the shells and spice, strain it, and put in your lobsters, thicken it with butter, and give them a boil. Put in a glass of white wine, or two spoonfuls of vinegar, and serve it up.

Shad—Sauced.—Cut the fish in half, and then in slices—crosswise; put them in a milk crock, with very sour cold vinegar poured over them; then add cayenne pepper, fine black pepper, salt and whole allspice. Put a crust over the top of the crock and stand it in an oven. The fish must be highly seasoned.

MEATS.

Pig—Roasted.—Procure a nicely dressed pig, (a small and young one), cut off the legs at the first joint, and stuff it with a stuffing made of bread, butter, pepper and salt, sage and onion; then sew up the opening of the pig, (in order to keep in the dressing) put it before a brisk fire to roast, and baste it well with butter, pepper and salt, and browning. Serve the pig whole, with a roasted apple in its mouth. Season the gravy with wine, and add to it the entrails and petticoes nicely minced.

Ham—Boiled.—Steep your ham all night in water, and then boil it; if it be of a middle size, it will require three hours boiling; a smaller ham will require two hours and a half. When you take your ham out of the pot, pull off the skin, and rub it all over with an egg; strew on bread crumbs, baste it with butter, and set it to the fire until it becomes of a light brown color.

Pork Steaks—Broiled.—Do them as you would mutton steaks, with this exception, that pork requires more broiling. When cooked enough, pour over them a little good gravy, adding a small quantity of sage, rubbed fine.

MADE DISHES.

Mock Turtle, of Calf's Head.—Take a fine, large calf's head, split it open, and lay it for two or three hours in cold water; then put it on to boil in as much water as will cover it. When it is done enough to take the meat off the bones, cut the meat into square pieces, and put them into a stewpan with some mace, cloves, nutmeg, red pepper, some sweet herbs, and a large onion; salt it to your liking, put in as much of the liquor as will cover it, and let it stew gently one hour. Then take one-quarter of a pound of butter rolled in flour, and some browned butter, mix it with the stew and let it boil half an hour; when done, add a glass of wine. Fry the liver and lay it round the dish with some nice force-meat balls.

Sweet-Breads—Broiled.—Split open and skewer your sweet-breads—season them with pepper and salt, and powdered mace. Broil them on a gridiron till they are thoroughly cooked. Make some toast, and prepare some melted butter, warmed, with mace and wine, or mushroom catchup. Place the sweet-breads on the toast, and pour over them the drawn butter, mixed with the other ingredients.

Bread Sauce, which may be eaten with Roast Pig.—Put some grated crumbs of stale bread into a saucepan, and pour over them some of the liquor in which poultry or fresh meat has been boiled. Add some plums or dried currants, (well picked and washed.) Let the whole simmer until the bread becomes quite soft, and the fruit quite plump, then add melted butter, or cream.

Ducks Stewed with Green Peas.—Half roast your ducks, then put them into a stewpan with a pint of good gravy, a little mint, and three or four sage leaves chopped fine; cover them close and stew them half an hour; boil a pint of green peas—as for eating—and put them in after you have thickened the gravy; dish up your ducks, and pour the gravy and peas over them.

Sweet-Breads—Fricassee.—Scald three sweet-breads when cold, cut them in slices the thickness of a crown piece dip them in batter, and fry them in fresh butter till they are nicely browned. Make a gravy, and stew your sweet-breads slowly in the gravy eight or ten minutes; lay them on a dish, and pour the gravy over them. Garnish the dish with a lemon.

Omelet of Asparagus.—Take six eggs, and beat them up with cream; boil some large, fine asparagus; when boiled, cut off all the green in small pieces and mix them with the eggs, adding pepper and salt. Have ready a hot pan, put in a slice of butter, then the eggs, &c., and serve it hot. You may serve it on buttered toast.

Pig—Roasted in Imitation of Lamb.—Procure a young pig—about a month or six weeks old—divide it down the middle, take off the shoulder, and leave the rest to the hind part; then take the skin off. Split it and roast it before a quick fire; dredge it and baste it well with fresh butter; roast it a fine brown, and serve garnished with green parsley.

Leg of Lamb and Loin Fried.—Cut the leg from the loin; boil the leg three-quarters of an hour; cut the loin in steaks, beat them well, and fry them a good brown; then stew them a little in strong gravy. Put your leg on the dish, lay your steaks round it, pour on your gravy, and garnish the dish with parsley,

PUDDINGS.

A Boiled Custard Pudding.—Boil a stick or two of cinnamon in a quart of thin cream, with a quarter of a pound of sugar; when it is cold put in the yolks of six eggs, well beat, and mix them together; set it over a slow fire, and stir it round one way, till it grows pretty thick, but do not let it boil, take it off and let it stand till it is quite cold; butter a cloth very well and dredge it with flour, put in your custard, and tie it up very close—it will require three-quarters of an hour for boiling; when you take it up, put it in a round pan to cool a little, then untie the cloth, and lay the dish on the pan and turn it upside down; be careful how you take off the cloth, for a very little will break the pudding. Grate over it a little sugar. For sauce, white wine thickened with flour and butter, sweetened.

Citron Puddings.—Take half a pint of cream, one spoonful of fine flour, two ounces of sugar, a little nutmeg, mix them all well together with the yolks of three eggs; put it in cups, and stick in it two ounces of citron cut into thin strips. Bake them in a pretty quick oven, and turn them out upon a china dish.

Cocoa-Nut Pudding.—Ingredients for four puddings: Eight eggs, two cocoa-nuts, one pint of milk, one quarter and half a quarter of a pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of rose brandy, and one tablespoonful of rose-water. Add sugar enough to sweeten them.

Blackberry Pudding.—Make a good paste of butter well mixed with flour, roll it out, fill it with blackberries, tie it up and boil it. Serve it with cream, or butter and sugar.

PRESERVES, &C.

Strawberries.—Gather your berries before they become too ripe, and lay them separately on a dish; beat and sift their weight of sugar, and strew it over them. When it is dissolved, pour it off, clarify it, then put in the strawberries and boil them slowly until done. Do not put all the strawberries into the kettle at one time, as they are apt to mash. Take them out as soon as they are done, and put them in glasses. If you have any small berries, bruise them and strain them; to a pint of juice take one pound of sugar, add it to the liquor that was poured off the strawberries, and it will make the syrup much richer.

Red Currant Jelly.—To a pint of juice take one pound of sugar; coddle your currants, then strain the juice through a flannel bag and put it over the fire. First dissolve the sugar in the juice, with the white of an egg, scum it well, and let it boil gently till it is done. When you coddle your currants, put them in an earthen pot, cover them close, and stand them in a pot of boiling water for one hour. You may strain your jelly after it is cleared.

Cherry Jelly.—Take three-quarters of a pound of white sugar to one pound of cherries, stemmed and stoned; melt the sugar with a small quantity of water. When the syrup boils, and is well skimmed, put in the cherries and let them boil moderately until they look clear; take them out of the syrup, and when cool, put them in jars or glasses; let the syrup boil a little more, and when cool pour it over the cherries.

Morello Cherries.—Get your cherries when they are fully ripe, take out the stalks and prick them with a pin; to every two pounds of cherries put a pound and a half of loaf sugar; beat part of your sugar and strew it over them; let them lay all night; dissolve the rest of your sugar in half a pint of the juice of currants, set it over a slow fire, and put in the cherries with the sugar, and give them a gentle scald; let them stand all night again, give them another scald, take them carefully out, and boil your syrup till it is thick; then pour it over your cherries. If you find it to be too thin boil it again.

Red Gooseberries.—To every quart of gooseberries add a pound of loaf sugar; put the sugar into a preserving-pan with as much water as will dissolve it; boil and skim it well, then put in your gooseberries, let them boil a little, and set them by till next day; then boil them till they look clear and the syrup becomes thick. Put them in glasses, cover them with brandy papers, and keep them for use.

Morello Cherries.—To one pound of cherries take one pound of sugar, clarify it, and let it boil a short time; put in your cherries, and let them boil till they are clear.

PICKLING.

Tomato Catchup.—Take a peck of large, ripe tomatoes. Having cut a slit in each, put them in a large preserving-kettle, and boil them half an hour. Then take them out, and press and strain the pulp through a hair sieve. Put it back into the kettle, and add an ounce of salt, an ounce of powdered mace, half an ounce of powdered cloves, a teaspoonful of ground black pepper, the same of cayenne pepper, and eight tablespoonfuls of ground mustard. Mix the seasoning with the tomato pulps, and let it boil slowly during four hours; then take it out of the kettle, and let it stand until next day in an uncovered dish. When cold, stir into it one pint of the best cider vinegar. Put it in clean bottles, and seal the corks.

Gooseberry Vinegar.—Take the ripest gooseberries you can find, crush them with your hand in a tub; to every peck of gooseberries put two gallons of water, mix them well together, and let them work for three weeks; stir them up three or four times a day, then strain the liquor through a hair sieve, and to every gallon add a pound of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, and a spoonful of fresh barm, and let it work three or four days in the same tub well washed, then run it into iron-hooped barrels, and let it stand twelve months, after which draw it into bottles for use. This far exceeds any white wine vinegar.

Cherries—Spiced.—Take common pie cherries, and weigh white sugar pound for pound. First melt the sugar by putting a little water on it and setting it over the fire; when it begins to boil put the cherries in—having previously stemmed and stoned them. Let them boil (not too fast) until they look clear—then take them out of the syrup, and when tolerably cool put them in jars. When the syrup has cooled somewhat, add ground cinnamon to your liking, and a very small quantity of vinegar, just enough to give it a pleasant flavor, and pour it over the cherries. When cold, cover them.

Sugar Vinegar.—Put nine pounds of brown sugar to every six gallons of water; boil it for a quarter of an hour, then put it in a tub, lukewarm, adding a pint of new barm. Let it work for four or five days, stir it three or four times a day; then turn it into a clean barrel, iron-hooped, and set it in the sun. If you make it in February, it will be fit for use in August. You may use it for most sorts of pickles, except mushrooms and walnuts.

CREAMS, &C.

Raspberry Cream.—Take one pint of raspberries, or raspberry jam, rub it through a hair sieve to take out the seeds; then mix it well with your cream, putting in as much loaf sugar as will render it pleasant; then put it into a milk pot to raise a froth with a chocolate mill; as soon as the froth

ries take it off with a spoon and lay it upon a hair sieve; when you have got as much froth as you have occasion for, put the remainder of your cream into a deep china dish; put your frothed cream upon it, as high as it will lie on.

Blackberry Fod.—Put two quarts of good ripe blackberries into a stewpan with about half a pound of sugar; let them simmer, or boil, until they become soft; if not sufficiently juicy, add a little water; stir them occasionally, and add a stick of cinnamon; rub up one-quarter of a pound of butter with four tablespoonfuls of fine flour, (rub it smooth as for drawn butter,) mix this by degrees with the berries, and boil them a little longer. To be eaten when cold.

Almond Custard.—Put one quart of cream into a pan, with a stick of cinnamon, and a blade or two of mace; boil it and set it to cool; blanch two ounces of almonds, and beat them fine in a marble mortar with rose water; if you choose you can add a few apricot kernels, or bitter almonds; mix them with your cream; sweeten it to your taste; set it on a slow fire, and keep stirring it till it is pretty thick. If you let it boil it will curdle. Pour it into cups.

Cream.—(*German Recipe.*)—One soup-ladleful of flour, or rasped biscuit, is to be mixed smooth with a small portion of cream, into which the yolks of four eggs must be beaten; add to this the grated peel of a lemon; then take a pint of cream and stir it well in; place it upon a coal fire, and add a little sugar, stirring it the whole time until it acquires the consistence of rice pap; flavor it with a little ground cinnamon.

Chocolate Cream.—Scrape fine a quarter of a pound of the best chocolate, put to it as much water as will dissolve it, put it in a marble mortar and beat it half an hour; put in as much fine sugar as will sweeten it, and a pint and a half of cream; mill it, and, as the froth rises, lay it on a sieve; put the remainder of your cream in glasses, and lay the frothed cream upon them.

Whips.—Beat three or four whites of eggs to a froth; then sweeten with fine white sugar one pint and a half of good cream; beat all well together; flavor it with a portion of wine and lemon juice, and serve it in glasses.

Whip Syllabub.—Ingredients: One pint of cream, the whites of four eggs, a spoonful of rose-water, two spoonfuls of lemon juice, wine and loaf sugar to your taste. Whip the whole to a froth, and serve it in glasses.

CAKES.

Cream Cake.—Ingredients: One quart of cream, four eggs, a small teaspoonful of pearlsh, or saleratus dissolved in as much vinegar as will cover it, and some sifted flour; beat the eggs very light, and stir them by degrees into the cream; add, gradually, as much of the flour as will make a stiff batter; also, a spoonful of salt, and the pearlsh or saleratus. Bake the batter in muffin rings, and send the cakes to table quite hot. Pull them open, and butter them. For these cakes sour cream is better than sweet.

Tea Crumpets.—Beat two eggs very well, and add to them a quart of warm milk and water, and a large spoonful of yeast. Beat in as much fine flour as will make it rather thicker than an ordinary batter pudding; then make your bake plate very hot, rub it with a little butter wrapped in a nice linen cloth—then pour a large spoonful of butter upon your plate, and let it run to the size of a tea saucer; turn the cakes, and when you want to use them toast them very crisp and butter them.

Cream Crackers.—Have ready one pint of cream, and six eggs. Beat the whites to a froth. If the cream is sour, a teaspoonful of soda must be mixed with it. Add to the cream and eggs sufficient flour to make a very stiff dough, and pound it half an hour.

English Buns.—Ingredients for six tins: Two quarts of milk, four pounds of flour, eight or nine eggs, half pound of butter, one and a half pounds of sugar, half a gill of brandy, a little rose-water, cinnamon, orange peel, and nutmeg.

Bath Cakes.—Rub half a pound of butter into a pan of flour, and one spoonful of good yeast; warm some cream, add it to the butter and flour, and make it into a light paste; set it to the fire to rise. When you make up the cake take four ounces of carraway comfits, work part of them in, and strew the rest on the top of the cakes, which must be made round, and the size of a French roll. Bake them in sheet tins, and send them in hot for breakfast.

Bread Cakes.—Ingredients: One pint of bread crumbs, four eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one quart of boiling milk. First pour the milk over the bread crumbs, and when soft, add the soda, cream of tartar and yolks of the eggs, well beaten; let it stand till you are ready to bake, and then add the whites of the eggs, also well beaten. Corn cakes may be made as above, using meal instead of bread crumbs.

Emperor's Bread.—Beat two eggs and the yolks of two others with half a pound of sifted sugar for half an hour. Have ready half a pound of almonds, cut coarse and roasted a light brown color. Mix half a pound of flour and the almonds with the eggs and sugar—also add the rind of a lemon, cut fine. When all the ingredients are well mixed, roll the dough the thickness of a knife, cut it in pieces the length of a finger, and bake them in tins.

Sally Lunn, with Sugar.—One quart of flour, two ounces butter, two ounces brown sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls yeast, a small quantity of carraway seed and cinnamon, about half a pint of milk. Warm the milk with the butter and sugar; mix as for bread, but much softer. Butter a pan and let the dough rise in it without working over it. Allow it three hours to rise. Bake it forty minutes. To be served hot, and buttered when eaten.

Currant Cake.—Ingredients: One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and five eggs, a very small teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in half a pint of milk, three-quarters of a pound of currants and raisins mixed, rose-water and cinnamon. If you prefer it, add a little citron, cut into small pieces. Mix the whole into a good dough, and bake it carefully.

Almond Cake.—No. 1.—Break up one pound of blanched almonds, and mix well with them one pound of good brown sugar, and the yolks of two eggs. Place the cakes on a flat greased pan, and bake them until they become crisp. The fire must be a moderate one. Great care must be taken to prevent the cakes from burning.

Almond Cake.—No. 2.—Ingredients: One pound of sugar, six ounces of butter, four eggs, (leaving out two whites,) quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, and half a glass of rose-water. Beat the batter very light, and bake it in a mould, or pan.

A Very Good Cake.—Ingredients: Four cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, three eggs, well beaten, one teaspoonful of saleratus, three ounces of currants, and pure cinnamon to flavor it. Work it together like pound-cake, and bake it one and half hours.

Corn Bread.—Ingredients: One pint of thick milk, (reserving one teaspoonful in which to dissolve the requisite soda,) one pint of corn meal, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a little salt, and one teaspoonful of soda. Mix together, and bake it in pans for about half an hour.

Small Pound Cakes.—To one pound of butter add one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, and ten eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; also one gill of brandy, and as much saleratus as will lay on a five cent piece, dissolved in boiling water. Bake them in small tins size of a cup.

Soda Biscuit.—Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a pint of sweet milk. Rub two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in the flour you use, also a lump of butter the size of an egg. Make a dough about as stiff as for other biscuits, and bake in the same way.

OUR GARDEN FOR MAY.

At the beginning of this month, *dahlia* roots should be planted, and they will grow well in any common garden soil. As the plant increases in height it should be well secured to a stake, strong enough to protect it from being blown about by a high wind. Hyacinths that are still in bloom, should have the flowers screened from the heat of the mid-day sun, if it is wished to preserve them in full beauty. When hyacinths are past bloom, they should be fully exposed to the weather, except it be severe torrents of rain, which injures them. The American Gardener gives the following directions for the preservation of the bulbs:—"It is the practice in Holland to take up the bulbs about a month after the bloom is completely over, in the following manner: as soon as the plants begin to put on a yellowish, decayed appearance, they take up the roots and cut off the stem and foliage within an inch or half an inch of the bulb, but leave the fibres, &c., attached to it; they then place the bulbs again on the same bed, with their points toward the north, and cover them about an inch deep with dry earth or sand in form of a ridge, or in little cones over each bulb: in this state they remain about three weeks longer, and dry or ripen gradually; during which period the bed is preserved from heavy rains or too much sun, but at all other times exposed to the full air; at the expiration of this period, the bulbs are taken up, and their fibres, which are become dry and withered, cut or gently rubbed off; they are then placed in a dry room for two or three weeks, and are afterward cleaned from any soil that adheres to them, their loose skins taken off, with such offsets as may be easily separated. When this dressing is finished, the bulbs are wrapped up in separate pieces of paper, or buried in sand, made effectually dry for that purpose, where they remain till the return of the season for planting."

Fine Tulips require some care also. As soon as the flowers fall, the seed vessels should be broken off, for the roots will be very much weakened by allowing the seed to ripen. About the latter part of the month, or rather when the upper part of the stem looks dry, withered and purplish, the roots which you particularly admire should be taken up. They should then be laid in a dry, shady place, and slowly dried. Each variety should be kept separate, so that when they come to be planted, they can be disposed in such a manner, as to present the most beautiful appearance with regard to color, &c. The more common kinds of tulips need not be taken out of the ground more than once in two or three years, to divide the offsets, and replant the bulbs in fresh earth.

Early Flowering Bulbs, such as Crocuses, Snow-drops, Crown-Imperials, &c., &c., if intended to be taken out of the ground, should be removed as soon as their leaves decay. This should be done with those that have remained in the ground for two or three years, for their offsets become too numerous, and the flowers are very much diminished in size and beauty. All these bulbs should be put in the shade to dry, and then preserved in dry sand or saw dust, till the time of planting again, which should not be later than October, or even earlier, for if not taken good care of they do not keep well out of the ground, particularly if exposed long to the air. In another place, in this number, we have given an illustrated article in reference to the use of crocuses, &c., as window plants.

Tube-roses and Scarlet Amaryllises should be planted about the first week in this month, in the middle states; but later, of course, where the season is more backward.

Annual Flower Seeds of the tender kinds may yet be sown, the earlier part of this month, and those which you are about transplanting, should have shade and water till well rooted, or else they should be transplanted in moist, cloudy weather.

Plants In-doors should be most freely exposed to the air

in this month, in order to harden them for their removal to the open air. Water should also be freely given, according to the necessity of the plants. All plants that require shifting to larger pots, should now be moved, taking care to follow our previous directions, and keeping them in the shade till they grow freely. Loosen the earth in the top of the tubs and pots, and give new compost to such as had been neglected in April.

All Borders and Beds should be kept clear of weeds, but especially so those in which small seedlings are growing.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS of light summer silk, with twelve flounces, each trimmed with three rows of narrow ribbon. A new style bishop under-sleeve.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS of striped silk, made with a double skirt. We give this costume, however, principally for the exquisite lace mantilla.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF SILK, over which is worn a shawl-mantilla, the shape of which, it will be seen, is at once novel and elegant.

FIG. IV.—LITTLE CHILD'S DRESS, a pretty style for the spring and early summer months, suitable for a child of four to six years old.

REMARKS.—Double skirts will be the most fashionable for all plain materials; generally the first skirt is plain; the second may be left open at the sides or not, both styles are in favor; plaitings a *rielle* of the same material, or ribbon to match, is a very favorite trimming for these skirts: side trimmings *en quille* of rows of black velvet, which decrease toward the waist, are also much worn; the Grecian border in velvet will be introduced for plain silks, the border being on both skirts; the velvet will be of a darker shade than the silk. Plaid trimmings will be extremely fashionable, both for silks and poplins; we have seen one dress in preparation for a lady of position, having the first skirt of plain poplin; the second of plaided poplin; the body and sleeves to correspond. *Moire antiques*, and silks with very large plaids are worn with one skirt only; they are made long, with a slight train, and are very full. Bodies a la *Bernoise* will certainly be fashionable; they will not always be in velvet, but will correspond with the trimming of the dress. Except for evening dress, bodies are made high to the throat; many are now made with round waists; others with five points, and some with four short points, one in the front, at the back, and on the hips; those bodies that have *basquines*, have them cut very deep.

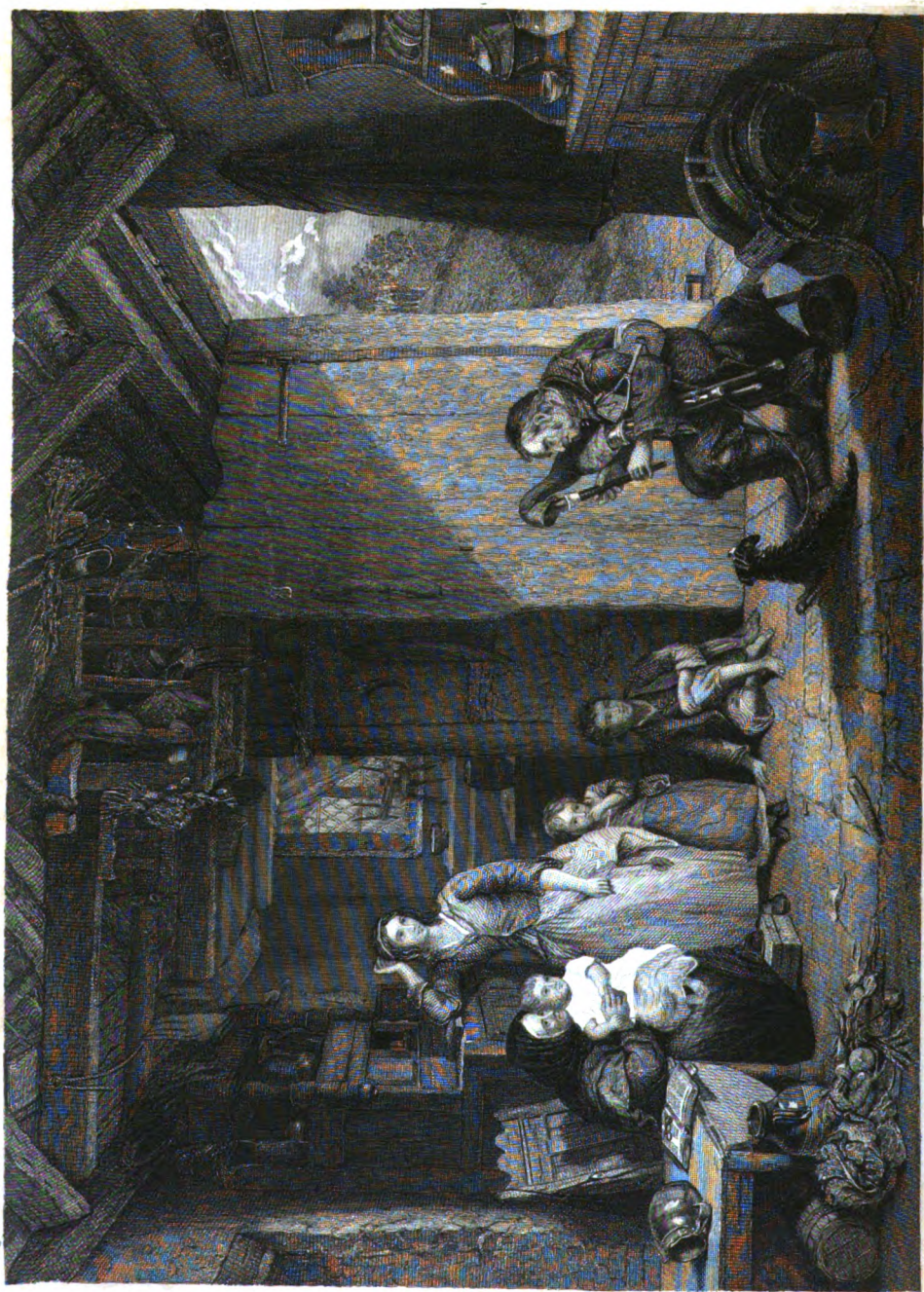
BONNETS.—In these there is but little change. Mr. Wilde, No. 251 Broadway, New York, has furnished us with the two, given in the front of the number; and they will show the manner of trimming as well as the shapes.

CAPS.—The Breakfast-Cap and Morn'g-Cap exhibit the latest novelties. They are from patterns just received from Paris. The head-dress is from Wilde, No. 251 Broadway, New York.

MANTILLAS.—These are in every variety of style, and can be purchased, ready-made, this spring, nearly as cheaply as they can be fabricated at home. We engrave one, in addition to those already mentioned: a summer article, quite graceful.

SLEEVES.—We have engraved two new shapes. Sleeves are still worn wide, whether open or puffed: the favorite style are those open in nearly their whole length, showing the full under-sleeve; these generally close to the wrist, and are ornamented with bows of ribbon or velvet. The full bishop sleeve will be worn, not reaching quite to the wrist, and the band at the bottom loose, either finished by a deep lace ruffle, or having a full *bouffon* sleeve below it.

CAPES.—We give a very stylish pattern.

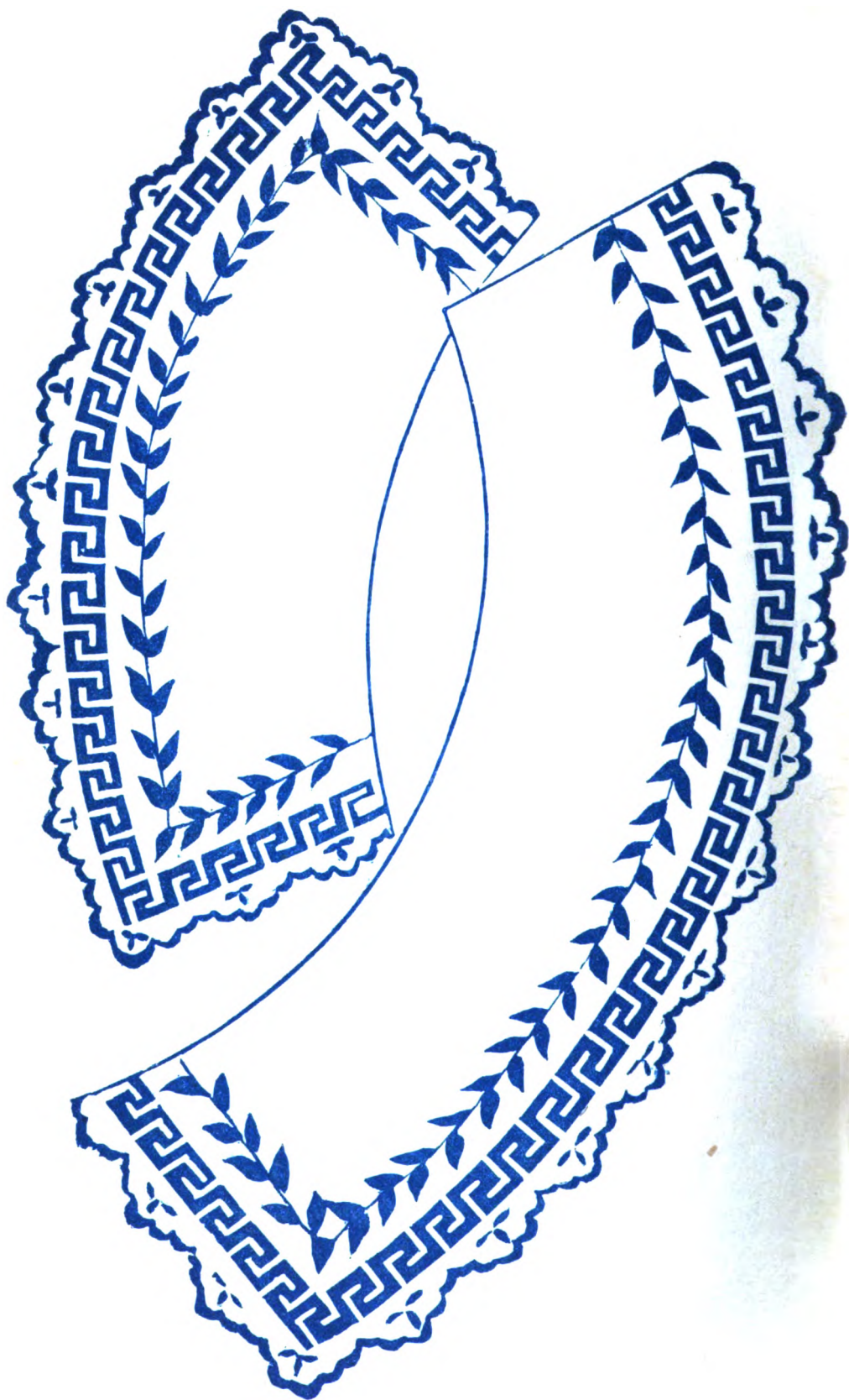




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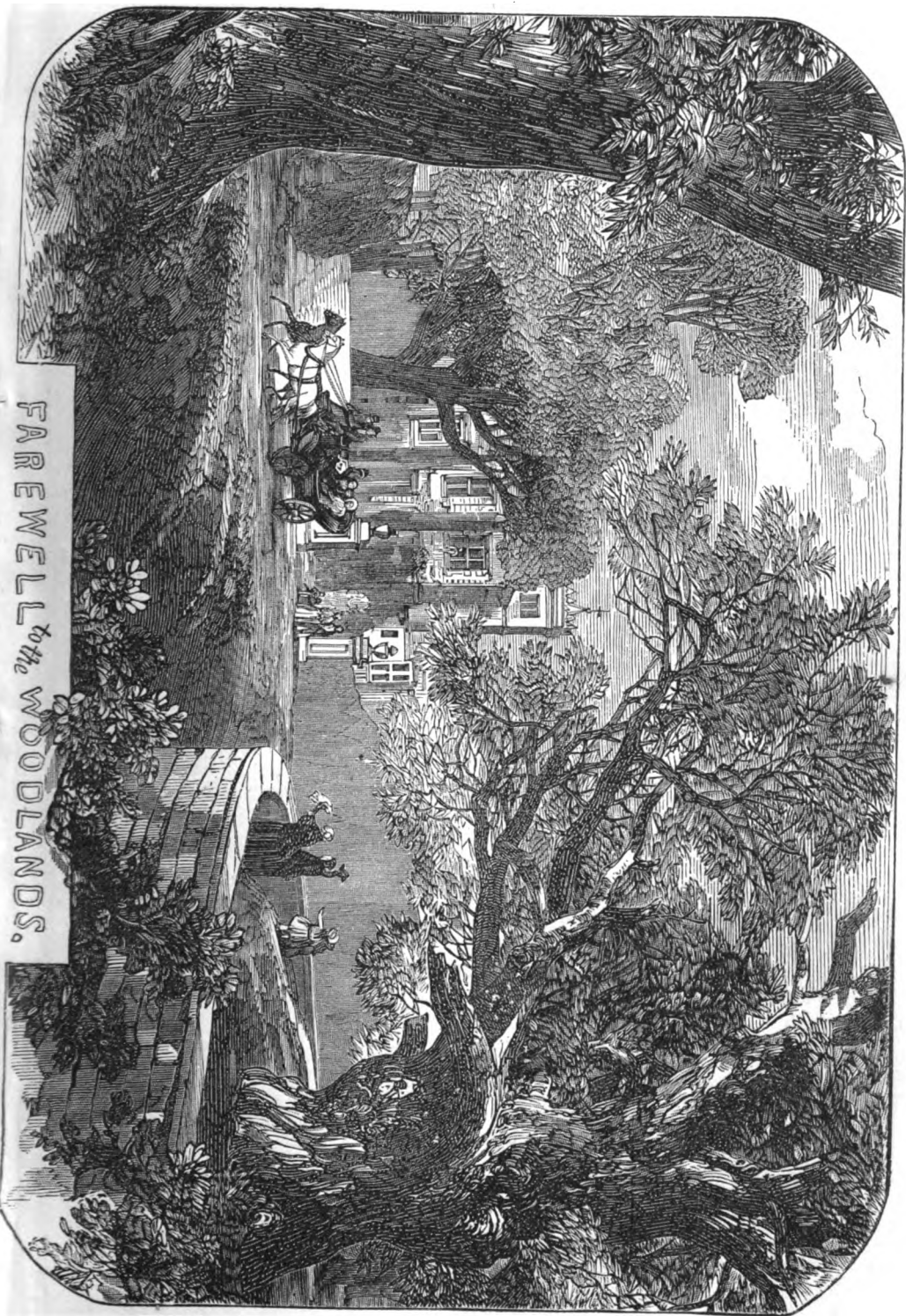
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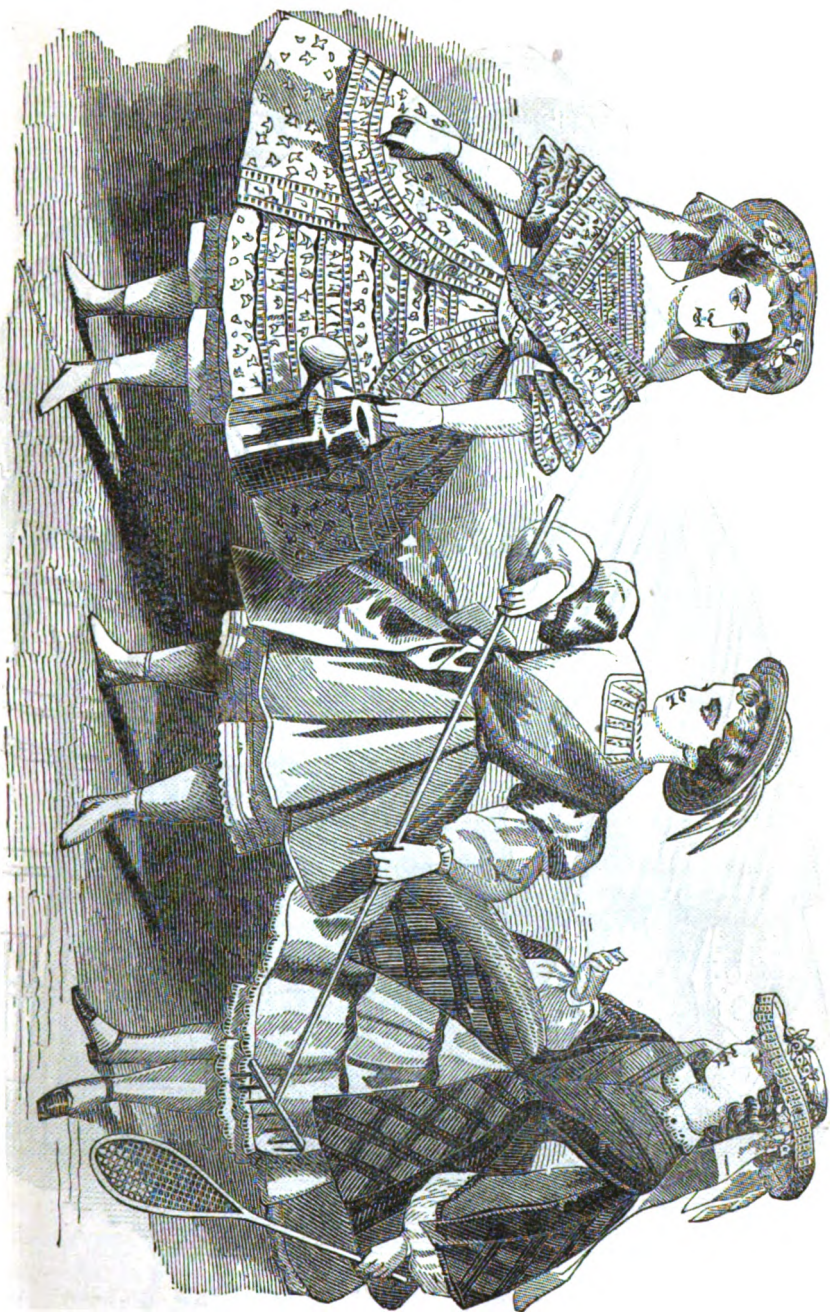
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COLLAR AND CUFF EMBROIDERED IN BLUE.

FAREWELL *to the* WOODLANDS.





CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SUMMER.



FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Kate

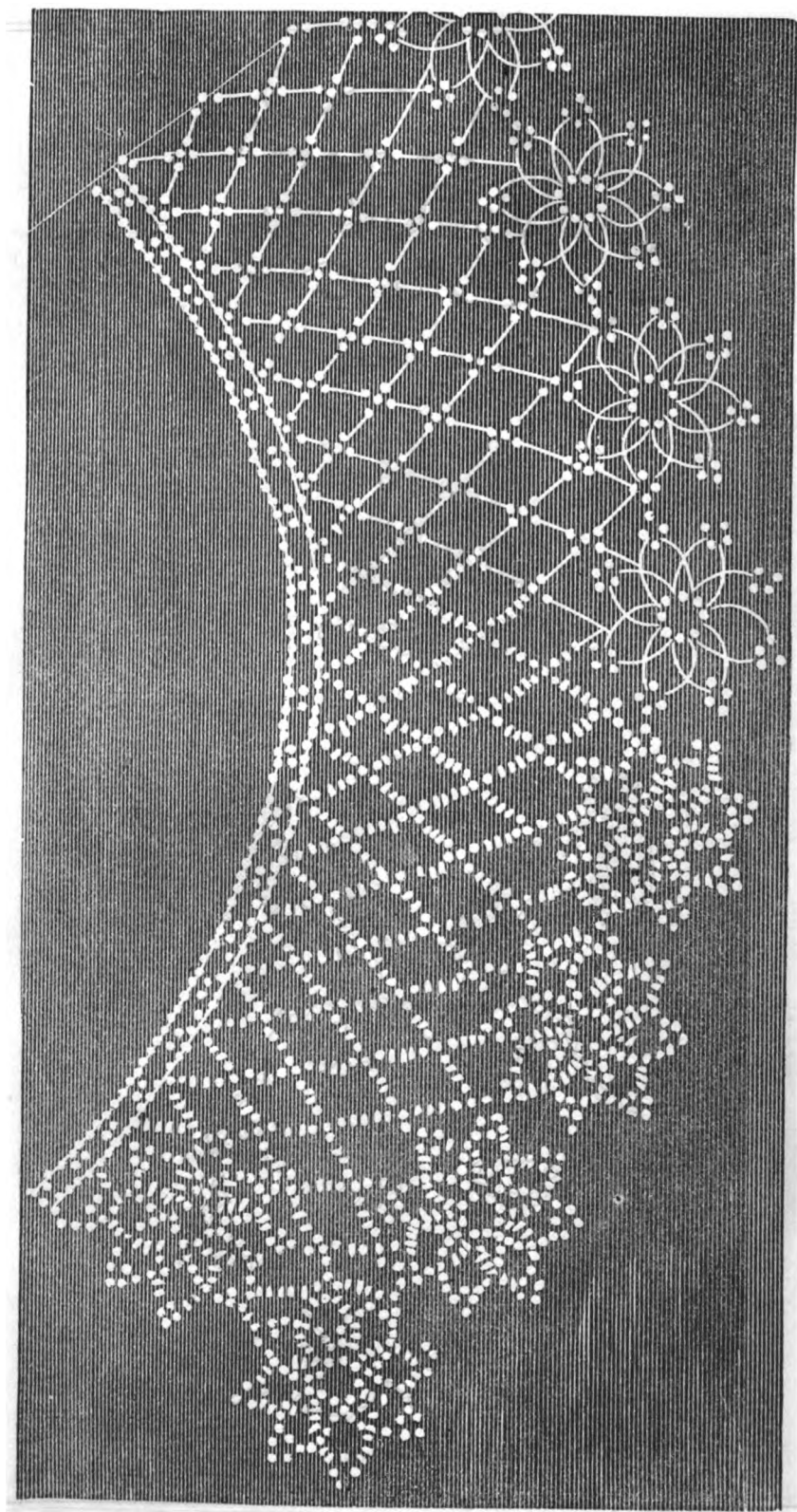
NAME FOR MARKING.



FOR THE WRIST.



CHILD'S SILK APRON.



COLLAR IN BEAD-WORK.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL OR MUSLIN.



WATCH-POCKET BRAIDED.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



NEAPOLITAN LACE BONNET.



PINK CRAPE BONNET.



GREEN CRAPE BONNET.



HEAD-DRESS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXV.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1859.

No. 6.

THE WAGER.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"So he has actually laid a wager that he will marry me before we start for Saratoga. One, two, nearly three months," said Mrs. Dayton, leaning back on the sofa and laughing merrily. "Ah, me! he has mistaken me, I have had enough of matrimony, and my present life of freedom suits me."

"I admire the man's impudence," said her companion, Mrs. Grantley Harrington. "He has never even seen you yet, has he?"

"No. Tell me exactly how it happened."

"Certainly! Grantley invited his cousin, Harry Vaughn, Mr. George Coates, and this irresistible Horace Cooke to dine with him yesterday. After presiding at dinner, I, of course, left the table after dessert; about an hour later, I was passing through the hall, when I heard Mr. Cooke say,

"So this charming widow, Mrs. Dayton, has vowed never to marry again. I want a wife, and from your description I think she would suit me. What will you bet I make her break her vow?"

"A thousand dollars," said Harry.

"Done!" said Mr. Cooke. "When our party start for Saratoga in May, the charming widow will join the party as Mrs. Horace Cooke."

"I went up stairs, but I determined to put you on your guard, for to-night, at our house, you will meet him."

"Never fear for me. I'll have him at my feet in a week," and again the silvery laugh rang through the parlor.

Mrs. Harrington and Horace Cooke were standing, a few hours later, in the former's brilliantly lighted parlors. There were beautiful women and handsome men all around them, but the star of the evening was not there. It was a fancy party, and Mrs. Harrington, a lovely little blonde, in a piquant flower girl's dress, made quite a charming contrast to the tall brigand beside her, whose fine figure and dark, handsome face suited well his dress.

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"May I tell your fortune?" said a sweet, low voice beside the couple, and they turned. One quick glance passed between the speaker and Mrs. Harrington, and then the hostess passed on to receive other guests.

"Stay, lady, let me tell your fortune," said the gipsy.

"No, tell my friend's. Mr. Cooke, I beg your pardon, Conrad, you will listen," and she moved away. Mr. Cooke's eyes were riveted upon his companion, and he mechanically offered his hand for her perusal.

She was a startling, beautiful figure. Her scarlet skirt, short and full, was embroidered in gold with strange figures, and the tiny foot it left exposed was cased in scarlet boots embroidered in the same way. The body of the dress was of white muslin made very full, but cut so as to leave the neck and arms bare. A brilliant scarf was bound from the right shoulder, to make a full bow at the left side. A turban of white was on the hair, which fell beneath it in rich black masses almost to the wearer's feet. A graceful figure, medium height, large, black eyes, with long, sweeping lashes, perfect features, a rich, clear complexion with a high color, completed the picture.

"Your fortune," she said, as she dreamily scanned the palm of his hand, "to woo where you can——"

Two waltzers whirled in between the couple, and when Mr. Cooke looked again the gipsy was gone. It was a long time before he saw her again: but at last he found her. She was standing alone, near a table, lazily turning the leaves of an annual. It was in a little sitting-room leading from the parlor, and she was its sole occupant.

"Will you not finish telling me my fortune?" said he, coming in. She started.

"Oh!" she said, "I dare not. My spell was so violently broken I am afraid to renew it."

"Afraid! I read your face wrongly. I should

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have said the spirit shining through your eyes scorned fear."

"So, while I studied your hand, you speculated about my face?"

"Could any one let such a face pass him and not try to read it?"

A low, mocking courtesy was the answer to the compliment. They stood an hour in the little room, and when Horace at length offered his arm to escort the charming gipsy to the parlor, he wished devoutly the hour could have been doubled, or multiplied indefinitely.

"Mrs. Harrington," said Mr. Cooke, meeting the hostess in the room, "when is the irresistible Mrs. Dayton expected to honor us?"

"Why," said Mrs. Harrington, "you have the irresistible Mrs. Dayton hanging on your arm. Has nobody introduced you yet? Let me do it. Mrs. Dayton, this is Mr. Cooke, Mr. Cooke, Mrs. Dayton. Now I hope you know each other."

Mrs. Dayton's eyes were fixed upon the carpet, but there was a world of mischief lurking in them, if her partner could have seen it.

"So," she said, at length, "I have, it seems, the enviable reputation of being irresistible."

"A reputation so well deserved as scarcely to merit repetition," was the reply.

A number of other gentlemen were by this time collected round Mrs. Dayton. Her skill as a fortune-teller was now again called into requisition, and many a hearty laugh rang through the circle, at the witty turn she gave to each one's cherished flirtation, or, they thought, silent admiration.

"May I see you home?" said Horace, as the rooms began to thin.

"Sorry, but I am already engaged."

"May I call to-morrow?"

"Ah," thought the widow, as she gave permission, "he intends to commence his siege in good time."

The next morning, the beautiful and witty widow looked even more lovely than on the previous evening. She received her guest with quiet, easy grace, and they chatted for some minutes on indifferent subjects. Then something called forth a remark upon the literature of the day, and from that they passed on to books. One author after another was discussed, quotations flew about thick as hail-stones, and each was really trying to lead the other out of their depth. Mrs. Dayton's thought was,

"This man is no fool, in spite of his impudent vanity." And Mr. Cooke was thinking,

"What a mind! Horace, that wager must be won. It is worth more than a thousand dollars, my boy."

From books they passed to music, and it was an easy transition to the grand piano in the corner. Mr. Cooke took his seat at the instrument to recall to her memory a favorite air. His voice was good, his accompaniment showed skill and taste, and bent upon dazzling the widow, he sang with feeling and power.

"Do you remember this?" he asked, touching a few chords of a duett from Martha, after finishing his own song.

She replied by singing the first notes. A bold chord supporting her occasionally, she gradually let her voice out in all its rich beauty, and his blended with it. He sang low, listening intently. Ah! Mr. Cooke, who is dazzled now?

At last he rose to take his leave, asking and receiving permission to call again; and Mrs. Dayton took up a book, threw it aside, practised a few moments, and stopped when she found she was singing his song, walked out and returned home, wondering why she could not get "that man" out of her mind.

To say that their future intercourse was pleasant is a dull phrase to describe it. Each being bent upon making a conquest of the other, their best powers were exerted, their richest treasures of wit, accomplishment and thought displayed; and somehow Mr. Cooke began to feel ashamed of his wager, and Mrs. Dayton wished she had never seen Horace Cooke.

It was one lovely day in early spring, that he called to take her to ride, and found her sad and dispirited. Fortunes would not have made her confess it, but the gay widow was in love.

They were out of town, driving through an avenue of large, splendid trees, when Mr. Cooke began to talk of love. It roused the widow from her depression, to ward the thrusts she felt he was making at her secret.

"Love!" she said, scornfully. "Bah! A school boy's first passion before he leaves pinafores is dignified with the name. An old man's doating is called love!"

"Yet the holiest, highest feeling of the heart of man in his prime of power has no higher name," said her companion.

"Man!" she said, scornfully. "Man in his prime of power! I'll tell you how it is with men. From the time they walk to school beside the boydenish girl, until they are seventy, they fancy they are in love. Every pretty face calls forth the protestation of a passion you just tried to dignify. They love fifty times, and to the fifty-first flame is offered the battered, worn-out heart as if it were bran new and fresh."

"You wrong us," he said, roused in his turn by the keen satire in her tone and look. "Though

each admiration of boyhood and youth may call forth a passing feeling, it is evanescent, and passes like a ripple on deep water. But when the depths of these waters are stirred by the hurricane of real, earnest, true love, it is no subject for jeers: but if not calling for a return, it at least merits sympathy and comfort," and he let his voice fall into a low, tender cadence.

Mrs. Dayton felt uncomfortable. The laughing response which rose to her lips died there. She longed to tell him her belief in his doctrine. They were going slowly, quietly along, each occupied with his own thoughts, when the scream of a locomotive startled the horse, and he dashed forward at a full gallop.

There was a rush, a crash, and they were on the road side—the horse a mangled corpse, the carriage thrown violently back several feet, Mr. Cooke insensible on the grass, and Mrs. Dayton on the other side of the road, uninjured.

Mrs. Dayton sat up, and with a nervous, hysterical laugh called her companion's name. He did not answer. She went to his side. He was still white, insensible, and she thought him dead. With a wild cry she raised his head to her breast, calling his name, "Horace, dear Horace," and begging him to look at her. Then she looked round for help. There was no house in sight. Mrs. Dayton was not a woman to spend many moments in useless grief. She soon recovered her presence of mind. Her vinaigrette full of salts was hanging to her belt, and she drew out the cork and tried its effect. Her companion was only stunned, and in a few moments he was able to feel her hand on his brow, hear her voice in his ear. He kept perfectly still, his eyes closed, and his breathing low. The most delicious ecstasy was holding him quiet. The low, sweet voice, but which would never before speak one word of preference for him, was now saying,

"Horace, dear Horace, speak to me once more." Then there fell upon his face a tear.

He faintly opened his eyes. The next instant he regretted it, for he found his head on the grass, and Mrs. Dayton at least five feet from him.

"Are you hurt?" she said, quietly.

Had he been dreaming? Was this the voice that said Horace, dear Horace?

He sat up. He was not hurt, only stunned, and in a few moments he stood beside her. Her veil was down, and he could not see her face. "How are we to get home?" she asked, pointing to the dead horse and broken carriage. Her voice trembled now, and the wind blew aside her veil. Her eyes bore traces of weeping.

Horace forgot his wager, forgot their awkward predicament, forgot everything but his love, and he poured it forth in broken, passionate words. Her heart throbbed high with ecstasy, for she was too great an adept in the art of flirtation herself, not to be able to distinguish the voice of real feeling. Yet as he went on, the scene with Mrs. Harrington occurred to her, and she stifled back the eager welcome her heart gave his words, and said coldly,

"Enough, enough, Mr. Cooke. I am sorry to cause you the loss of a thousand dollars, but Mrs. Dayton cannot accompany the Saratoga party as Mrs. Cooke."

Stung to the quick, Horace stood silent for a moment. Then in a low voice he said,

"I was an impertinent fool. Can you ever forgive me?"

"On one condition," she said, smiling.

"Name it," was the eager reply.

"That you pay your wager, own yourself beaten, and do not address one word of love to me until we return from Saratoga."

"The first two I agree to, but the last is very hard," he replied, taking her hand.

"How are we to get home?" she said, abruptly.

"We must walk to the nearest house, and then hire a carriage."

Now I will not tell you, reader, what they said in that long walk, but I know Horace paid his wager, confessed himself beaten, and bore the banter of his companions with great philosophy. How the last clause was kept I know not, but early in the following fall, Mrs. Dayton became Mrs. Horace Cooke.

BUILD UP THE WALL.

BY MRS. M. M. HINES.

Two friends there were, who ever shared

Each other's care and pleasure,

For whom, when griefs no longer spared,

Love filled the sinking measure.

Their wishes, dreams, ambitions, one,

One prayer their spirits making.

That they might have, when night came on,

One sleep and one awaking.

A foolish thing, that forth again

A look, a word had driven,

Made wider distance and more pain

Than death each tis had riven;

What though their paths be gloomy all,

And each a weary rover?

Build higher still the angry wall,

Let neither one look over.

THE OLD STONE MANSION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "MABEL," "KATE ATLESFORD," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 353.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEARLY a month had passed since the events narrated in the last chapter. The coroner's jury had met, as I had expected, the morning after the death of Bentley, and I had been summoned to give my testimony. I had kept back nothing. I had admitted my unconscious share in putting the counterfeit notes in circulation. "I will tell the truth, the whole truth," I had said to myself, as I descended the stairs, "and trust to God's mercy to rescue me from this great strait." Nor had I trusted in vain. It is true, that, at first, I had cause to fear for the consequences of my sincerity. More than one of the jurymen looked ominously at me. Several of the spectators whispered aloud their belief in my guilt. But the coroner himself was a humane man, and what was equally fortunate for me, an influential one. He interposed promptly in my behalf. "I see no reason," he said, "why we should detain this young lady. She has been unfortunate in her associations, perhaps a little imprudent; but that is all. Truth is stamped on every word she has said. Had she been a confederate of these felons, she would have suppressed much that she has told. I think we may let her go." He looked around on the jury, and seeing no dissent, bowed me out, having first thanked me for my attendance. I am told, that, in these later days, official personages are less courteous. I hear it with regret, especially when I think of the innocent, who may occasionally be brought before them, as I was brought, and to whom the shame of being baited on a witness-stand, in public, is enough, without the aggravation of brutality on the part of their questioners.

Old Jane, however, was less fortunate. As there was no doubt that she had been cognizant of the purpose for which the library had been used, she was committed to prison, nominally as an accessory before the fact, but really, I understood, in order to secure her evidence against Despencer, in case the latter should be arrested.

I have said that the events of that awful night broke Georgianna's heart. She knew that she was dying, and one of her first requests, after the

inquest adjourned, was that I should acquaint her father with the fact.

Accordingly I started, the next day, for the city, on a double errand. The first was to call at Mr. Elliott's. I found the house, as I had feared, shut up, and in answer to my inquiries, was told that the family had gone to Newport for the summer. To provide for this contingency, I had written a letter, which I now directed, at the grocery store at the corner, and then carried to the post-office myself. My other errand was to dispose of a few trinkets belonging to Georgiana. For neither she, nor I, now that we knew how her husband's money had been acquired, could use a penny even of what had been received in change for the notes. There were fewer trinkets than I had supposed, and those of less value; and I now learned that the others, many of them quite costly ones, had been taken by Despencer, from time to time.

For two or three days Georgiana was comparatively calm. But when the time came for a letter, in answer to the one I had written, she grew restless and excited. Daily, at her request, I walked into the city, in order to inquire for a reply, personally, at the post-office. I returned from these long and exhausted journeys, so tired that sometimes I almost fainted; for it was in the worst days of summer, and my physical system was worn down by late events; but I forgot it all in witnessing the disappointment of my cousin. I had made up my mind, from the first, that no notice would be taken of her appeal. Nor, though I wrote, at her solicitation, two other letters, was any answer ever returned.

The anxiety of the mother soon began to affect the health of the child. But why should I linger on the sad story? Together they wilted away; together they sleep in one coffin.

It was nearly a month, as I have said, since the awful retribution of which the old mansion had been a witness. Night was falling fast. The windows were up to admit the air, for the day had been unusually sultry. Georgiana had failed so fast, during the preceding twenty-four hours, that the nurse and I foresaw she could scarcely

survive till morning. "About twelve o'clock, Miss, she'll go," whispered this attendant, "they 'most always do: it's queer, but I've seen a great many die, and they drop off, either then, or just before morning; leastways in the night sometime; two die in the night, where one dies in the day."

I rose, to escape this garrulous talk, and went to the window. The cool air refreshed my heated brow indescribably. The moon was at the full. Under the soft light the landscape wore a calm as of heaven. The little brook, hidden in the hollow, sung half murmuringly, as if chanting a low, sweet hymn to the quiet trees. The great pines, in front of the house, stood dark and shrouded, like mighty mourners hushed in solemn awe. "Oh! this great mystery of life and death," I said to myself. "What is Eternity? How can we live forever and forever; we who can conceive nothing, which has not beginning and end? Yet how can man perish, while stars and space survive: the spiritual die, while the material endures?" I looked up at the moon. A small, fleecy cloud was near it. How placidly the great orb moved along, returning my look with something of almost intelligence, but still inscrutable! The cloud, for a moment, obscured the face of the orb. A temporary darkness fell on the landscape. The pines seemed to sob, the brook to chant a requiem. A cold shiver ran through all my veins, as if the King of Death, in that instant, had cast its shadow over the scene. Then the great moon emerged, bright and calm, from its passing obscurity, and as it moved majestically along, all Nature seemed to rejoice silently. "It is the life after death," I said, involuntarily. "Thank God for immortality."

A whispered summons from the nurse recalled me to the bed-side. Georgiana had awoke, had asked for her child, and had then wished me to be summoned. She smiled faintly, as I drew near.

"You will be a mother to it, if it lives," she said, feebly, looking from the babe to me. "I almost wish it was going home too." She contemplated it for awhile, as only a mother can regard her infant, and added, "poor little dear! it does not know what it will have to suffer."

I knew, from the look of the wan, little face, that the daughter would not long survive the mother; but I promised, with tears and a choking voice, all that Georgiana wished. She faintly gathered the babe to her side, crooning over it for awhile. Then she looked up, saying,

"I once feared death: I don't fear it now. There is nothing left to live for, but baby; and

God, in His wisdom, sees others are fitter to bring it up than I am. Oh! what a wasted life mine has been. How many opportunities thrown away. I thought only of my own pleasure; and how God has requited me." She paused for breath. "But He has made me to see the error of my ways. His mercy has brought me here. The idols I have worshiped have fallen at my feet and been shivered into the clay they were. I am not fit, like you, Maggy, to fight the battle of adverse life. His loving kindness calls me home. Oh! God is good, is good——"

She spoke these words with almost rapture. Then, for a time, she was silent, and lay with closed eyes, but seemed to be praying. I fancied, perhaps it was not all fancy, that a celestial glow gradually irradiated her countenance. After awhile she looked up, smiling with ineffable sweetness.

"Read to me, Maggy," she said, speaking slowly and with difficulty, "that part—of the chapter—in Revelations."

I knew now of what she had been thinking as she prayed. The chapter was one, part of which I had read to her, daily, for more than two weeks; for above all other portions of the sacred volume, it seemed to give her the most comfort. I took the Bible and began to read with a composed voice, though the tears fell fast; for I felt that it was the last time I should ever read to her.

"And I beheld, and lo! a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, 'Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.'"

There was an audible response from the bed. I read on to the end of the twelfth verse. As I paused then, for an instant, the jubilant voice of the brook seemed to echo, through the heavenly night, the concluding words, "forever and forever."

I resumed,

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, 'What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence come they?' And I said unto him, 'Sir, thou knowest.' And he said unto me, 'These are they which come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more,

neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"Shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," was echoed softly from the bed; and then all was quiet.

I waited five minutes, ten, half an hour, watching while my cousin seemed to sleep. At last I heard a deep sigh. I looked quickly at the nurse; then at Georgiana. Her hands were folded on her breast, her head lay back on the pillow; she was dead. But in the rapt expression of the face, I was reminded of a picture I had once seen of St. Catharine translated to heaven by supporting angels; and as the trees rustled without in a sudden breeze, I started, half expecting to see the hushed figure float away, upborne by similar celestial messengers.

She was happy at last! She had gone from much tribulation. While I looked down, reverently, on what had been so lately the home of an immortal soul, and which was still radiant with its departing sunset, other texts rose up to my memory, as if some unseen spirit audibly repeated them.

"And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps; and they sung, as it were, a new song before the throne.

"These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN the same coffin, we laid mother and babe, for the latter did not survive quite twenty-four hours. There was no mourner but myself.

We had been warned to quit the old mansion long before, for the proprietor was scandalized by the purposes to which it had been put. But I had begged his forbearance on Georgiana's account, and had, with difficulty, obtained it. On returning from the funeral, I locked the door, leaving the furniture as payment for the rent, and taking my slender wardrobe and still slenderer purse, set forth to begin life anew.

I found lodgings, in a humble boarding-house, in an obscure part of the city. That night, I lay long awake, revolving plans for the future, the best of which were hopeless enough. At last I fell asleep. But I soon woke with a chill, though it was the heated term in August. Before

morning I was in a violent fever. A serious fit of illness, I foresaw, impended. My nervous and physical systems had both been over-taxed, and I had now to pay the penalty. Alone, amid strangers, my heart shrank within me. For awhile, as I lay tossing on my bed, my temples throbbing to bursting, I was on the point of repining at my fortune; for I knew not but that my landlady, on discovering my condition, might take advantage of a period of delirium to rob me of my purse and turn me into the street. But I remembered, in that hour, the blessed words I had read to my dying cousin. "Through much tribulation," I said. "Through much tribulation," I kept saying, till I lost consciousness, sinking into the stupor of disease.

For weeks, as I was told afterward, I lay unconscious. Of all that dreary time I have only a confused recollection. Wild visions of happiness, snatched from me at the very moment of fruition, tormented me day and night. Now I stood waiting, a bride at the altar, and already heard a well known footstep approaching, when the earth opened and fiends rising up snatched me away. Now, famished and athirst, I was drifting about on a desolate sea, when an angel appeared above extending a hand to rescue me. But just as the fingers touched mine, a thunder-bolt separated us, thick darkness enveloped me, the wild waves rose, spectres gibbered past. Now I was falling, falling through illimitable space. Then the character of the illusions changed. I was dying in the public streets. Thousands passed by, yet nobody took pity on me, till one familiar form approached and stopped with instinctive humanity. But when he saw who it was, his lips curled with scorn and he turned away. Again: I lay, bound to a hungry lioness, in an African desert, momentarily expecting to be devoured. The savage beast would look at me, licking her mouth, and then roar across the vast waste of sand, where her famished whelps were hastening toward us. A hunter approached. Amid all his disguise I knew him. He did not, however, see me. I tried to call him, but I could not, for a spell chained my tongue. Oh! the horror of those moments while he went slowly by, almost touching me. Then I was a homeless wanderer, on a mighty plain. A whirling snow storm almost blinded me, yet I struggled on, for far ahead, dimly seen through the tempest, shone a feeble light. At last I reached the doorway, and had just strength to knock, when I sank exhausted on the threshold. The portal opened, and joy of joys! he it was that stooped to lift me. But before he could touch my person, a fair-haired lady, whom I recognized

only too well, rushed between, and bade him stand aside, in God's name, for that the marriage vow separated him from me forever. The door shut with a clang and I was alone and perishing.

When I began to recover, I was feebler than a child. Weeks went by, even after this, before I could leave my room. At last, about the middle of autumn, I found myself comparatively restored to health.

But what a prospect there was in the future! I knew not, in all the world, a friend to whom I could apply. My funds were exhausted. The winter would soon be at hand, and it was a winter of which the most terrible forebodings were everywhere entertained; for commercial and manufacturing distress were universal. Since I had been struck down, by illness, one of those financial crises which occasionally devastate the nation had occurred: thousands of the rich had become poor; starvation stared the multitude in the face.

By chance, one day, when reduced to nearly the last extremity of despair, I saw an advertisement, in a daily paper, which I had borrowed to read. It ran as follows:

WANTED.—A governess to take charge of two small children. Apply at Hemlock Farm, near the Poplar Station, on the Ridge railroad.

A sudden hope filled me. I would expend what little money I had, in going to this place; for I reasoned that its distance would preclude many applications; and so my chance of success would be increased. It was the first time, too, the advertisement had been inserted; and if I set out, at once, I might anticipate all others. In five minutes I was on my way to the railroad office, where I learned that Poplar Station was about fifty miles distant, and that the afternoon train would start in an hour. I determined to go that day.

Before long, therefore, I was rushing along the side of a beautiful river, the western sun gilding its wooded heights and shimmering on its placid waters. The towns and factories, scattered at intervals on either shore, shot past like white wreaths of smoke. Now we dashed through a dark tunnel, now crossed the stream in a twinkling on a bridge. The rapid motion was in unison with the stir and excitement of my mind. I looked through the barred windows of the car and blessed the mile-posts as they flew by. I was impatient to be at my journey's end.

For I now began to fear that some one had anticipated me. There was a morning train, so

that any one who had seen the advertisement soon enough, might have had the start of me by several hours. I knew there must be hundreds out of employment, who were quite as competent for the situation. Then I tortured myself with the idea that there might be many in the train on the same errand. I saw more than one whose air and dress gave color to this notion. How I watched, at each station, to see if they got out! When, at last, all had left but one, leaving no other passengers of my sex, except ladies whose dress showed them above the necessity of seeking such a situation, and coarse featured women evidently belonging to the agricultural population of the German county we were traversing, I sighed with inexpressible relief: a relief only to be understood by those, who have been in fear for their daily bread, and have had those fears quieted temporarily.

I now began to speculate, for the first time, as to the character of the place I was visiting; for, up to this point, such had been my eagerness to get the start of other applicants. I had not thought of this. Its homely title showed that it was an ordinary farm-house; and from its location, in the heart of a region wholly rural, I concluded the culture of its family was of the rudest. But why need a governess at all? Why not be content with the road-side school? I puzzled myself, for a long while, endeavoring to solve this problem, but to no purpose. I could conjecture nothing, except that one of the children, if not both of them, were half idiotic; that this rendered their attendance at the district school impossible; and hence the necessity of a governess. I knew enough of that section of the state to know that no other circumstance could induce a farmer to resort to so comparatively expensive a method of education. I settled, therefore, that this was the state of the case. I was aware there were plenty of farmers, in that vicinity, rich enough to employ a governess, if compelled to; so there was no difficulty on this account.

I now began to picture to myself the life I should lead. In imagination, I drew a picture of the house and its surroundings. It was an old stone dwelling, probably with a roof green with moss, standing in some low bit of ground, near the river, where the early German settlers always located their habitations, partly to secure a more abundant supply of water, partly because of the richer soil in the bottoms. It had, near it, a stone barn, a huge edifice, more than four times as large as itself, bursting with abundant crops. Close by was a little, low, white-washed spring-house, with a solitary willow drooping

over it. There might be a small garden in front of the house, with a few common flowers; but this was all; and even this was doubtful. About the whole place there was an air of thrift; but nothing picturesque or refined. Everything was reduced to the level of the tamest common-place. I felt, that, in such a household, my soul would starve. Yet what else could I do? I must feed my immortal part on these dry husks as well as I could, or perish literally, and for want of mere physical food.

Then I began to think of the mother. Perhaps here there would be some alleviation. Perhaps God, in afflicting her children, had done it to soften and refine her. Sorrow, with natures that have any latent good in them, does this. I was willing to believe it of her. I imagined her a little, thin, worn, patient woman, grey before her time, knitting all day long, when not otherwise occupied, her eyes filling with quiet tears as she looked at her helpless innocents. I saw her start, with nervous terror, at the rude voice and loud step of her husband. In such a family, I said to myself, I will die by inches. For the very tax on my sympathies, created by the poor children and their mother, will wear me out all the faster. There will be no relief from any quarter. No book will ever reach me in this out of the way abode. The very name of the place, Hemlock Farm, so full of sombre and funereal associations, seemed to be a presentiment of my fate. I should live in an atmosphere of slow poison, where every intellectual faculty, every fine perception, would wither and perish. Surrounded by coarse associations, cut off from all revivifying sympathy, I would grow coarse myself in time. Perhaps, too, there might be other things, rude sons, vulgar farm hands, with whom I would be compelled to associate, and whose brutalities or insolence I would be forced to endure; for in such households all alike ate, at the same table, as I well knew, and lived in the common sitting-room, so that companionship was inevitable. As this picture rose before me, I half resolved to abandon my expedition. But a thought of my empty purse, and of the terrible winter approaching, silenced my repugnance.

"It will not be long," I said. "I am no more the gay, admired *fiancee* of a man of talent and wealth; no more flushed with health, or intoxicated with spirits. This shortness of breath; this little hacking cough; these pains in the chest, are not merely the remnants of the fever. Do I not know their meaning? And it is well."

We were, at that moment, passing one of those antique church edifices, standing in the midst of a neglected grave-yard, which tell of the vicinity

of a village. I thought, that, in less than a year, I should be lying, in just such a place, alone and forgotten, without a head-stone to mark the spot, with no one even to come and lay a flower on the sod. My words, "it is well," were the response to this thought.

Suddenly the train stopped, and the conductor threw open the door, crying,

"Poplar Station."

I rose mechanically. Faint and weak, I staggered along, catching by the seats as I went. The conductor politely assisted me to descend. As soon as I touched the ground, he waived his hand to the engineer, caught at the rail as the train began to move; and I was left alone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I WAS left alone. There was a deep cutting just before me, and not a house in sight. A path led up the bank; and this I took. It conducted me to a traveled highway, from which I could see, at a little distance, a road-side tavern. It was one of those so common in Pennsylvania; a low, rambling stone inn, with a huge horse-trough in front, where a team of Conestoga horses was, at this instant, leisurely drinking.

As no other house was in sight, and it was necessary to get some directions, I put on a bold front and walked forward. The teamster stared rudely as I came up, and the ostler winked to a half drunken vagabond in rags, who stood, with his hands in his pocket, idly watching my approach.

I faltered out, as composedly as I could, my request, addressing myself to the teamster as the least repulsive of the three.

"Nein," he said, shaking his head.

I repeated the question. "Pray, sir, can you direct me to Hemlock Farm?" For I did not understand him.

"Nein!" he answered again, staring at me vacantly, but with a good-humored look.

I now turned to the ostler.

"Is it Hemlock farrum yer asking after?" he said, scratching his head of shock hair: and swearing a favorite Celtic oath, he told me "he'd nivir heard of such a place."

The half drunken vagabond now approached. As I saw him come up, I looked imploringly toward the inn door, in hopes some female, or at least the landlord, would make his appearance. But not a soul was in sight. The whole place, with the exception of these three and the horses drinking at the trough, seemed to have been asleep for ages. It was one of those warm, October days, which temporarily recall the summer,

when a drowsy haze veils the distant landscape, and when, in silent afternoons in the country, the voice may be heard for a mile. A hound lay asleep, in the sunshine, at the end of the porch, his nose buried between his paws. The pigeons were ranged, like statues, along the eaves of the barn. There was not a sound, except that of the water running from the trough and the noise of the horses as they drank.

"Praps I can direct the young lady," said the inebriate, speaking with a hiccup, but making a not ungraceful bow; and I saw, at once, that he was that most pitiable of all objects, an educated man who had become a common sot. "Hemlock Farm, did you say? Why, that's it, yonder."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a peculiarly shaped hill, at the distance of two miles or more, a long, ridgy, precipitous hill, clothed with dark green hemlocks, and washed, at its base, by the river. The mellow afternoon sun glittering on the water at its foot, and reflected from a white bridge that crossed at the hither end of the hill, brought the sombre evergreens out into bold relief, and transfigured the whole scene. No house, however, was visible. Perhaps it was concealed, I thought, by the shoulder of a mountain, in shape like a crouching lion, which, soaring to the height of a thousand feet or more, intruded its rugged outline between me and the approach to the hill.

"Do you see that hill?" said my guide, stammering, steadying himself by the pump. "The one just past the South Mountain—it's the only one of that shape in the county, and you can't miss it—well," drawing out the words slowly, "that's Hemlock Farm."

"Thank you, sir," said I, hurriedly, glad to escape; and I moved on. But I was stopped, immediately, by the speaker, who laid his hand, familiarly, on my shoulder.

"You needn't be so scared, Miss," he said, surlily, as I shrank away, while the ostler laughed outright, and the teamster stood with a grin on his face. "I'm a gentleman, I am, though you may see my coat's the worse for wear. I've studied at the University—sity—I have. You were going without knowing how to get to Hemlock Farm. You must take the left hand road, at the red barn, a quarter of a mile further on, and so go down to the river: then keep up stream, till you come to the bridge; cross that and you're at Hemlock Farm."

I hardly waited for him to finish. I had taken good care to keep out of the reach of his arm, this time, and now walked away as fast as I could. But I had not gone far, before I heard the speaker muttering, with many oaths, some-

thing about my not being a lady after all, or I would have given him something to drink: and at this I hurried on the faster.

The way proved longer than I had supposed. Between my fatigue, my weakness, and my anxiety, the miles lengthened out interminably. The sun was low in the western heavens, when I reached the bridge. Now, for the first time, I began to think what I should do, if my application failed. Where would I spend the night? The nearest town was several miles distant, so that, in my present exhausted condition, it would be impossible for me to walk there, before dark. But I shuddered when I thought of being out, after nightfall, on these lonely mountain roads.

Before crossing the bridge, I sat down, for a moment, on a boulder, partly to rest, partly to reflect on this new emergency. Just above, the river made a bold sweep, enclosing a wooded island, the trees of which, large and shapely, and without undergrowth, threw their long, black shadows over the greensward, as the setting sun struck slantwise between them. A boatman's horn filled the air with softened music. On the opposite side, Hemlock Hill, rising precipitous and picturesque, glowed in the golden radiance. The whole scene was typical of an indescribable peace. Oh! how I longed, at that moment, to lie down, where I sat, amid these calm surroundings, and sink to rest forever.

I rose, at last, wearily. I began to feel a presentiment that I should not succeed. Yet I tried, in defiance of this, to buoy myself up with hope. I said, again and again, they will at least ask me to stay all night. Then I remembered, that, if they should not, I was wasting precious moments. I dragged myself down the descent. My fears increased, as I went, so that I almost ran at last.

I arrived so exhausted and breathless at the toll-gate, that the keeper looked at me with surprise, a surprise which was not diminished when I asked him if this was Hemlock Farm before me. Observing he stared at me, dubiously, I told him my errand.

"You are the school marm then," he said, regarding me with uplifted eyebrows. "Humph! Well, that's the place."

I had no doubt that my wearied look and travel-soiled dress somewhat detracted from my character, and I explained, in this way, the questionable air with which he kept staring at me, while he pointed across the river. I colored with embarrassment, not unmixed with anger, as I said, drawing down my veil again, which I had thrown up for air as I walked,

"What? That house ahead? Do you know if anybody is at home?"

It was a small farm-house, with more pretensions to elegance than I had seen in this region; and my heart bounded with delight; for the household, which could surround itself with such a pretty flower-garden, must, I thought, have some refinement.

"No," he said, gruffly, and coolly turning on his heel to go in, offended, I suppose, by my putting down my veil, "that isn't the place at all. You must pass that house, and taking the road up the river, go in at a gate, you'll find there, about a hundred and fifty yards farther on. The place you're after is up the hill."

My heart fell. With a sigh I turned away. As I passed the gate of the pretty farm-house, a sweet voice was heard singing, within. It was a mother warbling a lullaby over her child. The memory of my own happy infancy rushed back to me. I recollected, as vividly as if it had happened but yesterday, my mother leaning over my cradle, while she rocked it and sang that very lullaby. It seemed to me a dream of heaven, in some former state of existence, from which endless ages now separated me: a Paradise of peace and love gone forever. And the tears gushed to my eyes as I thought this.

I staggered on. The road began to ascend slowly, terraced along the river-side. At the end of what seemed the little farm, I came to a dense wood of evergreens, the beginning of those which covered the sides and top of the hill. Suddenly, when I had almost passed it, I saw a plain, unpretending gate. This, I know, must be the one to which I had been directed; and I turned in.

It was like passing into a cool cave out of a hot noonday. The trees met overhead, so that not a ray of sunshine penetrated to the avenue, which was filled with a subdued light. Underneath, the ground was carpeted with the brown tassels of the pines, that crackled under the foot. An aromatic fragrance filled the air. The road began immediately to wind up the hill, disclosing dim woodland vistas at every turn.

After I had walked, perhaps, the eighth of a mile, I suddenly emerged from the wood; and lo! what a prospect. Before me, and separated from me only by an intervening valley, was the mountain, whose side profile had concealed Hemlock Farm from me, when I had stopped at the tavern; but now the front of the mountain rose rounded and wooded, a perfect cone. This formed the right hand setting of the picture. To the left, on the other side of the river, was another mountain, a long, bleak, bare stretch of

rock, framing in the landscape on that side. Between these, stretching far away to the horizon, and widening as it went, the river meandered in the middle ground, was an undulating country, covered with alternate farms and woodlands, and diversified with villages. Away and away, following the glittering water, my eye traversed, as if fascinated, over the vast landscape, till it lost itself in the purple haze, that hung around a ridge of hills, miles and miles distant. The prospect burst on me so unexpectedly, everything was so different from what I had looked for, that I stopped, for some time, breathless with surprise.

Then I turned to look for the house, which, up to this time, I had not seen. It stood almost directly in front, a little to the right, about five hundred feet off, on a grassy terrace, below which swept the road. The dwelling itself was comparatively small; but in no sense could it be called a farm-house. It was a quaint, picturesque mansion, with a deep bay window looking down into the valley, and numerous high-pointed gables. Vines gamboled over the balustrades, ran up the grey walls, twined lovingly about the diamond-paned casements, and nestled under the eaves. The principal front seemed to look my way, for there was a balcony before it, extending its whole length; and this balcony led into a spacious garden, not a stiff, formal one, such as city horticulturalists are so fond of, but with evergreens scattered about, and grassy slopes, and rose bushes here and there, giving it a wild, half-forest grace, like a garden in the Arabian Nights. The side of the house, which looked down toward the valley, commanded a gently sloping lawn, many acres in extent, which swept almost to the foot of the hill.

The whole place had a look of peace indescribable. Its quiet and repose stole over my senses like a subtle perfume. "Ah!" I said to myself, "if I can only find a refuge here, during the few months I have to live."

But my emotions of hope and delight were soon succeeded by others. What chance had I, without a solitary recommendation, coming a-foot, my travel-soiled appearance alone sufficient to create prejudices against me, to obtain employment here? For everything about the spot betokened the most fastidious taste. The mistress of such a Paradise, I said to myself, will have nothing about her which is not in unison with the spot. She will not tolerate this haggard face for a minute. One look at me will be enough to fill her with disgust.

It was with a faint heart, therefore, that I resumed my way. For I determined to proceed

in spite of all. Having come so far, I would go through with it, even to enduring the startled glance and supercilious dismissal of the fine lady, who had never, perhaps, been so near a starving fellow-woman, nor ever would be again. But my hand trembled, nevertheless, as I lifted the knocker.

A man servant, neatly dressed in black, opened the door immediately. He had a pleasant, ruddy face, whose good humor reassured me a little, and a quiet and deferential manner, whose magnetism influenced me unaccountably.

"Will you say that a young woman has called to see about the governess' place?" I said.

"Yes! ma'am, walk in!" was the answer, and, with a reassuring smile, he ushered me into the parlor.

The parlor was a large and elegant apartment, hung round with copies, in water-colors, of some of Turner's best pictures; with choice engravings after Landseer; and with other specimens of first-class modern art. A statuette, here and there, on a bracket; a rich silver salver, with pitcher and flagons, on a console; luxurious chairs scattered about; a table covered with new books and pamphlets; these were the other most salient objects in the room. At one end was a deep bay window. As I crossed the floor, I saw there was a mirror, over the mantle-piece, reaching to the ceiling; and before this I paused a moment.

I did it unconsciously. I suppose no woman, at any time, much less when she is about to receive a stranger, ever passes a mirror without glancing at her face. It is a habit we acquire early, and of which we never entirely get rid. On that day, certainly, not a particle of personal vanity entered into the feeling, which caused me to stop before that mirror. I had but one thought, which was to provide for myself, if possible, a respectable home, where, for the little time which remained to me, I might earn my livelihood in the humblest way. I had, consciously, but a single emotion, which was an utter, utter despair, with not a ray of hope to light it up. Once, and once only, as I crossed the room, and its elegance and luxury affected me like a subtle perfume, I said to myself again, "Oh! if I could only find a haven here for the few short months I shall live." But I laughed immediately, to myself, at the idea; it was too wild to entertain.

I started back at sight of myself. Haggard and wan, I had felt that I was; but the reality far exceeded my expectations. If I had ever had any beauty, as I had once been told, it was gone now. I recalled, by some strange association, the fact that the night of Georgiana's birth-

day ball, I had paused an instant in front of the mirror, before I descended, and, intoxicated by the atmosphere of love and flattery in which I had been living, had said to myself that I really believed I was beautiful. The contrast between my face then as I remembered it, and now, was that of two lives, as wide asunder as eternity, and which never, never could be reunited. I was no more the same being than if I had been born in a different century. Vast gulfs, fathomless abysses, lay between what I was now and had been then.

My lip began to tremble. The thought of the past was too much for me. I turned from the mirror, and stepped hastily to the bay window, to shake off these emotions by looking at the unrivaled landscape, for Nature always soothed me like a friend or a mother.

It had its effect. I grew composed again. And now I bethought me how I should get over the awkwardness of an introduction. The strange manner in which I had come, my total want of recommendations, struck me now more than they had even at the entrance. I half repented that I had entered. Instinctively I looked about to see if I could escape. But the opening and shutting of a distant door, as if some one was approaching, told me I would be too late; and nervous and excited, my heart beating fast, I awaited this interview.

At that moment, it occurred to me that the best way to open the conversation, would be to present the paper, containing the advertisement, as a sort of letter of introduction. Fortunately, I had marked the advertisement around with ink, and hastily fumbling for the journal in my pocket, I folded it, with trembling hands, so as to bring the advertisement outward, and holding it ready, awaited the coming footsteps.

Awaited them, did I say? They were now near enough to be distinctly audible. Instead of being those of a woman, they were the footsteps of a man, and something in them struck a cold chill to my heart and made my knees sink under me. I clutched, for support, at the top of a chair, by which I had been standing, or I should have fallen. For one breathless, agonizing second of time, I doubted; but at the next footfall I prayed that the floor might open beneath me, and I sink forever from sight. In another moment, the door opened, and, as I feared, Mr. Talbot stood before me.

Yes, Mr. Talbot stood before me. There was the same commanding form, the same majestic brow, the same eagle eye. Time had passed differently with him from what it had with me. That proud, high air of manhood, defiant of all

obstacle, as if the possessor exulted in having difficulties to overcome, that union of physical, intellectual and moral power, which had always been so pre-eminently his, was still there, only more developed, more self-centred than ever.

For an instant, he did not see, in the twilight of the room, where his visitor was. But at last his eye, that lightning eye, fell upon me.

I withered beneath it. I recalled how we had last parted; how that he was now married; how that he would despise me, more than ever, for what would seem to him an unmaidenly visit. It appeared to me, that, as he recognized his visitor, scorn, anger and loathing succeeded each other in his face. The room swam around me. I reeled, clutched at the air, and fell headlong to the floor.

CHAPTER XXV.

I do not know how long I was insensible. When, at last, I faintly opened my eyes, I was still comparatively unconscious, and neither realized immediately where I was, nor the indelicacy of my situation. For I was dizzy with long-forgotten bliss, as, looking up, I saw Mr. Talbot's face bending anxiously over me, felt his arms around me, and heard him whisper, "darling, have I found you?" I had a dim recollection, also, that it was his eager kisses, which had woke me to life again.

Do not censure me, that, for an instant, I gave myself up to this delicious dream. That, as memory returned, I almost wished it had never come back, for then, in happy ignorance, I might still have lain in those arms and forget the solemn vows that separated us forever. But I cast away the temptation the moment I fully realized where I was. With burning blushes, I struggled away from his embrace, and attempted to rise feebly to my feet; for I had been lying on the floor, with my head pillowed against his breast, while he knelt above me.

"Oh! do not leave me," he said, pleadingly, holding me fast. "Surely you are not angry with me still. Margaret, dear Margaret, we can yet be happy."

Was he mad? Or did he meditate toward me the deepest insult which a man can inflict on a helpless woman?

I made a new effort to extricate myself, but he held me the tighter, the more I struggled.

"You do not mean it," he said. "Heaven has not sent you here, that we should be parted again."

There was now no mistaking his words. Was this the man of whom I had made a hero to myself? Whom I had secretly worshiped as the

best and noblest of his sex? Indignation gave me strength.

"Sir," I said, "unhand me. I will call Mrs. Talbot." I rose, as I spoke, and stood before him, my eyes flashing, my bosom heaving with anger.

"Mrs. Talbot!" he answered, in surprise. "What do you mean?" Then a sudden light broke over his countenance, and he cried, joyfully, "You don't think me married, do you?"

The tone in which he said this, as well as the look, convinced me that I had been deceived for months. How my heart leaped at the conviction! Then the blood rushed to my very brow. I covered my face in confusion.

His arm was around me again in an instant. "Darling," he whispered, "what a villain you must have thought me!" And he went on rapidly, "I am not married. I never could have married any one but my own Margaret. This is my sister's present residence, and as she is out dining, I came to apologize for her temporary absence, little thinking that in the supposed governess I should find one I was going to seek to-morrow. It is only three days since I returned from Europe, where I have been since early in the spring. But tell me, how came you to suppose me married? What enemy has been at work defaming me?"

I was now weeping silently on his shoulder, but the tears were those of joy and thanksgiving. "God had been good to me," I said to myself, "more so, a thousand times, than I deserved."

I would only tire the reader if I was to linger on this scene. The next half hour was spent in mutual explanations. He listened to my story often with a kindling eye. When I had finished, he said,

"I never heard, till yesterday, that my marriage had been published. My sister was the first to tell me. It occurred after I had sailed, and I have no doubt was inserted, by Despencer or Bentley, solely to deceive you. My friends, it appears, caused it to be promptly contradicted; but I suppose that the paper, in which the contradiction appeared, was purposely kept out of your sight. The lady, to whom the notice married me, has been, for more than a year, betrothed to a very intimate friend of mine, and has since been married. She and I have known each other from childhood. She is like a second sister to me. Had she been in town, last year, she would have called on you, and then this miserable mistake could never have occurred."

I hid my face again on his broad chest, as he drew me tenderly toward him. I thought of my jealousy, when I had seen him driving her out,

and was glad to conceal the blushes, which I felt burning in my cheek.

"I knew you were living with Georgiana," he continued. "But I little suspected that your uncle had discarded you: for some reason or other the Elliots kept that part of their conduct secret. They have reaped as they have sown, however. Yesterday, I learned that the present crisis has carried your uncle down: he is a bankrupt, if not worse——"

I started.

"Not ruined?" I cried.

"Yes! utterly."

The news stunned me for an instant. Then I thought of Rosalie.

"We will seek her at once," he said, in answer to my question. "I was going, as I have already said, to start to-morrow to visit you. I had supposed that you had returned to your uncle's long ago, and would have sought you, before coming here, if it had not been for a letter from my sister, which I could answer only in person. When I heard, from Bella, of your uncle's failure, I was anxious to set off by the next train, but was detained till to-night, by the same imperative business that brought me here. God knows I little thought, when I was loitering idly over Europe, what you were suffering."

"I deserve it all," I murmured, again hiding my face. "You were right and I was wrong."

"We were both wrong, and both right, darling," was his answer. "I was too imperious, and we were both too proud. We are older and wiser now, I trust. But I have my confession to make also, and it is this, that the more I reflected on your motive for standing by Georgiana, the nobler your character appeared. I went to Europe, because I was too proud to seek you, and yet could not forget you: but I long since regretted my going; and though I too have had doubts whether I was loved any longer, I returned at last to put it to the test."

"You shall be my guide, my master henceforth," I whispered, looking up into his face. "I have never been happy since that fatal morning."

He bent down and kissed me reverently.

"God deal with me," he said, with solemn accents, "as I deal by you." And thus were we, a second time, betrothed.

A carriage was now heard driving up the road. "That is my sister," said Mr. Talbot, "I will bring her here directly," and he ran out.

I was all confusion. But I appreciated the tact which instinctively told Mr. Talbot to delay the meeting till he had made the necessary explanations; and the respite gave me time to recover myself in some measure.

In a very few minutes, the sister came running in, a gentle likeness of her brother, still pretty, though a widow. Taking me to her heart, as if I had been a younger sister, she won my confidence and affection at once.

"There now, Talbot, go away," she said, "we'll see you, by-and-bye, at the tea-table; but meanwhile Margaret must come with me, for I have the children to show her, little dears, besides a thousand other things."

Speaking thus, she carried me into a charming chamber, which was fragrant with flowers, and which overlooked the wide valley, that was now darkening with the shades of twilight. Here, after busying herself about for awhile, in order, as she said, to make things more comfortable, she left me to myself, promising to summon me in about an hour.

The first thing I did, when the door closed behind her, was to give way to a hearty fit of crying. Then I washed my eyes, smoothed my hair, and had just finished rearranging my dress, when I heard a light tap at the door. It was my hostess with her two children, bright, demonstrative little girls, who made friends with me immediately: and one of whom strikingly reminded me of Rosalie. In five minutes I was as much at home with this darling as if I had known her all my life.

"Don't you think Hemlock Farm picturesque?" the mother said, directly, going to the window. "We consider the view, down the valley, very fine. The place is the old homestead, you know; but Talbot lent it to me, when I and these little ones were left alone." Here her voice quivered for an instant. But directly she went on. "My affairs are now settled, however, and, after this winter, we shall live in the city, and Talbot will take the old homestead back. It has always been his favorite summer resort. But there is the tea-bell."

I could lengthen out my story, but why should I? Mr. Talbot and I have now been married for several years. Our winters are spent in the city, our summers at Hemlock Farm. My husband has been called, more than once, to take part in the councils of his state and nation; but he always finds a few months of leisure for our mountain home.

The children, who have grown around us, love the old place as much as their parents do. We are a happy family, especially when Mr. Talbot's sister, with her two girls, joins us, as she does, for a few weeks, every summer.

For Rosalie lives with us. I have adopted her as my own child. Mr. Talbot fulfilled his promise, sought out the Elliots, and finding that

they were reduced to the extremest poverty, had little difficulty in persuading them to surrender their daughter. My uncle and aunt, indeed, survived their loss of fortune less than a year. They were unable to bear what they thought the disgrace of indigence, and died of what some would call broken hearts, in consequence.

Despencer never reappeared in the United States. After the discovery of the gold mines in California, a man, answering to his description, was lynched on the Sacramento for stealing another miner's claim; but we were never positive that this was Georgiana's husband.

Old Jane died in prison, while I was lying sick. On everybody, except myself, who had lived in the old stone mansion, since the night of the first awful tragedy there, the parricidal curse seemed to have fallen; for all had perished prematurely. The mansion itself is now a roofless ruin, through whose open casements the winds and rain beat, and whose very stones are slimy with damp and decay. But the sombre pines still stand, like mourners, about it; and as they sob and groan in the winter blasts, give color to the popular tradition, now more positive than ever, that the place is haunted.

THE CALM OF LIFE.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGBEE.

The day goes down in its beauty,
And from the Heavens afar,
As a jewel of wondrous brightness,
Gleameth the evening star.

The clouds—like freighted vessels—
Have floated far out to sea;
And gentle winds are whispering
To every listening tree.

The sky as a hand is stretching
In holiness over all,
And I hear, as from voices in Heaven,
A benediction fall!

Ah, me! that Life's cares and sorrows
Might go with the drifting clouds;
They would go in a million numbers—
In thick and struggling crowd!

And I wish that a calm might follow,
As reigns o'er the world to-night,

That the spirit might rise re-strengthened
With the dawn of to-morrow's light.

I wish—and I wish but vainly!
The hands of the pleading heart
Must soon unclasp from the weaker,
And nerve for the sterner part!

For sighing is weak and ignoble—
It cures not the wounds of the past;
It were better to die and be faithful
Than to yield unto wrong at the last!

Brave heart—covered over with stabbings
From the hands of the false and untrue!
Be thou strong in thine armor of iron
Till the battle is triumphed through!

And then, as the night now falling,
When the surging toil is o'er
In a cloudless calm—star-lighted—
Thou shalt rest forevermore!

THE HOUSE OF THE NOVEL READER.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

"WIFE! wife! do let me have that book,
Yes, nearly noon, and only look,
The breakfast-table standing yet,
And sure I am a saint would fret
To hear that blessed baby roar;
Man never needed patience more."

"Now, husband! do for once be still,
For read I must, and read I will;
The very deuce is surely in it,
I never can sit down a minute
But there is such an uproar here—
Take up the baby—that's a dear—
He's yours, I'm sure, as much as mine—
I cannot understand a line."

"Please, mother! tell me where to go
With all these breakfast things, you know
If any visitors should come
You'd have to say, 'I'm not at home.'"

"Go right away, you tiresome child!
You worry me till I am wild,
The dishes put just where you please,
And let me have a moment's peace."

"Look, mother! Sister, ain't that nice?
Cat's in the cream up to her eyes,
And Rover, with his two fore-feet
Upon the table, stealing meat.
Hurrah! I'm glad I am a boy,
I'm off to where I can enjoy
More fun than's to be found at home;
Don't you wish, sister, you might come,
While father rocks our little pet,
(He'll make a charming nurse-maid yet),
And mother reads her book in quiet,
With nobody to make a riot?"

NO INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"I HAVE no influence!"

The words were spoken in a sort of passionate surprise. The speaker was poor, plain, and (in her own eyes) insignificant.

It put us in a moralizing mood—thus. You have influence—you, everybody. You can't get away from it. And it matters not what is your sphere, your duty, your sex, there is a moral obligation always pressing upon you. You cannot put it off with excuses; you cannot hide it under careless gayety; you cannot resist it by moroseness and negligence. It follows you to your grave.

No influence!

My friend, you are ever impressing somebody with good or evil—child or neighbor, mistress or maid, clerk or employer. With the laughing debauchee you may sing,

"I care for nobody,
Nobody cares for me,"

and to a certain extent this may be true; but you are at the same time receiving and making impressions.

No influence!

Oh! not so. One would think that the miser, drawn within himself, loving nothing but his musty deeds and bonds and hoarded gold, was the last man to exercise any obligation of morality toward mankind. Yet there is not a moment he draws his shriveled lungs full of heaven's bounteous air, but he is making an impression for evil on somebody.

No influence!

We cannot live for ourselves alone. The most selfish being in existence is like a pen perpetually moving, blotting foully where he does not make fair marks.

"What am I doing?"

A question every one should pause to ask in the midst of life's cares or reckless pleasures.

You, madam, are heedlessly teaching your child lessons of vanity, by your perpetual recurrence to dress, dress, dress.

You, madam, are making your children fretful by your own gloomy brow, and hurried, restless answers. To be sure you have cares and trials: please tell us who has not?

The moral character is only ennobled when we do right under adverse circumstances—in other words, when we make sacrifices.

We knew a poor, old man—most likely out of the body now—who, when an indigent college youth came to him for help, gave him the two best shirts he had. A banker, who was applied to on the youth's account, whistled a little, then saying to himself, "I shall never feel it," put fifty dollars into the applicant's hand.

But—we believe God looked with most favor on the man who felt it—the poor, old man with scarcely a dollar in his pocket. He had proved that he did his charity for charity's sake. It cost him something. He had made a sacrifice in the name of Him who said, "Verily they shall have their reward." So, my friend, consider the character, the moulding of your child's whole future being of sufficient importance to make some sacrifice of your feelings when circumstances are adverse.

No influence!

You, sir, are injuring more than one young man by the glass you take in public; you, sir, by the petty tricks of deception in trade, which none understand so well as your clerks; you, sir, by your passionate temper and vehement blasphemies; you, sir, by your meanness at home, exercised toward wife and children.

"I'm sure I have no influence," sighed a poor shop girl, pausing in the midst of her work.

She had but that moment made an honest statement, which, had she avoided, would have saved her fifty cents. The other girls, who had forgotten their consciences, were rebuked. Their flushed faces and downcast eyes told that the good seed had not fallen in vain.

"I'm sure I have no influence," murmured a poor old woman, as she was going from church on the Sabbath.

But mark you—out of the great congregation none but she had said, "Oh! sir, (to the pastor) your sermon did me so much good! It was like rest to the weary, or refreshment to the hungry."

She little dreamed how those words blessed that good man's heart, warming, comforting, consoling. They imparted a new strength to

him; he felt happier all the week for having heard them.

No influence!

But ah! the instances that might be recorded upon the other side—for we all do harm as easily as good, and more frequently, if we are not animated by the one principle that should be the guide of life. And the consequences follow us!

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

BY ELEANOR CLAIR

UPON the Western hills, the beams
Of fading sunlight lay,
And with the dying rays a life
Was passing fast away.

Three Summers had beheld her bloom;
The fourth was hasting by,
When like the early flowers, the time
Had come for her to die.

With solemn gaze, two children looked
Upon the parting scene,
And wonder grew within their souls
To know what death might mean.

And when the last faint breath was spent
And closed the weary eyes,
The dark death-angel spread his wings
And bore away the prize.

The sister and the brother stood
And watched how twilight shade
O'er hill and vale, and field and wood
Its silent progress made;

And all the time, in silence deep
They thought the mystery o'er,
While the new sense of life and death
Grew stronger than before.

Till suddenly, a silver ray
Delights the upturned eye,
Where fair and clear, a lonely star
Has taken its place on high.

And then a meaning seemed to break
Upon them from afar;
"See, sister's soul," they cried, in joy,
"Is now a shining star,

And through the night, till morning break
Her Heavenly place she'll keep,
And never weary, from above
Will watch us while we sleep."

Strong, child-like Faith! were such but ours
To keep our souls serene,
With neither doubt nor care nor fear,
God's love and us between.

For though the loved be distant far,
And all unknown the state
In which beyond this mortal sphere
Our coming they await;

If they with star-like eyes keep watch
O'er our uncertain feet,
Or dwell serene, of earthly things
Lulled in oblivion sweet,

We know that when, on star or sun,
Or where the place may be,
The Saviour calls the ransomed home
His face of light to see.

The parted ones are joined again,
Knowing as they are known,
And love's fruition is complete
Before the Father's throne.

ZENA.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

WHERE the early flowers blossom
In a Southern sunny clime,
Where the birds their plaintive warblings
Echo in the sweet Spring time,
Where the sycamore hangs proudly
Over merry laughing streams,
There a lovely, thoughtful maiden
Wanders oft and sweetly dreams.

Often will approaching nightfall
Find her pensive, sitting there,
With the violet and blue-bell
Twining in her sunny hair;
While the melody that gushes
From the streamlet rippling by,
Is not sweeter than her blushes
As a shadow meets the eye

Mirrored in the crystal waters,
Fairer than a sylvan elf,
Yet she thinks not, pensive dreamer,
That it is her own sweet self.
Now her thoughts are fondly lingering
O'er the land which gave her birth,
Which to every filial wanderer
Is the dearest spot of earth.

Angels watch her as she lingers,
Zephyrs fan her Parian brow
Fragrant with sweet-scented blossoms,
For her thoughts are holy now.
May there mingle in her dreamings
Thoughts of one who at her side,
Spent life's happiest hours so swiftly
On the blue and restless tide.

LEAVES FROM NANNIE WILD'S DIARY.

BY MARY AMES ATKINS.

Almond Grove, 1851.

TWELVE to-day. So many years gone through with since I was ushered upon this stage of existence. Do I speak irreverently? I do not wish to; but bitter fountains are stirred within me, and such strange thoughts thrill me through and through! My dear old nurse says these are wicked indulgences, and that every lot is better a thousand times than we deserve, and worthy our deepest gratitude; and also declares that I am old as the oldest in many things, especially in reflection. People usually deem long life desirable. Shouldn't it be? I have seen glimpses of life that I thought ought to be perpetual, so true and golden seemed every moment! Who can desire to be happier than my sister Grace? How beautiful and beloved she is! I wonder if I am such a dreadfully homely, unloveable thing? Everybody says so—actually everybody. Even my mother cannot endure a full gaze at my face; and flushes up when strangers (and we have a great many, especially gentlemen,) say, "Is this your child?" as if it were impossible for so beautiful a parent tree to have brought forth such stunted, rough, ugly fruit. Ah! my mother, you little know how deeply I love you—how constantly I desire your approbation—how ardently I long for you to call me "my daughter," in the tones that charm, aye! and pain me, because they are never for me. These heedless strangers do not affect me, but my mother's mortification is far more distressing to me than these sudden and frequent confirmations of my utter destitution of facial attractions. Would want of beauty in my mother make any difference in my love for her? Never! She would be my mother, and in that dearest of all words there is beauty, the deepest and richest earth affords. How she loves and pets Grace; and I, ugly I, standing by longing, heart-sick for one of the sweet names and caresses that seem very stale to my fortunate sister. The other day, Frank Lee, one of my schoolmates consolingly told me at the close of a number of mirthful observations upon my flaming hair, freckled face, small, grey eyes, wide mouth and stooping figure, that I could never fade. I suppose he thought me quite as ugly as is possible for me to be. I was not angry with him. I never am with any who call me ugly.

I don't think much of beauty for myself, and never want it, only when I get to longing for my mother's love, and feel that through it I could obtain my life-long desire. Nurse says I am handsome enough; but who else will ever see through her eyes? She let a word drop this morning that puzzles me: she intimates that Grace attracts many of our male visitors to the house. A sudden thought strikes me, but I will not write it.

Everybody likes Grace. At school she is first in all things, (and I would tell this only to you, my precious diary,) not that she is superior intellectually to the pupils, but because she is beautiful.

I have noticed (I hope I am not growing envious, jealous, nor unjust,) that even our principal, stern man, thorough teacher, has a stronger fancy for a lovely than a homely face. I suppose he cannot help favoring Grace, beauty is so enticing; but he ought not to indulge in this sort of favoritism. Do any guess what an inner life I lead? Conflict and triumph side by side the whole way through! I dream dreams when wide awake that fill my soul with inexpressible glory. Genius! What is genius? Ah! my little diary, I can dare to tell you that I think I have hidden powers of mind of great value. I can tell you this: alas! who else would care to hear it? But if this be true, can genius compensate for the absence of that love I unceasingly crave? But I must win this love. Ma laughed when I promised to write as well as Grace. She thought I could not—she sees I can, as I write all her letters to papa. Can I bide my time? Oh! the old longing to be near her heart. The very impossibility of even partial possession is an incentive to exertion. I will strive to win and deserve it. This morning, I said, "Mother, does father willingly tolerate the presence of ugly-faced people?" upon which, she looked at me so strangely and coldly, that I dared not trust myself to await her answer, but rushed from the room. Soon after I heard her clear, loud tones in Grace's chamber, saying,

"You shall have everything you want, pet, especially dress; Mr. Bright is very fond of dress. You do need your room refurnished. I.

wonder where my eyes were that I did not find it out before you mentioned it. Don't you think Nan a little queer?"

"She's always that. Ugly *everyway*, hey?" replied Grace.

What a monster I must seem to people! ugly *everyway*! Yet, much of it is because I am misunderstood. I will drink peace from that thought. What are mere gifts, qualifications, my dear unconscious sister, compared with the wealth of love you daily receive, yet are never thankful for?

Almond Grove, 1855.

Many a line of painful history have I traced on your patient face, my pale, silent friend, and many more are yet to come, I fear.

The years go by, and I am still alone. People usually deem long life desirable. At sixteen I am the same, homely, unattractive creature, who, at nine, wondered why her mother turned from her proffered kiss. Alas! I am led through many a pain to wish myself the ignorant little being of that misty period! "You can never fade," promised that humorous schoolmate, as his fine eye danced with fun.

Fade! Ah! there is worse fading than the daily slipping away of the cheeks' carmine, of the eyes' brightness, of the skin's lily fairness, of the hair's luxuriance and gloss, of the figure's graceful roundness. Ah! far worse! I own this with streaming eyes. Oh! to be alone—alone when the crushed tendrils of the heart are forever reaching upward for the dew they parch for but can never obtain. I long for my father's return. Will he love me? Will he receive my heartfelt welcome? I was only five when he left home. Will he wonder I have no dresses made of the rich silks he sent home for me? He shall never know that Grace has had them all fitted to her. To be sure she does honor to them that I could not: besides, "mine and thine" are distinctions I can never bring myself to make. But to have given her those articles myself would have been a happiness to me. Yet, mother may have done right in withholding them from me. (I must not descry spots in the face of my sun, I had far rather bask in its brightness, although its beams fall only indirectly upon me.)

How have those years of absence dealt with father? He used to call in tones that made me laugh, "his little scarecrow." He will find his scarecrow different only in size.

Grace is nineteen, and redolent in beauty. Mr. Bright is still her admirer. She treats him variously. It is plain she does not quite discard him, nor does she any of her admirers. She is the belle and beauty for many, many miles

round. I am very proud of her; my love for the beautiful being very intense. But I must leave you here alone, diary. Nurse wants me to go to a prayer meeting with her.

Almond Grove, a month later.

How lovely is the day, beautiful with sunshine, and reaches of deep, blue sky, and perfumes redolent of flowers in their richest bloom! How much poetry, and prayer, and praise their is in such a day!

From afar, like discontented spirits, come on the breeze to me, the roar and turmoil, and discord of the city; and yet, distinctly, softly sweet, the murmuring waves will have their anthem heard by one who loves the music well. How glad, how bright and beautiful nature looks to me. Truly my soul is reveling in a baptism that, a month ago, I did not dream could be mine. The glories of a second birth have placed me in a new life. Discontent, envy, vain-longings have fled. As heretofore, I will strive (yet not as its primary good) to win to my heart the heart of the being I so dearly love; I shall probably be disappointed, but I will labor to wear my trouble well. She and Grace only deride my new faith. I will not intrude it upon them, but let my daily life prove its worth and reality. Oh! could they but be happy as I. How glad dear old nurse is that I have come out of darkness into marvelous light. I agree with her that it was no little thing to stand upon the threshold of life, looking willfully with bursting heart afar upon a long reaching future bare of glad promise. But the wounds of my crushed heart are healed. The Good Shepherd has passed near and touched them. Preceding me into the waters was the figure of Frank Lee, thoughtful, subdued, with a martyr's look of exultant faith upon his fine countenance. I hear he will study for the ministry. His family deride the idea, being exceedingly aristocratic and worldly; but he is firm in the plan. May God help and prosper him! I am certain that Grace fancies him above Mr. Bright. This gentleman begins to look dissatisfied—his long wooing does not prosper as he had hoped.

A month later.

He is here—my father—my father! How I love him! He has but just come—hardly an hour since. I watched long at the turn in the road, wanting a good, unseen look into the face that always beamed kindly into mine in infancy, and which I had kept in such fond remembrance. The old kind look was there, but lines, care and India sun had done their worst upon it. He left the corner, preferring to walk toward his home and note the changes time might have made in

every remembered landmark. This plan of his brought tears into my eyes. I should have done just so. My dear father must have a great, fresh soul. He walked slowly, noticing everything. Soon he came upon me as I sat on the hedge, netting in hand; a deep brown sunbonnet slouched over my face. I felt very hot and flushed, but would dare to lift my eyes, which I had only dropped when I felt how near he was getting. He bowed gravely, as he would in passing any stranger. Then, as my soul, very likely with its thronging sensations, spoke in my face, he paused in front of me, while his deep, grey eyes went questioningly all over my poor, homely face. I could not stand this. Tears rained over my face.

"Oh! father," I cried, rushing into his arms, while my netting went, I know not where.

"Why, Nanny!" and then he gave me a kiss that hid all the ugly, intervening years, and made of me a simple child of five. Oh! what rest did this give my soul.

"How are mother and Grace?" he asked.

"Well, and anxiously expecting you. Grace is a beauty," I added.

"Humph! I expected it; am glad she is, as I like beautiful things," with a sly glance of his eyes at me. "Aren't you a beauty, too? I shall be disappointed if you say no!"

"Now, father!" I cried, upon which he renewed his kiss; then, drawing my arm through his, hurried with me toward home. At the window stood mother, in full dress; Grace was not beside her.

He left me to greet mother, who never looked more radiantly beautiful. It was a fine couple standing there with clasping arms. I felt proud of my parents. It is a good thing to possess good parents.

"Why did not you put on a nicer dress, Nanny? That is no honor to your father! But you are so queer!"

"I thought, mother, of nothing but father," I explained.

"No apologies; you are the quintessence of neatness, and that's enough!" interposed father, holding forth a hand to me.

"To be sure, dress would not make much difference in her," said mother, who then rang for a servant to call Grace.

Grace soon entered. What a gorgeous picture she was! Like mother she was in elaborate costume.

"So this is my beautiful correspondent! Just what I expected to find the mistress of such choice ideas and penmanship!" cried father, holding her off to get his fill of gazing. Could

I help stealing a glance at mother? I did not, but regretted it when I met her quickly withdrawn glance. I felt the wrong, but was powerless to expose it. Grace, through indolence, has never written a line to father. I have long written for mother, who always chose (as she said) to write her own name at the close. And thus she managed to put Grace's where I naturally supposed hers would go. But never mind, it is all for the best, I dare say. Father shall never know the deception if I can prevent it. Ah! there's Frank Lee's quick step! But what is that to me, that I should disfigure you, my diary? Grace will be glad to see him. He comes to see her. His visits are nothing to me. So I'll run down to the parlor for an hour or so, then come back to my writing-desk and add a page to the manuscript, that I am vain enough to hope the world, yes, really the whole world will some day see!

Almond Grove, three months later.

It never can be Nannie Wild now writing in this safety-valve-dairy—it never can be! What does the world mean by being so good to me? A while ago, father blundered upon my manuscript, (I shall always believe nurse put it in his way.) After the first hasty glance he cried, "Why! this penmanship is just like that of my letters from home for the past number of years!"

"Sartin 'tis," said nurse.

"But Nannie wrote this?" holding the book up that she might see it.

"Yes," replied nurse.

"And Grace wrote the letters?"

"No, sir. Miss Nannie wrote them," said nurse, with emphasis. She likes to pay me marked respect.

Father fell into a fit of musing. When he aroused, he read my manuscript very carefully. I was out visiting my Sunday scholars. When I was on my return I met father, who had come to meet me. I knew he was full of something.

"My dear, dear, gifted child!" he burst forth, while big tears actually rolled from his eyes, "how strangely, cruelly you have been treated. I see it all now. How blind I've been all my life. But you shall be righted. Righted! As if we, so deeply your inferiors, could right, appreciate you properly!"

I was quite as full as he. Not a word could I speak. I was literally dumb. When he took the manuscript from his bosom—he had plunged it there when he came forth to meet me—he spoke of it in the highest terms. Took it up, point by point, and went through it as we sat on the hedge—for he had seated me there—in a manner that gave me fresh pride in him. In his

criticism he did not dream that he was letting me glance into a mine of genius that he is ignorant he possesses. That night Frank Lee called. To my surprise, he passed the seat that Grace reserved for him on the sofa beside her, and came and took a vacant chair at my side. He had to walk the full length of the drawing-room to do this. I think I must have looked awkwardly red. He had not sat long, ere father called him into the library. I know now what made my heart bound at the summons. It was about my manuscript. Father has great confidence in Frank's judgment. And now the book is out. The world has seen and praised it. A little fortune promises to be the result of this literary effort. It has been postized, and children, hurdy-gurdies, and pianos alike sing the music set to it. Ought I not to rejoice that the great Father has been so indulgent to me? Also, that he has kindly given me the love of my mother and sister! The latter will soon marry Mr. Bright. And I, whom shall I marry? No wonder that I doubt I am Nanny Wild! I shall some time marry—Providence willing—Frank Lee! the idol of my days! How came he to

look upon me in such a light? Truly, I cannot see. Nurse says I was always a great favorite with him, and that he never liked anybody else. But she is, as ever, a fond flatterer. I got a copy of my book bound in the richest manner for her. I often find her poring over it. She keeps it on a stand side by side with her Bible; I suspect the latter is sometimes neglected for the former. Mother often refers, I am told, to her gifted daughter Nanny! I am glad there is something in me that she can be proud of. Can the bright future that I pause to look into be really for me? I approach it with trembling, tender thought. It seems far too joyful and bright for such as I. Can so rich and great a soul be happy in a union with me? It is a momentous question. Oh, Frank! Frank! if I should through any cause bring a pain-throb to your heart! Oh! human souls bound together at the marriage altar ought to study, appreciate each other with awe and reverence! It takes but a slight jar to irreparably injure the finest porcelain! That I may be worthy of so good a man, and thankful to the Giver of so bright a destiny, shall be my constant prayer and effort.

PAULINA.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

SHE came among us as a bride,
What time the earth put off her green,
At mellow Autumn's middle tide;
When, girt and jeweled like a queen,
October, with her hair aflame,
Flushed brow, and purple finger tips,
Across the Southern orchards came,
And touched the apples with her lips.

She came a bride—so fond, so gay—
Ah! in yon chamber still and deep,
We little thought so soon to lay
A pillow for her dreamless sleep:

And treading back the snows of March,
There, mute and slow, to follow her,
Who gathered 'neath the festal arch,
So many a raptured worshiper.

She came in Autumn—ah, how fair!
They watched her cheek who loved her best,
Smiled at the June rose lingering there,
And none its root of fever guessed.
Now, creeping from thin-budding bowers,
Where yet rude winds at midnight rave,
White-footed April wakes the flowers,
To weep beside her early grave.

HOPELESS LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I **SHRINK**, dear one, from offering thee
A timid love like mine;
I can but worship thee afar,
As an immortal shrine;
No hope have I to gain thy heart,
How hopelessly I love;
I can but brood upon my heart,
As on its nest the dove.
Ah, me! 'tis sad that I should love
All silent and alone;
God grant thy fate may never be
As wretched as mine own;

I would not have dark sorrow's pang
Upon thy heart to prey;
To feed upon thy every hope,
And wear thy life away.

I breathe thy name, beloved one,
Within the realms of sleep;
And though my love is vain, yet it
Can pray for thee—and weep;
And though I may upon this earth
Find all my love is vain;
Yet unto me in Paradise,
It shall return again.

THE SISTER'S CHARGE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

It was a raw autumn evening. The wind shivered down from the hills in great gusts, and a chill rain was beginning to fall, which threatened to end in a heavy storm of sleet and hail.

Ann Leonard stood by the window, looking out upon the tempest, and eagerly watching through the dim light for her brother's arrival. There was no light in the room, the fire had burned low and everything wore a look of gloom, but through the half-open door there was a view of the broad kitchen, with a cheerful fire burning on the hearth, the tea-table drawn up near the fire, and everything wearing that air of comfort which only a tender and loving woman's hand can give.

Ann left the window, and, with a prolonged glance about the room, went quickly out into the kitchen, as if startled by the darkness which surrounded her. She looked mournfully around, for it was but a little time since a heavy grief had fallen upon her in that old house. By the fire-place still stood her father's arm-chair, in the spot where he had sat for years; but three months before they had carried the old man out to the grave-yard, and laid him beside the wife and children who had gone before.

There were none left now but Ann and her brother Charles. The house which had formerly been so cheerful, was desolate: and in Ann's heart struggled bitter sorrow for the past, and undefined fears for the future, which she dared not too closely question lest they should take a shape more terrible than those vague doubts.

Suddenly she heard the sound of footsteps, and, hastening to the outer door, flung it open just as her brother reached it. He was a tall, fine-looking fellow of twenty, drenched now with rain, but wearing upon his face some look of unexplained joy which lit it up with almost boyish beauty.

"I have got it, Ann!" he exclaimed; "I have got it! I am to start whenever I like."

"Oh! Charles."

She could say no more; but, going back to the fire, stood there, pale and trembling, as if the wind from without had chilled her.

The youth was too much excited to notice her

agitation. He threw off his hat and outer coat, wrung the moisture from his dark curls, talking eagerly all the while, and quite unable to remain still for a moment.

"I had a hard walk from the post-office through this rain, I tell you," he said, "but it's no matter, I got the letter."

"And they have promised you the place?" Ann asked, at length, forcing herself to speak.

"Yes, to be sure. I'll read you the letter as soon as I can dry my hands. Mr. Winthrop recommended me very highly, and it seems that one of the firm used to know father, so they gave me the situation without hesitation."

"And when shall you go?"

"I would like to start to-night. I suppose it will take me a week to get ready, but I shall be off the moment I can. Here is the letter——"

"Wait till you have had your tea," interrupted Ann; "I would rather hear it then."

She turned away, and, for a few moments, was very busy over the table, though her hand shook so that she could scarcely hold the teapot, and the great tears would roll out from under her eyelids in spite of all her efforts to keep them back.

"I hate to see you at such work," said Charles, suddenly turning toward her. "Wait till I get rich and we will live in the city, and you shall not make a slave of yourself in this way."

"Our mother did it before me, Charles," she said, gently.

"If you are not crying!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Ann, crying at my good luck?"

"I wish I could be sure that it is so," she replied.

"How can it be otherwise? Isn't it a great deal better to go to the city and stand a chance of being a rich merchant, than to slave away my life on the old farm. I won't do it, Ann, I have made my mind up to that."

"Tea is ready," was all she said; "sit down, for I am sure you must be hungry."

"I believe I am, though I was too near crazy to think of it. Now, Ann, we haven't much time to attend to things in. We must let the farm, I suppose, and you can live in the house—there's Groves wants the place."

"With my consent he shall never have it—he

is a bad man. Leave all to me, Charles; when spring comes I shall have everything arranged. I shall not argue with you, it is too late; you must go to New York if you think proper, but I still feel that it would have been better had you decided to remain, pay off the mortgage which hangs over the farm, and live here quietly as our parents did before us."

"I should die, Ann! For the last year it has seemed impossible for me to stay another day; it was nothing but father's poor health that kept me here so long."

Ann shook her head sadly, but made no reply.

"Now, sis, don't look so grave! You are fancying all sorts of dreadful things, and not one of them will be verified."

"You are so young yet, Charles, and when I think of all the temptations to which you will be exposed, I am troubled and anxious."

"Oh, never fear; I will be as wise as a judge; I have got over all my little follies."

The conversation went gradually back to the past, and soon both were dwelling with sorrowful fondness upon the memory of the dear ones who had one by one been taken from them. Charles retired to his room at length full of buoyant hope and expectation; but deep into the night Ann Leonard sat by the waning fire, grieving over her brother's head-strong determination to follow every passing caprice, and trying to see her way clear through the irksome duties which must necessarily fall upon her.

Mr. Leonard, their father, had been a man of no ordinary mind, and though a farmer living in a quiet, out-of-the-way place, his two children had been carefully educated. During the latter years of his life he had been harassed by debts, which devolved upon him through the mismanagement of a brother, and Charles' conduct had also caused him much trouble. He had been a wild, uncontrollable boy; and several times during his school days there had been difficulties to settle and debts to pay, which pressed heavily upon the old man, and were an added bitterness to the trials he already endured.

When Mr. Leonard died, there was little left his children beside the farm and the homestead. There was a heavy mortgage upon the place, but he had instructed them how it might be paid off; and if the son had followed his father's directions, they would in the course of two or three years find themselves comfortably situated.

But Ann found it useless to reason with her brother. He had determined to pursue his own fancies, and a life in the city he craved beyond anything in the world.

The week passed—very slowly to the impa-

tient youth who longed to break away from that peaceful seclusion, and rush forth into the confusion and strife of the outer world. Quickly, oh, how quickly the days fled to the anxious sister, till it seemed to her that she would have given years out of her own life to prolong those fleeting hours.

He was gone at last, and Ann Leonard sat down in her solitary dwelling, feeling that the quiet of her life was broken up, and that it could never return to the untroubled serenity of the past.

But she had little time to brood over those dark presages; there was work to be done, and it was better so. Our griefs magnify in idleness, and for one who suffers there is no ill so fatal as knowing that there are no positive duties to be performed, nothing only to lie down in passive despair and wait until the whirlwind is past.

The winter passed slowly and sadly enough. There came frequent letters from Charles, full of hope and glowing anticipations, in which Ann could take no share.

"Have no fear for me," had been her brother's last words; "I can see my future clearly now."

But Ann did fear. She knew his fickle nature so well, his weakness, his proneness to temptation, but she was powerless to aid him now, save as some good angel might, by giving her prayers, and watching over the boy whom she had promised her dying father to guard always.

CHAPTER II.

Two years went by, and in all that time the brother and sister had not once met. Each summer Ann had awaited his arrival with loving impatience, but there came only hurried letters of regret—the pressure of business was so great that he was unable to leave town.

Several times she had proposed visiting him, but either the occasion was not convenient for him to receive her, or her numerous occupations detained her at home: so during that long interval they had possessed no interest or feelings in common, unless the great love which filled Ann's heart found an echo in his own.

During that time Ann had carried on the farm with the aid of a trusty man, and under her good management the debts which her father left had been wholly paid off, and the farm, in a measure, relieved from the mortgage which hung over it.

Many times she had found means to send Charles small sums of money, as he had written her that he was anxious each year to save a portion out of his salary for the formation of a capital for future business; and he never knew

the annoying economy which she was forced to exercise, the petty privations so painful to a woman which she endured in order to add to his comfort and happiness.

During the first year, she received frequent letters from Charles, but after that they became irregular and more brief, until at length whole weeks would elapse between the reception of those hurried and unsatisfactory missives. Ann detected an air of restraint unusual with him, and she wrote begging him to be perfectly frank and open with her. He only chided her for such folly, and she was forced to console herself with the idea that perhaps her affection rendered her too solicitous, and she refrained from wearying him with the fears which troubled her lonely hours.

It was autumn again; the second anniversary of Charles' departure had come and past. Ann had received no tidings from him for more than a month; but one day, when her distress was at its height, there came from him a few lines which froze her very blood.

"Come to me, Ann, for God's sake! Forgive me, but come."

There followed the address of a gentleman whom she was to seek the instant of her arrival in the city. A few more incoherent words, so blotted and indistinct that she could not decipher them, and that was all.

There was no time to lose in tears or suffering. In an hour Ann was on her way, and that afternoon she reached the railway by which she was to pursue her journey. There was no train until almost evening, so there followed more hours of suspense passed in pacing her room at the hotel, striving to keep back the fears which tortured her, and praying God to avert the evil which hung over her darling.

It was the afternoon of the next day before she reached the city. She controlled her excitement sufficiently to drive to a hotel and change her dress: then she started immediately in search of the person whose address had been given in the letter.

It was a lawyer's office down in one of the close business streets that Ann sought. She entered the room apparently calm, though her limbs were trembling so that she could scarcely stand, and her eyes were wild with pain and anxiety. She was conscious that there was only one person in the office—a gentleman whose name as she entered and offered her a chair.

"I wish to see Mr. Germon," she said.

"That is my name," he replied.

"I am Charles Leonard's sister," she said, in a cold, strange tone.

The gentleman's face changed from its calm expression to one of deep sympathy. He led her gently into an inner room and closed the door.

"Tell me the worst," she exclaimed. "Don't keep me in suspense a moment longer. What has happened?"

"The most terrible thing you can imagine, Miss Leonard. Your brother——"

"Well, well! Is he living? He is not dead?"

"He has been arrested, and is in prison."

Ann did not weep nor faint. She stood upright, gazing in his face with a bewildered expression, unable to comprehend the full meaning of his words. He grew alarmed at her appearance, exclaiming,

"Miss Leonard!"

"I did not understand," she said, in the same unnatural tone. "What has happened to my brother?"

"I have told you the worst; pray sit down, Miss Leonard. I am your brother's friend—will you not consider me yours also?"

"Charles in prison!" she repeated. "Take me to him, sir—my place is beside him, he has no one but me in all the world—do take me to him."

Mr. Germon felt his eyes moisten at the sight of her anguish; but he knew that a full explanation must be made, and she could bear it better then than after she had recovered from that unexpected shock.

"You shall go to him at once, Miss Leonard," he said; "but it will be less painful for you to hear some explanation from me than him."

"Tell me—tell me."

"Charles has been for the last year under the influence of a very bad man, and even my persuasions, although he considered me one of his nearest friends, were unavailing to persuade him to break off that intimacy. This man induced him to gamble, persuaded him to forge notes signed with the name of his firm to pay the debts. Several of the notes Charles paid, but this time he was unable—there was an exposure—the company were much incensed and Charles was arrested."

"Tell me that you believe him innocent of anything but weakness and I can bear it," Ann gasped.

"I do, upon my soul! He was the tool of a villain, and suffers for his crimes."

"Now I am strong again! What can be done, Mr. Germon? My brother must not go to prison—he shall not!"

"We must obtain bail for him, and if we could persuade Messrs. Howard & Graves not to prosecute, all would be well."

"Have you tried?"

"But without success. I saw only Mr. Graves, an iron-hearted old man; but Mr. Howard is now in town——"

"I will see him, he was my father's friend. First let me go to my brother—I can find bail for him. I am strong now—in heart my brother is not guilty—he shall not be punished! Come, Mr. Germon—come."

The young lawyer looked at her in admiring astonishment. The force with which she repressed the terrible anguish that for a moment had threatened to overwhelm her, the courage which illuminated her whole face through the pallor of suffering, were wonderful to behold in one so young and womanly.

He led the way out of the office. They entered the carriage and drove to the gloomy old prison that looms up in the midst of New York like a monument of human misery. Ann took his arm as they left the carriage, and they entered the gloomy portals. She refused to have her brother sent for, and, after a few moments delay, they were conducted across the court-yard, and entered that portion of the building where the male prisoners are confined. Ann was conscious that they passed along a gloomy corridor. She heard the rattle of keys—the clanking of a heavy door, and found herself standing in a small cell, at the farther end of which was crouched a man.

She sprang forward with a cry and clasped her brother in her arms. Charles Leonard shrunk back with a groan, but she drew him closer to her faithful heart, exclaiming through the tears, which, for the first time, streamed from her eyes,

"Brother—darling—it is I—look up—speak to me—do speak to me."

"Let me go," he cried, in a sort of frenzy; "leave me to my fate, you must hate me forever."

"I love you more than before, darling! Nothing shall separate us but death, that was my promise to our father."

"I am lost, Ann," he groaned, "lost—there is no help for me!"

"I think there is, I believe there is—do not despair."

She looked round for Mr. Germon, but with delicate consideration he had not entered the cell, feeling that during the first moments of their meeting the brother and sister were best alone.

"There is no way, Ann—I must go to prison—to prison!"

"No, Charles—no, you shall not! Mr. Howard has returned, I am going to see him at once; we

can procure bail for you, and if he will only stop the prosecution all will be right again."

"Do you know how guilty I am? What a wretch you are holding to your heart?"

"I know that you have been the victim of a bad man, but I do not believe you guilty."

"Indeed I meant to replace the money, Ann! I was mad—I could not think or feel the wrong."

"I know, I know! Where is Mr. Germon?—you must be freed from this horrible place."

"To-night?" he asked, eagerly—"to-night?"

"If possible—at least to-morrow."

"Oh, it is terrible here, Ann—two days and nights in this dreadful place! When I sleep I see my mother weeping, and my father bitterly reproaching me"

"They would never have done it, Charles, never."

"But the disgrace, Ann, the shame!"

"So few will know it! I remember now that Mr. Germon told me he had kept it out of the papers——"

"Yes, God bless him! Oh, Ann, he is a noble fellow! Where is he, I want to see him?"

Perhaps his voice reached Germon where he stood without, for the door opened gently and he entered the cell.

"She forgives me," exclaimed the prisoner, springing toward him; "she forgives me! You told me to send for her—God bless you! I feel almost free now."

For a few moments the brother and sister wept in silence, then Charles flung himself upon the bed again in a new paroxysm of despair.

"It is of no use," he said, brokenly; "I am lost! They will sentence me to prison, but I will not live to endure the shame."

"Hush," said Ann, almost sternly, "you must not unnerve me! I believe that I can save you, Charles."

There was a few moments more mournful conversation, and then Ann rose to go, endeavoring to encourage new hope in her brother's heart.

"Another night to be spent here," he said. "Oh! Ann, the morning will never come!"

They left him to exert every means for his release, and Ann was not a woman to leave any expedient untried. They went first to Mr. Howard's house, and found him willing to aid his old friend's son in every way possible; but he knew so well the stubborn resolution of his partner, that he trembled for the boy.

But Ann would not despair. She insisted upon seeing Mr. Graves herself, and they allowed her to go alone, feeling that her persuasions would have more power over him than any arguments which another could offer.

She found him alone in his study, an iron-faced old man, morose and misanthropic, who listened coldly to her passionate appeals, saying only,

"He is guilty, young woman, and he ought to suffer."

"Oh! sir, think if it were your own child! You had a daughter once. What if she stood before a judge pleading for a brother's life—for it is no less than life I beg for. Think of it—perhaps at this moment she is looking down upon you waiting for your resolve. Can you send me away hopeless, despairing?"

The old man turned away his head. The only oasis left in the desert of his heart was that daughter's memory.

"For her sake," pleaded Ann, "listen to me! In her name I ask this—can you refuse me?"

There was a tone in her voice which reminded him of his lost child; something in her manner which recalled her image as she had often stood beseeching him for some favor. The tears rose to his eyes, and his voice broke as he said,

"So, child, you have conquered. Your brother is safe."

There was something more touching in Ann's simple blessing than in a world of thanks. The old man drew her toward him, muttering,

"You are like Isabel. Go, child, go."

Ann returned to Mr. Howard, but it was too late to do more that day. The next morning, Mr. Howard himself offered bail for the young man, and before noon he was free.

That night the brother and sister left the city, and before the evening of the next day they had reached their home.

"We are here at last," exclaimed Ann, leading her brother into the familiar old room. "Charles, darling, all is well."

He could not speak for a time, but when the first violence of his agitation was past, he threw himself on his knees before his sister, and they mingled their tears of repentance and gratitude.

"I shall not fear for you now," she whispered.

"God help me, you shall have no reason, Ann!" he cried, and as he buried his head in her lap, he felt upon his cheek her gentle tears, and heard the whispered prayer of thankfulness which rose to her lips.

CHAPTER III.

THREE months passed, and during that time Edward Germon made several visits to the old farm-house. Ann learned to look for his coming with a pleasure, for which she did not seek to account; and to Charles his presence brought renewed cheerfulness.

The young man began to weary of the monotonous existence which he led. He tried to interest himself in the homely duties which offered themselves, but life upon a farm was peculiarly distasteful to him: and in truth his health was far from good. Dissipation and the excitement of those terrible days had left his constitution impaired: and as spring approached, a journey to a warmer climate seemed really necessary.

Ann made many sacrifices of which he knew nothing, in order to enable him to comply with the physician's request: and he, with his restlessness and desire for change, was only too happy to find himself once more escaping from that lonely life, against which his excitable nature so strongly rebelled.

He was gone at last, and Ann was left again to her solitude; but again Edward Germon came to the homestead, and, for the first time, the girl realized why it was that his visits brought her so much happiness.

She loved, and was beloved, but a wide distance spread between them and the perfect bliss which that love should have brought. Germon was poor, and Ann would not have felt that she had any right to desert her brother while her presence was necessary for his welfare.

A lucrative offer had been made Germon, which both knew it wise to accept, although it rendered a journey abroad necessary, and his absence would be prolonged to at least a year. But Ann Leonard's life had been one continual sacrifice, and she did not hesitate now. She bade her lover farewell with unfaltering courage, preserving his fortitude by her own: and when he had sailed, returning to her lonely home, which now seemed doubly desolate.

The spring came on sunny and beautiful. Ann was beginning to look for Charles' return, when there came letters from him announcing his speedy arrival; but he would not come alone—he was married!

During his absence he had met a young Southerner, passionate and impulsive as himself, and the acquaintance of a few weeks had ended in an elopement. The girl was an orphan, and the possessor of a few thousand dollars, which she could not touch until attaining her majority; but to do Charles justice, her fortune had not in the slightest degree influenced him.

Ann read his passionate letters with a sick heart. She knew so well his fickle nature, she felt what that of the misguided girl must be, and she trembled for the future which hung over those two creatures so unfitted to understand life's duties, or to contend with its trials.

Three days after, a carriage drove up to the

homestead—the newly married pair had arrived. The wife was a girlish-looking creature, slender and pretty as a fairy, who threw herself into Ann's arms, exclaiming between smiles and tears,

"Charles says that you will love me—please do, and don't be harsh with us!"

Ann took her to her heart, feeling that another charge was added to those which already pressed so heavily upon her. That night she had a long conversation with her brother, but she found him as foolish and unreasonable in his love as he had been in all other things.

"You have taken upon yourself a serious duty, Charles," she said. "Have you considered well?"

"Nothing, Ann, I had no time—I loved Sybil, that was all I knew! But now, oh, you will see how I shall work and toil; life has a new interest for me, everything is changed."

"There is nothing left but for you to remain here, and we must carry on the farm. Will Sybil like living in this dull spot?"

"She is delighted with it, and oh, Ann, she loves you so much—she feared you so before she saw you. Don't you love her? Will you be kind to her for my sake?"

"She shall be my sister, Charles, as dear to me as you have been. Is that enough?"

A white-robed figure stole into the room, and the young wife was clinging to her new-found sister, beseeching her to love her for the sake of her husband—to care for them both and teach them what must be done.

Several days passed, and life was all sunshine to the young pair. No one but Ann saw the clouds which were rising in the distance, and must inevitably darken their future unless some guardian power could succeed in averting them. There was much to be done upon the farm, and it was necessary that Charles should be active; but day after day found him hanging over his bride, listening to her songs or reading poetry; while Ann was toiling in body and mind beneath the cares which devolved upon her.

She strove to interest the young wife in some household employment, while she sent Charles to his duties. For a few days the girl fluttered about like a gay winged butterfly, delighted with the huge apron which Ann pinned about her; and when she had actually made and baked a loaf of cake, firmly believing herself a complete housewife, and sending for Charles from the field to admire her skill.

But she soon wearied of her new industry. The indolence of her Southern habits was strong upon her, and she soon relapsed into her flower-blossom sort of existence. Charles was actually working hard, and Ann was occupied from

morning to night. The poor, little bride began to feel the loneliness of her life, and to lament loudly with the vehemence and inconsiderateness of a child.

"Why are you always at work?" she said to Ann; "I am so lonely here! Charles never comes near me now, he doesn't love me any longer."

"Sybil, we are poor; you know it yourself, we must work. Do not discourage Charles. If he works this summer, next winter he can be with you constantly, and you shall have some amusement, poor, little bird."

"I want it now! I am so lonesome—at home it was so different! My guardian let me amuse myself all day long: and here there is nothing to do but read your stupid books. Why don't you have some novels, Ann?"

"Will you try to sew, dear? Help me a little, I want these towels hemmed."

Sybil tried, but the coarse crash hurt her hands, she pricked her fingers every five minutes with the needle, and finally threw the work down in a pet, and flinging herself upon a lounge cried herself to sleep.

Charles found her there when he returned to the house, but all his efforts at consolation were unavailing.

"You don't love me a bit," she sobbed, "and Ann is a cross, old thing—I won't stay here another day! I mean to write to my guardian to take me away, so I do."

At length Charles was inclined to blame Ann, but she bore his reproaches with patience, never once returning a severe word.

"I am sorry for Sybil," she said, "but we are doing the best in our power."

"This life will kill her!" exclaimed Charles; "I don't know what to do, I have no courage left."

Ann soothed him as well as she could; took more of the burthen upon her own shoulders, leaving him time again to idle away with Sybil, and for a few days all was sunshine once more.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLES and Sybil had now been married six months, and much of the romance had worn off in the stern reality which had gathered around them.

Sybil had fretted herself nearly ill, and her husband, as almost any man would have done, had wearied of her whims, and scarcely sought to soothe her restlessness. They had frequent quarrels now which pained Ann terribly; sharp words would pass between them, which it seemed to her must leave wounds that could never heal; but perhaps a few hours after, there would be a

passing gleam of content, and the two would seem to forget it again.

Often each blamed Ann, but she scarcely heeded their words, never once making any reply which could make matters worse. It was a weary season for her, and the only consolation was in reading Edward's letters, which could but satisfy a love as craving and earnest even as hers.

One morning, Sybil was seized with a whim to go to New York for several weeks, and it was in vain that her husband and Ann expostulated with her. As usual she would hear neither argument or reason.

"I want to go," she said, "I must go! I have been shut up here for six months, and I will go away."

"You told me when you came here that you thought the place charming," Charles replied.

"I didn't expect to be buried alive though! You don't love me as well as you did then, you never stay with me or talk to me now."

"Don't be so unreasonable, Sybil! I have done all in my power to make you happy, and these reproaches are cruel."

"Then take me to the city," she exclaimed, with a return of her child-like manner, throwing her arms about his neck; "be a good boy, do."

"I cannot, Sybil; God knows I would refuse you nothing in my power, but I have no money."

"I am so sick of that word. Ann counts every penny I spend as if I had no right to it."

"Sybil, Sybil!"

"She does, I tell you, and I won't stand it! I am not a child; I am eighteen and married too! You treat me cruelly, and I wish I had never left my dear guardian."

"Are you sorry that you married me, Sybil?"

"You are, if I am not—you know you are! Ann wishes I was away, she is jealous of me, and does all she can to make difficulty between us."

Ann rose quietly and left the room. She would not answer those childish complaints, and she could not sit there and listen to their mutual recriminations, which were certain to end in harsh words that wrung her heart.

"How can you talk so, Sybil?" Charles said, when they were alone; "Ann does all that she can for you."

"She makes me miserable, and so do you—I hate her."

"Perhaps you hate me too, Sybil."

"I shall if you go on treating me in this way."

"I am tried of all this," he said, his hot temper rising at her taunts. "I have borne a great deal, Sybil, but I warn you my patience is almost worn out."

"Then leave me—send me back to my guardian! You can't—you haven't a penny! Why didn't you tell me you were a beggar?"

Charles turned fiercely toward her, so pale with rage that she shrunk back with a burst of tears.

"That's right," she exclaimed, recklessly; "strike me—kill me—do! I would rather die than live in this way."

Charles drew back, shocked at his own violence, and seated himself again.

"Now then you are sullen, you won't speak to me; you do nothing but torture me."

"And you, Sybil, what have you done to make me happy? You study your own ease, you are selfish and exacting, and leave me no peace. You will not allow me to work, and yet you insist upon having money——"

"I always had it before I married you," she interrupted. "I have money of my own, and it is very mean of Mr. Pierson to keep it from me."

"You will have it when you come of age."

"That is what you are waiting for, I believe you married me for nothing else."

"You will drive me mad, Sybil; no man could stand this. Stop now, you shall go no farther."

"I will not stop! You shall hear the truth if you kill me; I am not afraid, though I think you are bad enough for anything and Ann too!"

"I wonder you consent to live in the house with people of whom you have such an opinion"

"Let me go away then, that is what I want."

"Go when you like, and where you like, I will bear no more!"

He rushed out of the room and the house, and Sybil went to her chamber and locked herself in, giving way to a burst of hysterical weeping, which she believed absolute despair.

After a time, Ann went to her door and knocked, but received no answer. The day wore on, and still Charles did not return. Ann grew anxious and alarmed; the men had seen nothing of him, and she sent to the village, but he had not been there.

Toward evening Sybil came out of her chamber, but she would not speak, and received Ann's kind words with childish petulance.

It grew quite dark, and still Charles did not come. Ann returned to the room where Sybil was lying.

"Do you know where Charles went?" she asked.

"No, nor care! I never want to see him again."

"Oh, Sybil, don't. Think what you are saying! We cannot find him anywhere, and he has been gone since morning."

The wife rose quickly, all the woman rushing back to her heart again.

"Can't find him?" she said. "Nothing has happened—oh, Ann, tell me there has not!"

"I hope not, darling; we will wait awhile, he may come in."

They sat down by the fire. Sybil clinging to her sister, begging for comfort, which Ann was not slow to give, though all the while there was a cold chill at her heart which mocked her words.

Eight o'clock struck; Ann could bear it no longer. She rose and wrapped a shawl about her to go out.

"Where are you going, Ann? Take me, oh, don't leave me alone! My poor Charles! Oh, Ann, if anything has happened! It was all my fault."

Ann soothed her again; called one of the farm hands, and the three went out together. The moon was shining brightly so that they could see clearly, but there was no one in sight. The wife wept aloud; but Ann pressed on cold and silent, an icy pain girdling her heart.

Some instinct directed her toward a grove upon a hill, at the foot of which ran a brook. It was quite dark among the trees, but Ann led the way. A favorite dog had followed them, and now he began to whine piteously.

"Look for him, Carlo!" pleaded Ann; "good Carlo!"

The dog bounded down toward the brook, and stopped beside some object whining more sorrowfully than before.

Ann sprang forward—upon the turf lay her brother, cold and insensible. Sybil screamed and fell down upon the ground; but Ann raised his head and laid her hand upon his heart—it beat still, but the blood was slowly oozing from a wound on his temple.

"He is not dead, Sybil," she said; "come to me."

"See the blood. Oh! I have killed him!" she groaned.

Ann could not heed her then. She sent the man back for help, and they carried her brother to the house. Before the doctor arrived he could speak, but could give no account of the accident. He had been in the woods, and was returning after dark—fell and knew nothing more.

There was great danger, the physician said; and, all night, Ann and the poor wife watched by his bed. The girl had laid aside her childishness; the deep love she really felt had reasserted its power, and she knew, for the first time, how fervent and intense it was.

Charles was ill for several weeks, and during that time Sybil proved a patient nurse.

"Can you forgive me?" she pleaded; "shall I be your wife still?"

"Darling! mine, mine always!"

And Ann bent over them, sealing their reunion with a holy kiss.

Weeks passed, and all was happiness at the homestead. It was spring again. The equinoctial gales had begun to blow; there were whole days of fearful tempest.

Ann prayed for those at sea—soon Germon would be on his way; but not yet, not till later spring.

One morning she was in her room, which opened from the apartment where Charles and Sybil were sitting. Charles had taken up a paper, and was looking it over, when Ann heard his voice in a strange, unnatural whisper,

"Sybil, shut the door, for God's sake, and come here!"

Ann heard the girl creep to the door and softly close it, though she had not latched it for fear of the noise.

Ann stood near and listened. Again that presentiment of evil came over her. She stood there, rooted to the spot, every sense seemed absorbed in the faculty of hearing.

"The steamer is lost," she heard Charles say.

"What steamer?" Sybil replied. "How white you are! Charles, what ails you?"

"Germon was on board of her—few or none of the passengers were saved."

Ann heard Sybil shriek; but she uttered no moan, standing there, white and still.

The husband and wife heard the door jar—looked up and saw Ann standing before them, wan as a ghost. She was stretching out her hand and striving to speak.

"The paper!" she gasped; "the paper."

"Ann, my sister!" cried Charles, seeking to take her in his arms, while Sybil clung about her knees; but she pushed them both off, grasping the paper in her hands, and looking eagerly for the fatal paragraph.

She read it every word, taking in the terrible meaning with fearful distinctness, but still not shedding a tear.

"Ann! Ann!" pleaded Sybil

She waved them away, and went up to her chamber. What passed during that long hour was between Ann Leonard and the angels who kept her from madness.

When her brother and Sybil sought her, she was first to speak a word of hope.

"He may have been saved; a week will tell us."

The week passed. Ann Leonard moved about the house, performed her daily duties, never once alluding to the dread which froze her soul.

They understood her, and left her to herself: it was the only kindness they could show.

The week passed. There was a list in the journal of the passengers saved—Germon's name was not there. Ann Leonard read the catalogue and then her strength gave way.

"Put me to bed, Sybil," she moaned; "God help me—there is no hope now."

That evening they were watching by her bedside, when they heard the sound of wheels without. Ann detected the sound first.

"A carriage," she said, raising herself on her pillows. "Charles, Charles, what is it?"

He hurried from the room, and Sybil crept to

the door, listening. There was a smothered echo of voices. Ann heard it, and Sybil started back in fear, for Ann was standing by her side, clasping her hands.

"Don't speak," she said; "don't speak, Sybil!"

There was a step on the stairs. Ann sprang forward. There was no need of concealment, no time to prepare her for the sudden transition from despair to happiness.

Ann saw her brother approaching—a tall form appeared behind, and, with a cry like that of one saved from despair, Ann Leonard fainted on the bosom of her lover.

THE SPRING BY THE ROADSIDE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Just there the long, green lane curved suddenly
Into the dusty roadside; and I stood
Leaning against the orchard boughs, the while
My soul sat down to worship at that scene,
Hung on the year's Cathedral by her Priest
The Autumn.

Far off there were silver mists
Enameling the mountains that locked in
The valley like green gates; and the deep sky
Was fluted thickly round with clouds of pearl;
The meadows lay beneath me, quilted thick
With shining streams; and the soft winds
Combed the long tresses of the tangled trees
With fingers like a mother's; and the boughs
Had blossomed into rubies here and there,
And flashed their jewels outward, as a bride
Dangles her wedding pearls.

It was a tune
Dropped through the silence like a swallow's song
In some old chimney; for a little spring
Had flowered upon the roadside, and all day
It spun a charm of pearls; or when the sun
Flashed down it like the wings of golden birds,
It wove great belts of diamonds, and grey moss
Embossed its throat with silver.

Children paused
Beside the spring with intermittent leaps
Of gleeful laughter, dipping their brown hands
Like faded lilies underneath the stream;
And when some old man, with his hair as white
As wheat in harvest, sat upon the grass
And listened to its mystic rhyme, he thought
Of living springs in mountains far beyond
The crystal rafters, laid by every dawn—
Springs whose first drops on aching, restless hearts
Heal all their pain forever.

I forgot
The glory of that day, a royal flower
Blossomed out from October's fiery heart,
And, leaning on the orchard bars, I prayed,
"Oh! God, set Thou me too, a little spring,
Beside the road of life, that I may fill
The air around with tunes, that thirsty hearts
Along the dusty way may sometimes come
And drink in strength and healing;

"And, at last,
May angels write betwixt the burning clasps
Of that one book whereon all names do stand
Graven as bright as stars upon the sky,
'She has a spring upon life's roadside set.'"

THE STREAM.

BY KATE E. E.—.

BENEATH the grey stones a dear little stream bubbles,
Its clear wavelets gleam in the radiance of noon,
While softly, but gayly, a measure it murmurs,
And dances in glee to the silvery tune.

The flowers, enamored with beauty so joyous,
Bend tenderly over and veil it with bloom,

And the breeze, as it ripples the stream's sparkling waters,
Shakes from the bright blossoms rare showers of perfume.

Thus lovingly, merrily, onward it hastens,
Refreshing and wooing the flowerets around,
And answering the song-bird's melodious gladness
Which fills the old woods with its echoing sound.

MATCHED AND UNMATCHED.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

MISS FLINT was spending the day with us again; and having tested her story-telling propensities in "The Romance of Cedarville,"* we were so clamorous for farther developments, that she was forced to begin afresh:

"These valuable sketches," said she, with a comical air, "should be printed in letters of gold, and entitled, 'Confessions of a Single Lady;' or, 'A Warning to Match-Makers.' Having told you," she continued, "of a match that I made without intending it, I will now tell you the fate of the only match I ever tried to make.

"Country villages are the most convenient places for such attempts; and after I had left off climbing fences, and alarming timid, elderly ladies, it was my fortune to be settled in a small town that was just large enough to ape city style, and yet insignificant enough to make itself very ridiculous. I was 'Miss Flint' altogether, now, and I often thought that the 'Miss' was very broadly pronounced; I received numerous invitations to 'come to tea sociably,' and 'run in at any time, we don't mind you, you know,' but very few to evening parties. People in all sorts of scrapes came to me to be extricated; but people who were not in scrapes were more ceremonious.

"Uppington, for so it was named after the man who lived in the largest house there, was not very productive in the article of beaux; and the few unmarried men who were disposed to make themselves agreeable were, therefore, duly prized by the young ladies. They were easily counted, but attractive damsels were more numerous; and foremost among these was a certain Annie Paddock, who was really the most lovable creature I ever encountered.

"She had one of those sparkling faces that gleam upon us now and then like the flashing of a jewel; and the frank, mischief-loving expression of those brown eyes was a true index of the spirit within. A young gentleman, who toiled most laboriously to obtain the epithet of 'clever,' had fastened upon her the parody, 'First in beauty, first in wit, and first in the hearts of her countrymen.' Dr. Paddock was the favorite practitioner of Uppington; Mrs.

Paddock was a leader of fashion; and Annie was courted, caressed, and flattered on every side. But she was not in the least spoiled; her manners were indescribably winning, and all stray hearts were looked upon as her rightful property.

Various overpowering young gentlemen from the city made visits at Dr. Paddock's; and it was really surprising to me that Annie could be so gracious to the monotonous youths who belonged to the coterie of Uppington. We were very good friends, she and I; and she would often spend an hour or two with the old maid, which, as she did not require my assistance in any way, quite flattered me.

"Among the beaux of Uppington was Dudwood Nare, a youth of respectable appearance and irreproachable conduct; who unfortunately reminded me of 'Mr. Toots.' I say 'unfortunately,' because this may have blinded me to his good qualities; and, after all, there was no real resemblance, for Mr. Toots' distinguishing characteristic was his extreme embarrassment, while Mr. Nare, on the contrary, was exceedingly self-possessed. He was studying law with the country judge; but as his family were wealthy, it was the general idea that he had been placed there more to be kept out of mischief, than with the expectation of his becoming very famous.

"Mr. Nare was exceedingly neat; his undistinguishable-colored hair was always brushed to the last extreme, and he had an inexpressible horror of a mud-puddle. His ideas were scrupulously arranged, like so many little parcels packed and labeled, which rendered his conversation totally uninteresting; and altogether he was a person whom people spoke well of, calling him 'a nice young man,' 'a most respectable person,' &c., and yet rather reproached themselves for not liking him better.

"Such as he was, this youth came to me, one day, and, after a little preliminary conversation, went deliberately to work to unfold the object of his visit—which commanded my admiration by the very grandeur of its impudence.

"At an evening party, at Dr. Paddock's, Annie's charms had suddenly burst upon him in all their splendor; he had fallen deeply in love, but proceeding systematically, he had come

* See February number, 1859.

to tell me that, having always entertained a high respect for me, he wished to secure my good offices; and if I would call upon him whenever I stood in need of an escort, or entrust him with any little commissions that I might have, he would be most happy—trusting to me to represent him favorably to Miss Paddock.

"I was irresistibly reminded of 'Mr. Toots' visit to 'Captain Cuttle,' when in a similar situation, and his request that he would 'cultivate him;' and I came very near laughing in the young man's face.

"But as the bewitching image of Annie Paddock rose up before me, amazement at his temerity overpowered the sense of the ridiculous; and I bluntly exclaimed,

"'Miss Paddock is beautiful, witty, wealthy, and accomplished—in what respect do you deserve all this, Mr. Nare?'

"'People do not always get just what they deserve,' was the calm reply.

"'Oh, vanity! thy name is man!' I said to myself, and yet I was amused at the youth's coolness. Such a very original foundation to build presumptuous hopes upon that 'people did not always get just what they deserved!'

"'I love her, Miss Flint,' he continued, with more feeling, 'and there is much in the power of a strong love to win love from the object. I know,' said he, humbly, 'that there is not much in me to recommend me to her favor—but I thought that if I had a mutual friend to speak a kind word for me, she might in time——'

"Here he paused, and looked so embarrassed and subdued that I really pitied him. It was very absurd, to be sure, for him to think of Annie Paddock; but I always had an idea that people 'in love' were objects of the deepest commiseration—very much as those unaccustomed to suffering look upon a person who has had a limb amputated. Dudwood Nare appeared more dignified, more noble than I had ever supposed him capable of appearing; and I began to look upon him with different eyes.

"After I had sent him home with a few pleasant words, I sat and thought the matter over; and at last, I came to the conclusion that Annie really might do worse than to become Mrs. Dudwood Nare. His family were wealthy and respectable; and he was evidently deeply in love, and would, doubtless, make a kind and attentive husband; belles were proverbial for throwing themselves away, at last, and Annie might become the prey of some fortune-hunter, or man of the world.

"Had some good genius only whispered to me, 'mind your own business,' I should have been

spared much annoyance; but remembering the match that I had made without an effort, I became quite anxious to accomplish another. I resolved to see what I could do; and Dudwood Nare now appeared quite an attractive youth.

"The next day, a handsome bouquet of flowers adorned my mantle; and that very afternoon, an unpleasant commission was executed for me with promptness and success. More good traits, he was sincere and faithful; and had I not been some twelve years his senior, my own heart might have been a little touched.

"I never wonder, now-a-days, at women who marry men that are universally considered unattractive: no matter what a man is, if he is devoted, and humble, and attentive, it is impossible to be indifferent to him; and when I hear an old lady pronouncing some youth 'a sweet, young man,' I know the secret of his attractions.

"Dudwood Nare agreed with me that it would be better not to pay Annie any pointed attentions until I had somewhat prepared the way for him; and, therefore, the effervescence of his affection was all bestowed upon me. But I thought it best to commence operations as soon as possible; and, one day, as Annie sat in my window, examining a bouquet, I thought of the donor, and said, as carelessly as possible,

"'Annie, Dudwood Nare is a very nice young man—more so than I imagined, at first.'

"'Is he?' she replied, mischievously, 'I wonder if he gave you these flowers?'

"'How ridiculous!' I exclaimed, but it was a very foolish remark, and I felt that I was looking very much embarrassed.

"'I do believe he did!' she exclaimed, clapping her hands in glee, 'I declare, that is too funny! Come, Miss Flint, tell me all about it!' And she looked at me with such unfeigned mirth that I really felt provoked at her.

"But the little witch was perfectly unmanageable; she danced about, almost upset the flowers in hunting for a note among them, and turned a deaf ear to all my remonstrances.

"'Do you know,' she stopped, at length, to exclaim, 'I always imagined Mr. Nare would propose after the example of the immortal Barkis, and consider it quite sufficient to signify that he was willin'. But oh, Miss Flint,' she continued, in a voice of entreaty, 'please don't say yes—he is such a block!'

"'Well,' thought I, 'this is encouraging—things are going on beautifully;' but Annie was in an obstreperous mood, and would not listen to reason—meaning me.

"'In vain I said, 'Don't be ridiculous, Annie! A woman of my age should be exempt from such

silly remarks. But I cannot allow you to do Mr. Nare injustice—he improves very much on acquaintance.’

“She only laughed the more, and said that it was not at all likely any one else would have the opportunity of cultivating his acquaintance under such favorable auspices, until I was almost beside myself with vexation and dismay.

“The same afternoon, in a ramble out of town, during which I had been most unexpectedly joined by Dudwood Nare, for the purpose of conversing upon his favorite subject, Annie Paddock, we were encountered by that damsel herself, who, with a composed face and dancing eyes, entered her father’s gate just as we came up.

“If she had only had as much vanity as most girls, she would have appropriated the sudden start and flushing face with which the gentleman greeted her appearance; but I was embarrassed, too, on account of our conversation in the morning; and Annie went home to laugh at what she, doubtless, considered a singular love-passage, while I was entertained, during the rest of our walk, with an account of her perfections. I began to get rather tired of my escort, and hurried home as fast as possible.

“Mr. Nare made as frequent visits at Dr. Paddock’s as decency would permit; but as he was very apt to go wherever he was tolerated, this excited no unusual remark.

“One afternoon, at a sewing-circle, I happened to be sitting near a bevy of girls, with Annie Paddock in their midst, when the conversation turned upon Dudwood Nare.

“‘I often wonder, Annie, how you manage to stand him,’ said one, referring to his fondness for visiting, ‘what in the world does he say?’

“‘His first remark, or rather question, I am always prepared for,’ replied Annie, mischievously, ‘as soon as he is fairly established in a seat, I am asked, have you seen Miss Flint recently?’

“‘There was an universal giggle, and significant glances at me. ‘What next?’ they cried.

“‘Next, a pause of much solemnity,’ continued Annie, ‘and then the remark that Miss Flint is a very superior lady.’

“‘Well,’ some one exclaimed, ‘I should say that, though present in body, he was decidedly absent in mind; and I should be apt to send the corporeal part of him to meet the spiritual. You must feel flattered, Miss Flint,’ said the speaker, addressing me.

“‘No,’ I replied, as coolly as possible, ‘I have not vanity enough to be flattered by anything of the kind—my name is only a convenience for Mr.

Nare to cover his embarrassment in the presence of Miss Paddock.’

“‘Why, surely, Annie,’ they exclaimed, ‘that presuming individual has not had the temerity to fall in love with you!’

“‘Miss Flint appears to be thoroughly informed on that subject,’ replied Annie, with a significant glance that perplexed me.

“My position was becoming decidedly unpleasant, and I sincerely wished that Dudwood Nare and his love affairs had never crossed my path. I could feel my face flushing in guilty consciousness; when, fortunately, a message from some one at the other end of the room furnished me with an excuse for leaving my seat. Not many moments after, I was obliged to answer an inquiry for ‘my devoted attendant,’ and altogether I became so disgusted with match-making, that I resolved to shake off the pertinacious lover, and leave Annie to her own free choice.

“But an *eclaircissement* was suddenly brought about in a most unexpected, and not altogether agreeable manner.

“Mr. Nare was beginning to be most ridiculously jealous of a lady who had never given him the slightest encouragement; and every fresh guest from the city who had arrived at Dr. Paddock’s, was looked upon by him as an unwarrantable intruder. At every provocation of this kind, he came to me to relate his troubles; and so wearied was I by his endless visits, that, at length, I intimated to him pretty plainly that it would be as well to give up all hopes in that quarter.

“‘Never!’ he replied, with an energy that startled me, ‘my pride, as well as my love, is concerned, now, and I will never give up Annie Paddock until the last ray of hope is extinguished!’

“I might have told him, with truth, that there never had been a ray to extinguish; but pity, and a sort of presentiment that things were approaching a crisis, kept me silent.

“Very soon after, we both received invitations to an evening party at Dr. Paddock’s. ‘We met—’twas in a crowd;’ and very uneasy indeed was the presuming lover. Annie was radiant with beauty and smiles; the latter of which seemed to be most liberally bestowed upon a splendid-looking man, considerably her senior, but apparently such a man as could rivet the attention of a Senate chamber.

“‘Poor Mr. Nare! I have seldom seen so forlorn a visage, as he watched the couple; but as he was evidently making his way toward me, I desired to avoid all further notoriety, and managed to wedge myself into a corner by a door

that opened into a conservatory. A group of girls had strayed into the latter place, as I soon discovered by the conversation that reached me.

"How lovely Annie looks to-night!"

"And well she may," was the rejoinder, "I have read, somewhere, that the presence of one beloved will make even a plain woman look handsome—what must it do, then, for a beauty? This Mr. Cashwood is a prize even for Annie—so tall and splendid-looking, and so perfectly devoted! And if he is thirty-eight, he is an honorable, and has his speeches published in the papers."

"I am so glad," exclaimed another, "that she is going to have so many bridesmaids—we shall make such a show! And only two months off!"

"Dudwood Nare had worked his way up to me in time to hear the greater part of this information; but the young ladies had not finished.

"Love-making seems to be the order of the day," was the next remark, "the most amusing case on hand is that of Dudwood Nare and Miss Flint."

"Dudwood Nare and Miss Flint! Why, she is old enough to be his mother!"

"Not unless she had been married at ten years old, or so—there is no use in making people out older than they are; but she is certainly too old for his wife."

"A burst of laughter ensued; and then some one exclaimed,

"You can't be in earnest? Even a fool like Dudley Nare could scarcely be smitten with that old maid!"

"Don't you believe it?" replied a Minerva, "these elderly women have a wonderfully deluding way with them, and you can flatter some men into anything."

"But, what should she want of him?" inquired another.

"Bless your heart, little innocent!" replied

Minerva, "isn't he rich, and easily managed, and isn't it something to be Mrs?"

"I declare!" reached my ear in a loud whisper, "there they are, now! Run back, girls! to the end of the conservatory."

"I shall never forget the expression of Dudwood Nare's face. Had I suddenly changed into a Medusa's head, he could not have regarded me with greater horror; and a desperate fear lest I should seize him, then and there, and claim him as my rightful property, seemed to take possession of him, for without vouchsafing an adieu to me, or any one else, he pushed fiercely through the crowd, and was seen no more that evening.

"Outwardly, my aspect was serene; for no one, not even my late companion, could be sure that I had heard these remarks; but within, a perfect tempest of indignation was raging. To be suspected of matrimonial designs upon any one was humiliating enough; but when it came to a creature like that, a boy twelve years my junior, I felt degraded. But I deserved it; and it cured me of meddling with other people's love affairs.

"Dudwood Nare left town upon an indefinite visit; and I heard of his giving out that he had nearly fallen a victim to a designing old maid.

"I received an invitation to Annie Paddock's wedding, and saw her married to the Hon. Mr. Cashwood; but I have had very strong suspicions that her quick wit penetrated my flimsy manoeuvres, and turned the tables upon me in a masterly manner. When I undertake match-making again, I will first ascertain, beyond a doubt, that the lady is not engaged to some one else.

"I soon left Uppington forever, and with very few regrets."

So ended Miss Flint's story.

NUTS AND MEN.

A THOUGHT OF LUTHER'S VERSIFIED.

BY D. O. BIEB.

Oh! ye who say your deeds are good
And justify yourselves by them,
These nuts just gathered from the wood
Shall put the sad conceit to shame.
For deeds are but the outer shell—
The heart's the kernel hid within.
And what with God shall shells avail,
While kernels are all black with sin.

The shell is worthless in our eyes,
Save for the pleasant kernel's sake,
And all the deeds man may devise
Must from the heart their value take.

The heart alone doth God decide,
If deeds shall be received or no,
And from the heart unjustified
By faith no righteous deed can flow.

As rotten nuts can never grow
By native force to sound again,
So human hearts would seek to throw
Their load of guilt off, all in vain
Had God not given God-like aid
And sent His Son, who bled and died—
On Him believers' guilt is laid,
And "man by faith is justified."

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 380.

CHAPTER VIII.

UPON one of those broad, cross streets that intersect the avenues—a street remarkable both for high respectability and for the fashion of its inhabitants, stood one of those large, marble mansions, which preceded the enclosed halls and brown free-stone fronts of the present day. The parade of this dwelling was broad and high, and the crescent steps that swept up to the massive rosewood door, gave a palatial aspect to the building. For when the door opened, you saw a broad, deep entrance hall, paved with tessellated marble, and caught a glimpse of marble busts, bronze statues, and rare vases that reminded you at once of an Italian palace. This resemblance was carried out by grounds that nearly covered a block, on which some of those fine old trees under which the Indians rested, were still rooted. Huge elms, with their branches sweeping earthward, maples, whose blossoms blushed to the early spring, and whose leaves grew golden as crimson when kissed by the autumn frosts, sheltered the grass as they had half a century before.

These primeval trees threw their shadows over a little paradise of flowers, and a stretch of the richest grass that the sun ever shone upon. Laburnums and lilacs grouped together mingled the violet and gold of their blossoms; wisterias fell in heavy luxuriance around the bay window, and the back porticoes, garlanding them with great masses of azure. The turf was broken up with beds of glowing flowers; and the very stables, massive stone buildings as they were, took an aspect of picturesque beauty from heavy trumpet flower vines and Virginia creepers which draped them.

This house, half palace, half villa, was the residence of Mr. Bentley, and Gillian, the bright, beautiful Gillian, was its mistress. It is true aunt Hetty had come down from the country, for a brief time, as a sort of companion to the heiress; but so far as social life was concerned, she proved as helpless as a human being could well be, so timid, so nervously sensitive under the eye of a stranger, that it was painful to see her out of the immediate domestic circle.

Mr. Bentley, always thoughtful for those he loved, had adorned his residence with an especial regard to his daughter's tastes, and every feature that could remind her of her own bright land of song, had been harmoniously blended with our superior home comforts for her especial gratification. All this was necessary to Gillian. She was a creature so used to the pure and beautiful, that mere comfort to her would have been poverty. So she took possession of the Eden her father had created, and graced it like a bird of paradise. The music of her harp rang from hall to hall; her laughter sounded merrily among the flowers; and her sweet, clear voice bespoke the wealth of pure happiness with which she entered the great world, ready and eager to bear her part therein.

Gillian stood by a front window looking out into the street. All at once she broke out eagerly, and called to her aunt,

"Aunt Hetty, dear aunt Hetty, do come here and look at this man. I'm sure he's the person I met when I made a call on a lady last week. He has passed up and down two or three times, and looks so earnestly at this window. Every day, just at this time, he has taken this same promenade. Who can it be?"

Aunt Hetty came slowly toward the window and looked out. Something between a sigh and an exclamation broke from her lips, and she retreated into the room pale and agitated.

"Who is it, aunt? Do you know him?"

"No—no. I have seen that face before—that very face—perhaps he knows—perhaps it is me that he is in search of."

Gillian laughed merrily. The idea that a handsome young gentleman like that had been drawn beneath her window in hopes of seeing little aunt Hetty, struck her as comical in the extreme.

Aunt Hetty colored to the temples beneath this sweet laugh, and attempted to creep from the room; but Gillian ran after her, threw both arms around her waist, and dancing backward toward the window, dragged the shrinking woman back again.

"There, you dear, blessed little flirt—you

precious, darling old aunt, just let him see your face, while I hide behind the curtain which has always kept me from his sight. Now see if he does not take a guitar from under that Spanish cloak—I wonder what he wears it for this bright day?—and strike up a serenade.”

Thus gayly dragging her aunt forward, and keeping, as she thought, her own face concealed, Gillian darted behind the curtains, leaving aunt Hetty standing before the plate-glass, which, clear as crystal, revealed her distinctly to the young man, who still lingered on the opposite pavement.

The young man cast a long gaze into the window, flung a fold of the Spanish cloak across his shoulder, and deliberately crossed the street.

“Why, aunt—aunt Hetty. I say he is coming over—he is mounting the steps. What can it mean? Surely, surely he did not discover me peeping through the curtains? Hark, the bell rings, aunt Hetty. What can we do? I had no idea he really was drawn here by your face. What will you say to him?”

“Oh! Gillian,” almost sobbed aunt Hetty, shrinking back into the room, “how could you be so cruel?”

She was pale as snow, and seemed almost as cold, for her very lips trembled to the chill of her feelings.

“Oh, aunt, I did not mean it. Who would have thought this impudence possible? I only wish father were here to chastise the adventurer as he deserves,” cried Gillian, all in a glow of indignation.

“Your father chastise him. No—no, girl, it has not come to that. Your mother, had she been living, might rebuke him, but no one else; most of all your father.”

The little woman grew almost handsome as she spoke. Her lips turned red, and her cheeks burned. She looked spirited and haughty almost as Gillian herself, for the moment.

Gillian gazed upon her with open lips and quick astonishment in her eyes.

“Why, aunt?”

“Hush, the servant!”

The footman entered. “A gentleman was below who wished to speak with the ladies.”

Before Hetty could speak, Gillian answered him.

“Tell the young gentleman that the ladies of this house never receive strangers in the absence of its master.”

Hetty seized her arm with both those little, shivering hands,

“Not that message—not that—say we are not

at home—that some other time—only reflect, he may be a gentleman, and have real business.”

“Not with you or with me,” answered Gillian, kindling more and more brightly in her pride. “He asked for the ladies; I alone am responsible for the answer.”

Then turning to the footman, she repeated still more haughtily,

“Miss Bentley’s compliments to the strange gentleman who forgets to send up his name, and say that she cannot receive him.”

“But for me—you understand—please say that I am not well—not at all well—but some other time——”

She broke off, for her voice quivered out of speech, and her poor white face looked the plea for forbearance that she could not utter.

The servant went out, looking bewildered. Aunt Hetty followed him slowly to the door, and, leaning over the threshold, listened keenly with both hands pressed to her heart.

Gillian stood in the midst of the room flushing red to the fair temples, amazed and angry. But when aunt Hetty heard the outer door close, and fell into a chair wavering to and fro, while faint moans broke through the two hands locked over her face, this excitement faded away, and with that graceful humility which sprung from a warm heart, she drew close to her aunt and stole an arm around her neck.

But poor, meek, aunt Hetty rose up like a princess, and cast that white arm aside.

“You have driven him from your door—you a Bentley, and her child, have done this thing. May God forgive you—may the saint who is in heaven forgive you! I fear—I fear I never can.”

Gillian turned white, and for a moment stood motionless; but there was something in aunt Hetty’s air that awoke both sympathy and admiration. She would not be repulsed.

“Why, what is this? How can the dismissal of this intrusive person effect you so, dear aunt? Surely he had no right to hang about the house for days, and insult us by this attempt to force himself upon us at last. In what have I done wrong, aunt Hetty?”

The poor lady looked up and tried to smile, but it was a woeful attempt, and only ended in a quiver of the lips.

“He should not have been driven forth like a dog for your mother’s sake—for——”

“Why, aunt Hetty, are you crazy? What has my mother in common with this person?”

“Your mother, our Sarah! Nothing, of course! How could she, and in her grave so many years? How came your mother to be mentioned? I did not do it!”

"I do not know—it was I perhaps who named her," said Gillian, subdued at once almost to tears by this mention of her mother. "But what has she in common with this stranger? Who is he, aunt? Tell me, and then let me go away and cry alone, this mention of my mother, and both of us in a passion, wounds me to the heart."

Aunt Hetty arose and put her away with a wave of her little hand.

"Not now, Sarah, we will talk of it another time," she said, looking away into the distance.

Gillian was deeply touched by that look, it was so full of yearning tenderness, and the unconscious application of her mother's name added to the sad impression.

"Aunt," she said, quietly, and with tears in her eyes, "aunt, your mind is away, you are thinking of something afar off."

"Yes," said the aunt, in a whisper, "far off as heaven and earth, Sarah."

"Indeed you are ill, dear aunt!"

Hetty turned her face a little to avoid the gentle eyes that were turned upon her, and with the motion her look fell through the opposite window. The young man was standing upon the side walk as he had first been discovered. A gleam came over her face, and without a word she left the room.

Gillian was bewildered by the scene that had just passed, and sat down to recover her thoughts: but her eyes were fixed on the window, and her hearing grew keen. The outer door closed softly, and after a moment she saw aunt Hetty cross the street without bonnet or shawl, and speak to the strange man. A single word, it scarcely seemed more, and then he walked rapidly down the block, while she returned to the house.

CHAPTER IX.

In one of those narrow streets that open from the vicinity of Chatham Square, stood a small, two story house built of brick, but with wooden steps that descended on the side-walk, and gable windows looking down from the roof. Two old women occupied this house; beside them and a large, grey cat, there was not a living creature beneath its roof: for the old ladies performed their own household duties, and lived out their isolated lives in silent companionship. The elder of the two, a little, withered up creature approaching ninety, possessed some unknown means of support beside the house she lived in; and the other was her dependent in all things.

This dependent old woman was turned seventy, and, on account of her comparative youth, was

looked upon by her associate as a sprightly young thing, whose movements required especial vigilance, and whose limbs were capable of any amount of household exercise.

It is difficult for two women to be real heart companions, if cast on the same hearth-stone when the grey shadows are creeping over them. While old Mrs. Frost felt that she was doing wonders of charity in giving Mrs. Nicholson a home; she—poor, old gentlewoman—felt this dependence to the core of her weary heart, and took on herself the toil of a servant without in the slightest degree softening the impressions of benevolence with which the elder female solaced her self-love.

These old women were sitting over their unsocial dinner, composed of a little hashed fish, the section of a mince pie, and a scant supply of green tea, from which Mrs. Frost drained off one good, strong cup, and diluted the rest with warm water, observing, as she lifted the lid of the tea-pot for this purpose, that, for young persons like Mrs. Nicholson, strong tea was very unwholesome and apt to render them nervous, if not hysterical. A speech that had been so often repeated, that Mrs. Nicholson took it as a matter of course, while she meekly invigorated the weak tea with a little bluish milk, and helped herself sparingly to a spoonful of the fish, very much as the grey cat would have done, had she found a chance to steal her portion of food from the table.

The old women sipped their tea in silence, tasting lightly of the fish: while now and then a kindly murmur and a fragment of food went down to the cat, who rubbed herself against one old woman's ankle, then marched off to beg of the other with a mute appeal of the eyes.

"I wonder," said old Mrs. Frost, "what has become of Michael Hurst. It is a long time since he was here; Jube has grown from a fair sized kitten since then. The boy seems to forget his old friends: or maybe he's gone out of town on business."

"I think not. Yesterday he passed me in the street, when I was going to the grocery after those water-cresses," said Mrs. Nicholson. "He didn't speak, but I'm sure it was him."

"Met him on your way to the grocery," cried Mrs. Frost, and her head began to vibrate up and down like a pendulum; "so near my house and not call. Why, Mary Nicholson, this comes of something you have done to offend him; your thoughtless, flighty ways will be the ruin of you yet. What have you been saying to the boy?"

"I haven't spoken to him in more than two months," said Mrs. Nicholson, coloring through

ner wrinkles at this charge of youthful indiscretion; "indeed I never do speak with him—he don't care to talk with me, I'm sure."

"But then what keeps him away?"

"I don't know. Didn't he want something, the last time he was here, that you didn't want to give him? I thought so."

"Mrs. Nicholson, you must have been listening. I'm astonished."

"But I was in the room and could not help it. If people will talk before me what can I do?"

The old woman of ninety shook her head in a dissatisfied way, and muttered, "Poor thing! poor, weak thing! She hasn't got the experience which brings discretion. It's no use scolding her." So, with a philosophic wave of the little, withered hand, she proceeded to cut the section of pie in two equal parts, measuring each to a fraction with the flat of her knife; then she scraped the fragments of fish together for Jube, and, falling back in her Boston rocking-chair, left Mrs. Nicholson to wash the dishes, while she prepared herself for a long nap.

But just as her eyes began to close, and her little hands were falling apart from their clasp on her chest, a knock at the street door carried Mrs. Nicholson into the hall. She turned the latch, and found upon the door-step the very young man whom they had been talking about.

"Mr. Hurst, is it you?" she said, happy to see any human being in that unsocial house. "Step light, please; Mrs. Frost is in her first sleep."

"But I came to see Mrs. Frost, aunty, and can't possibly wait till she drones herself awake again, so just give her a shake—tell her I'm here, and—ha! you look frightened, and shake that poor, little cap dismally. Daren't do it, ha! Well, I'll rouse her myself."

That instant an old, withered head appeared through the sitting-room door, shaking like a cluster of dry leaves, but with an attempt at welcome, which, though grim enough, was all the cordiality that infirm woman could muster out of her worn old age.

"Michael, is it you?"

"Grandmother! Well, you are awake, and glad to have me back again a little while, I hope."

"Glad?" said the old lady, and a smile displaced the wrinkles about her mouth; "you've been a long time waiting to see if I would be glad or not. But come in, Mike; dear me what a dashing young fellow you've grown. Mary Nicholson! Mary Nicholson! just pour some boiling water into the tea-pot, and put in an even spoonful of Young Hyson. I dare say Michael would like a good, old-fashioned cup of

tea. We'd just done dinner, but that's of no consequence. Mary Nicholson! just run round the corner for another pie."

Young Michael laughed.

"No, no, grandmother; I'm not hungry. and never drink tea."

"Never drink tea? Why, Mike, what has come over you? Never drink tea?"

"Not at this time of day. But never mind, I'll take a cup now, and a piece of pie too, if aunty will bring it for me."

Mrs. Frost nodded her head half a dozen times, and Mrs. Nicholson went patiently out in search of a pie at the next bakery. When she was gone, Hurst took the old lady's hand and kissed it with some show of real affection.

"I am glad she is gone," he said, "for I want a little private talk with you, grandmother."

"Grandmother!" muttered the old woman.

"Why, Mike, you are getting too old for that. I never had a child in my life, as Mary Nicholson, the giddy thing, says: and to have a tall, handsome young fellow calling me grandmother is enough to take away one's reputation. I really thought that was very sensible, very sensible indeed, for Mary Nicholson, considering her want of experience. Still it does sound pleasant when you call me grandmother, so I'll run the risk."

Here the old lady sat down in her rocking-chair, with an increased vibration of the head, and a sparkle of pleasure in her dim eyes. Hurst knelt down by her side, as he had done a thousand times when a boy, with a glow of real affection, which rendered his manner irresistible to the lonely soul he addressed.

"But, grandmother, tell me, and oh! tell me truly, have I no right to claim some relationship to you? I cannot remember when you first took an interest in my life—when you first gave me a home. If I am related to you, legally or illegally, nearly or remotely, oh! tell me now. I shall not love you more or less for the knowledge: but it is so important that I know all about myself. Grandmother, dear grandmother, tell me everything!"

The old lady began to vibrate in her chair—body, head and all. She tried to lift her hand in deprecation of farther questions, but it fell gently on his shoulder, and a tear trembled into her dim eyes.

"Michael, I can tell you nothing, because, of a certainty, I know nothing myself; what I may suspect is not evidence, and may mislead."

"But you know how I came under your care."

"Yes, so far as that, I can tell you all I know myself."

"Do, oh! do tell me all you know."

"That is little, nothing in fact."

"Still, let me have it, dear grandmother."

"My husband, you can just remember him, Michael, and know that he was minister of a little Baptist society, which was not rich enough in those days to have a meeting-house to itself, but worshiped in a room around the corner, and was built up gradually, by the goodness of God and my husband's labor, into a powerful church. He did not live to see it, but his teachings have brought forth fruit a thousand fold."

"I know, I know; you have told me this again and again, dear grandmother; but what of myself?"

The young egotist had no sympathy with the dear memories which made the old lady dwell so lovingly on her husband's good works, and cut them short with this burst of selfish impatience.

She drew back, nervous and bewildered; then answered, with touching meekness,

"Yes, I dare say that I have told you about him a great many times, till you are tired of it; but about yourself—well, that, too, was one of his good works, for he was not one of those who confine their labors to one society, or to a single line of duty. He went forth into the highways and the hedges and forced sinners to come in. He was so charitable, too, without a sin of his own, that I could even discover he had no end of patience and forbearance for the sins of others."

"Yes, yes; I know all this!" cried the young man, impatiently; "but of myself?"

"Well, this is a part of what I was saying: so be more patient, or I will not speak another word!" cried the old lady, with the stubbornness of extreme years. "To speak of you, a poor, helpless orphan baby, is to exalt his goodness. My husband not only cared for the souls of his parishioners in the next world, but he helped them forward in this. The poor were his children."

"Well, and I was one of those poor orphan babies?" cried the youth, impatiently.

"You might have been two or three years old when he brought you home. Yes, it was just two years after my nieces, Sarah and Hetty Hart, come to visit me, and a few months after Sarah got married to that rich Mr. Bentley."

"Mr. Bentley—did a niece of yours marry a man by that name?"

"And didn't you know that? Why, yes, our Sarah married one of the most splendid and wealthy men in New York. His cousin, who was killed, used to be here a good deal, when the girls stayed with us, and the two young

fellows often came together. The rich man was poor then; but after his cousin died the property all came to him, and he married Sarah."

"And what became of her? Is she living now? Has she any children?"

"She died years ago, beyond sea, and left a little girl, her very picture."

"What was her name?"

"A curious name for a girl, 'Gillian.' I never knew where they picked it up. It has a heathenish sound to me."

"Gillian, ah, and Miss Hetty Hart your niece, Daniel Hart and his daughter: are these the connections of Mrs. Bentley?"

"Yes, that is the family. You were up in Rockland once, did they never tell you about the Bentleys?"

"Never a word."

"Well, it was no secret. I wonder Hetty never told you about them, for it was considered a great match for our Sarah. Hetty was here, I remember, just after Mrs. Frost brought you home; and now I remember Sarah came too every day till she went beyond seas: they took a good deal of interest in you, and cried over you more than once. I caught them at it—but then they were tender-hearted girls always: the sight of a bird astray from its nest would set them a crying always, especially Sarah."

"But this is no intelligence, grandmother, it does not inform me who I am, or who my parents were," cried the youth. "Did your husband never tell you where I came from, or to whom I belonged?"

"No, he never did. His good acts were done in secret, and though he called me his right hand, I never knew what the left hand did, especially in his charities. If the sinful gave him their confidence, it was sacred between himself and the throne of God. Many a miserable girl has he snatched from under the cruel feet of the multitude and saved from deeper sin. Many a child——"

"Don't speak of that—do not couple me with such Christian charities," cried the young man, wildly, while his face flushed scarlet, and his eyes filled with smouldering flame. "The mother who can leave this shameful orphanage on her child deserves to be trodden to the earth—crushed out of existence——"

He broke off suddenly, and stood still with his hand clutched in a firm grip; his features gradually becoming pale; and his eyes fixed on the door, for during his vehement speech it had opened, and aunt Hetty Hart stood mute and still on the threshold.

She met that look of inflamed passion with a

wild gaze and a lip of marble. His impetuosity seemed to terrify her into stone: she was so unused to violent feelings, poor thing, that their utterance abashed her to death. After a little, she glided into the room and sat down shivering, and drawing her mantle tightly as if she were cold.

"Oh!" said the young man, with a forced and bitter laugh, "you have just come in time, Miss Hart. I am trying to persuade my old grandmother here to tell me who I really am: and she was kindly insinuating that I was little less than a pauper child, raked up from the gutter where a shameless mother had left me. You cannot wonder that intelligence like this sheds something besides rose-leaves on my temper, and that I was very near cursing myself and those to whom I owe life."

Hetty looked at him steadily. Her large, sorrowful eyes dilated, her lips grew cold.

"Do not curse either your father or your mother, Michael. Leave them with God—leave them both to the great, just God, who allows no sin, open or hidden, to go unpunished."

The words dropped solemnly and slowly from her lips: but even the touching sadness of that voice failed to influence the intemperate youth.

"No, it is useless cursing them, they cannot feel or know it," he said, bitterly; "one might as well denounce the wind. But you had some knowledge of me when a child, grandmother Frost just told me so—you and your sister, the wife of that rich Mr. Bentley, whose house I saw you at a little while back. If you are human, tell me something by which I may guess who I am."

Aunt Hetty shrunk away from him.

"I have no power. I cannot, if I would, give up a mother to the curses of her child."

"And so all ends in this. With every effort to know something of my own history, I am flung back to fight with shadows again."

The young man flung himself away from aunt Hetty as he spoke, and prepared to go; but some new thought struck him, and he turned back.

"One thing I wish to ask. There is a lady living on the Bloomingdale road, who has been a very kind and good friend to me for some years. Is she known to any of you? Her name is Ransom, and she is an author of high standing."

The old ladies looked at each other, pondered awhile; then each shook her head—they knew no such woman. Aunt Hetty had heard the name, and remembered that Gillian Bentley had brought one of Mrs. Ransom's books into Rockland county: but of the author herself she knew nothing.

The timid woman said this in a frightened way, and seemed to shrink into herself when a little exclamation broke from the young man.

"Another mystery," he said, "but I was a fool to inquire about her here," and with angry clouds on his brow he started off, almost knocking the old woman down who was coming in with the pie which she had been ordered to bring.

"I beg your pardon, I am really sorry," he said, as the old creature reeled back against the wall. "I did not mean to hurt you: but that stubborn old thing will tell me nothing, and it drives me mad."

The old woman, instead of being angry at his carelessness, was grateful for this half apology; and softly closing the door, said to him in a hurried whisper,

"I only wish I could help you out of all this trouble. Tell me what it is about."

He laughed a low and bitter laugh.

"I am a poor author in search of my father and mother," he said, "and no one will tell me where to find them. I believe Mrs. Frost could help me if she pleased."

"Did she know anything?"

"Her husband did: but he is dead."

The old woman pondered a moment with a lean finger pressed to her lip.

"I don't think she knows anything about it: but if she does, I'll find it out for you. Come again before long. It's pleasant to have company drop in now and then."

"Find out what I want to know, and I'll come to see you every day of my life," he whispered, earnestly. "Miss Hart is in the sitting-room, take notice of what they talk about after I am gone."

"I will, as sure as you live I will, and trust me for more than that. It'll be something to think about, and that is a great deal to a woman who does not get a chance to speak sometimes for twenty-four hours together."

"Well, well," said the young man, "be my friend, as you always have been, and if I ever win good fortune you shall share it. So, now good day, aunty, I hear a movement as if some one were coming this way."

With these words, he disappeared just as the pale face of aunt Hetty looked through the door.

She saw his shadow as he went, and called out faintly, but there was no strength in her feeble voice to summon him back, or lead him from his desperate course.

CHAPTER X.

YOUTH is very sad at times, to it the future appears vague and unreal as eternity is to old

age—a longing desire to know what lies beyond the present—a dreamy sadness—timid fears of what may be, is sure to settle upon the young, sensitive mind, like morning fog over a garden of roses, making the sunshine more vivid when it comes. To the sensitive and most highly endowed this is certain to be true, and to such real happiness seldom comes, save in snatches and bright gleams till imagination becomes a power, and then the blossom season of life is gone.

Gillian Bentley was like an April day, now bright and richly happy, now saddened almost to tears. Neither of these moods, perhaps, had a definite cause, but they were a part of her nature. The shadows which the moonlight casts to the earth, the perishing of a rose she had loved, a gloomy look from her father: each or any of these were enough to cloud her pure forehead, and make her step languid for hours together. Yet when she was cheerful, nothing could be more charming than the exuberant flow of her spirits. She was like the mocking-bird of Alabama, when it begins to sing among the great magnolia blossoms as the dawn flushes over them. Indeed Gillian was a splendid creature in all her moods, and you always associated her with something rich and precious; the glow of life in her was so bright, that it was impossible to class her among those who are born for toll or common suffering. I cannot describe this girl exactly as she appears to me, for her character seemed to change every moment; and her face—one might as well attempt to make the perfume of a flower visible, as convey an idea of its beautiful changes.

It was only in her sad moods that Gillian visited Mrs. Ransom. When she had been thoughtful an hour or two from any cause, the result was sure to be a visit to her friend, for such that singular woman became from the first.

These visits to this Bloomingdale cottage usually took place in the morning, when Mrs. Ransom was almost sure to be in her library, and equally sure to refuse herself to all other visitors.

On the day after Hurst had made an unsuccessful effort to visit her father's house, Gillian drove to the Bloomingdale road. She had not recognized the face of the young man, and the conduct of her aunt gave her some little anxious surprise. The old lady had been absent two or three hours after his disappearance, and the usual nervousness of her demeanor increased painfully after her return, when she glided off like a ghost to her own room and had not appeared since.

Gillian felt that she had offended her aunt,

but she could not even conjecture the nature of her fault; but the quick sensitiveness of her nature was aroused, and she fled to Mrs. Ransom for consolation.

Ruby had been taught to admit Gillian at all hours, without question of time or convenience: so the young girl passed her with a light step, and entered the library. It was empty—the writing-table stood in the centre littered with papers, and the easy-chair she knew so well stood beside it: but the lady herself was nowhere visible.

This was a disappointment. She hesitated a moment, and sat down in Mrs. Ransom's chair with a feeling almost of reverence. Her eyes fell upon the bronze inkstand, and instantly her thoughts flew back to Italy and the spot where her mother slept beneath the perpetual bloom of roses. The chair she occupied commanded a fine view of the river. It was spring-time, and early morning; the soft green of the trees, rendered brighter from the dew that was but partially exhaled, framed in glimpses of the river that sparkled in the early sunshine like veins of diamonds. Along the broken slopes of the bank a few old apple trees, heavy with blossoms, drooped to the soft, fresh turf; and, from the crevice of a rock, near the water, a young cherry tree, the growth of some stray seed, was just shedding its ripe blossoms like a snow storm over a carpet of wood moss that crept up to its roots; groups of lilacs and snow-balls broke up the wildness of the scene, and, without knowing it, Gillian began to smile, the stillness was so beautiful.

As she sat, gazing through the window, Mrs. Ransom came slowly up from the river with a branch of wild honeysuckle in her hand. Her morning-dress, of a delicate blue, brightened the scene as she passed along. The ribbons of her pretty morning-cap fluttered in the wind, while her animated face and elastic tread gave queenliness to her whole appearance.

The lady was not alone: by her side walked a tall man, not very young in appearance, but with a quiet and calm stateliness that rendered his presence imposing as that of the lady by whom he walked. Sometimes Mrs. Ransom took the gentleman's arm, and rested on it a moment, as she conversed. Then she would stoop to pick a fern leaf, or a violet, from the grass, and move on again, with her head bent, as if listening to some subject that interested her greatly. Thus the two came toward the house, mounted the balcony to which the bay window opened, and sauntered through into the library.

Gillian stood up, blushing and confused. She

felt like an intruder: and the shy grace which this sensation gave to her appearance was in itself a charm.

Mrs. Ransom started, and almost stepped back, when she saw this queenly girl standing there, with a smile on her lip, but a flush stealing over her whole face; but she recovered herself at once.

"My child—my dear Miss Bentley!" she said, with a confused attempt at welcome, "you here and waiting. Oh! I forgot—Mr. Woodworth, Miss Bentley."

Mrs. Ransom sat down, panting for breath. It was her habit, when excited, to tear apart anything that chanced to be in her hand. Thus she began to strip the honeysuckle branch of its blossoms, and scatter them on the carpet, while she watched the two persons she had introduced as they recognized each other.

The gentleman was evidently struck by the glow of Gillian's face, and by her subdued graciousness. He made some observation about the beauty of the morning, and looked around for a seat, while Gillian glided away from the easy-chair she had occupied, and drew gently up to Mrs. Ransom.

"You are not angry! Tell me, dear lady, have I intruded?" she said, bending gently toward her friend.

Her sweet, deprecating way touched Mrs. Ransom to the heart. Her face brightened with one of those grand, luxurious smiles that made it resplendent at times.

"No, not angry, child; and you never can intrude, remember that!" she answered, casting the torn branch away, as if it were some painful thought she flung off with an effort; "I was a little jealous that another should see you, that is all: so just scatter those roses back from your face—you have nothing to blush at."

Mrs. Ransom spoke in a subdued tone, and Gillian imitated her as she answered,

"I have been sitting in your chair, dear lady, with the old gentleman looking down upon me so earnestly. It almost made my heart stand still when I first met his glance. It seemed as if he wanted to tell me something. Is it the likeness of some one you have loved?"

The gentleman had taken up a book, and was glancing over its pages, as this low-toned conversation commenced. Thus the two ladies were left, in a measure, to themselves. Mrs. Ransom's face changed again, and, with a saddened look, she lifted her eyes to the portrait.

"Yes!" she said, almost in a whisper, "I loved him, heaven only knows how much! Loved him almost better than myself—than

thou. He was a good man, Gillian—a rare man. I think that shame, or a knowledge of sin in those he loved, would have broken his heart. But nothing of this kind ever reached him. He died calmly, happily, I think."

Her eyes did not fill with tears as she spoke, but a flush rose to them, and her voice was low and hoarse.

"It is a calm, stern face," whispered Gillian, drawing closer and closer to her friend; "I cannot tell why, but his look almost brings the tears to my eyes. He is not at all like papa, but there is something that reminds me of him about the picture."

"No, no! It is not—it is not likely that there could be a resemblance between the two. It is because you like the picture."

"Like it? Yes, but that would not account for this feeling. His eyes make me sad."

Mrs. Ransom pressed the hand which Gillian had unconsciously laid in her clasp, but she did not speak; for that moment Mr. Woodworth closed his book and laid it on the table, conscious that the conversation was becoming oppressive to Mrs. Ransom, but apparently only weary of turning over the leaves.

With a quiet, almost indifferent manner, he began to converse, making a poem that he had read the subject of his observations. Mrs. Ransom replied in her usual earnest, frank way. Gillian did not speak, but her eyes began to kindle, and her cheeks grew red. In her whole life she had never heard a voice like that, so deep-toned, so clearly musical. The objection that Mrs. Ransom made to some sentiment that escaped him brought the fire to his soul. He began to talk earnestly, eloquently—so eloquently that Mrs. Ransom became interested—her thoughts flashed back to his own—her laugh rang out, full and clear. Spite of her age—spite of a certain troubled expression that habitually lay upon her, she grew brilliant beyond anything that Gillian had believed her capable of. The conversation was of a kind she had never listened to before, running from subject to subject: poetry, prose, wild fancies that possessed all the elements of poetry without its rhythm, flashed before her. She was a being to feel all that was beautiful in the meeting of two minds so richly gifted, and her sympathies went with them to the full. Hitherto she had almost revered Mrs. Ransom as an author; now her whole soul went forth in homage to her womanliness and the truth of her character.

Woodworth read all that was passing in that fresh, young heart, with a glance. The admiration, and even homage, he saw there, inspired

him with feelings more worthy than those of gratified vanity, but he scarcely addressed her in words, and he was entirely free from any of those petty arts with which smaller men attempt to ingratiate themselves into favor with a young and beautiful woman. Indeed he was a man far above the usual level of society.

Perhaps the presence of Mrs. Ransom might have rendered his conduct, so far as she was concerned, more reserved than was usual to him; for he could not but remark how vigilantly her eyes followed his glances whenever they wandered toward the bright creature by her side. There was something anxious and almost stern in her manner, once or twice when she thus intercepted his admiration, which he could not understand.

At last Gillian arose to go; for, from the first, she had felt almost like an intruder. Mrs. Ransom did not urge her stay, but arose and walked with her toward the door.

Woodworth smiled. He was too thorough a man of society to be baffled in this way; and, seeing some wild flowers on the table where Mrs. Ransom had cast them down, he took up a few of the violets and handed them to Gillian, smiling half maliciously in Julia Ransom's face, as he lifted his head from the profound inclination that had accompanied the gift.

Mrs. Ransom frowned, but instantly a smile crossed her lip at being thus outgeneraled: for she was a woman to forgive, nay, admire, the

quickness of wit that overmastered her own, even when it baffled her wishes.

As for Gillian, she blushed like a sudden dawn, and, with unconscious grace, lifted the violets to her lips, casting a purple shadow over the smiles that hovered there. In her whole life she had never received a gift which stirred her heart so pleasantly. She forgot aunt Hetty—the young man of the sidewalk—everything, in the happy bewilderment that fell upon her.

Mrs. Ransom went with her to the outer door, kissed her with a sweet tenderness of manner, and stood, with the young man at her side, while the carriage rolled away. As it swept round a curve of the road they caught a last glimpse of her, leaning back in the carriage and holding the violets to her lips—the violets over which a soft, low sigh passed—giving and taking perfume as the horses swept her away from the spot that had been to her the paradise of an hour.

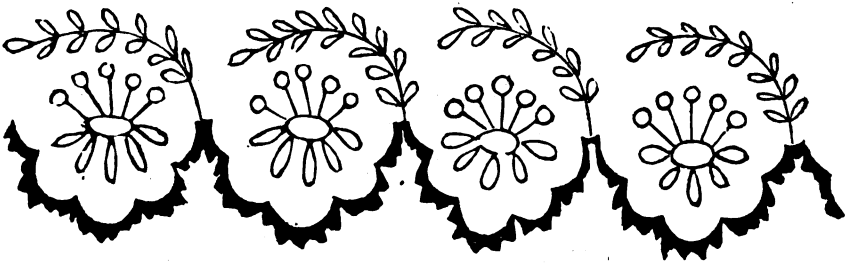
"And who is she?" inquired Woodworth, as his eyes met those of Mrs. Ransom, which were all at once clouded with sadness.

"She is—she is an angel—a good, bright angel, that keeps me from wishing to die," said Julia, and her sad eyes swam in tears.

"She must be to excite such emotions in a heart like yours," answered the young man; and, with the tact born of perfect refinement, he left Julia to solitude.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORIGINAL PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



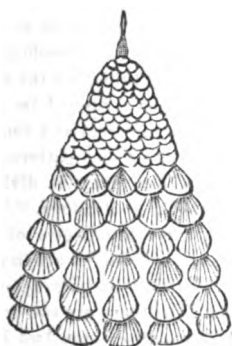
FOR BOTTOM OF DRAWERS.



EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.

TO CROCHET A PAIR OF BLIND TASSELS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is an original design.

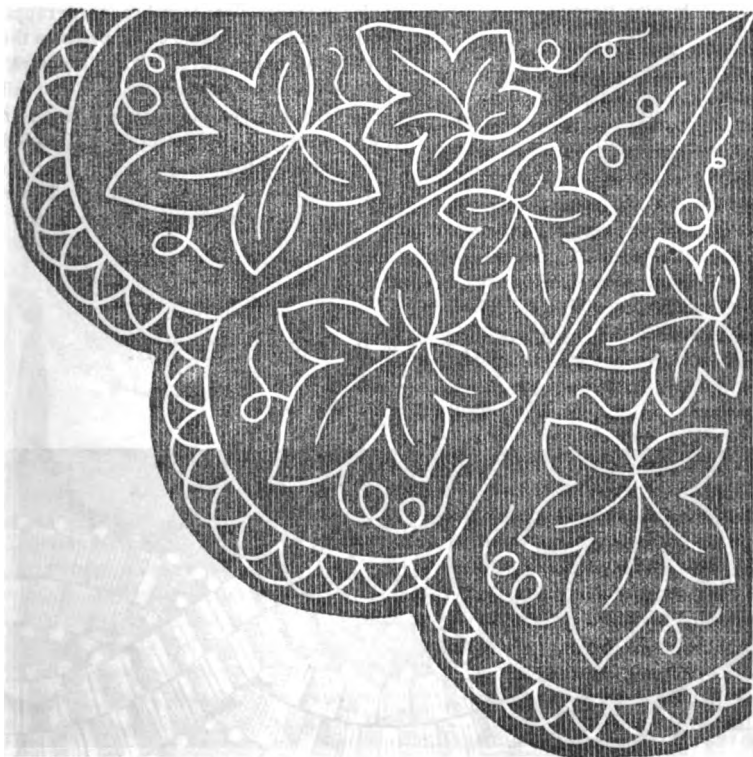
MATERIALS.—Two spools white crochet cotton, No. 16, fine hook.

Make a ch of 3—join. Work 6 rows in s c, widening enough to keep the work flat. 7th row.—* Make 7 ch, miss 3—loop this ch—into the next stitch, with a s c stitch *. Repeat all round the work. 8th row.—Same as 7th, only observing to loop the ch into the centre stitch of every loop made by 7th row. Work 6 rows in this manner.

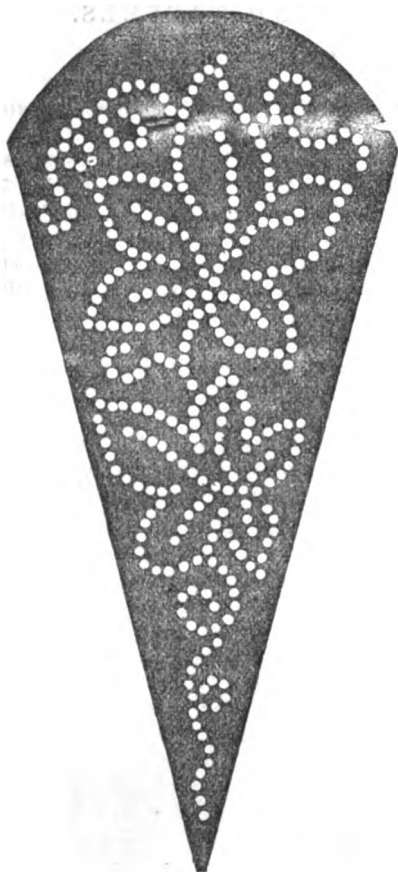
FOR THE BORDER.—Do in shell pattern, using 5 dc stitch in every loop, with 6 ch between the shells. Finish the last row of shells with 1 s c, 5 d c, 1 s c to every shell. The length of the border must be determined by the length of tassel to be covered.

ORIENTAL MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



As we have observed, often before, we do not { but lay under contribution everything new and
confine ourselves entirely to original designs { pretty, that appears either in Paris, London, or
451

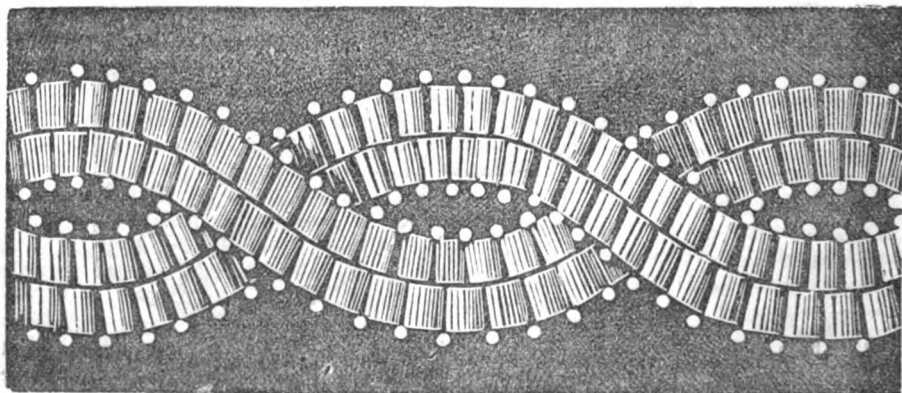


Berlin. Other Magazines, indeed, publish only these foreign patterns. But we add original designs, many of them such as subscribers have requested, and from the popularity which these original designs obtain, we are encouraged to believe that no other Magazine enjoys such a high reputation for its Work-Table as this.

One of the prettiest things for the Work-Table, which has lately been designed in Paris, is the Oriental Mat, in Berlin wool and beads. Above we give a segment of the pattern, being one quarter of the whole. This is divided, it will be observed, into three divisions. In the entire mat, therefore, there are twelve of these divisions. These twelve divisions are in six different colors. Each division has its opposite one in the same color: thus there are two crimsons, two greys, two yellows, two blues, two browns, and two greens. The leaves have an outline in steel beads, as seen in the cut at the side of this column, and are filled in with crystal. To give a greater variety to the leaves, the smaller ones may be filled in with opaque white, and those nearer the edge with the crystal. The outer scallop may be finished with loops of beads placed rather close together, overwrapping each other, and in the same chalk beads as those used for filling in the leaves. When the work is completed, it must be made up on a thin mill-board carefully cut out the same shape. It must be well stretched, and securely fastened down at the back. After which it must be lined with either cloth or fine green baize. This mat will be found very ornamental, and perfectly easy of execution.

CABLE BORDER IN BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

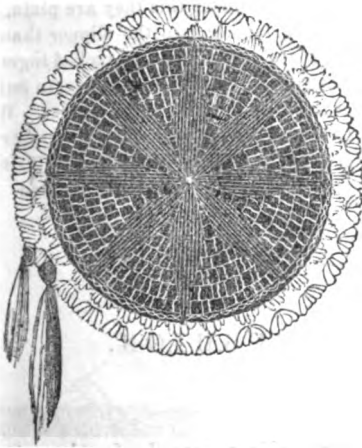


THE materials are clear white O. P. beads and an equal quantity of colored of the same sort, which may best accord with the work which the border is intended to accompany. A brilliant green, amber, or ultramarine blue contrasts well with the white. A small proportion of moderate sized black, round beads are also necessary. To commence, thread one O. P. white, one small black, one O. P. white, tie the thread close to the beads; this is for the sake of making the beginning finer. To continue, thread one white, one black, one white, and pass the needle through one of the O. P. beads you have just tied together; then take one black, one white, and pass the needle through the last white on the con-

trary side. These few simple instructions are all that need be offered for the mere threading of the beads. The other part of the cable is formed in precisely the same way. The two chains are intertwined and fastened down at regular intervals, each in the part which is covered by the other. If placed on a mat, we recommend that if in wool-work the edge underneath this Cable Border should be worked in a large stitch of some color which may contrast well with itself in the openings which appear through the twist. The largest O. P. beads are the best for this purpose, and care should be taken that the white and the colored match in size.

HEAD-DRESS IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have designed this head-dress expressly for the patrons of "Peterson."

MATERIALS.—Two spools gold thread, one skein black purse twist, fine steel hook. Cord and tassel, mixed gold and black.

With the gold thread make a ch of 8. Join, and in it work 7 d c, with 3 ch between each stitch. Fasten the black silk and begin the star.

1st Row.—3 d c gold, (pass the black silk back of the 8 gold stitches worked,) and make 8 ch black. Drop the black, take up the gold,

† work 3 d c, as before, 8 ch black, †. Repeat this 7 times.

2nd Row.—† 5 d c gold, (over 3 d c 1st row,) 8 ch black, † 7 times.

3rd Row.—† 7 d c gold, (over 5 d c 2nd row,) 8 ch black, † 7 times.

4th Row.—† 9 d c gold, (over 7 d c 3rd row,) 8 ch black, † 7 times.

5th Row.—† 7 d c gold, (over 9 d c 4th row,) 8 ch, 1 d c, 8 ch black, † 7 times.

6th Row.—† 5 d c gold, (over 7 d c 5th row,) 8 ch, 1 d c, 3 ch, 1 d c, 8 ch black, † 7 times.

7th Row.—† 3 d c gold, (over 5 d c 6th row,) 8 ch, 1 d c, 3 ch, 1 d c, 8 ch, 1 d c, 3 ch black, † 7 times.

8th Row.—† 1 d c, 8 ch, † all round.

9th Row.—Same as 8th.

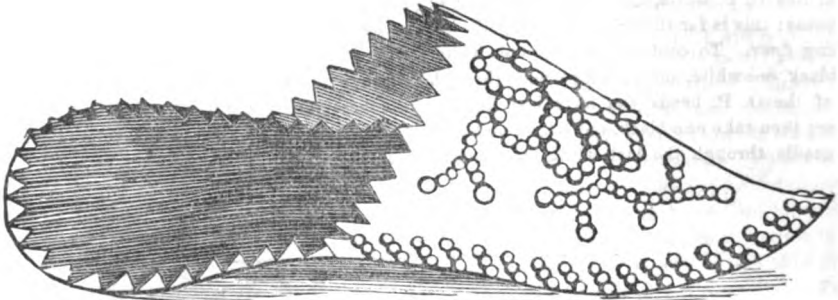
10th Row.—Shell work in gold thread, which is done by working † 5 d c in one loop, miss 4, 5 d c in one, miss 4, † all round.

11th Row.—Place the 5 d c in centre stitch of every shell on 10th row, 1 ch between each shell.

Run the cord in the 9th row, fasten on the tassels, draw to fit the knot of hair. This head-dress is very simple, easily made, and quite as pretty as the imported ones of this style. The drawing gives the head-dress wide open. It may be varied in color to suit the taste of the wearer. The combinations of crimson and gold, blue and silver, or, for every day wear, it may be made entirely of silk.

SLIPPER PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

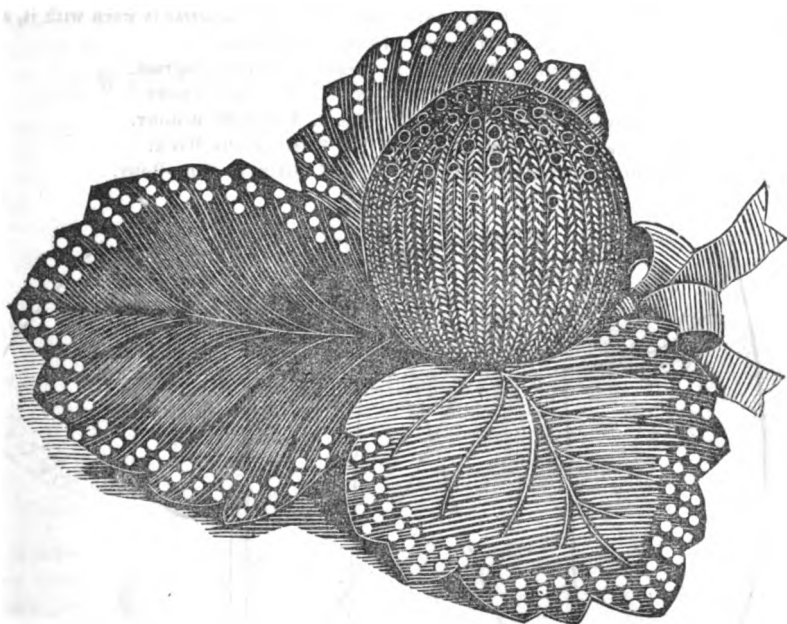


THE material of the front of the slipper given in our illustration is in scarlet cloth, pinked in small vandykes at the upper edge, having a rosette in white chalk beads, with a pretty fancy gold button in its centre, and surrounded by the sprays of beads, which will be seen in our design. When this is fastened on to the sole, it is stitched in the inside, then turned and ornamented with stitches, having three beads on each, at regular distances, all the way round, where the two parts are united. The sole is formed of two thicknesses of black cloth, the upper one being vandyked; between these is placed the black on which to wipe the pens, commencing at the part of the slipper where the front ceases, and their thicknesses thus giving the appearance of the heel. We have said that the upper piece of cloth forming the fall should be vandyked, but under this they are plain, and not extending farther into the slipper than the heel. All these parts should be tacked together, and cut as smoothly round as possible, to imitate the even round of the heel of the slipper. When this article is neatly made, it forms a very pretty offering from the Work-Table to the Writing-Table. This pattern is just out in London.

STRAWBERRY EMERY CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE cushion is made in the following manner: Take four very fine knitting-needles, and some fine crochet silk as near the genuine strawberry scarlet as you can obtain. Cast on ten stitches on each of two needles, and twelve on a third. Knit round with the fourth needle until you have a sufficient depth, exactly in the same way as you would do a stocking; then narrow at each end of each needle every alternate round, until you have two loops on each of two needles, and four on the third, on which there were originally twelve. Pass a needle and thread through all these loops, so as to secure them from dropping, take out the knitting-needles, turn the work on to the wrong side, restore the four loops to one needle, and four to another, and so cast them off. This prevents the strawberry from being pointed at the top. The Emery Cushion having been made, must now be enclosed within and gathered up underneath. This is best formed of three pieces, so narrowed at the top as to produce the required shape. The dots on the strawberry are represented by a few very small and cut beads. The leaf is either in dark green velvet or cloth. The edges are intended in appearance, by having three white beads placed upon them at regular distances, the veins being also done in the same way. Underneath, the



needle-book is introduced, the whole being finished with a bow of ribbon.

In narrowing the knitting for the strawberry, we recommend the following way:—At the beginning of the rows, take one loop on the needle,

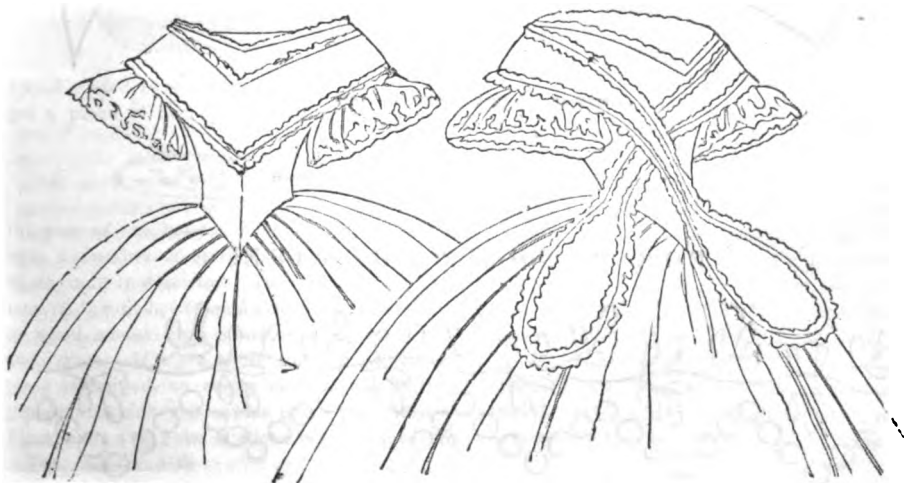
knit the next, place the first loop over the second; at the end of each row take two loops together.

This produces corresponding lines of contraction.

For this cushion we are indebted to a late English journal.

BODY FOR EVENING DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a new and elegant pattern for the body of an evening dress. Its chief novelty consists in the seam, which forms the dart, and which runs up, in this pattern, to the top of the body. This gives the bust a particularly beautiful shape. The corsage is made with a point before and behind, and looks particu-

larly well, when a *berthe* is worn with it, as seen in our illustration.

Below we give a diagram.

No. 1. HALF THE FRONT.

No. 2. FRONT SIDE-BODY.

No. 3. HALF THE BACK.

No. 4. BACK OF SIDE-BODY.

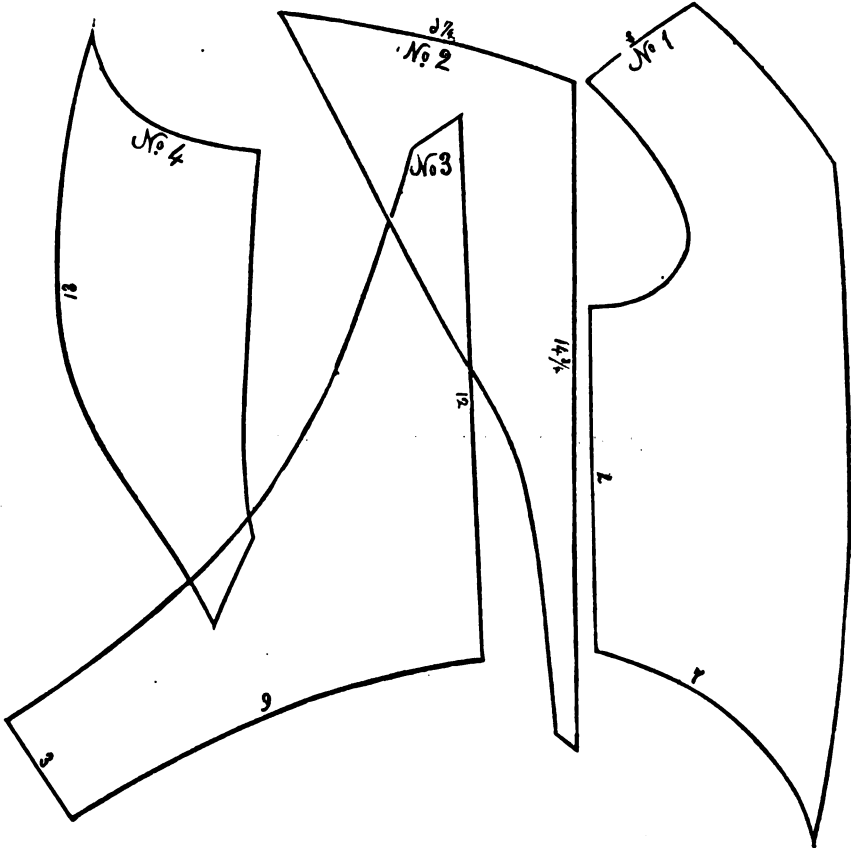
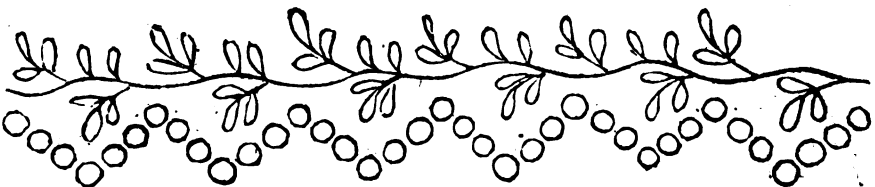


DIAGRAM FOR BODY OF EVENING DRESS.

FOR BAND OF CHEMISE.



WINDOW GARDENING.—NO. II.

BY THE "HORTICULTURAL EDITOR."



We give, this month, an engraving of a basket of double primroses, blue and white. To prepare this basket, get four roots each; next take a common pie-dish, or any other cheap earthen



vessel suited to the form of your basket; then get a piece of thin board, and having cut it to



the size of the bottom of the dish, perforate it with a number of small holes, about a quarter of an inch in diameter. Then place in the bottom of the dish, at equal distances, three strips of wood, about three-quarters of an inch deep each way. If upon these the flat perforated piece is lodged, an empty space below will be provided, which will ensure thorough drainage. Place over the holes a slight layer of moss, to

prevent the soil from dropping through, but not so as to impede the drainage. A layer of rich soil may then be added. Take the primrose roots, leaving some of the fibres rather free, and place them according to your taste in the disposition of color, in the pan. Then fill more soil in between them, pressing it slightly down round each plant.

The next process is that of lining your basket with moss, and, having placed the pan within it, and covered the whole with moss, place it neatly between the plants. Water may be given, but not too profusely. The basket should then stand in a situation where there is not too much light, and no sun, for about three days, after which it may be placed in the situation which it is intended to occupy, where it will, if all the pre-arrangements have been duly observed, flourish luxuriantly till the whole of the flowers have expanded. But care should be taken to shield it from a mid-day sun until the plants are thoroughly established.

We have also given this month an engraving of one of the square *terra cotta* flower-pots, which are becoming fashionable, and which produce an

agreeable variety, if judiciously used, with the more ordinary circular forms. We have represented a white camelia in the *terra cotta* pot, and a China primrose in the basket-pattern pot, both of which plants may be obtained in flower at the present moment.

The third ornamental pot is known as the "Lily of the Valley" pattern, and the white flowers and foliage on a deep ultramarine ground, produce a very good effect, for the design is good. We generally prefer geometrical patterns for flower-pots, as forming a

better contrast with the flowing lines of the natural flowers which they are to contain. But in the present instance we have seen a group of the natural lilies combine so gracefully with the ornamental receptacle, as represented in our engraving, that we strongly recommend some of our floricultural readers to try the experiment. The design becomes evident in the arrangement, and wherever design is apparent, a certain kind of taste and refinement are indicated, which never fails to produce an agreeable impression.



NETTED HOOD, WITH DAISY FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Two oz. of white single Berlin wool, a flat mesh, scarcely a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in width, and a netting-needle.

Net on a foundation of 110 stitches 4 rows, so as to form 2 perfect diamonds; now continue to net and decrease one at the end of each row till the whole is reduced to only 4 diamonds; then,

with the wool twined round the mesh, net two rows at the sides, taking up every loop which was decreased, but not net in the front or wide part.

FOR THE FRINGE.—Cut once a skein of wool, also a second, and place the two lengths together; wind another skein in a small ball, or on a tat-



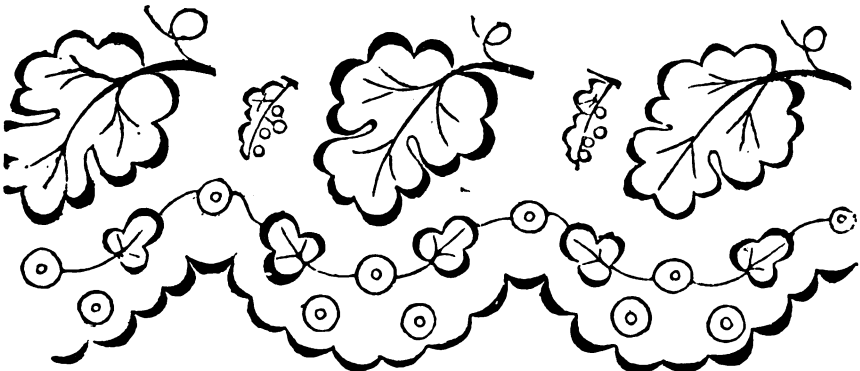
ting shuttle. Tie the end on to the end of the two skeins, which will consist of about 22 lengths. At about an inch from the end (holding the wools in the left hand) make a stitch over the skein, with the ball in the right hand, exactly like an overcast stitch in embroidery; then, before pulling it tight, slip the ball upward through the bow of the stitch, then pull the stitch tight; continue this stitch at intervals of an inch, to the end of the work; then take two other skeins in lengths, till sufficient of these tufts are made; then cut in the centre of each space. The stitch

will be found a perfect tie, like the crossing of ribbon before it is tied in a bow, and the more the fringe is pulled the tighter it becomes.

TO ATTACH THE FRINGE.—With wool needle, and a length of wool, sew the end of the fringe on the point at the side, then sew between every 5th tuft into the 4th loop of the netting along the front; sew it fuller than this to turn the corner, but along the two sides of the net sew between every 6th tuft into every 3rd loop of netting. It may be sewed fuller than this if needed.

BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



WALTZ.

"SOUVENIR DE L'IRLANDE."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

TEMPO DI
VALE.

mf

8va

8va

8va..... loco.

8va.....

First system of a musical score. The upper staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with a slur over a group of notes. The lower staff (bass clef) contains a bass line with a key signature change to one flat (B-flat) indicated by a 'b' symbol. The system is divided into two measures by a double bar line.

8va..... loco.

8va..... loco.

Second system of a musical score. The upper staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with a slur. The lower staff (bass clef) contains a bass line. The system is divided into two measures by a double bar line.

Third system of a musical score. The upper staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with a slur. The lower staff (bass clef) contains a bass line. The system is divided into two measures by a double bar line.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TWO FACES.—A great many whom we know, and some we don't know, have two faces, one the world-face, the other the home-face. One for smooth smiles, pleasant words, flattering compliments, outside politeness; the other for frowns, mutterings, oaths, elegant ineptives and selfish churlishness. So they have separate characters—the one for kindness and assiduity abroad, the other for churlishness and neglect at home. These they keep in active competition, so that neither gets much ahead of the other, but both go on an ever steady pace, at the same time blessing and cursing; only those who receive the latter commodity get rather the worst of the bargain.

The heart would sicken could it look through the walls that shelter families, and behold the other phase in which some men robe themselves when the eagle glances of the world are not spies upon their actions. It could see thousands who give great sums to popular charities, turn destitution from her wretched dwelling, because she could not pay, perhaps, the balance of a few paltry pennies for rent. It would behold the flattered man of society repelling wife and children from kindly intercourse around the fireside by his frowns and peevishness. It would look down upon many a woman, so useful without doors wherever benevolence called, and who was never known to be absent from her post of honor in public assemblies, very lax in her duties as wife and mother, very careless about the pleasantness of home, her children in the condition of "heathen at the door."

It would see the jaunty buck of fashion swearing at his grey-headed father, while his sisters blush with shame at his profanity; or the dainty belle of the ball-room, all smiles of beauty, all motions of grace abroad, bandying taunting words with some poor dependent for a trifling fault.

A steady, unswerving example—no protestations and long faces, not soft, smooth, religious tongues—will do more for the moral progress of communities, than all the good works you can pile 'twixt the earth and the sky. You may batter against heaven's very gates with your enginery of prayer; you may add your donations till the list shall swell from here to India; you may shed tears over man's vain ingratitude till the ocean could not hold them; you may talk so eloquently that the very angels might bend to listen, yet all your prayers, your charities, your tears, your eloquence, shall not be potent enough to impel one soul a step toward heaven. If the daily, hourly, momentary consistency of your example be not a guarantee of your sincerity.

NEW STYLES OF JEWELRY.—Many novelties in *bijouterie*, in which hair forms a part, have recently appeared. Bracelets composed of hair are studded with jewels. Brooches are encircled in a framework of richly wrought gold, ornamented with pearls. Some very elegant ear-rings have been formed of hair and turquoise. Cameos hold a high place among the favorite ornaments of the season. They are employed to ornament both the dress and the hair in ball and evening costume. In the dress they are used as brooches, and in the *coiffure* they are frequently set in the form of a diadem.

"THE BLIND PIPER."—This is another beautiful steel engraving. By an oversight of the engraver, a few of these plates have been labeled, erroneously, "The Blind Harper." If you get such an impression, fair lady, your own good sense will tell you that it is not a harp the blind minstrel is playing on, but an orthodox Scotch bag-pipe.

POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.—In Paris, some beautiful novelties in pocket-handkerchiefs have just made their appearance. Those suited to evening dress are circular in form, and are bordered with a row of insertion running in an undulating line. At the extreme edge there is a row of Valenciennes, corresponding with the insertion. For morning and out-door dress, a handkerchief is extremely fashionable made of very fine *batiste*, and either round or square. It is edged with a border of lilac, blue or pink, consisting of a running arabesque design. Another style of handkerchief, also suited to morning dress, has a tartan border printed on the cambric, and on both sides the colors are equally vivid, so that there is no wrong side. These tartan borders are printed both on gentlemen's and ladies' handkerchiefs; but it must be observed that they are strictly confined to morning costume. Other handkerchiefs, confined to the plainest style of morning dress, are of white lawn, with borders formed of small white, blue, or red spots.

HOW GENTLEMEN SHOULD DRESS.—In an article on dress, in a late number of "Blackwood's Magazine," we find some suggestions respecting the most becoming evening attire for gentlemen. "Blackwood" thinks the vest should be of white, with a standing collar, in the fashion of the court costume of England; the coat a black dress coat, cut in the present fashion; breeches, knee-buckles, silk stockings, and low-quartered shoes. Boots and trousers, according to "Blackwood," ought to be banished from parlors. Frills in the shirt-bosom, and ruffles at the wrist, it considers would be an improvement. We suppose "Blackwood" thinks, that, as the ladies have returned, in a great degree, to the style of dress in vogue with their grandmothers, the sooner the gentlemen imitate the costume of their grandsires the better. Certainly, knee-breeches are handsomer than pantaloons—unless, indeed, when a man is spindle-shanked. We vote for knee-breeches.

CHILD'S APRON, WATCH-POCKET, &c., &c.—In the front of the number, we give several original patterns, furnished by the accomplished editor of "the Work-Table," Mrs. Jane Weaver. One is a Child's Apron, to be made of silk and embroidered. Another is a Watch-Pocket, Braided. A third is for the wrist, and to be made of narrow velvet ribbon and black lace. A fourth is a cuff and collar, embroidered in blue, which we have printed in colors. These, with other patterns given in another part of the number, form a collection of original designs, which no other Magazine has ever equaled.

TWENTY-FIVE FLOUNCES.—At a recent fashionable party in Paris, one of the ladies wore a white tulle dress with twenty-five narrow flounces, each having a black velvet ribbon along the edge. Her waistband was black velvet and fastened by a steel buckle, as were also the bows on the shoulders. The head-dress was composed of three tufts of black velvet, placed on velvet cross-bands, one to the left along the bandeau, and the other wider forming a *cache-peigne* behind.

TO REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Several subscribers ask us how to remove superfluous hair. There is but one way—to pluck it out by the roots. Even in this case, however, it will grow again. The nostrums advertised to remove hair are all either worthless or injurious; for the first do not remove the hair, and the last injure the skin or health.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE is the copy of Darley's late celebrated work from Longfellow's new poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The size of the plate, which is upright, is 14 by 17, and it is a perfect fac-simile of the original. "The snow white Steer" seems walking from the forest toward you,

"Through the ford at the forest,"

bearing the beautiful maiden Priscilla, her hand with loving confidence placed in that of her new husband. It is published by J. E. Tilton & Co., 161 Washington street, Boston, who will furnish directions how to paint it in the Grecian style. Price \$1.50, post-paid. The circular will be found on another page.

POSITIVELY LIBELOUS.—The editor of the Hamilton (Ill.) Sucker says:—"The Ladies' National is received, and is being consulted by our 'better half' The ladies all love 'Peterson'—not the old gentleman, but the Magazine." Now isn't this too bad? Old gentleman! We'd have you know, sir editor, that we're not old. It's a libel to call us old. Once get that notion afloat, and what girl will marry us?

TO MAKE A NATURAL BAROMETER.—The Germans take tall glass bottles filled with water, in which they place one or more frogs; a little wooden ladder is then inserted into the bottle, the steps in a rough way marking the degrees. In fine weather the frogs always mount the ladder, but in bad weather remain at the bottom. These barometers are much consulted and depended upon.

CAN GOUT BE CURED?—A subscriber asks this question. It is said that the severest gout has been cured by a persevering use of coffee. In the French colonies, as well as in Turkey, where coffee constitutes the principal beverage, the gout is almost unknown. We do not vouch for the infallibility of this remedy, but it is a harmless one and worthy of a trial.

OUR THIRD NOVELET.—With this number, one of our promised novelets, "The Old Stone Mansion," is concluded. In the July number, we shall begin another, "Helen Græme." Both it and "Gillian" will be finished by, or before, December.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Romance of a Hero. By the author of "Magdalen Stafford." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Many persons will like this better than "Adam Bede," noticed last month, though we do not. The story is more romantic, the actors move in a higher sphere of life, and there are no painful incidents to harrow up the heart, like the trial of poor Hetty in "Adam Bede." But the characters are not near so truthfully drawn, nor is the novel so faithful a picture of life as it really is. However, so far, it surpasses any fiction of the month, except Charles Reade's, and is among the best that has appeared this season.

On the Probable Fall in the value of Gold: the Commercial and Social consequences which may ensue, and the measures which it invites. By Michel Chevalier. Translated from the French, with preface, by Richard Cobden. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The title of this work so fully sets forth its objects that we need not enlarge upon them. The treatise is a very able one, and deserving the consideration of every person interested in commerce, finance, or political economy. The volume is handsomely printed.

"Love Me Little." By Charles Reade. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Inferior to "White Lies," and even to "Peg Woffington," but superior to most other lately published novels. Reade's stories are always briskly told and the characters well drawn.

High Life in New York. By Jonathan Slick, Esq. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new edition of a work of rare merit. There is nothing in Sam Slick, nothing in the whole range of American humor, superior to it: indeed there are few that are its equal. The satire is frequently as delicate and keen as the edge of a razor and is always effective. The author's name continues to be concealed, but rumor attributes the work to an eminent and popular writer. The illustrations in this edition are inimitable, especially that in which the raw Yankee lad mistakes a certain article of female attire for a new-fashioned side-saddle.

Plan of the Creation; or, Other Worlds, and who Inhabit Them. By Rev. C. L. Hequeembourg. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: Parry & M'Millan.—An attempt to solve the future state of man, the character of that conflagration which it has been declared the globe is to undergo, and other things either concealed, or only darkly hinted at in Scripture. On the infallibility of the author's conclusions we confess ourselves unable to pronounce. To ordinarily informed readers, the investigation of such themes is certainly profitless, we may add, often injurious.

The Life of North American Insects. By B. Jeger, assisted by H. C. Preston, M. D. With numerous illustrations from specimens in the cabinet of the author. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a description of the insect world of North America, as thorough as it is possible to make it, and entirely reliable. In short, Dr. Preston has done for the insects of this continent, what Audubon, before him, did for its birds and quadrupeds. The volume will be found agreeable even by persons not specially interested in the subject: at least we have discovered it to be so in our own case.

The Avenger and other Pieces. By Thomas De Quincey. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—These pieces all bear the traces of De Quincey's gorgeous style, though they are, in other respects, of very various merit. The principal article is a powerfully told story, in which the sensation of horror is developed, as only a master could develop it. But the "Tradition of the Rabbits" is our favorite of all in the volume. The description of the transmigrated spirit, in its various temporary dwelling-places in a lion, an eagle, &c., is one of the finest bits of writing in the language.

Sixty Years of My Life. By James Brown. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This book reminds us of De Foe. But unlike De Foe's fictions, it is a true record of a life. The author was a poor boy, born in a village near Cambridge, England, apprenticed to a shoemaker, and subsequently a soldier and sailor. He is now a magistrate of the university town, and a man of means and influence. His experiences are told in a racy, idiomatic style, which makes the volume exceedingly agreeable reading, more interesting indeed than any novel.

Mothers and Infants, Nurses and Nursing. Translated from the French. By Dr. Al. Doune. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: Parry & M'Millan.—The author of this work was lately at the head of the clinical department of the Faculty of Paris, and is, therefore, unusually fitted for the task he has undertaken. The volume is one of the best treatises on nursing, weaning, and the treatment of children generally, which has ever been published. It ought to be in every family.

Motherwell's Poems. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—An edition, to match the "blue and gold" series of the poets, which this enterprising firm has lately begun. Some of Motherwell's ballads are among the best in the language: witness "Jeanie Morrison." A capital portrait of the author embellishes the volume. It is the very book for a lady's boudoir or library.

Shakspeare's Legal Acquirements Considered. By John, Lord Campbell, L. L. D., F. R. S. E. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The writer of this little volume is Chief Justice of England, author of "The Lives of the Chancellors," &c., and is, therefore, peculiarly competent for the task of examining, and deciding on, the legal acquirements of Shakspeare. By selecting passages, from the great dramatist's various plays, Lord Campbell shows that a good *prima facie* case could be made out in favor of Shakspeare's having been an attorney.

Old South Chapel Prayer Meeting: Its Origin and History. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This neat little volume has been published, according to the preface, to preserve "some record of a meeting, which has, with the blessing of God, been instrumental of accomplishing more for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ than any other similar meeting which has ever been held." We have no doubt that it will do much good.

More About Jesus. With Illustrations and a Map. By the author of "Peep of Day," &c. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a description of Palestine, and of the principal events in the life of the Saviour, written in a style to suit children. The illustrations are many and beautiful. We cordially commend the book to families.

The Culprit Fay. By J. Rodman Drake. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—A dainty edition of one of the most graceful poems yet written in America, and one which, strange to say, has been long out of print. The typographical neatness of this volume reminds us of Pickering's famous edition of the British poets.

Bon Sylvester's Word. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—An excellent story for juveniles, conveying an important moral. The author is well known, not only as a popular novelist, but as a superior writer of books for children.

Home Memories; or, Echoes of a Mother's Voice. By Mrs. Carey Brock, author of "Children at Home." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Well written, and with an excellent moral. A safe, as well as interesting book, to put into the hands of daughters.

PARLOR GAMES.

THE NEWSPAPER.—The company, sitting in a semicircle, assume various trades—such as that of a grocer, a cook, a draper, &c.; and when the reader of the newspaper, who selects an important despatch, pauses and looks steadfastly at one of the party, he or the next must immediately help him out with one or two words relating to the particular trade adopted by the individual. The following reading is given as an example, and it will do as well as any other:—"Early in the morning the whole," (looking at one, who immediately continues,)

Dinner-service—

"Was in motion. Detachments from the suburbs had put themselves in—"

Vinegar;

"Armed citizens occupied the—"

Frying-pans;—

"Others had taken possession of the—"

Cotton-balls;

"Planted the—"

Marrow bones;

"And surrounded the—"

Scissors.

"All were prepared to—"

Break tumblers.

"All the powder and lead which they found in the—"

Sugar hogsheds.

OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.

BILL OF FARE

FOR A DINNER PARTY.

Soup.

Vegetable; or, Green Turtle.

Fish.

Salmon; or, Sea Bass, with White Sauce.
Boiled Potatoes.

Meats.

Boiled Leg of Lamb, with Mint Sauce.

Boiled Chickens, with Lobster Sauce.

Roast and Mashed Potatoes.

Roast Chickens.

Roast Beef.

Tomatoes. Spinach. Peas. Potatoes.

Side Dishes.

Sweet Breads. Lobster Salad.

Chicken Croquettes. Lamb Chops.

Young Chickens. Squabs.

Turtle Steaks. Tenderloin, with Mushrooms.

Asparagus. Green Peas. Tomatoes.

Fried Potatoes. Sweet Potatoes. Lima Beans.

Dessert.

Ice Creams. Strawberries.

Water Ices. Pine Apple, with Madeira.

Charlotte Russe.

Apples. Oranges. Grapes. Raisins.

Almonds.

Black Coffee. Cocoa.

SOUPS.

Vermicelli Soup.—*Very Rich.*—Put four ounces of butter into a pan; cut into it a knuckle of veal and a scrag of mutton in small pieces; slice in the meat of a shank of ham, with three or four blades of mace, two or three carrots, two parsnips, two large onions with a clove stuck in each end, four or five heads of celery, washed clean; a bunch of sweet herbs, and an anchovy. Cover the pan close up, and set it over the fire, without any water, till the gravy is drawn out of the meat; then pour the gravy into a bowl. Let the meat brown in the saucepan, and take care it does not burn; then pour in four quarts of water; let it boil gently till it is wasted to three pints; strain it; add the other gravy to it; set it on the fire; put in, also, two ounces of vermicelli, the nicest part of a head of celery, cayenne pepper and salt; and let it boil for four minutes. Pour it over some nice slices of toast.

Transparent Soup.—*Suitable for an Entertainment.*—Procure a leg of veal; cut off all the meat as thin as you can; break the bone in small pieces; put the meat into a large jug, and the bones at top, with a bunch of sweet herbs, a quarter of an ounce of mace, half a pound of almonds, blanched, and beat fine, and four quarts of boiling water. Let it stand all night by the fire, covered close; the next day put it into a well-tinned saucepan, and let it boil slowly till it is reduced to two quarts. All the time it is boiling scum the fat off as it rises. Then strain it into a bowl; let

It settle for two hours, and pour it into a clean saucepan, clear from the sediment. Have ready three ounces of rice, boiled in water; if you prefer vermicelli, boil two ounces, and, when done enough, put it in the soup, and serve it up.

FISH.

Perch—in Water Sokey.—Scale, clean, and wash your perch; put in some water to boil, adding some salt; when the water boils put in your fish, with an onion cut in slices and separated into rings, and a handful of parsley. Put in as much milk as will turn the water white; when your fish are done enough, put them into a soup dish, and pour a little of the water over them with the parsley and onions. Serve with them a sauce of butter and parsley.

Rock Fish—Stewed.—Brown some onions in butter. Cut your fish in slices and fry them; put them into a pot with water, butter, allspice, salt and mace; about half an hour before you dish your fish add as much wine as is agreeable to you. You must stew the fish slowly about three hours, and keep it closely covered.

MEATS.

Woodcock or Partridge—Hashed.—Cut the birds up as for eating; work the entrails very fine with the back of a spoon; mix it with a spoonful of red wine, the same quantity of water, and half a spoonful of vinegar; cut an onion into slices, and then pull it into rings; and roll a little butter in some flour. Put them all into your pan, shake it over the fire till it boils; then put in your birds, and when thoroughly hot lay them in a dish, and strain the sauce over them.

Pigeons—Boiled.—Clean your pigeons thoroughly, turn the legs under the wings, dredge them, and put them in cold water; boil them very slowly a quarter of an hour, dish them up, pour over them good melted butter, and serve them up. Prepare a sauce of drawn butter and parsley.

MADE DISHES.

Breast of Veal—Collared.—Take a fine breast of veal, bone it, rub it over with the yolks of two eggs, and strew over it some crumbs of bread, a little grated lemon, a little pepper and salt, and a handful of chopped parsley. Roll it up tight, and bind it hard with twine; wrap it in a cloth and boil it one hour and a half—then take it up to cool. When a little cold, take off the cloth, and clip the twine carefully, lest you open the veal; then cut it in slices, and lay them on a dish, with some forcemeat balls laid round them. Make a white sauce, as follows, and pour it over the veal, &c. *White Sauce.*—Take one pint of good veal gravy, add to it a spoonful of lemon pickle, a teaspoonful of mushroom powder, or a few pickled mushrooms, and give it a gentle boil; then put in half a pint of cream, and the yolks of two eggs; (beat light) shake it over the fire after adding the eggs and cream, but do not let it boil.

Chickens—Fricassee.—Cut off the wings and legs of four chickens; separate the breasts from the backs; divide the backs crosswise; cut off the necks; clean the gizzards, and put them with the livers and other parts of the chickens (after having been thoroughly washed,) into a saucepan, adding salt, pepper, and a little mace; cover with water, and stew till it becomes tender; then take out the chicken. Thicken half a pint of water with two spoonfuls of flour rubbed into four ounces of butter, as you think proper, with a tablespoonful of currie; let the chickens stew fifteen minutes longer, and they are done.

Ham—or a Gammon of Bacon—Roast.—Half boil your ham or gammon, then take off the skin, dredge it with oatmeal sifted very fine, baste it with butter, and roast it. When done, dish it up with brown gravy. Garnish it with parsley.

Eggs—Fricassee.—Boil your eggs pretty hard, cut them in round slices, make a white sauce the same way as for boiled chickens, pour it over the eggs, and put a whole egg in the middle of the yolk.

PRESERVES, JELLIES, &c.

Observations on Preserving.—When you make any kind of jelly, take care you do not let any of the seeds from the fruit fall into the jelly; pound your sugar, and let it dissolve in the syrup before you set it on the fire—it makes the scum rise well, and the jelly a better color: it is a great fault to boil jellies too high, it makes them of a dark color. The best mode to preserve sweetmeats, is to dip writing paper in brandy, and lay it close to your sweetmeats, tie them well down with white paper, and two folds of thick cap paper to keep out the air.

Green Gages.—Take the plums before they are ripe, put them in a kettle with vine leaves at the bottom—then a layer of plums, then a layer of vine leaves, and so on until the plums are all used. Fill the kettle with water, set it over a slow fire, and when the plums become hot, and the skins begin to crack, take them out, and skin them carefully; lay them on a sieve as you skin them, then put them back again in the same water, and in the same manner as before, covering them very close, and hanging them a great distance from the fire until they become green. Then take them up carefully, lay them on a sieve to drain, make a good syrup, and give them a gentle boil twice a day for two days; then put them in a fine, clear syrup.

Pine Apples—No. 1.—Take them before they are ripe, make a strong salt water and lay them in for five days; then green them with vine leaves, make a thin syrup, and when it is almost cold, put the pine apples in jars and pour the syrup over them; let them stand a week, but be certain of their being covered with syrup. When they have stood a week, boil the syrup again and pour it over them; let them stand eight weeks, and during that time give the syrup two or three boilings in order to prevent it from moulding. After that make a good syrup, put a few slices of white ginger into it, then give your fruit a gentle boil, place it in jars, and tie them down with bladders.

Pine Apple—No. 2.—Pare, core, and grate the fruit. Take pound for pound, boil all together carefully until it becomes thick and clear.

Crab Apples.—Par boil the apples very gently, and when the fruit is tender take it out of the water. Take one pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; pour some of the water in which the fruit was boiled over the sugar, in order to melt it, then place the syrup over the fire, and when it boils and is well skinned, put in the fruit and boil it carefully until it becomes clear; then put the fruit on dishes to cool, and boil down the syrup. Put the fruit in jars, and pour the syrup over it while hot. All the water in which the apples have been boiled may be poured over the sugar, as the more jelly you have the better, as it is very fine.

Black Currant Jelly.—Get your currants when they are ripe and dry, pick them off the stalks, and put them into a large stewpan. To every quart of currants add a quart of water, tie a paper over them, and set them in a cool oven for two hours, then squeeze them through a very thin cloth. To every quart of juice add a pound and a half of loaf sugar broken in small pieces, stir it gently till the juice is melted. When it boils skim it well; let it boil pretty quick for half an hour over a clear fire, then pour it into pots. Put brandy papers over them.

Currant Jelly.—Procure your currants when fully ripe—yet not too ripe. Put the currants into a preserving-kettle, let them warm through thoroughly, but be careful they do not scorch; it is better to cover them in the kettle. When well warmed put them into a cloth, and press the juice from them. To each pint of juice allow one pound of loaf sugar; put it on a slow fire, after they come to a boil let them boil twenty minutes, or a little longer.

Cherry Jam.—Take six pints of morella cherries to two pounds of sugar. Boil them well, and be careful they do not burn.

Apricots.—Pare your apricots, and thrust out the stones with a skewer; to every pound of apricots put a pound of loaf sugar; strew part of it over them and let them stand till the next day; then give them a gentle boil three or four different times, and let them become cold between each time. Take them out of the syrup one by one: the last time you boil them, skim your syrup well; then boil it till it looks clear and thick; pour it over your apricots, and cover them for use.

Raspberry Jam.—Procure raspberries that are ripe and dry—select them carefully, rejecting the dead ones—and then crush them in a bowl, with a silver or wooden spoon. As soon as you have crushed them, strew in their own weight of sugar, and half their weight of currant juice, (boiled and strained as for jelly,) then set them over a clear, slow fire, boil half an hour, skim them well, and keep stirring them at the same time. When cool, put them in glasses for use.

Raspberries.—After the fruit is hulled and picked over, weigh it, and take pound for pound of fruit and sugar; place alternately a layer of fruit and sugar in a large, deep vessel; let them remain over night. The following day put all into a kettle together, and when it comes to a boil let it continue to boil for twenty minutes. For seven pounds of fruit pulverize a piece of alum about the size of a hazel nut, and stir it in while boiling.

Apricot Marmalade.—When you preserve apricots, pick out all the bad ones, and those that are too ripe for keeping; boil them in some syrup till they will mash; then beat them to a paste. Take half their weight of loaf sugar, and put as much water to it as will dissolve it; boil and skim it well. Then boil the fruit and syrup together till it looks clear, and like a fine jelly, and then put it in glass jars for use.

Apricot, or Peach Jam.—Pare the ripest apricots, or peaches, you can get, and cut them thin. To every pound and a half of fruit add a pound of double-refined sugar, and three spoonfuls of water; boil your sugar to a candy height, then put in your apricots or peaches; stir them over a slow fire till they look clear and thick; but do not let them boil, only simmer.

CAKES.

Lopland.—Make into a batter one pint of flour, one pint of cream, three eggs, beaten separately, and a small quantity of salt. Have ready some small tin forms, flour them well, pour in the dough and bake them in a quick oven. Twice this quantity would be necessary for a large family. This is a nice bread for breakfast.

Strivelsins.—Take six eggs and three pints of sweet milk, and make the batter rather richer than for flannel cakes, adding two spoonfuls of soda. Make them about two o'clock, and they will be ready to bake for tea. Pass them through a funnel into boiling lard.

Loaf Cake.—Ingredients: Three quarts of milk, two pounds of butter, two pounds of sugar, three eggs, one gill of brandy. Bake in an earthen cake-dish, and paint the outside of the loaf with the yolk of an egg and a little milk. To be eaten cold, with coffee.

Maryland Biscuit.—Ingredients: Eight bowlfuls of flour, half pint of milk and water, one teacupful of lard, and a little salt. Work and beat up the whole for a long time. Make it up into little cakes without rolling or cutting out the dough.

Potato Cake.—Boil six or eight potatoes, and when cool grate them; mix the potatoes with half a pound of butter, then add a pint of warmed milk, half a teacupful of yeast and as much flour as will make a dough. Bake them like short-cakes.

Milk Biscuit.—To one pound of flour add a quarter of a pound of butter, one egg, a little salt, one glass yeast; knead them up with six ounces flour and one teacupful of milk. Set the whole to rise, and bake in tins.

Muffins.—To a pint of warm milk take one-eighth of a pound of butter, four eggs and a little salt. Mix it into a stiff batter, and beat it smooth; add a little good yeast, and let the batter rise. Butter some muffin rings, and fill them a little more than half full. They must be baked yellow and crisp. When served, do not pile them up one upon another, for fear they will loose their crispness.

Corn Muffins.—Ingredients: One-half pint of corn meal, a handful of wheat flour, one quart of milk, four eggs, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, and a small portion of salt. Put the milk into a saucepan, cut the butter into it, warm it until the butter is soft, but not melted; then add the other ingredients and beat all together till quite light. Bake them in rings.

OUR GARDEN FOR JUNE.

Transplanting should now be done, where the different kinds of annualse have been too thickly sown, but it is necessary to do this in moist or cloudy weather, and for several days they should be shaded from the intense heat of the sun. Water should also be given frequently till the plants are well rooted. As much earth should be taken up about the roots as possible. Wherever seeds are sown too thick and the young plants are not cared for to transplant, the least healthy should be picked out, in order to give the others liberty to grow well.

Take advantage of the first moist weather that happens after the middle of this month, in which to clip and dress your box edgings; for if done in dry or parching weather they are apt to turn foxey, and consequently, lose much of their beauty. The edgings should be cut very neat, even at top and both sides, and ought not to be suffered to grow higher than two or three inches, nor broader than two. When the edgings of box are kept near that size, they look extremely neat, but if permitted to grow to the height of four, five, or six inches, and perhaps near as much in breadth, they then assume a clumsy and heavy appearance, and deprive the beds and borders of that apparent roundness so necessary to set them off to advantage. Watering should be particularly attended to in this month.

The plants which have been kept in-doors during the winter, being now out and fully exposed to the air, will require a constant supply of water; it is impossible to say how often it ought to be administered, or how much should be given at a time, as the state of weather, the different constitutions and habits of the plants, and also the size of the pots or tubs as well as of the plants themselves, make a material difference in that respect. The only true guide is the state of the earth in the pots or tubs, which should always be kept moist and in a proper condition to promote and encourage vegetation. In very hot weather, the plants that are in small pots will require some water both morning and evening, at other times once a day will be sufficient; but as the plants have no other nourishment but what they extract from the earth within the pots or tubs, it ought to be a general rule to keep it constantly moist, but not too wet. The best water for this purpose is such as is taken from rivers or ponds where it is fully exposed to the sun and air, so that if you have no other than spring or well water, it should always be exposed in cisterns, &c., to the sun and air at least twenty-four hours before it is used. No kind of manure should be put in the water, as is practised by many persons to the great injury of their plants; for these strongly impregnated waters, instead of affording nourishment, cause the leaves to change to a pale, sickly color, and ultimately bring on a general debility; they operate like hot liquors on human bodies, which, at first taking, seem to add new vigor, yet, after some time, leave the body weaker than before.

If mowings of short grass, or some moss, be spread on the surface earth of the large tubs or pots of oranges, lemons,

Ac., it will preserve the moisture and defend the upper roots from the sun and drying air.

Such of the pots with plants, as are plunged in the earth, must be turned fully around in their seats once a week to break off such fibres as extend through the holes at bottom into the surrounding earth.

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FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GRENADINE, WITH A DOUBLE SKIRT.—The ground of the dress is white, sprinkled over with bunches of roses, and each skirt is bordered with a broad, green stripe, edged with a wreath of bright-colored flowers. Shawl of white muslin with a deep flounce, in which is run a green ribbon. Above the flounce are two worked ruffles. Bonnet of fine straw, trimmed with pink flowers and green leaves.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF SILK of the new color known as the "Violet of the Alps." This dress is made with two skirts, each trimmed with rows of black lace. The body is high, and fastened at the waist with a band and buckle. The sleeves are very full at the top, with a jockey, and made partially close above the wrist. Both body and sleeves are trimmed with bands of black lace. Bonnet of white crape.

FIG. III.—DINNER DRESS OF GRENADINE, PLOUNCED.—Over the dress is thrown a talma of Brousa silk. These silks are of a coarse fabric, the white stripe looking like a very coarse linen. The colored stripes are like spun silk. The talma has a hood with pink lining, and is trimmed with fringe and tassels. Sun hat of straw trimmed with broad lace and ribbon.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE DRESS OF SUMMER SILK.—The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a very broad plaiting of silk. The

body is low; the sleeves wide, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Cape of plain white lace, trimmed with puffings of lace and blonde edging. There is a white floss tassel at the upper point at the back.

FIG. V.—BONNET, composed of Neapolitan lace and white silk, from the establishment of Mr. Wilde, No. 251 Broadway, New York. The front is formed of lace. The crown, which is larger and more comfortable than those of last season, is of white silk laid on with considerable fullness and covered by a network of black lace, into which three cherry-colored velvet bands are introduced lengthwise. A graceful and pretty trimming of black lace, formed into a bow and ends, is fastened to the brim by a cord and tassels of white silk, which, with the lace, forms a simple and pretty side trimming. A similar bow and ends of lace ornaments the back of the crown. The curtain is of Neapolitan lace and white silk, ornamented like the crown. The inside is adorned by a band of cherry-color, shaded ribbon, plaited very full and edged on either side by black lace. The right side of the band terminates in a full bow and ends, and the left in a cluster of green leaves. Broad, white ribbon strings.

FIG. VI.—BONNET OF PINK CRAPE, also from Wilde's establishment. It is trimmed with two full falls of white lace, the lower fall of which forms the cape. A wreath of green leaves and pink roses encircles the crown and back. The face trimming consists of moss-roses and leaves. Strings of broad pink ribbon.

FIG. VII.—BONNET OF GREEN CRAPE, also from Wilde's, of that new variety, which is stamped to imitate quilting. It is trimmed with narrow white blonde. Face trimming of blonde and loops of green crape. The strings are of crape edged with blonde.

FIG. VIII.—HEAD-DRESS, the master-piece of Wilde's establishment, this season. It is made of white ribbon, blonde, a silver cord and tassel, and pink flowers, disposed as seen in the illustration.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Although the width of robes is as yet but little diminished, if at all, at the bottom, it is greatly reduced in mounting to the top; this is effected by gradually sloping some of the back breadths attached to the corsage. This manner of cutting out skirts is by far the most advantageous to the shape that we have yet seen; it is far more graceful than the old fashion of goring the skirt at each side, which has been lately unsuccessfully attempted to be brought again into vogue.

THE NEWEST STYLE of making dresses is with large plaits, no points or waistband, nor any separation at the waist. Yet there are many also with round waists, waistband and "infant bodies," for young ladies; and lastly some few with two points and even short lappelets cut into points all round.

FOR MORNING DRESSES bodies are made high and plain; some ladies are preferring them without the *basquine*, the waists round and worn with narrow belt and buckle: sleeves are very wide, whether of the open pagoda form, or in large puffs. The plaitings, as in fig. 4, continue fashionable for trimming dresses. A dress of grey watered silk has lately been made with a body in the shape of a hussar jacket, and a velvet waistcoat and steel buttons. The skirt is gathered in very large plaits, and on each plait there is a band of velvet ending in a point, and reaching about to the knee. The sleeves have elbows, with jockeys and pointed cuffs. Organdies and lawns are generally made low in the neck, with a cape of the same material as the dress. These capes are usually in the surplice style, that is not close up in the neck in front, but open, and the ends crossing over each other at the waist. A pretty lace of cambric edging, or even a ruffle of the material of the dress, is the prettiest way of finishing these capes. A puffing of the lawn or organdy is also pretty. For evening dresses, one of the greatest novelties is a dress of two skirts of two different shades of green or pink silk: the first skirt made very long and full, is of a

bright rich color, the second skirt, not quite so full, is of a lighter and more delicate shade: to give a more dressy and elegant appearance, the second skirt may be looped up at each side by a *Watteau porte-jupe*, ornamented to correspond with the dress, or in any other manner preferred: the *corsage* and sleeves are of the same color as the second skirt.

LINEN ARTICLES are still profusely ornamented with ribbons or velvets, and mixed with white and black lace. The most dressy under-sleeves have two large puffs, either muslin or tulle, with a transparent ribbon at the edge and a rich lace. Others are simple puffs bordered with velvet or ribbon with a rosette; others again have bands bordered in the same way with a ribbon or a velvet, but with a trimming of black lace turned back over it. Then others again have all round small barbs of lace or velvet trimmed with lace. For morning wear, they have cuffs turned up, either embroidered or quadrilled with velvet. An original innovation just introduced consists of colored embroidery forming wreaths on a quilted ground, which is likewise colored. A plain cuff of crimson or amaranth velvet has a very pretty effect with white under-sleeves. Another style of sleeve, much in favor, has a very broad *mousquetaire* cuff composed of tulle or net, of whichever material the sleeve may consist. This cuff is crossed with rows of China blue velvet, edged with narrow white lace. The collar intended to be worn with these sleeves is pointed in front and behind, and trimmed with crossings of velvet in the manner just described. For ordinary out-door dress, collars and cuffs of *nansouk* are crossed with black velvet. Crossings of velvet are also extremely fashionable for fichus, pelerines, and bretelles, made of black tulle. The crossings are of narrow black velvet in a lozenge pattern, and the pelerines, &c., are edged round with full trimmings of black lace. These pelerines and bretelles have long ends, which may be crossed in front and linked one in the other at the back of the waist, or they may be left to flow over the front of the skirt. In either way their effect is very elegant. When made of white tulle the crossings are of colored velvet. Berthes are also trimmed with a combination of black and white lace or blonde. These berthes are particularly pretty over pink, green, or maize-colored dresses.

HEAD-DRESSES are at present very elegant. Among the most beautiful of those composed of flowers, are some wreaths of violets intermingled with bunches of black currants, or with wheat-ears in gold. We may mention that gold wheat-ears have become favorite ornaments used as adjuncts to wreaths. One of the newly-introduced wreaths is formed of the flowers of the hop, in variegated tints of pale green and yellow; the foliage sprinkled with frosting in imitation of dew. Wreaths formed of corn-flags and blades of grass, and others composed of camelias with pendent sprays of buds and foliage, are among the favorites. The foliage combined with the new flowers and wreaths is frequently of different tints, shaded, and lightly frosted.

Among the head-dresses, of which flowers form no part, we have seen one composed of bright blue velvet, pliant twists of gold, and light gold tassels. Another consists of a toque of green velvet trimmed with gold braid, which forms an arabesque ornament on one side; on the other side, a plume of magnificent white *marabouts*, tipped with gold, droop toward the back of the neck.

MAINTLES are usually of black silk, made quite large, of a shawl shape, and have a hood. Some of these hoods are quite plain, trimmed with only tassels; others are ornamented with fringe or lace; and others again are composed of lace entirely.

BASQUINES for the street are also increasing in favor. These are made very deep, reaching to within about half a yard of the bottom of the dress. There is usually no trimming on them, except the *corsage* buttons which confine them from the waist up. The sleeves are very long and

wide, cut in the Venetian style, with a deep point reaching more than half way down the skirt. The *Nixon de Leucias* is a basquine not fitting close to the waist, and it has the addition of a deep pelerine or cape. The one we have seen is composed of black silk. The skirt and front of the basquine are trimmed with bouillonnes of silk, in three rows. Round the throat there are two rows only of these bouillonnes. The pelerine is edged with a deep row of black guipure, headed by two rows of bouillonnes.

BONNETS of straw are unusually beautiful this season. Some very coarse straws are trimmed on the outside with a straw cord and tassel; others have a soft cap crown of some pretty plaid or plain silk; and others are trimmed with barbs of black lace, or knots of ribbon and violets. These latter are of fine split straw. The under-trimming consists generally of a blonde cap and bows of ribbon, or tufts of violets, daisies, roses, &c. The capes are much smaller than those heretofore worn, and are usually set on in double box plaits. The fronts are slightly *a la Marie Stuart*, but without being exactly pointed in front.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF ORGANDY FOR A LITTLE GIRL, of a white ground spotted with rose-buds. The dress has two skirts, the upper one of which is rounded in front, and trimmed with a puffing of the same material as the dress. The under skirt has a puffing of organdy, forming an "apron trimming" in front. Sleeves composed of three ruffles. The body of the dress is gazed across the front, and has a low-necked pelerine crossing in front, and tying behind. Straw hat, trimmed with wild flowers under the brim.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF CORN-COLORED PIQUE OR MARSEILLES FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The body is plain, and cut *a la Raphael* at the neck. Short puffed sleeves. White *nansouk* under-sleeves, and a *nansouk* and insertion Spencer. Straw hat with a plume. A sash of broad ribbon comes over the left shoulder, and is tied at the waist under the right arm.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF PINK BARGEE, WITH THREE FLOUNCES FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—Black silk basquine trimmed with crossings of narrow velvet. Hat of white muslin, trimmed with a deep lace and a wreath of flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Hats, such as seen in our illustration of children's fashions, are still the most popular for little girls, as they are most easily kept on the head and protect the face and neck from the sun. Still a few fine split straws, trimmed very simply with bunches of narrow white ribbon on the top, are beginning to make their appearance. Some of these straws have soft "cap crowns" made of white silk. A band of narrow colored ribbon put in on one side of the cap, is the usual inside face lining. Basquines, such as seen in fig. 3, of our children's fashions, are the most fashionable out-of-door dress. They are frequently made entirely plain, with no trimming except the front buttons. For warmer weather, Marseilles and *brilliant* will be worn. Skirts are made with two flounces, plain or double, as suits the fancy. Basques are not worn to the dresses, and the bodies are cut low in the neck, sometimes square *a la Raphael*.

FOR BOYS, we give the last style in our illustration. A more simple style is to make a full Bayadere skirt with a belt, this skirt is buttoned to a white linen shirt waist plaited before and behind. This white waist can be made either high in the neck with a ruffled collar and long sleeves, or low in the neck with a short puffed sleeve. A ruffle down the front, with small shirt studs in the front plait, are a great addition to this very beautiful style of dress. The skirt should be short and full. For larger boys, the short pantaloons reaching to the knee and finished with a ruffle, are worn. A blouse, belted at the waist, or a jacket not fitting too tight, is the upper garment. Sometimes a white shirt body, with an open, rounded jacket, is worn.



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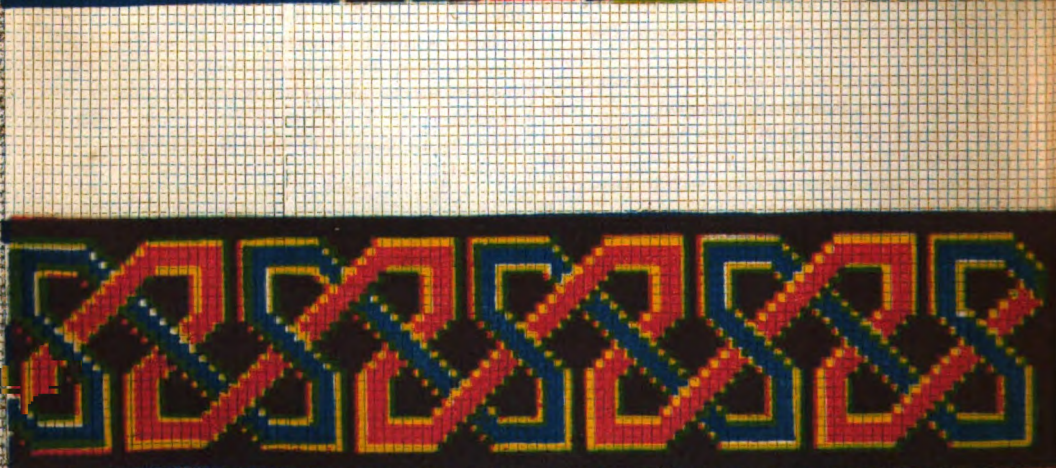
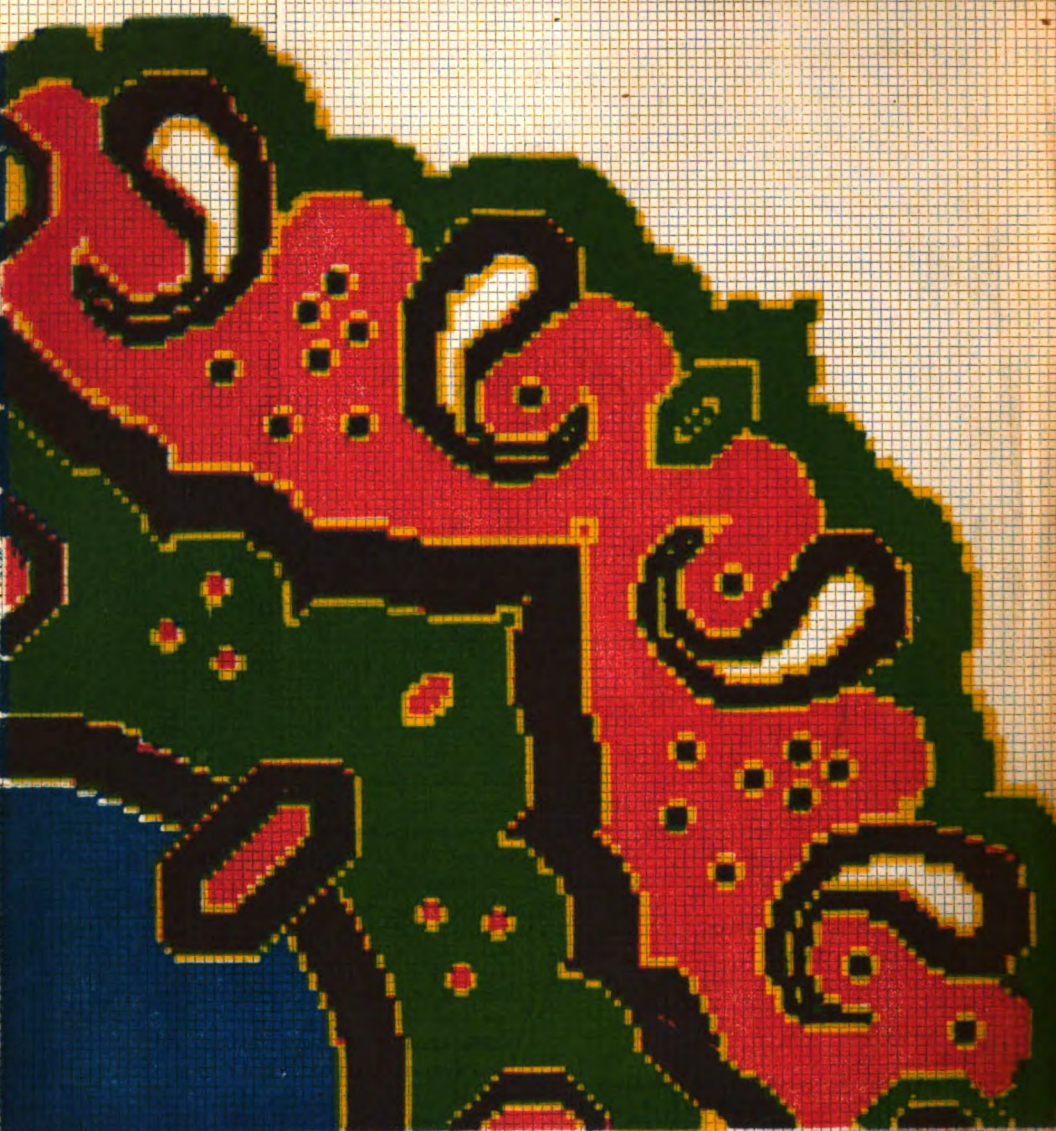


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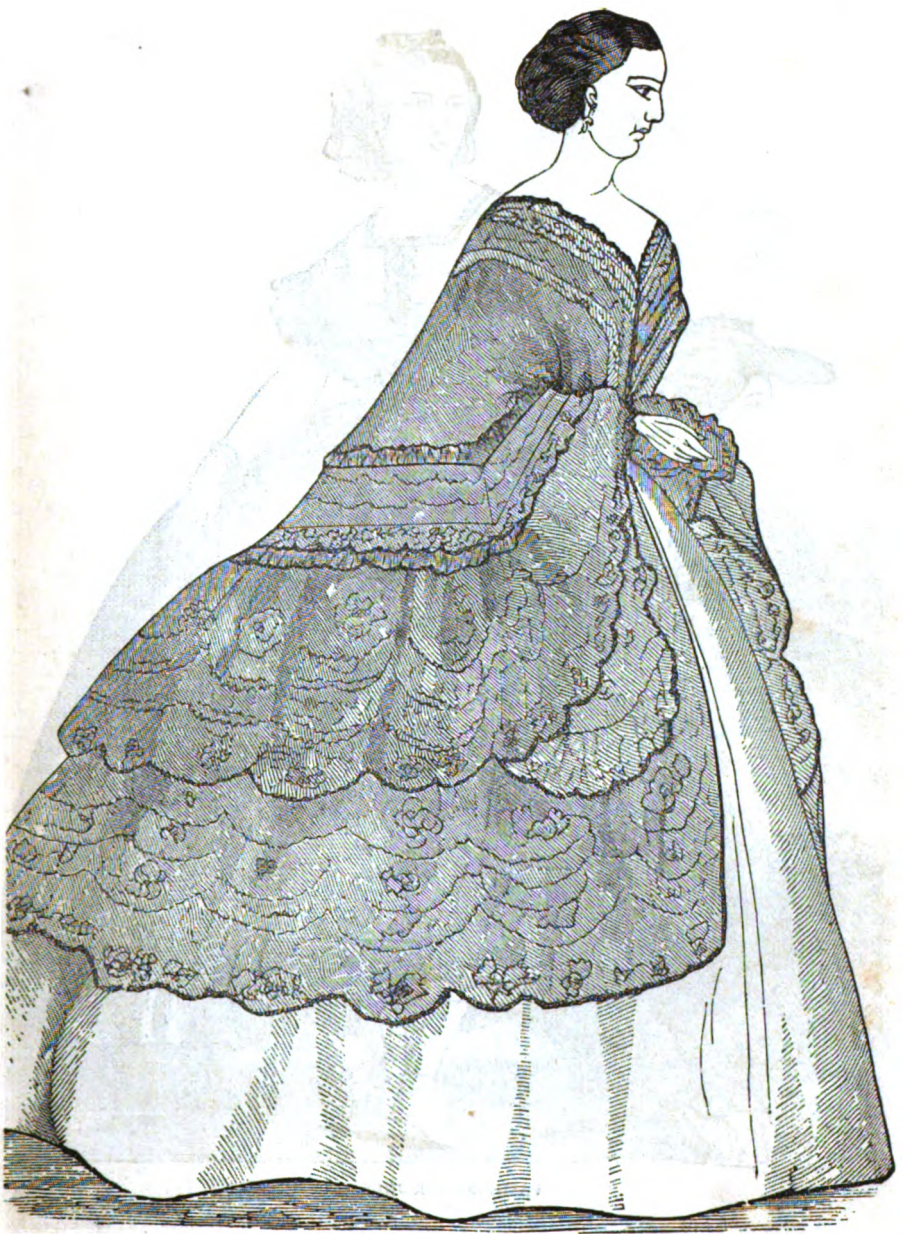
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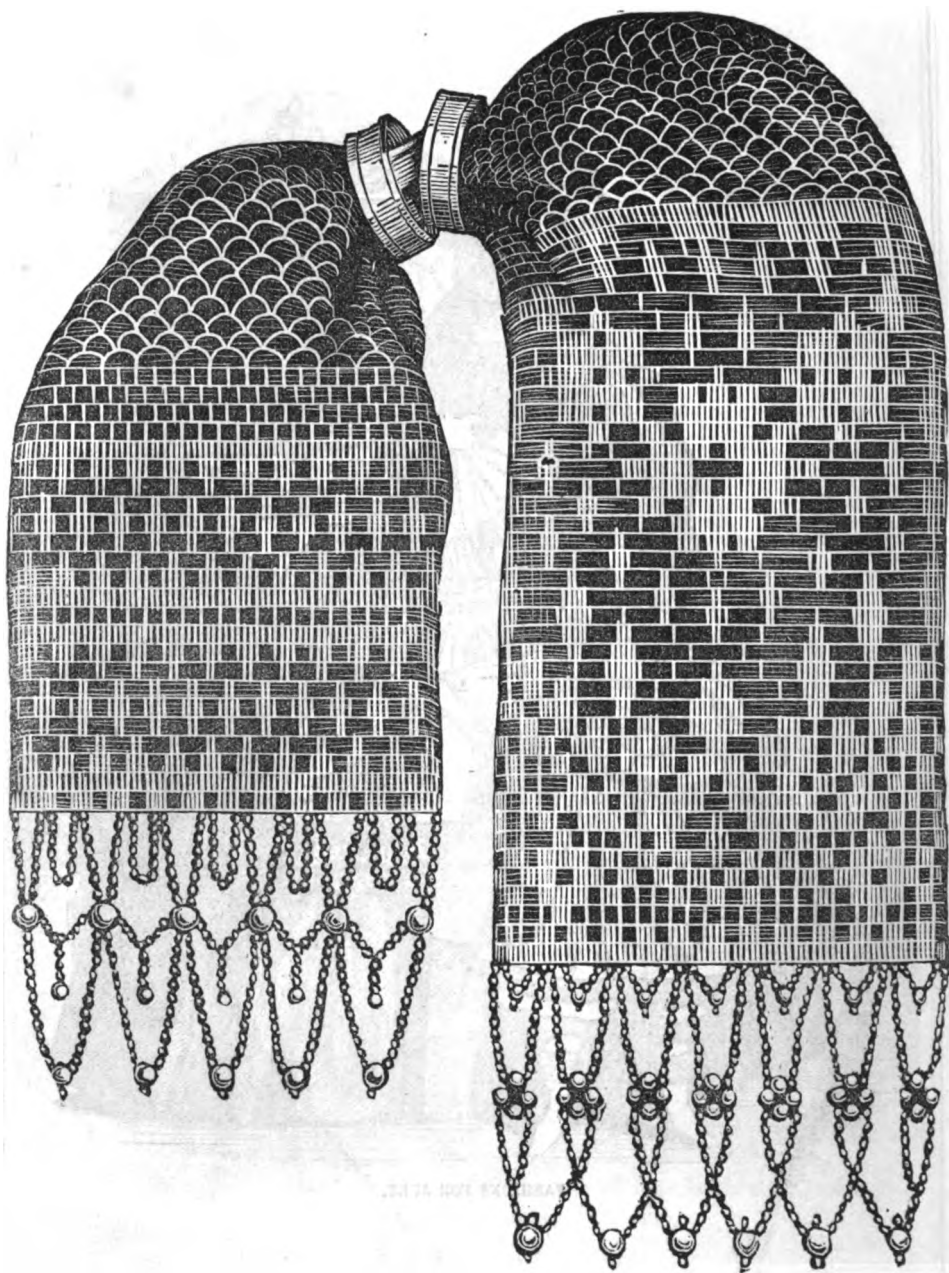
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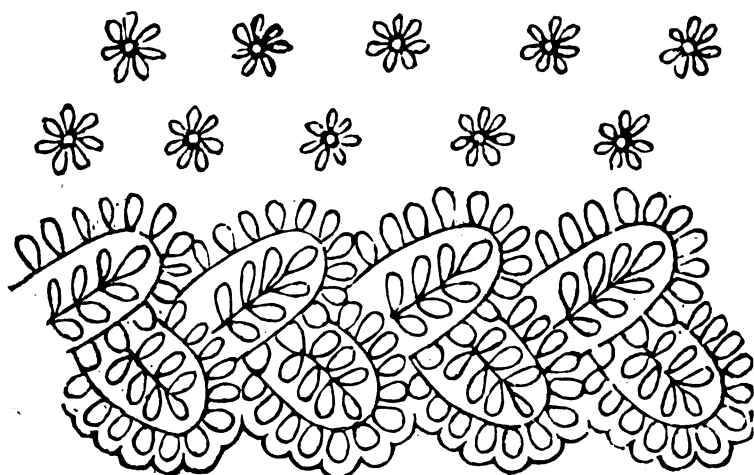
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FASHIONS FOR JULY.



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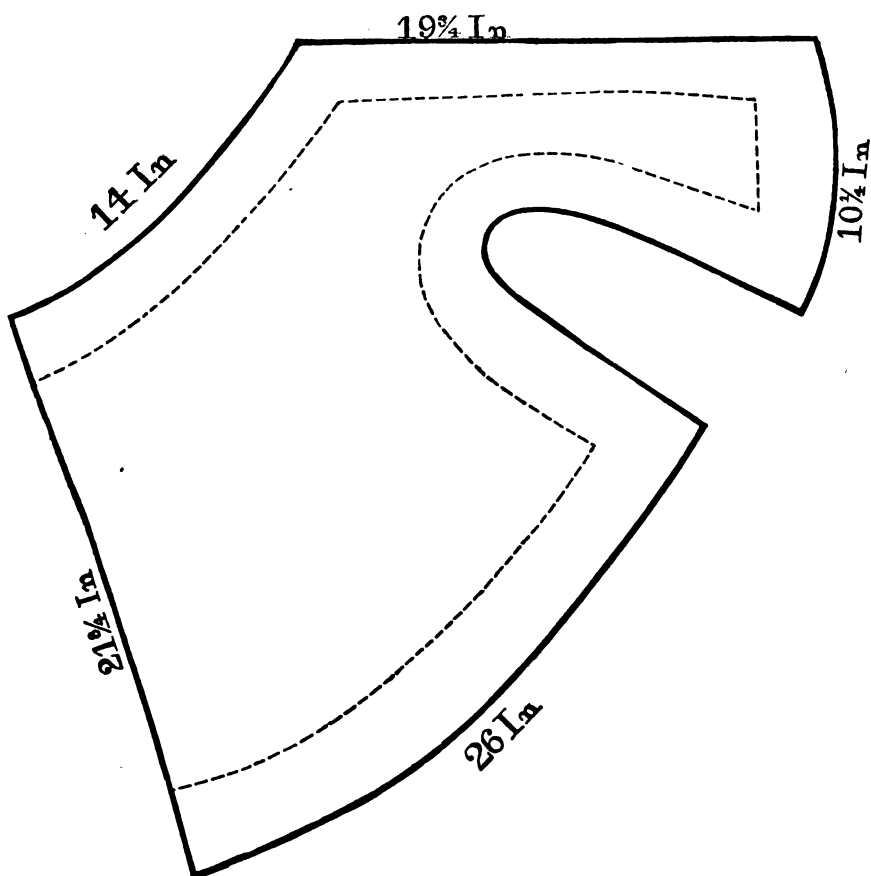


DIAGRAM OF GEORGIANA MANTLE.



HEAD-DRESS.



CREPE BONNET.



DINNER CAP



FANCY STRAW BONNET.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVI.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1859.

No. 1.

THE ANCIENT GREEK COSTUME.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.



by the Athenian ladies in the days of Pericles and Pisistratus. The costumes are all authentic, having been copied from antique vases.

It was by the flowing lines of their draperies, that the women of ancient Greece achieved the beautiful in dress. The fashionable mantuamakers of Athens did not study how to arrange the most trimmings on a dress, but how to make



the folds of the fabric fall most picturesquely. It was not the first trial, however, that succeeded. The preceding engraving, which re-

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presents the earlier style of Greek costume, is far less graceful, it will be seen, than the illustration at the close of our article, which depicts an Athenian lady of the time of Pericles, the culminating period of Grecian art, as well in millinery, it would seem, as in sculpture and architecture. Even the next cut, which is a



representation of the goddess, Ceres, exhibits an advance on the primitive fashions. The short-gown, if we may call it such, has disappeared, and given place to the long and flowing garment, with its embroidered frontage, that we see in the engraving. This dress, however, was rather that of priestesses, than of ladies in domestic life.

The next illustration is that of a dancing girl. The wave and flow of this costume is indescribably beautiful. The ballet performers of modern times, with their short skirts, their gymnastic



contortions, their awkward leaps, are but indifferent rivals of their more graceful sisters of ancient Greece. The mourning widow, bearing the funeral urn, seen in the following engraving, is also a very different-looking object from the fashionably-dressed relict of the middle of this nineteenth century: and does not suffer, we think, by the comparison.



We have our opera-singers now. In Athens, when the Parthenon was being built, the Greeks had flute-players, like the girl in the ensuing

cut, who went about to entertainments to amuse the guests. In the costume of this figure, as in most of those we have given, the gracefulness of the drapery is not the only beauty; for the embroideries, which surround the hem of the garments, are unrivaled in their patterns. In all the arts of design, indeed, the old Greeks were pre-eminent. The study of the beautiful was never carried so high as in the age of Phidias. Subsequent times, at best, have only imitated, what they could not excel.



The lyre was also a favorite musical instrument at Athens. It was played with a plectrum, as seen in our next engraving. In their head-dresses, the ancient Greeks, while adhering to one general model, indulged in an almost infinite variety of detail. We give various illustrations of these head-dresses, one of them at the head of our article, the rest on the next page. In themselves, these are less graceful than when taken as part of an entire costume, as may be observed by looking at the figure that follows, or at that on the last page.

Graceful as the antique costume was, it would hardly do to revive it now. The attempt was made during the French Revolution. Madame Tallien, Josephine Beauharnais, Pauline Bonaparte, and others of the beauties of that day, appeared at Parisian entertainments in dresses copied from ancient statues, to the applause of their admirers. But that was practically a Pagan

generation interpolated into the eighteenth Christian century. The more decent and reverent times that have followed would repudiate the free manners and even more free attire of the fair, frail companions of Barras and other atheistical high-priests of plunder and the guillotine. There is not a drawing-room in civilized society which would now countenance a dress such as Madame Recamier wore in the hey-day of her beauty, nor a woman, however daring, who would venture to appear at an evening party, with her drapery looped up on one side to her knee, *a la Diana*, like Madame Tallien. Is it not possible, however, to invent a costume, which should be as graceful as the Greek, yet be open to none of its objections? Magnificent as the cotemporary fashion



and Aspasia.

The error of American ladies is in slavishly following what are called the fashions. French women consult their height, complexion, and style; and modify the prevailing fashion accordingly. The result is that every Parisian belle is becomingly dressed. There is an individuality about the women of the French capital, strikingly in contrast with the monotonous uniformity seen in England and America. In these United States, indeed, we have more taste than the English; but we are sadly behind the French nevertheless. A Parisian woman dresses on only half the money that it costs one of equal income in New York or Philadelphia, yet looks infinitely better. The



is, it is, on all hands, conceded to be stiff. No modern belle, so long as she wears hoops and moire antique, can look as graceful as her Grecian sister of the times of Alcibiades

reason is, that, if Raphael bodies are pronounced fashionable, every American lady wishes a Raphael body, while in Paris, no woman wears such a dress unless it is becoming to her. In the United States, when a woman selects a bonnet, she buys it because



it is beautiful in itself, and forgets often to ascertain if it suits her style and face. The old Greeks, if we may judge from the few illustrations we have presented, had even more of taste and individuality than the modern French. The infinite variety of

their head-dresses, of which we give here only a few, especially establishes this. If ladies would exercise their own good taste, and rely less entirely on mantua-makers, there would soon be a reform in female dress. From the great variety

of patterns, which we publish every month, every woman can certainly select one, if not more, adapted to her complexion and person. The true mission, if we may say so, of a ladies Magazine, is to reform taste in dress. We shall endeavor to do our part, by furnishing, not

only the most elegant styles of each season, but also occasional articles on the beautiful and picturesque in dress in all ages and climates.

The Roman ladies dressed, on the whole, very like the Greeks: with more stateliness, perhaps, but somewhat less grace. Many of the statues



of the empresses are full of a calm majesty, the effect of which is greatly increased by the voluminous fall of the drapery. With the irruption of the Goths the ancient costume gradually died out. Female dress, during the middle ages, was often picturesque, but rarely graceful: and even since the revival of art, it cannot be said to have improved.



HOME EDUCATION.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

As my son was no genius, I thought the best plan
Was to make him a worldly and practical man.
So I laid out his early instruction with rules
His father called slightly "guide posts for fools."
But through my unceasing devotion and care,
I taught him my womanly instincts to share;
His manners were graceful, distinguished his mien,
In dress, style and ton, not a fault to be seen.

His father remarked "he was nothing at all,
But a puppet to pick up a fan at a ball."
Yet as he had said so again and again,
And found that he always had reasoned in vain,
He delivered him up to my special attention,
With expletives far too improper to mention;
And murmured the cold world would cruelly school
The boy whose weak mother had trained him a fool.

But I taught him to enter a ball-room with ease,
To converse with an anxious attention to please,
To yield wealth and station a proper respect;
And none who could aid or assist him neglect,
To flirt, smile and bow, or retail a *bon-mot*—
In short, to become both a student and beau,
And so diplomatic that even in love
He could smother a flame that I should not approve.

Yet, alas! when the conflict of life was at stake,
I found with a sigh I had made a mistake,
My boy was a trifler, all soulless and pert,
Indifferently rude to the feelings he hurt;

In judging of others by fashion and dress,
He o'erwhelmed me often with shame and distress
From his foolish assertions, and senseless contempt
Not the wise, good and noble were even exempt.

Old friends who with gentlest kindness had meant
To encourage the lad, gave him up to his bent,
And whispered they could not entrust him with aught
That required experience or serious thought.
At the opera, ball-room, or concert he'd shine,
But the duties of life were quite out of his line,
While plain, quiet youths, without manner or grace,
Unassuming and steady, won honor and place.

At least in his marriage I hoped to have pride,
But vanity ruled him, my hopes were belied,
Nor sense, wit nor fortune, his chosen has brought;
And his friends with a sneer say the "fellow was caught,"
And he sinks down a drone for the rest of his life,
Drawn down to the sphere of a simpleton wife,
Pushed out of the way by the manly and bold,
Who coarsely remark that "the ninny was sold."

I yield up my system, man enters the van
Of life's stern arena, then conquer who can:
No weak nor effeminate training they need,
Who must gird on the armor of strength to succeed;
And woman, unless she has more than her share
Of womanly sense, is unsuited to bear
The responsible office and perilous plan
Of moulding, unsaid, the mind of a man.

LEFT AT THE DOOR.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"LEFT at the door!"

No wonder my frame grew chill—no wonder my pulses fluttered. Here was I, a proud—they said beautiful—girl, just stepping over the rosy threshold of my sixteenth summer, glowing, palpitating with the very love of life—my soul unutterably glad only to meet the dew and the flowers of the morning—only to greet the lavish golden gifts of the sunshine—only to hear one trill of the sweet summer birds that piped my eyelids open with the first white shimmering dawn of day: and those were the words that fell on my ears.

They did not know that I was there, the grey old housekeeper and her crony. Tempted by the unusually mellow beauty of the twilight, I had strolled over to the parsonage, first going round by Terrace Heights, to catch one glimpse of Judge Houghton's beautiful garden. The sinking day let in fine bars of light over the pretty, little study floor. I had crept in unobserved, thinking to catch my dear minister napping or reading, but the room was empty, and turning, I was moving away as silently as I came, when I heard my name mentioned.

"What! Estelle Everett!"

The tone, not the words merely, struck me still as a statue. I could not take another step.

"Why!" and this was the housekeeper—"didn't you know it? Is it possible, and you an old resident? Estelle Everett don't belong to them—why! bless you, she was left at the door."

Oh! the tide of anguish that swept over me then! I wonder it did not strike me dead. Sometimes a faint consciousness of that feeling attacks me when sorrow or surprise come suddenly, and I gasp, totter, almost fall, but it is nothing to the utter misery of those terrible words, "left at the door!"

Who then was I? Not the child of that cherished mother—not the daughter of the man I loved as my father, almost to idolatry. Oh! the icy brim of the cup of sorrow chilled my lips; its draught froze my heart! How I got home I never knew, but I found myself in my own beautiful little chamber, in a strange, yet a frenzied silence, dumb only because there was not the strength to wail out my anguish.

That night! oh! that night! Even now I

wish often to forget it, for its recollection is the darkest spot on my life. I have been face to face with death, since then; I have buried those I loved, but my sorrow was as joy compared to the intense and awful agony that reigned in my soul.

The next day I was as white as marble. I seemed changed, soul and body. He, my father, the beautiful Mrs. Everett, my mother, came, both to my room, lavished caresses upon me—declared I was ill; but I would not tell them what I had heard. It seemed to me that if I spoke of it my heart would burst.

For that day and another night I brooded over my fearful secret. Then my hands, my feet, my brow grew cold, and I thought I was dying. I begged them to send for my minister—he came, and, as I requested it, they left me alone with him.

"My lamb—why is this? You are very ill!" he said, with alarm.

"Yes—I am dying," was my reply, "and before the change comes, which I am sure is near, I wish to ask you if it is indeed true that I am not the child of Mr. and Mrs. Everett."

"My lamb—my poor, dear Stella," he said, tenderly, stooping down so that his white locks touched my face—"is it this that is killing you? How did you hear? Who has been so rude, so wantonly cruel?"

I told him faintly what I had heard.

"My suffering little daughter!" he said, again in pitying accents, "let me relieve your mind at once of all the apprehensions that must darken it. I know the whole story from beginning to end; I am aware how tenderly my friends love you. I am sorry for your sake—but far more for theirs that you have been made aware of the circumstances. Yet do not tremble so, my child. I have seen your own mother, oh! how often. Her little hand, when fair with the dimples of childhood, has often rested in mine. She grew up most lovely, but so sensitive, so spiritual! Now listen and be very calm. Your mother was the only child of old Judge Houghton, whose palace house we can see from these windows."

"That hard, stern, wicked man!" was all I could say—and I trembled more than ever.

"Yes, so hard, stern and wicked, that he drove his child from his door because she had dared to marry a poor man—and so broke her heart.

"This is not the place of your birth, Estelle. You were born in L—, fifty miles away. Yes, one year from the night on which that cruel-hearted man sent his fragile child with curses, from his presence, you were born; and she, your beautiful mother, died. Your father was nearing the grave. Anxiety for her, and the anguish of feeling that he had won her from a home of luxury only to see her die, brought on a latent disease in full strength. Knowing that the Everetts were childless, and wishing to appeal to their sympathies, he left you as you have heard at this hospitable door. In one short month he too died; but he had deposited with me the evidences of your parentage and the certificate of his marriage.

"I had hoped," added the dear, old man, falteringly, "that this knowledge would be spared them—at least till you had gone forth to another home. I am aware how sad the shock will be to—yes, I will say it, your excellent parents,

for never was child more tenderly guarded and beloved."

"They shall never know it," I whispered, "never! never! dear, blessed father!—dear, blessed mother!"

"God be praised," said the minister.

And to this day, they are not aware that for their sakes, I have kept a great secret. It is not burdensome—oh, no. Sometimes I see the judge ride by in his splendid carriage—for he is the wealthiest man in the state—but not for all his millions would I sit on the brodered cushions beside him. He does not dream who I am: and I have heard that he admires me.

Admire me if you will, stern, cold, cruel, cruel man: but love me you never shall! He who cursed such a being as my mother was, shall never clasp the hand of her child, unless—unless God takes away all his wealth, everything he holds dear—then I might—yes, were he dying, I might whisper before his ear grew dull, "Grandfather, for my mother's sake, I forgive you." Perhaps, then, he would cross the river with one burden the less.

SPIRIT VISITANTS.

BY HATTIE S. KNAPP.

THEY come to me at twilight, ethereal and fair,
And with the creeping shadows steal softly round my chair;
They fold their arms about me and whisper words of love,
Such as the bright-winged seraphs speak in yonder world above.

One with the long, dark floating locks and dreamy, hazel eyes,
Whispers, "Sister, I am happy in my home beyond the skies,
And I fain would have your company, but that cannot be now;

Yet a little while must sorrow bind her chaplet round thy brow."

They with the child-like forms so fair, arrayed in spotless white,

Came, and, with the sweetest melody, take from my heart the night;

Full well I know the dear ones, who, not many months ago,
Came to me for instruction each glad some Summer morn.

These paint in glowing language the beauties of that clime
Far beyond the cloudless ether, e'en past the bounds of time,

Where the light of joy ne'er fadeeth, and sorrow never comes
To mar the holy lustre of its palaces and domes.

They tell me of a fountain that issues from God's throne,
Upon whose crystal waters the storm fiend is unknown;
Whose wavelets seem to murmur as they lave the blessed shore,

"Oh! ye longing hearts and weary, drink deep and thirst no more!"

They say that there are bowers, all fadeless as the gleam
Which bathes the golden city of the new Jerusalem,
There within the safe enclosure, 'mong the glorious and the blest,

Weary hearts who travel Heavenward may find the perfect rest.

Oh! ye blessed Spirit Visitants! I would not have ye fall,
When the soft, deep hues of twilight are flooding hill and dale,
To come in those still hours, and, as ye oft have done,
Waken music whose glad pealing shall the voice of sorrow drown.

JAPAN LILIES.

BY H. L. FLASH

HAVE you seen the Japan Lilies,

In all their fire and bloom,

With their gorgeous crimson leaves,

Flushed with the warmth of the South,

And their fainting sweet perfume?

The leaves are redder than blood,

And the white, on the slender slips,

Is like a tropic moonbeam

Sliding its thread of silver

Across my true love's lips.

The darling wears one of these lilies,

It burns on the snow of her breast;

And when she looks down the light of her eyes

Strikes through the red, making sunset dyes

Glow on her bosom, like Eastern skies

When the sun goes down in the West!

ROSENBERGEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

ANNA TO MISS FORSTER.

Boscawen, Sept 16, 1855.

Oh, auntie Sophia, I don't know how to get along with this Rosenbergen. He has been used, you see, to nothing but the elegant "snow and rare bloom maidens" of city life; of course he must see how gross I am compared with them, every time he looks at me, every time I stir, or look, or speak. He is idle, he likes "fun"—this is his word—so he watches me, laughs at me, says, "Oh, ho, Miss Anna! you're a queer child! Do you know it? Say! do you know you are queer?"

If I shrink and am ashamed, he still laughs and keeps his eyes on my demonstrations, but with a little delicacy toward me. If I am angry, he laughs with his might, puts chairs between him and me to keep me away from him—so he pretends, and I, auntie, am sitting or standing all the while, at my work, chagrined enough, but not speaking or looking at him. Mamma tells him "he is too bad! he shan't! she never saw him or anybody behave so! She will send him off! he shall go off to Tennessee before he is a day older!" He does not look at her or answer her; he still looks at me, still laughs, until he has had enough of it; then he calls Leon and goes, telling mamma not to let me miss him and mourn for him while he is gone; making me one of the deepest, most ridiculous bows, with his fingers touching his forehead and a hand spread flat on his breast, and saying with grave obsequiousness, "Adieu, Miss Anna! Farewell; adieu; good-bye. I shall come again."

My new mamma is gracious, delicate and sweet. Because she was so delicate and I liked her so well, I thought before he came that he would be delicate and that I should like him. And indeed I suppose he has great delicacy. I suppose it is this quality in him that detects my oddity, my lack of refinement and high breeding. I suppose if I were——

Later.

He passed under my windows on Don's back; and then I ran down to put flowers in the sitting-room vases. I had a beautiful idea, but, although I hunted in garden, yard, lane and

way-side, I could not find the kinds I needed to bring the real anywhere near it. So I did the best I could; I put in amongst the pale flowers, leaves beautifully faded, off the cinnamon roses, the woodbine and the garden plants. Then it was magnificent; but when he came he did not see the magnificence. Standing to look at it and me, the moment he came into the sitting-room, he laughed, saying, "Now if that isn't queer! what a queer thing you are, Miss Anna! what queer notions and undertakings get into your head! ha, ha, ha!" I think he laughed the more heartily seeing how I shrank. All at once, when his eyes were on the flowers and leaves, his face grew thoughtful and he said, "I have a friend at Memphis whose bouquets you should see—you've heard me speak of her before," as indeed I had many times, and always in a way to set me far below her, always with the thoughtful look gathering and the veins swelling on his forehead.

"She knows how to put flowers together in a way to fasten your eyes and make you feel as if you were looking into heaven. I don't know how she does it. I wish you could see the effect. Ho! but whose glove is this that I am twisting, spoiling?" He had it up in his fingers, twisting it with his might. Then, untwisting it, he went on, "I know! it's yours, Miss Anna!" And, spreading it out on the table-cover, he laughed to see how long and wide it was; to see how the sight of its length and breadth and his laughter discomfited me, especially to see how I caught it away, with what quickness. I did it with such quickness, because I was really angry, and because I would not give him a chance to see how large the hand was that came to take it, and laugh at that too, as he had done one day, holding it so fast that, with all my strength, I could not get it away.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, with fresh heartiness, seeing me walk off with my glove, with my back toward him.

"Oh, but come back, Miss Anna!" said he, with voice suddenly changed, when I was in the door.

But I would not! indeed I would not! would you, auntie? Would you have had me turn back one hair's-breadth toward him? This was in the

middle of the afternoon. I haven't been down since, and it is night.

Mamma came up with her work in her fingers; came up after me, she said; for all the house was gone when I was gone. She and Horace had just been saying so. Horace had been uneasy as a fish out of water; had done nothing since she came to the sitting-room an hour ago and more, but watch the door at every sound, and scold about one miserable fly, the only one in the room, that kept coming to light on his nose, his lips, or forehead. He had been fighting the fly as if it were a rhinoceros, my mother said. Would I go down with my sewing—that was a nice girl!—and so put him in tune again?

"No, blessed mamma!" I said, sitting still, laying my palm on the cushion of a chair on the other side of my window and clearing a little place on my foot-cushion. "Sit down here by me and see how beautiful the river and the hills are now the sun gets low and the shadows among them deepen."

She seemed pleased to sit there, now and then watching the landscape, for the rest, diligently talking and sewing. When the tea-bell rang, she started up, put out her little hand to me and said with animation, "Come, now Horace will be in better humor. I fancy that single, mischievous fly will go, when you come."

But I begged her to let me stay. I was not hungry. I wanted to finish my piece of work and my letter; to see all the magnificent changes of the September sunset. She murmured a little but went; but, at the dining-room, her brother held the door fast. She knocked, protested, laughed, called back to me to tell me what he was doing, to ask me if he wasn't a rascal, tripped round through the sitting-room to the other door, but he was there before her, holding that. Then she called me again, to "come and help pound him," called out laughingly, still as if half discouraged. But just then pa came. The door was opened, I heard her say, "You're a bother, Horace Rosenberg!" then heard her add, "Anna isn't coming down; she isn't hungry; she is busy; and besides there is the grandest sunset I ever saw; did you notice it, Mr. Thornton? I am glad to have come here to see such sunsets among such hills."

Bless her! God so help me and my father to round and establish her comfort, that her gladness shall increase day by day. She is not like a mother to me; this she can never be; for I am larger and stronger—perhaps every way stronger—than she; but she is like a gentle, beloved sister, whom it is a delight to be with, to honor for her intelligent sweetness, her faithfulness

toward us all, and to call—mamma, and even mother, if I find it gives her most pleasure so.

I heard their chairs close round the table, and then came back into my chamber to the sunset, that, in none of its moods, ever mocks me, to the pen that eases my heart at every complaint it leaves on my page.

One thing I see, and that is, that he has not begun this day to appreciate me, as this morning I hoped and planned. And it makes me sad, auntie, knowing it, knowing, moreover, as I cannot help doing, that it is not his fault, but mine; that of all who know me, there is, perhaps, not one who does not, at one time or another, laugh at me outright, as Rosenberg; find fault with me outright, as my father and Mrs. Eaton; look at me with a little silent wonder that I take no better care of myself, of my collar, hair, boot-laces, that I so seldom wear what jewelry I have, so seldom mind how shawl or mantilla go on, as my mamma; or smile—a little aside and with politeness—at my "oddities," "originalities," "individualities," and say, "What a queer thing you are, Anna Thornton!" as all my acquaintances and friends. Even uncle Sylvanus says, "Niece Anna, what do you suppose will become of you, some day?"

Even Robert shows complaint and disappointment in his eyes, when he sees that I do not understand his "first principles," his "units" and his "dualities." He never seems to expect aunt Rosamond or Alice, or any other woman to understand him, or even to listen to him one moment. Me he expects to listen and understand. I do listen; I love to. But his "spirals" are only a sort of Jacob's ladder to me, over which I see, dimly, bright angels go up and down; but although I can see, when he shows me, its bottom resting on the low earth, I cannot see if he points ever so long, its top in the high heavens.

Nor can I go up. I get lost among the rounds, drop his hand and ignobly fall back. Then he sighs gently, lays his hands together, and says, "I tire you, I see. You have less of the philosophy than of the artistic in you, do you know, cousin Anna!" I begin a laugh at the artistic, and soon he joins in it, but not derisively; for, while he laughs, he does me justice, he says, whereas it is one of my capital errors to do myself injustice. This is kind. He is kinder to me than almost any other mortal is. If he were to die and be laid in his grave, standing beside it, or thinking about it as I sat here a night like this, I should know that few were left to be so kind toward me, so appreciative as he was when here. But I artistic! I hear the winds moaning in the elms, hear the river join its

moan. They seem to question me in a sad way—will I ever be truly artistic, truly wise, truly beautiful and at peace forevermore with myself, with God and all his creations? with all those that deride, complain, wonder? so wise, so at peace, so deeply beautiful that all shall feel it, and there shall no longer be one of all who know me and see me to wonder, deride or complain?

Adieu, blessed auntie. It is Rosenberg's time for walking. He walks and tires himself that he may sleep. I shall go down and see my mamma,
Your affectionate niece,

ANNA.

CHAPTER II.

ANNA TO MISS FORSTER.

Boscawen, Oct. 2, 1855.

AUNTIE—Mamma has a pretty way of keeping some small, handsome book, of poetry generally, near her wherever she sits with her fine sewing, in the afternoon, of reading from it a few lines now and then, but never much, and remembering it to quote it to those who call, telling them what an elegant, interesting book it is. She smiles when her eyes light on the big, shabby book I am reading, Robert's "Walton," but she makes no comments, only she hopes I find it interesting. Rosenberg, sitting in his way, with his lower arms on the arms of his chair, and his flexible fingers at play with each other, laughs with his might to see me assiduously reading it.

"Let me show you my book, the only book I care much about in these days," said he, to-day, coming simultaneously out of his chair and his laughter. He brought down "Hypatia," as I knew he would; for, whenever he is seen with a book in his hands, it is this already worn-out "Hypatia." He reads it a little sometimes when he is going asleep on sofa or lounge; lets it fall on the carpet, perhaps, when he is too far gone to hold it, but looks for it and picks it up the moment he wakes, sends it aloft in his sinewy hand when he stretches himself, bangs it about Leon's ears and sides hard enough sometimes to make the noble fellow cower and look up through his brows as if ashamed of himself, when it is only of his idle master that he has true reason to be ashamed. When he wants to be rid of his book, he gives it a toss, be it ever so far, to table, sofa, or stair. He supposes he has read it all ten times, he says; once in course, the rest by piecemeal at chance openings. "It was her book—you've heard me speak of her." This is what he always says—"you've heard me speak of her." I fancy he watches me lately, and that he smiles a little saying it; but I don't know as

he does. Lately, I don't look up when he speaks of her. At any rate, without looking up, I knew that he was silent awhile, running the edges of the leaves thoughtfully through his fingers. Then suddenly he tossed the book away, said, "Heigho, and began to look about for my "Walton," and to laugh at it. I found him a passage to read; but, looking to see on what page it was, he finished his joke before reading it.

He knew, he said, what the book is to the university boys, who go off to rough it in their vacations. Brown and shaggy as corsairs, they sit on the rocks, read "Walton" while they eat their bread and beef and drink water out of their palms. "But you!" he added, looking to see me discomfited—"ha, ha, ha, ha! Here goes 'Hypatia,' here goes my handkerchief, here goes the—the—" examining the garment he had caught at from under mamma's needle—"the petticoat you are trimming, Molly! here goes your 'Walton,' Miss Anna! one after another in the air. I say hurra at each—down in my boots; for she," meaning mamma, "said one time, I remember, that hurras belong out in the air, under the sky, as much as rockets do."

He picked up "Hypatia," slipped his palm over it begging its pardon. He picked up his handkerchief and tied it over Leon's head, picked up his sister's work and tossed it over her head and face, picked up "Miss Anna's old gentleman," as he called "Walton;" and, when he had got it into his hands laughed at it and me, until I was angry and ashamed—ashamed, that is, of the anger; for he is always a gentleman; one always feels that he isn't really unkind, and that if one were to be persistently angry it would be a wrong and grief to him.

Oh, but isn't it a pity, auntie, that he has nothing to do here in this world of over-working and pain? nothing but to tease his dog, mamma and me, and make his horse leap and curvet to the very borders of safety and even beyond?

After he was fairly settled down again in his arm-chair, I read this passage to him out of my "Walton"—"The nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think that miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'"

I think he respected both me and my book

more, after this. He stretched out his hand for the book; and, after he had read it awhile, carried it off to his chamber, leaving "Hypatia" behind

October 3rd.

"I've been watching you and thinking about it," said he to me, to-day, as he lay on the lounge, and I sat putting new wristbands on pa's shirt. "It puzzles me. I don't see how you can be like her in anything, any more than careful, grain-bearing Ceres is like dancing, rose-bearing Venus. Ho! poh! she like dancing, rose-bearing Venus! I'm a fool to say that! any man is in this day, if he brings Grecian Venus—for if Venus dances, she dances in the morning, for joy, if she has flowers, they are the flowers that she loves, the myrtle for her head, the rose for her bosom or fingers, if she is 'laughter-loving Venus,' she is also 'heroic, valorous Aphrodite;' this is what Minerva herself calls her; and a man is a fool if he brings her in this day and places her beside a crinolined, waltzing, panting, bouquet-bearing—poh! I'm vexed! But somehow and somewhere, you must be a little like her, for your voice is like hers. Not in speaking; I don't mean that her voice is miserably affected in speaking; but when I've heard her sing away off in some of the chambers, or in the garden, her voice was—I can't describe it to you. Of course no one can tell, because no one knows himself what it is in such a voice; but it's something that goes up to the stars where it belongs, where it came from in the first place. I've heard the same in one or two other voices. I've heard it in yours——"

"In mine?" I exclaimed, aghast with all manner of inward tumult. "Oh!"

"I heard it a half an hour ago as you worked."

"That distresses me," I said, with tears filling my eyes, with humility filling my heart. "I know what my voice ought to be, what everybody's voice ought to be, here where the birds sing and the waters murmur and ripple, where our human utterance ought to be so much heavenlier than theirs; but——"

"Anna Thornton, you don't know anything about yourself!" said he, speaking passionately when I hesitated. "You depreciate yourself in all your thoughts. Others—there are a plenty of these—who sing like magpies, and they are pouring their voices out, squawking, everywhere; you are afraid to let your voice be heard anywhere. They—when one who is well-scented, who bends to them with his hand on his heart, says, 'Your voith ith divine, Mith—Mith Boya, Mith Vinth,' they set their fans going and don't know what to do with themselves, they are so

delighted! 'Oh! thank you! I am sure!' they say; and I suppose they fully believe that their voices are divine; only they don't know what the word divine means, and you do; there is the difference. It's the same with your speaking and your action; you're afraid; you tremble, I've seen you do it. You are ashamed of yourself. I've laughed at you; at your divine bouquets and all. I was in hopes this would bring you out of it; now I am scolding. I'm going to scold, after this, until you are just to yourself. You owe it to yourself to be just to yourself; for now yourself is much wronged in being kept back, depreciated."

"Horace!" said mamma, on the landing of the end stairs, "do go out and see to your big dog Leon. He is worrying our little dog, Race, and I don't allow him to. I have been watching him these five minutes. I told him from my window to be still, but he just looked up at me a moment, then sneered as uncle Pomfrey used to, then went on with his biting."

He went out to see to Leon; and I, escaping, came to my chamber. Heigho, auntie, I am sad, I am worried. I wish I could begin now and go off traveling somewhere. I long to be somewhere, where my life will open itself to all the world, become rich, glad, useful and worth living. I want to hear the grandest, heavenliest music, to see the old dying cities, the old dying nations. I want to study. My heart aches, longing so for—life. For it does seem to me, auntie, that this isn't life at all, not at all as God meant it to be when he endowed us so bountifully and gave us this beautiful, beautiful earth—this working, eating, embroidering collars and cushions, this saying, "It's a beautiful day;" or perhaps saying, "Did you know Mrs. Sales has got another new bonnet?" this reading the news and once in a while a good book. Heigho. But all I can do is to go down and help Mrs. Eaton. I shall ask her if she likes to be working all the time, if it satisfies her.

Evening.

"I don't complain," she said, when I asked her. She was standing before me erect as Mrs. Pipchin, tucking a sleeve up tightly. "If I can see things coming into the house as they do inter this house, now; apples—an such apples an so many of 'em—pertaters, an such cartloads an cartloads of punkins, such marrerfats, an' every sort of thing till there ain't no room anywhere, in the sheds nor anywhere, where you can put your feet down ter git along hardly, then—why it kind o' makes me cross an' out o' patience sometimes, ter be shoor, when there's ser much ter do an' such confoxsion, an' ser much ter take

care on; but I should be ungretful ter complain because I had ter work hard, ever, when there's enough ter eat, ter drink, an' ter wear. This is what I allers think; it's what I allers say."

"This is all for the body, Mrs. Eaton," said I, tying on my wide apron. "How is it with the soul? What is going to be done for the soul?"

"Wal, that does kind o' worry me sometimes. But I try ter be easy. I'm in hopes I 'xperienced religion twenty year ago an' more. I thought then I did, an' I s'pose it must be I did, though I don't git ser much enjoyment as I ought to, there's ser much ter do!"

"Yes, so much for the body; this is what I complain of. But, what shall I do first, Mrs. Eaton?"

"You may peel these apples first, for pies. Then you may run this punkin through the strainer, if you will. I'll go an' git my oven a-heatin', sift my meal, make up my brown bread, see ter my beef—I'm a-goin' ter stuff it an' have it nice—an' make my pood'n'. If you git time, you may seed the raisins; an' I shall want you to make the cake, you know. You have better luck with the cake somehow, than I do."

"Here I come," said sweet mamma in the door, tying on her wide apron. "I am going to help you do it all. I like it!"

She helped me do it all; and she and I, sitting to peel the apples, standing to make the two kinds of cake, talked first of jellies and then of the soul, finding, each of us, I am sure, most pleasure in the latter. I saw Mrs. Eaton working in the next room, wiping her tears, and I was not sorry to see it. I think of Christ weeping over the Jerusalem that would not come to him and learn of him. I am never sorry to weep myself, or to see others weeping for the worldly-mindedness that holds us away from him and spoils all our lives. I said to her, when she came in, "You feel badly, Mrs. Eaton, because you are such a sinner?"

"Yes, I do! for I am a sinner to forget God as I do!" And she went out about her work with fresh weeping. She was cheerful afterward, though. She looked as though she had had a new baptizing, as no doubt she had, of that kind of which we need many as we go onward, of which the baptism by water is but a faint type and symbol.

After all, auntie, if people would do their work so, with repentance for their sins and baptisms by the Holy Ghost going on at the same time in their souls, then our kitchens and our dining-rooms would become beautiful temples for the Christian graces and our hearts would be satis-

fied, would long and ache no more as mine has many and many a time done, for some place like the old Olympian homes, where they ate only ambrosia, drank nectar only, and care and toil never came, where the heathen Graces went out and in amongst the pillars, vines and fountains, from morning till night, dancing and with wreaths of roses streaming, and Minerva walking near them like a queen.

Rosenbergen came before we were through. When he saw a peeling come off one of my apples whole, he threw it over his shoulder and dropped it to see what initial it would form on the floor. The letter was E, so he knew it was Mrs. Eaton he is to marry, and went to tell her so. She told him of "the pounds and pounds of terbacur he would have ter buy for her," and that made him hurry off.

He came back; and, standing between mamma and me, he said, "I'm going to start for Memphis to-morrow to see her and make my mind up. I'm all worked up, out of tune, miserable! It appears to me that she cheats me with her beauty and her singing! I feel as if she were Satyr or at best, Faun, with Pan's pipes hid somewhere. On some of the ancient monuments the Fauns are represented, I remember, as being beautiful, but with something poor and sensual showing itself in the midst of the beauty; and, above their human countenances, they have the goat's pointed ears. I know she has something poor in the midst of her beauty: I shall look to see if she hasn't such ears tucked artfully out of my sight for the time, amongst the ribbons with which she sets her head off. If she has, won't she show them after we are married, Molly, Anna? That is, won't they set up handsomely all the morning, and at night, whenever there are only us two, and she is *en dishabille*, to be tucked carefully away only when she is dressed for company or the street? Hu! You, Miss Anna," he added, after a pause, in which he seemed to be putting down some emotion, "are the same everywhere, in the kitchen, in the parlor, on the street. You are—" again he paused, took a little turn away and came back again to stand between us, saying, "You are a good girl, but you don't know it. You wouldn't believe it, I suppose, if I were to tell you so from morning till night."

He smiled, his face was manly and beautiful. I did not know before that he had such a face.

"Would you believe me?" he repeated.

"Perhaps I would," I said, for I felt his praise and the manly face mastering me. I knew I would believe whatever he told me. "But I would know some time along," I added, "as I

now know all the time, that I am not what I ought to be. For just think what some women are, Mrs. Browning, for instance, and then think what I am! And I dare say Mrs. Browning is not so great, so excellent as God meant in the beginning that we should be, as He now means we shall be, when we—the race I mean, and we all, have lived up to it. It will be a long time before I shall be satisfied with myself.”

“But you’re not really unhappy?”

“No indeed! There is something grand in knowing what God has made us to be and in the daily struggle to attain it. I would rather have what pain there is in it ten thousand times over, than be ‘content to dwell in decencies forever;’ would not you, mamma?”

Mamma was laying apple slices around the border of Mrs. Eaton’s under-crust, with touches as dainty as these she uses in her beautiful embroidery.

“Yes,” chirruped she, “I am always trying to do a little better to-day than I did yesterday; to be a better wife, a better mamma,” smiling on me, showing the redness of her beautiful lips, the whiteness of her beautiful teeth—“to know better how to help take care of my house and family. There, Mrs. Eaton, see if I haven’t filled this elegantly.”

We all laughed—Rosenbergen soon growing serious and walking slowly away.

October 4th, Evening.

Rosenbergen meant what he said about going to Memphis. Or, at any rate, he meant that he is going. Mamma and I are getting his clothes ready for the long journey.

I shall say good-bye without another word, but that, let me be doing what I will, feeling what I will, I am always your affectionate niece,

ANNA.

CHAPTER III.

ANNA TO MRS. FORSTER.

Boscawen, Oct. 20, 1855.

AUNTIE—We have heard from Rosenbergen. He wrote at the quiet little place, Billerica, Massachusetts, where he left the cars on his return, that he might be alone while his letter was coming and my reply to it going.

The first part of his letter is addressed to both mamma and me. “Well, Anna, well, Molly,” he says, “I know all about her; she is a nineteenth-century Satyr, as I believed. She hasn’t goat’s feet exactly, Molly; or, probably she hasn’t, for races and species change with time; all we have alive of the megalosaurus, you know, is the lizard. But she has feet made thick and

in a degree unshapely, by the pinching and crowding she has given them to make them tiny. ‘Tis a ridiculous story, but true, and you shall hear it. Happening to strike her foot against her music-stool, one evening when I was there, she gave a scream of real anguish and looked to me for help; but, finding that I had lost my galling and didn’t come, she hobbled to a seat, and said something about ‘fainting at nothing—absolutely nothing.’ But her ill-used and *ergo*, ill-natured cousin, Julia, being present to light the gas, she said, maliciously, ‘You gave your big corn a tremendous blow, didn’t you, that time?’”

She, (I shall call her Nisidia,) had ugly, flashing eyes just then—eyes that, with the ugliness all on them, glanced at me to see if I had heard the sweet allusion.

Before this, by-the-way, I had ascertained what she has in place of Pan’s pipes, used by her types, the Satyrs of old. She has the human voice of a pale, high-browed, high-shouldered, deformed young creature, who lives, and sings, and does her flower-gathering close by the, to her, open gates of heaven, so that she lives, sings and makes up her flowers (the very flowers Nisidia has so many times desecrated before my eyes, with her despicable touch, her despicable vanity and lies,) as if she were half angel already, as I haven’t the least doubt she is. She is Julia’s sister.

“And I’d die for her,” Julia said, one morning, when I called earlier than usual and so did not find my charmer, but did find poor, high-shouldered Ellinor at the piano breathing out the melting sounds, and poorer, high-headed Julia at the mantle-piece disposing the bouquets. Ellinor fled at once. “I’d die for her as willingly as I would live!—ho!” giving her head a wrench and toss of tremendous scorn for living—“I’d die for joy, before ‘the grim monster,’ as the happy call him, had come near enough to ‘blow mildew from between his shriveled lips’ over me, if in my dying she could be transformed into a creature as resplendently beautiful in form and feature, as she is now in spirit. But we’re poor!” She hissed out the words with passion. “Behind the scenes we work at furnishing up mother’s tinsel and gew-gaws and holding them ready at her hand. She says to my sister—when she has been told that you are here, waiting—‘I wish you would sing one of your sweetest things now, Ellinor; that’s a good girl; sing your sweetest, and pa shall take you to Rosedale, in a day or two, and you shall stay a week out there with the birds.’ Now my sister loves our uncle who is the only kind one,

although the relationship is on our aunt's side. Fresh color goes over her face when Nisidia names him and the birds out at Rosedale. It is easy for her to sing them, after she has heard of them. Sometimes Nisidia takes her down to the garden to sing there while she places the flowers beside one another. Then, when the flowers are tied up and the singing is ended, she is no longer sweet to my poor Ellinor. She takes her back rudely; and hurries down with her flowers to meet you. Sometimes she remembers her promise, and sends uncle out to Rosedale with my sister and this pays for months of scorn. Pays Ellinor; but not me. She comes and I go, glad for what I've had a chance to tell you!"

She disappeared through a window into the garden, into the shrubbery; and while I watched the spot where she went out like a dream, Nisidia came, beautifully attired, smiling, holding out both hands, with what seemed to me a horribly made up *jeu d'esprit*, saying something about having caught me with my thoughts off straying beside some northern beauty, red-faced and tall.

This was one day; the scene of the bruised corn came off two days later.

There were no outward meshes to break; I had never spoken one word of love, or faith; so the next day I left, with cold, sad adieus for Nisidia. My discovery made me sad. I saw her before me that morning, as if she were an actual Satyr, with the actual disgusting goat's feet hidden in her small embroidered slippers, the actual disgusting goat's ears put back and hidden among her hair ribbons, and the actual animal propensity and passion showing themselves, that morning plainly—for my coolness seemed to make her angry—in her eyes, her clumsy nostrils, her mouth.

I met Julia at the street corner not far from the house.

"I was watching for you," said she, her large eyes restlessly going forward and back between me and the door of her uncle's house. "I wanted to tell you that Ellinor and I am going to Italy! Our uncle has consented. He says we have money! enough to support us there if we live economically—and do you suppose we won't? do you suppose we will care what sort of rooms we live in, if we are away from that house, in Italy, or what sort of bread we eat? Ha! we'll have a great deal to forget, more unblissedness and torture to forget than I could tell you if I could speak with the fire of an angel, before we would mind even walking on hot iron if every step took us farther and farther from this spot, nearer and nearer the blessed land, Italy!"

When I inquired of her, she informed me that they would go out with a family, kind people, friends and near relatives of their uncle; and that, at Rome, they would find an old uncle on their mother's side, who went there as artist before they were born, who had stayed there until this day, although this day he is less artist than a lover of artists, of art and of Italy. When she had told me this, she bowed solemnly, said solemnly, "Now, adieu! I wanted to say adieu, for you are one of the kind ones!"—went in at an alley, by which, no doubt, she made her way to her uncle's back yard, and that was the last of her.

That was sad too. Now here I am.

"Anna, here I am, rather a sad-hearted man, just now. Not wounded; there'll not be the faintest scar left; only I am a little sore about the heart with seeing the folly, sin and wrong I have described to you here. It was sad. It has made me sad seeing it, thinking about it as I journeyed back, and no sincere friend's face near to brighten my heart and help me to forget it!"

Then, auntie dear, in some straightforward, blessed words, so holy, so sacred to me, that I can't touch them with quotation even to you, he told me what power my poor face has to cheer him, how I am all he asks for or wants. If I would write to him very soon and tell him exactly how I feel toward him, he will—he will love and value me still, he says, let my reply be of what tenor it may; but if I do not, at heart, like him a little, and feel considerable assurance of being able to like him a good deal, (when he can show me, as he is aware he has not done yet, that he deserves a good deal of liking, loving,) then, instead of coming to Boscawen on the very day of receiving my letter, he must go the other way; or stay there where the leaves are already falling and see the year die; or go somewhere, little matter where, if he is never more to come before me.

What do you suppose I said to him, auntie? I hardly know, for I confess I was in something of a whirl. But I let him know that I want him to come home. My letter went this P. M. So I suppose he will come to-morrow, and I confess, auntie, I am happier than I well know how to bear.

Mamma "walks on air," so she says, and she verily has the appearance of being so upborne. "Mr. Thornton!" she said, springing to meet pa in the door when he came in; and, leading him by a big button of his blouse, she went into another room to tell him her story. Pa's face was bright; he was a handsome, grand-looking

man when they came out—alas! that he is not oftener bright and grand-looking! that care of so many fields, of so many creatures feeding, growing, working, so many barns, and sheds, and implements, and work-people, fills his brain full, leaving little chance for "joy and gladness" to enter! He is rich enough if he never again touches work, or entertains care of fields, cattle and laborers. When mamma told him so to-day, standing before him, her hands reaching up and lying on his shoulders, he said, "Yes, I know; but I should be the dullest man living if I hadn't care and work enough together to fill up every minute when I'm awake. It is a necessity that I inherit from my busy New England fathers and mothers, back I don't know how many generations; and I can't stop; there's nothing of me if I do. I'm the most nervous person you ever saw, I can't sleep if I don't work. It's bad!" seeing mamma's wondering, deprecating look. "I suppose this is the curse of labor. I suppose labor itself, mixed up with love, flower-tending and rest in the shade, as it was in Eden, is a pure pleasure and benefit; only, according to Fichte, man was but a baby then and needed the work, the pain and 'sweat of the brow,' needed exactly what came, in short, the curse, and all the sorrow of it, to make him a man, worthy of the new, greater Eden; worthy because he had had the energy, faith and love to come round to it."

"That is good!" mamma said. "I like that doctrine; for it puts mercy even into the curse and makes me see how it was just, necessary, and even tenderly, that it should descend to us all, and lie on us all until it fits us for the great, great blessing. I never saw this blessing as I see it now and never longed for it so; for, my husband, I want you to rest!"

He took her little hands in his wide ones and held them a little with his eyes on her upturned face. "My wife, I do rest," said he. And he does, in her, bless her!

Mamma asked him where the book was he quoted. He took it from the book-case, found the passage he had referred to, and then went.

Mamma did not read it. With her hand lying

on the pages, she turned to me and began to lay plans for reading the kind of books that suit pa, for qualifying herself to talk of the things that will interest pa, for luring him in this way to leisure and rest. We are going to study astronomy, natural history, and civil history thoroughly, filling up completely the bare frame-work we built up at school. We are going to have books; specimens and apparatus; are going, in this way to travel the sky, the air, the sea, the earth, and the bowels of the earth, taking pa with us; then mamma is sure, as I am, that he will be willing to let the oxen and the plough go their way, under the eye and in the hands of those who need them in leveling their fields, raising their daily bread.

"And Horace knows all about these things!" concluded mamma. "He has been over all the ground; or, so it seems to me; but he sees a whole life-time of study. I have heard him say so. You don't know him, yet, dear. This creature, this Nisidia has had him all out of tune, as unlike himself as morning is to midnight ever since he has had anything to do with her. You'll see him, now, when he comes! There never was a dearer, better brother than he has been. There was never a dearer, better husband, I am sure, than he will be to you."

Good night, auntie. Perhaps I will write a little more after he comes to-morrow.

The 21st

Here he is, auntie, safe, under the same roof, and my whole being is, as it were, dissolved in gratitude. I could not believe, as the hour drew near, that he would come, that such happiness could come, as it would be having him here in the same room with me, and knowing that he loved me.

Mamma met him at the door and brought him in. First he took my hand, looking in my face—and how changed his air and all his expression were, since our first meeting when I was so distrustful, and he began so soon to laugh at me! We did not speak, at first, either of us; but he drew my hand nearer and nearer, drew me nearer and nearer, until he passed his arm around me and kissed my forehead.

THE FIRST "FORGET-ME-NOT."

SWEET azure fairy of the fields,
With blue eye bathed in sparkling dew—
Whose presence many a memory yields
Like perfume, as it brings anew
And gently steals,
And now reveals
The image of the loved—the true.

When e'er I see its Heavenly hue,
My fancy wanders bright and free,
To distant skies as pure and blue,
That tenderly hang arched o'er thee;
With many sighs
To be those skies,
Which fondly may look down on thee. D. C., JR.

A FRIENDLY LESSON.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

THE first heavy fall of snow last winter, brought to aunt Letty's hospitable country house, a whole cargo, or rather sleigh load of nieces and nephews. None the less, but on the contrary, all the more welcome were we for being unexpected; and after regaling us with a Quaker supper—and those who have ever partaken will know what that means—aunt Letty took us to her cosy sitting-room, where we all gathered round the huge wood fire that always blazed there.

She was dressed, as usual, in soft, dove-colored silk, with one of those most transparent of caps that the Friends wear, shading a complexion of that peculiar delicacy which is so common among the Quakers, that one is tempted to conclude, with Mrs. Nicklebyist logic, that it must be owing to something in the religion.

Our tongues ran fast, with nonsense, of course. Whoever hopes to get a party of young folks to sit and talk wisdom, will go to his grave a disappointed man. Aunt Letty evidently had no such fanciful expectation. She certainly followed all our vagaries with a kind of keen, though half covert relish, which was peculiar to her.

At last one of the party remembered, and claimed, the fulfillment of an old promise of aunt Letty's, some day to tell us a love story of her own. The idea was greeted with acclamation; and after trying in vain to postpone, or beg off, from her confession, she began:

"Long ago, when those who were partial to me, called me comely——"

"Why, aunty, when did they stop doing that?" interrupted cousin Jack, a rather forward boy of thirteen. "I think you're a real beauty yet."

A pretty, pink blush stole over aunt Letty's delicate, fair face, and a dimple crept slyly into her cheek, but she answered demurely enough,

"Thee speaks unadvisedly, John; but I trust, at the period of which I was speaking, thy flatteries would have been more likely to do mischief than at present. But I will go on with my story; trusting that my faults, and those of others, which it will make but too manifest, will serve as warnings to you all.

"I have said that I was young and comely; and I must likewise admit that I was fuller of vanity, and the spirit of mischief, than I can,

now, at all approve on reviewing my conduct in the sober light of reason. Notwithstanding the advantage of having been trained under Friends' discipline, my conformity with their doctrines was rather outward than inward, as is the case, I greatly fear, with many other young and thoughtless persons.

"In seventh month of the year, when I was just twenty, the illness of my mother necessitated us to leave Philadelphia, and to take up our abode for a season at the sea-shore. It was a quiet, little fishing village where we sojourned, not a place of gay resort for the children of the world; and for a time we had the little inn all to ourselves. But after about a week, the company was increased by the coming of two young men, who repaired thither for the purpose of spending their college vacation, or rustication, as I think I heard it called. I opined, that being of a studious turn, they repaired to this quiet spot, so as to pursue their studies undisturbed, and to be able, conveniently, to alternate their severe labors with healthful recreations, as was fitting and judicious.

"Their coming made a great stir in the little place, for they were accounted to be the sons of rich men in Philadelphia. And I can certify that they made noise enough with guns, and dogs, and horses, to prove their importance.

"Not a few persons in the village did think it not beneath them to watch these youths, and gossip about them; nor will I conceal that I, myself, being of a giddy and unsteady age, did also observe them with idle curiosity; for they were comely in features, and had ways and fashions that seemed to me, then, not wanting in interest.

"One of them, Philip ——, by name, was tall and well fashioned, with dark hair and piercing black eyes. The other, Edward ——, was much shorter; but his countenance was still more pleasing, and he had a careless, merry bearing that became him well.

"A morning or two after their coming, they were sitting out on the verandah smoking their cigars, having their legs raised up on the railing, higher than was altogether seemly or decorous. This I observed in passing by, to go down to the garden below, to tend my plants.

"I went, first, to water my flower-pots that

were placed in a row, just below the verandah, but from which I could not be seen, as it was greatly above my head. While thus engaged, I inadvertently overheard the following conversation. I repeat the words as nearly as my memory serves, trusting, children, that you will bear in mind that the phraseology and sentiments are not mine, but those of the worldly young men who employed them.

"'I say, Edward,' began Philip, 'that was a confoundedly pretty Quaker girl that went by just now.'

"'So I have observed.'

"'I have some thoughts of getting up a little flirtation with her, myself, just to pass the time. Do you think she'd pay a fellow for the trouble?'

"'Oh, I suppose she'd do for that; and if you don't mind I'll join the sport. It won't spoil your fun—only make things more interesting and exciting.'

"'Thank you, I think I could do as well alone; but still I don't mind. I'll have pity on you, as this place is so confoundedly slow. But I'm afraid of one thing. The sudden advent of two admirers, and such admirers, will surely turn the sly, little nun's head—especially as I don't suppose she has ever seen the shadow of a lover in her life. She will be so elated and vain there will be no enduring her.'

"'We must run that risk; besides, we can at any time administer the corrective of a little wholesome neglect, if she begins to feel her oats.'

"With that, the ends of two cigars fell at my feet, and the speakers walked into the house.

"I can by no means affirm, that the feelings awakened by the remarks I have repeated, were of the kind a Christian Friend should cherish under all circumstances. The human heart, especially the youthful human heart, is prone to sudden anger; and on this occasion, I am sorry to say, I made a resolution to be revenged, which I endeavored to carry out.

"I very soon began to perceive such assiduity on the part of the young men, in helping me at table, as left me in no present fear of starvation. By this, and other indications, I was made aware that the campaign—to use a worldly and wicked comparison—was fairly opened; therefore, though strictly a peace woman, I did, in a spiritual sense, fortify my strongholds a little.

"The next morning being second day, Philip asked me to go to ride with him, and having always found that recreation salutary and pleasant, when enjoyed reasonably, I acceded to his wish.

"Having made mother comfortable, and put some flowers of a modest and homely kind, such

as she liked, beside her chair, for company while I was gone, I tied on my little bonnet, trimmed with white ribbon, which though plain in fashion, was not unbecoming to me, and was soon whirling along the smooth beach faster than I ever rode before. The sea breeze was coming in fresh, and that, and the speed with which we went, soon brought a bright color into my face, which my companion remarked upon more flatteringly than wisely.

"And surely the young man did seem to be putting himself to much pains to be agreeable to me; therefore I thought it but right to take like pains for him. And truly I think the ride was pleasant unto his spirit, as well as, doubtless, beneficial to his health.

"This was but the first of many such enjoyments; for Edward and Philip, both, were so frequent and pressing with their invitations, that if I had listened to their entreaties I should have left my poor mother oftentimes neglected. Fortunately I had grace given me to avoid this sin; I would only consent to leave her when it was proper I should go; but perhaps the very difficulty attending my going, made them more eager for my company.

"On farther knowledge of them, I found Philip to be very different from his friend. He was graver and more silent; also more hasty and suspicious in temper than Edward; for the latter was a kindly and light-hearted youth, who was seldom sad or out of temper. He had a merry fashion of telling stories of so marvelous and humorous a sort, as it was impossible for me to hear without laughing, especially as I had never heard any such before; and the seeing my merriment, which I could not always restrain, even when my reason commanded, seemed to divert and please him not a little.

"For many weeks these things continued; and truly, in many ways the young men were so kind and pleasant to me, that I could not but oftentimes rejoice greatly, that chance had instructed me as to their real meaning; for they both acted their parts so skillfully, that I know not how an innocent, unsuspicious girl could have guessed they were not in earnest.

"It was not long ere I perceived that the plan of co-partnership did not prosper as well as had been hoped. If one of the youths chanced to ask me to participate in any pleasure, when the other had mentally made a different plan, there seemed to spring up much heart-burning and ill-will—so that more than once I thought it well to deal with them for such unchristian conduct.

"One day, Edward had been fishing, and having been very successful, he called me, on his return,

to see his long string of fish I had just said to him,

"Friend Edward, I know not how thee can find pleasure in such cruel pastime," when Philip came up with his bag full of little birds that he had shot. He had one, a pretty, red-winged blackbird in his hand to show me. Its little head hung dangling down, and blood was on its breast. I turned my face away, and said,

"Oh! fy, friend Philip! thee is even crueller than thy friend. It pains me to look at the innocent victims of thy cruel sport, even more than to see these poor fishes, for I loved them better while living."

"Can it be believed that these words of well merited rebuke, offended this unchastened spirit so greatly that he sulked, moodily, for the space of three days, refusing the commonest civilities from the hand of his friend meanwhile? Had I not known, for a certainty, that the whole thing was a jest, I should have thought the youth was tormented by the evil spirit of jealousy."

"The pleasant summer days sped on, and it was near the end of eighth month, when one evening Edward met me, as I came in from the garden."

"You have forgotten your rose to-night, Letty," said he, "let me get it for you. Shall it be white or red?"

"I was going to say white, but Philip suddenly exclaimed,

"Wear red to-night! To please me," he added, in a whisper.

"Meanwhile Edward had returned with a white rose, which he gave me. Philip, perceiving this, exclaimed angrily, 'Wait a minute!' and he ran in great haste to the garden, and returned with a red rose, which he also put into my hand."

"Wear the red!" said he. "No, wear the white!" said Edward, as they looked at each other with unfriendly glances. For a moment I felt vexed enough with them to cast both roses over the railing of the verandah; but on second thoughts I put them both in my hair, side by side, as lovingly as though they were two dear friends, and then I smilingly asked them how that would do.

"You are an angel, and look like one," said Edward; while Philip said something I have forgotten about saints and shrines. I rebuked them sharply for using such language, and I trust the words of discipline I dealt to them may, at some period since, have returned to them with power, for at the time I fear the merry mood they were in made them fail to reach their hearts.

"As I ended with the words I felt moved by
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the spirit to utter, I chanced to nod my head in the earnestness of my speaking, and the red rose fell from my hair; moreover, as I rose at the same moment, I inadvertently set my foot on it and crushed it. I saw, immediately, that Philip noticed the incident with vexation, but as it was really an accident, I thought no more about it till the next day, when, having read to mother for a season, and left her comfortable, I went down stairs and sat down with my needlework on the verandah to get a little fresh air. There Edward joined me, and after making a few light remarks, after the fashion of men of the world, he sat silent, gazing at me so earnestly, and, as it verily seemed, so lovingly, that I felt to thinking how wondrous an art he had to counterfeit.

"Suddenly he laid his hand over my work, saying,

"Tell me, Letty, am I right to look upon it as a good omen, that the red rose, and not the white, fell from your hair last night? Did I read the sign aright?"

"I marvel, friend," I replied, extricating my work, "that thee puts value on the childish and pernicious doctrine of signs and tokens. Doth not the Scripture say there shall be no sign given, but the sign of the prophet Jonah?"

"Jonah be hanged—drowned, I mean, if it is not too late," exclaimed this thoughtless and ungodly youth. "I tell you any token or sign, however trifling, that indicates the state of your feelings, is infinitely important and precious to me."

"I made no reply. In a minute he went on impatiently,

"Good heavens, Letty! do stop your everlasting stitching; and tell me, am I to hope, or am I not?"

"Hope for what, friend Edward?" I asked, quietly.

"For your preference—your love—yourself, you incongruous, little, Quaker flirt," he cried, quite out of patience.

"I said not a word in answer; I only raised my eyes and looked at him. I thought his conscience would do the rest. But I noticed then, and have since, that conscience alone, unaided by fear of discovery, is not a reliable agent. He seemed not to comprehend, for he continued,

"Letty, what does that look mean? How can you find pleasure in torturing me thus, when you know I love you better than my life?"

"Friend Edward," said I, quietly, "doesn't thee think this jest has been carried on long enough?"

"What jest? I swear I never was more in earnest in my life!"

"I must request thee, Edward, not to swear; it is forbidden in Scripture, and commends thee not to my favor."

"How then shall I please you, you sweet saint? Only tell me how; but tell me, too, that I may hope."

"What is it thee has been hoping for all this while, friend Edward?" I replied, gravely. "To win a poor, simple girl's heart for a summer's amusement, and then to cast it away, like a broken toy, when thee had done with it? Was that what thee wanted, friend?"

"I thought his color changed a little, but he said stoutly,

"No, Letty. However thoughtlessly I may have approached you at first, it has long been my most earnest and cherished hope to gain your innocent and true heart, and one day to make you my wife."

"I fear thy words are not soberly considered, Edward," I replied: "but even if so, I cannot give thee much comfort; for before I ever saw thee, I was already promised in marriage, to a youth whom I believe every way worthy the regard I have very plenteously bestowed upon him. At present he is journeying, but, to-morrow, or the next day, he will be here, God willing, and next first day I have agreed to pass through meeting with him."

"Edward stared at me a moment, as though he could not credit my word. I went on with my needlework.

"I see it all!" he said, at last, very sorrowfully. "I am caught in my own net—I have only myself to blame. Good-bye, Letty—I do not blame you, but you have given me a cruel lesson."

"Farewell, friend Edward," said I, some fool-

ish tears I could not help coming into my eyes—for indeed the youth seemed sorely stricken. 'Farewell, I am truly sorry for thy present trouble, but it comforts me to think it will be of short duration. I am glad, too, that thee agrees with me that thee has only thyself to blame.'

"I held out my hand to him, which he took and kissed; and, without being able to say a word, turned away.

"Just as he was going, Philip appeared at the door. He looked sharply after his friend, and when the latter, avoiding his eye, hastened away, he sat down beside me, saying,

"That fellow has been guilty of a mean trick, if he has been trying to forestall me in speaking to you this morning, when I gave him to understand it was my intention to do so. I hope I am not mistaken in conjecturing that he has gained nothing by the manoeuvre."

"He has gained some good advice and experience, which may profit him much hereafter," said I. "Does thee wish, friend Philip, that I should deal with thee, also, in like fashion?"

"I do not want your advice, but your love, Letty," said he, plainly: and forthwith, with much brevity, and quite as much confidence as to my answer, he made me a proposal of marriage. Still, notwithstanding the amazement and mortification I perceived my reply would occasion, it was of necessity the same as I had given Edward; except that I had the unchristian malice to add, as he was leaving me angrily,

"And, friend Philip, let me advise thee, the next time thee proposes to rob a simple girl of her heart, to pass away the time, as I think thee expressed it, not to talk over thy plans on an open verandah, without first looking to see that no one is below."

F A T E.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

LAST night, awaking from a frightful dream,
I saw two eyes, whose cold, unearthly gleam
Flamed out upon me with intensest hate,
Then vanished. But I knew it was my Fate.

And thus. Oh, Fate, your inauspicious gaze
Has rested on me all my youthful days;
You grudged the few poor roses in my hand,
Snatched them away, and crushed them in the sand,
Then, taunting, laughed because my heart was sad
For the pale things; when they were all I had.

You left me in a desert from the first,
Till my whole being ached with bitter thirst,
And then you offered me a cup of gold,

Filled to the brim with water bright and cold.
Just as my parched lips were about to press
The goblet's rim with quivering eagerness,
Forth your quick hand derisively you thrust,
And dashed the glittering crystal in the dust.

This may appear a weak, repining strain.
'Tis not so meant. I shrink not, nor complain;
For, in some way by me not understood,
All these sore evils will result in good.
I know God reigns; I know His hand is strong;
I will trust in Him though He waiteth long.
I know that on this darkness, soon or late,
Morning will dawn—Patience will conquer Fate.

HELEN GRÆME.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE old farm house by the mill-stream had been empty five years. Death had last inhabited it, and the law fastened a sure hold on it after.

Since then the doors and windows of the dwelling had been closely barred—the fine garden was overgrown with weeds and grass—the fruit trees stood unpruned, and the whole front of the house was overrun with straggling rose-bushes broken loose from their supporters and coquetting with each wind that swept over them, clinging to the wall one instant and shaking out a shower of blossoms the next.

The place was not utterly deserted, for children came up from the village, in the fruit season, to plunder the heavily laden trees: and at sunset, in strawberry time, a young girl might be seen coming from another old house on the opposite hill, her sun-bonnet in her hand and a painted basket on her arm, which she filled with fruit from the uncultivated beds.

Helen Græme loved to wander at nightfall in the solitary grounds, for there was a dreamy tranquillity about it which possessed an irresistible charm for her.

The sun was near its setting as she left her father's house, one bright June evening, and took the footpath which led across the fields to the deserted dwelling. The mill-stream cut through the little valley between the two hills, and ran gurgling on toward the village, of which occasional glimpses could be caught from the by-way that the girl had taken.

She came out into the public road just at the entrance of the lane which led to the house, and entered the garden through a gap in the fence, that had been made by some of the reckless boys from the village.

There had been a light shower early in the day, and, though the sun had dried the long grass which filled the garden paths, the shrubs, now in full blossom, sent forth a fresher perfume as the spring breeze shook their branches and stirred the honeysuckle vine which clambered over the lattice of an arbor near the house.

That once carefully pruned garden had become the wildest, most picturesque spot imaginable.

The flower-beds were overrun with strawberry vines that knotted themselves about the hardy plants which still struggled up through their clustering leaves; the trees were completely white with blossoms; and a flourishing woodbine had trained itself over the back of the house, until the little porch which led to the door seemed to afford access to some monstrous bower.

Helen looked about her with a pleasant melancholy, which only the very young can feel, and, after amusing herself for a few moments with attempting to gather up the great tendrils of the honeysuckle that the wind had shaken loose from the lattice, went on to the strawberry patch, and, bending down among the clustering leaves, began filling her basket with the luscious fruit.

She had half completed her task and turned to pluck a handful of the early roses, when a light, sudden tread upon the path aroused her; but, thinking it a boy from her father's farm who often followed her to the house, she said, without turning toward him,

"Do pick me some honeysuckle flowers, Charley White; I can't climb up the lattice to reach the prettiest ones."

There was no answer, and as the boy moved away she continued her occupation. In a moment she heard him tearing down the clustering vines of the arbor, but, before she could speak to reprove him for his reckless disregard of the havoc he was causing, he came back to her side again.

"How careless you are, Charley!" she said, raising her head from the blossoms over which she bent; "can't you pick the flowers without tearing down the vines? I wish——"

The sentence remained unfinished, and Helen sprang to her feet with a cry of astonishment: for instead of the half-grown boy she expected to see, stood a tall, stylish-looking young man, extending toward her a great cluster of blossoms, and smiling in quiet amusement at her surprise.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with an easy, graceful politeness that would have reassured a frightened child; "although I do not answer to the name of Charley White, I ventured to get the

flowers for you as there was no one else to whom you could have spoken."

"I did not know—I did not see," murmured poor Helen, too much embarrassed to feel anything like fear, overturning her basket in her agitation and scattering its ruby store about, until the berries sparkled like rubies among the clustering leaves.

The stranger stooped, and, taking up the basket, began to collect the scattered masses of fruit, giving Helen an opportunity to recover her self-possession.

"I hope I did not frighten you?" he said, with one of those beautiful smiles which light up a pale face like a sudden glow, as he handed the basket to her after carefully replacing the roses which had been wreathed over the top. "I strolled up to look at the old place, and seeing some one in the garden, came to ask if there was any means of getting into the house."

"It is shut up," Helen replied, in a voice which trembled from her recent excitement; "no one has lived here since old Mr Owen died, five years ago."

"They told me I should find it changed; but having seen the place when I was a boy I had a wish to see it again. How everything is altered!" he continued, glancing around; "the trees have grown so tall that they quite overshadow the house, and the garden is a perfect wilderness."

"It has been entirely neglected since Mr. Owen died, and, indeed, for a long time before. He was very old, and let everything go to ruin. No one comes here now except the school children, during the fruit season, and myself," she added, looking down at her basket with a laugh, and a blush like a sudden reflection from the honeysuckle blossoms which she held.

"Such depredations are very pardonable, for the berries look as if they really longed to be eaten."

Helen offered him the basket without a particle of girlish shyness.

"You have earned them, sir, and they are very nice too."

"I hope you will come and pick them every day while they last," he replied, taking a handful of berries. "I will see that the beds are kept in nicer order."

Helen looked at him in surprise.

"You are——"

"I believe I have a claim on the old place," he answered. "By some chance the farm has been awarded to me, and I came to visit it for the first time since my early boyhood."

"You will be unable to get into the house," Helen said, turning to go, suddenly remarking

that it was almost dusk. He walked by her side out of the garden and down the lane.

"I wonder if the farm is considerable?" he said, "I know very little about the place, and could hardly tell what caprice brought me down here."

"If my father were here he could give you any information you require," she said.

"Is that your home?" he asked, suddenly, pointing toward the old deacon's dwelling.

"If it had not been so conveniently near, your strawberry beds would have escaped being plundered," Helen said, smiling again.

"I am very grateful to old Mr. Owen for having raised them. But that is Deacon Holmes' house, is it not? Then you are his daughter? I beg your pardon, but I ought to be a sort of acquaintance of yours, for I have, many a time, helped myself to apples out of his orchard without waiting to ask the old gentleman's permission—luckily I was never caught."

"I think he would easily have pardoned you; the village boys are certain that they will not be very harshly dealt with if discovered on the same expeditions."

"I might ask his pardon now," he said, laughing, "if you will allow me to accompany you to the house; I should like to talk to him about the farm."

Helen bowed, and they went down the hill toward her home.

It was not until they reached the gate that Helen remembered how freely she had been talking with an entire stranger. She drew back, for the reflection overwhelmed her with a rush of girlish timidity, but the young man did not appear to notice her silence as they walked up to the house.

Mr. Græme had wheeled his easy-chair into the front porch, and was sitting there awaiting his daughter's return. He raised his eyes from his paper, and laid it down with a sort of tranquil surprise at the sight of a stranger.

As he glanced again at the young man's face, some quick reflection disturbed the composure of his countenance, and he sank back into the chair from which he had partially risen.

"Father," Helen said, hurriedly, "this gentleman is the new proprietor of Mr. Owen's place, he remembers having seen you once when he was a little boy, and he wishes some information about the farm."

"If you will excuse the intrusion of a stranger in so very unceremonious a way," observed the young man, with a frank courtesy that could not fail to please.

The old man looked at him sharply, rubbing

his hands slowly together with the look of one struggling with some distant memory which ached still, and striving to trace its connection with the face or scene before him.

"Any information that I can give you I shall be happy to do," he said, rising slowly. "Will you be seated, sir?"

The young man took the chair he offered, and Mr. Græme resumed his own seat, though the same expression lingered about his features still.

"So you have bought old Mr. Owen's place?" he said, after a pause.

"I did not purchase it, sir, but it has come into my possession by the termination of the law suit."

"Ay, ay; I did hear it was ended. The old man was a relation of yours, maybe?"

"Very distant, sir, on my mother's side"

"True, true!" said Mr. Græme. "Helen, child, see if tea isn't ready."

The girl entered the house, and when she had disappeared, the old man turned quickly toward him.

"I didn't catch your name, if my daughter mentioned it."

"My name is Trevor—Ralph Trevor."

"That is it," muttered the farmer; "I could have sworn to that face! I can see your mother's looks," he added, aloud, "plain enough, plain enough. Young man, I once swore that no human being with any of her blood in his veins should ever cross my threshold again."

"You knew my mother?" exclaimed the young man. "Are you not mistaken, sir?"

"Was not her name Owen, too? Had she not a brother named Hugh? Young gentleman, I am not apt to forget either friend or foe—there is too much Scotch blood in my veins for that."

"I am sorry that I intruded upon you," said Trevor; "I will take my leave at once."

"Sit still, sir—sit still! I am an old man, and memories that lie under the ashes of thirty years smoulder yet, but don't blaze out. And so Millbrook Farm has fallen to you? Well, well, things turn out oddly enough in this world."

"The place has been very much neglected, I suppose," Trevor said, wishing to change the conversation.

"Of course it has. The house has been shut up these five years, and there hasn't been an acre of wheat grown on the whole farm during that time."

"The house itself was originally a handsome one, I believe?"

"Yes; old Owen's father built it, and it was considered then the grandest house in this part

of the country, but it has terribly gone to pieces now. The farm is just the best land any man could wish to have, but you don't know much about that, I suppose?"

"Very little, I fear, sir."

"No, no; but you would get wiser. Young men have a deal to learn."

At this moment a tall girl, evidently several years past her teens, appeared at the door, and announced that tea was ready.

"Miss Hackley, Mr. Trevor," said the old gentleman, with his quiet, homely politeness.

"Dear me, I did not observe—so embarrassing!" murmured the damsel, courtseying elaborately.

"Miss Hackley is our school-teacher," pursued Mr. Græme, "and is stopping with us for a week."

"Allow me to explain," interposed Miss Hackley, with another courtesy which only a New England school-teacher could have executed. "In the intervals of severer mental labor I instruct the young as a relief to more serious occupation."

"Miss Hackley is an authoress," remarked the old gentleman, with a mischievous glance at Trevor.

"I am charmed to have made Miss Hackley's acquaintance," said Trevor, as composedly as he could.

"Oh, Mr. Græme, how could you? I am so confused—really it is quite confusing."

"Now be careful, Miss Susan," said the farmer, "or I'll tell the young gentleman where to look for your poetry."

The lady gave a little, strangled shriek of horror.

"Positively you will drive me out of the house, Mr. Græme," she said; "it is quite dreadful of you."

"Not so bad as that, I hope, Miss Susan! Come, let us settle our quarrel over a cup of tea. Walk in, Mr. Trevor."

The young gentleman accepted the invitation without hesitation, and they entered the room where Helen was standing by the tea-table.

During her father's long blessing, she felt that their visitor's eyes were intently fixed upon herself, and the glow on her cheek brightened each instant, as she strove in vain to listen to the solemn words the old man uttered.

"So you found Helen stealing your strawberries?" Mr. Græme said, when the blessing was concluded. "You'll look twice, young lady, before you trespass on your neighbor's property again."

"At all events, I am much obliged to Miss

Græme," Trevor said; "for these strawberries are really delicious."

"A very succulent fruit," Miss Hackley remarked, giving a little twitch to her dress, after a way she had when in conversation; "and Miss Helen, here, is a charming Hebe."

Trevor assented, though he was somewhat puzzled to see the connection between strawberries and the goddess; and in Helen Græme's dark eyes there sparkled such a world of merriment, that he found it difficult to preserve his composure.

"Do you intend staying about here long, Mr. Trevor?" asked the farmer.

"Indeed, I have scarcely thought. The scenery is pretty, and if I can find any way of passing my time, I may remain for several weeks."

"There is trout fishing, and you can get good horses to ride."

"Do you not find," dashed in Miss Hackley, "that the cultivated mind has resources enough in itself to find pleasure everywhere?"

"I must admit," said Trevor, laughing, "that my pleasure depends much upon the place and the society where I may be."

"Mine too," said Helen; "I could not live in a disagreeable place."

"You are very young, Helen," observed Miss Hackley; "your mind will more thoroughly develop in time."

They were rising from the table, so that no answer was made, although Helen laughed outright, and Trevor could not resist joining her.

That evening they sat out on the porch, and at her father's request, Helen sang the old-fashioned melodies which he loved, in a clear, contralto voice, that only needed cultivation to render it beautiful. Trevor was listening in delighted surprise until Miss Hackley chimed in with a nasal twang, which irritated him beyond endurance, and soon brought the music to an end.

"Confound the woman!" exclaimed Mr. Græme, as she entered the house for a moment. "Helen, is she going to make us happy much longer?"

"For a week yet, father, don't be discouraged! She has gone now that you may tell Mr. Trevor she writes poetry; he must ask her to repeat some lines."

"Excuse me," he said.

"No, no," said Mr. Græme, enjoying the humor of the thing. "You must hear the poetry."

And he was forced to listen in spite of himself—even to praise the lines and the recitation, for Miss Hackley was somewhat formidable in her strong-mindedness.

That was a very pleasant evening to Helen Græme, a new era in the secluded life she had led so long. When nine o'clock came, and after prayers, her father insisted upon accompanying their guest on his way, Helen left Miss Hackley and stole up to her chamber.

She leaned out of her window, catching the echo of their voices through the stillness, and falling into a dreamy reverie, vague and indistinct as the moonbeams which quivered through the tree branches, but inexpressibly sweet.

"Come and see us again," Mr. Græme said. "You are like your father in your manner."

"Did you know my father too?"

"I have seen him; they used to come out to old Owen's years ago," he replied, almost evasively. "He has been dead a long time, has he not?"

"He died when I was only ten years old."

"I remember; yes! You will find this place dull after your city life."

"I like the change; I could easily spend the whole summer here, and enjoy it immensely."

"Ah, you are young yet and pleased with new things," sighed the old man. "Well, well, youth is a pleasant thing! But take care, sir; don't sow seeds that will bear bitter fruit in after years—remember that, young man!"

The young man thanked him for his caution, and they walked on through the moonlight, Mr. Græme stepping as firmly and vigorously as his companion.

"Yes," he said, when Trevor remarked it; "thank God, no man could enjoy better health than I, yet I was sixty-five years old last Michaelmas."

"There is a pleasure in growing old if one can retain so much of the strength and energy of earlier years."

"There is; an honest life is the surest way to enjoy it, young gentleman! No man who has grown old in heart by evil deeds and a dissipated course, can know what it is."

When he turned back, Ralph Trevor walked on to the village and entered the little inn. He too sat for a long time dreaming in the still evening, and his thoughts went back to the young girl who had so unexpectedly appeared before him in that retired spot.

CHAPTER II.

It was a small, but elegantly furnished apartment overlooking a garden, and situated at the back of the house, so far removed from the street that scarcely a sound from the great city beyond could break in upon the quiet.

The windows were open, and from the flower beds came up the scent of rare blossoms, filling the room with a pleasant perfume. The sunlight stole softly in through the lace draperies and played over the floor, lighting up the pictures and other objects of art that were scattered about.

Near the window sat a middle-aged woman, whose face still preserved much of its former beauty, marred more by the haughty pride which curved the mouth and brows than by the attacks of time. A small writing-table was drawn up to her easy-chair, but though the paper and pens were lying near her hand, she had not yet begun to write. The lady was looking out upon the garden, but evidently heedless of the pretty scene on which she gazed; some irritating thought disturbed her, and her lips contracted with an expression of displeasure, that deepened each moment as she sat there.

Suddenly there came a burst of song from the garden below, and a young girl came in sight, her hands filled with flowers which she had been gathering. She wore no bonnet, and as the sunlight touched her curling hair it turned it to gold, giving a delicate bloom to her cheek and a deeper blue to her eyes.

She looked up to the window and shook her flowers gaily at the lady, who smiled, as if the sight of so much girlish grace had roused her from the reverie into which she had fallen.

The girl disappeared, and in a few moments came dancing into the room, seeming to bring an addition of brightness with her presence.

"Look at my beautiful flowers, Mrs. Trevor," she exclaimed, "are they not lovely? I am sure it went to the gardener's heart to see me pick them, but he could not refuse me."

"It would be difficult to refuse you anything, Lucy," the lady replied, with a grave tenderness.

"You are so kind!" cried the girl, bending over her and kissing her forehead. "Now I must arrange them in the vases—don't you like me to gather you flowers every morning?"

"Anything which you do pleases me, Lucy."

"Ah, you are spoiling me like everybody else; only you are so dignified and quiet that I don't presume upon it so much as with others."

"I hope you are not afraid of me, Lucy?"

"Only afraid of displeasing you, dear madam. Now then, for my flowers. Did one ever see such lovely roses? Poor things, it is too bad to keep them shut up in the city."

"It is quite time to leave it; the weather is becoming really very warm."

"How delightful it would be to get out into

the green fields. I always go wild with delight in the country."

"Have you made up your mind to spend the summer with me? You know your aunt consents."

"I shall be only too happy! Greenlawn is so lovely, and I have not seen it for several years."

"Then we will go, and as soon as I can make the preparations necessary."

The young girl busied herself with her flowers for a few moments, then she said like one thinking aloud,

"I have not been there since the year Ralph went to college."

"You were quite a little girl, then. Do you remember how he used to admire your hair?"

"Oh, yes. But he has grown quite cold and distant of late."

"That is your fancy, dear. I know very well that his feelings have not changed."

"Is he not gone a long time? He was to be absent only three or four days."

"And he has been gone two weeks, nearly three, and never written a single line."

"Perhaps he has been very busy."

"Impossible. He only went to look at the place which has lately become ours. He is very negligent, and I am seriously displeased with him."

"That you could not be; you love him too well."

"He is very wrong to fail in the respect which he owes his mother. It is a thing exceedingly difficult for me to pardon, and Ralph knows it."

"Perhaps he will return soon."

"I shall write him to come back at once; I wish him to go to Greenlawn with us. I cannot imagine why he should loiter in that out-of-the-world spot with not a creature to speak to."

"He likes the quiet, I suppose; it must be very pleasant after the excitement of a winter here."

"At all events he must return, and at once."

She took up her pen and began to write, and the girl went on arranging her flowers slowly and with a pre-occupied air, which softened her face into a pleasant melancholy.

Lucy Markham was an orphan and an heiress. She had been petted and spoiled almost from infancy by a maternal aunt, to whose guardianship she had been left. She was a warm-hearted, affectionate girl, clinging almost childishly to those about her, and so little accustomed to exercising firmness or self-control, that she was herself ignorant of the resources of her nature. Differently reared, the natural strength of her

character would have developed itself; but as it was, at eighteen she was half child, half woman, and the trials which must darken every life, would, if severe, crush her like a blossom yielding to the storm.

She had been from childhood a great favorite with Mrs. Trevor; and from Ralph's boyhood a union between the two had been a predominant idea in her mind. She was a woman so proud and resolute, so accustomed to seeing all about her yield to her will, that it never once occurred to her that her son could venture to thwart her in this long-cherished plan.

That Lucy loved Ralph she felt convinced. The young man's feelings were not so easily read, but it seemed almost impossible that he should not be charmed with a girl of so much loveliness and grace, when thrown into such close association as he had been for the past year or two, most of which time Lucy had spent at Mrs. Trevor's house.

After a time, Lucy left her occupation and hovered restlessly near the writing-table, evidently longing to speak, yet afraid to utter the thought which troubled her.

"What is it, Lucy?" Mrs. Trevor said, without looking up.

"You are writing to Ralph?"

"Yes, of course. I have told him that he must come back at once."

"You know how impetuous he is——"

"I can scarcely suppose that he will oppose his mother's wishes."

"Not that, dear madam; but you will not write sternly to him—do not, please."

"Pretty little peace maker!" said Mrs. Trevor, laying down her pen to caress the bright curls, an action very unusual with her: for even where she loved she was seldom demonstrative.

"Then you will not?" Lucy pleaded.

"Surely not. I shall tell him that you forbade it."

"No, no; you will not say that! Tell him that you are lonely—that you miss him every day and hour, he cannot dream how much."

She paused, coloring crimson at her own eagerness; but Mrs. Trevor turned her eyes away, saying only,

"Well, child, it shall be as you please. May I tell him that Lucy wishes to see him?"

"Surely, yes. I miss him too, and I cannot bear to see you unhappy."

"I shall write him that; I think we shall have him with us again before long."

She wrote on for some moments, and Lucy seated herself by the window, smiling and glad, as a thousand pleasant fancies flitted about her

mind. The silence was broken by a rap at the door, and a servant entered with a letter, which he placed in Mrs. Trevor's hand.

"It is from my son," she said, when the man had left the room; "he has written at last."

She broke the seal and began to read, while Lucy turned again to the window, though the red deepened and flickered on her cheek, and her slender fingers beat tremulously on the window-sill, as she strove to conceal the agitation which her companion's words had roused.

As Mrs. Trevor read, the smile left her lips, and her brows met in a heavy frown. She turned the page quickly, and perused the whole letter with an air of extreme displeasure.

"How dare he do this!" she exclaimed.

Lucy turned round, pale at the anger she saw darkening the mother's face.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, timidly.

Passionate words trembled on Mrs. Trevor's lips, but she checked them; for the world she would not have had Lucy think he needlessly prolonged his absence.

"Is anything the matter?" repeated the girl.

"Nothing," she replied, controlling herself by a strong effort; "only Ralph thinks he must stay to attend to some tiresome business which would be as well left alone."

"Where is he?"

"At Millbrook Farm still."

"Perhaps it is pleasant there and he wishes to stay."

"And I wish him to return," said Mrs. Trevor, sternly. "If a mother's wishes are of no avail he shall receive her commands."

"Ah! you are angry, Mrs. Trevor."

Again the haughty woman restrained herself, and replied,

"Only vexed at Ralph's folly, dear. He has a fancy that no business can be attended to unless he is present, and there is not the slightest necessity for his remaining there."

"Then you will not be harsh with him?"

"No, child, no! If you will order the carriage, and dress yourself, we will drive out as soon as I have finished my letter to Ralph."

"I will go at once," Lucy said; "I shall be ready before you, this time, although you do consider me so dilatory."

When the girl had left the room, Mrs. Trevor caught up her son's letter and read it again.

"Græme," she muttered, "Græme! Is that name to haunt me again? Has it not brought me vexation and shame enough already?"

She seized the kind letter which she had written Ralph, and tore it into fragments.

"I will have no trifling—no playfulness," she

said, almost aloud; "he shall return—we will see who conquers here! There is something I do not understand. I can see that he conceals something from me; but once here, all will be well again."

She wrote a few cold, imperative lines, and directed them to her son, scarcely adding a term of tenderness, or an expression of love such as a child's heart might well crave.

When Lucy returned, she found Mrs. Trevor ready to go out, looking somewhat graver than before, but kind and gentle to her.

"Is your letter finished?" she asked.

"And gone. We shall have Ralph here before many days, you may be certain."

"Then we shall go into the country. How happy we shall be!"

Mrs. Trevor smiled, and did not contradict her, though some undefined sensation of annoyance troubled her the whole day; and her proud spirit chafed at the idea of her son's venturing to disobey even her slightest desire.

CHAPTER III.

THREE weeks had elapsed since Ralph Trevor's first visit to Mr. Græme's house; and, from that time, not a day had passed without finding him seated by Helen Græme's side in the old porch, or wandering with her about the green hills which surrounded her home.

Not many days after Trevor's arrival, Mr. Græme had been obliged to start on a journey, a most unusual circumstance with him, so that there had been no bar to the intimacy that had sprung up between the young pair.

Helen Græme had led a retired life since her return from the school where she had spent several years, and Ralph Trevor was the first man who had crossed her path with like feelings and sympathies to her own.

She never paused to think of the future; she only knew that a new morning had dawned upon her life, and that its brightness so dazzled her sight she could see nothing of the misty dream-land of her early girlhood.

Ralph Trevor loved her, and he too had laid aside all thought of coming time, reveling in the happiness of the present, and turning resolutely away from any painful doubt which might intrude itself upon his mind.

His mother possessed a powerful influence over him. His awe of her amounted almost to fear, and when an earnest affection was added to that, it was easy to understand the slavery in which his life had been passed. Perhaps the perfect freedom of those weeks was one of their

great charms, although Ralph did not acknowledge that to himself, or venture to reflect upon the consequences if his proud mother became aware of the manner in which they had been spent.

One evening, they went out of the house, and wandered down to the Millbrook, which ran through a shady grove just beyond Mr. Græme's house.

The sun had set in a glory of crimson clouds, from which the brightness gradually faded, and one after one the stars shot up into the clear sky, heralding the approach of the moon that sailed up from its bed of white clouds into the serene calm of the upper heaven.

Helen had been repeating aloud some simple poem, to which her exquisite voice gave an added charm. When she ceased, both were silent for a time, and Helen turned away, feeling, for the first time, an inexplicable timidity in his presence.

"I have been here three weeks," Ralph said, at length; "and they have been the happiest portion of my life."

"It is not a long time," Helen said.

"They have passed to me like a few hours," Ralph replied. "It is terrible to think that they must end."

"You are going away?" the girl said, faintly.

"I received a letter from my mother yesterday, in which she commands my immediate return! The tone is not pleasant; she forgets that I am no longer a child."

"Do you start now?"

"How can I tear myself away? Shall you miss me, Helen? Will you look for my coming?"

The girl made no answer. Her head sank lower over the flowers he had gathered for her during their walk, and the color on her cheek brightened to its deepest rose.

"Answer me, Helen—only a word! Will you miss me? Do you love me, Helen?"

He seized her hands, pleading for a single word, but she could not speak. She made no resistance when he drew her toward him and kissed her glowing cheeks and forehead.

"You cannot think what you have become to me, Helen. The happiness of my whole life is in your hands. Will you send me away utterly without hope?"

Helen Græme shook off the girlish fear which had kept her silent. She raised her face that had taken a sudden pallor in the moonlight, and laid her hand in his.

"I do love you, Ralph," she said, almost solemnly, "and I have no shame in avowing it." He caught her to his breast with passionate

kisses, murmuring words that made her heart thrill almost to an ecstasy of pain.

"You will write to me, Helen, while I am gone? write every day!"

"Not a letter of yours shall remain an hour unanswered, Ralph, I promise that."

"Bless you, darling!"

"And you will be gone long?"

"Not a moment more than I can avoid. But I cannot go yet. I shall write to my mother that it is impossible for me to start at present."

"Then she may be offended. Ah, Ralph, not on my account."

"I cannot go yet," he repeated, "this happiness is too new, too blessed, I cannot tear myself from it so soon. Say, shall I not remain to the latest hour possible?"

"I shall be very lonely when you are gone, Ralph; how desolate everything will seem."

"Thanks, dearest, I am glad that you will miss me! How selfish!" he added, laughing gayly. "I shall write you so often that you will almost forget I am absent."

"Not that," she said, "not that, though the letters will indeed console me."

Their conversation glided into the thousand tender words, half uttered, yet understood, which are so inexpressibly sweet to those who love, though, incomprehensible and without meaning to those who stand not in the glorious world that spreads out before those blest in the consciousness of mutual affection.

The bright moon glided higher into the sky, which was catching the purple tints of the approaching mid-summer. A low wind died among the trees like a distant melody, forming a musical undertone to their whispered words.

"I must go back to the house," Helen said, at length; "it is growing late."

"I had forgotten that we had been here so long," Ralph replied.

"My father will come back to-morrow," Helen said, after a moment's silence.

"Then I shall no longer have you to myself! Oh, Helen, I shall grow jealous of the whole world!"

"Foolish boy!" she said, smiling with the new womanliness which this avowed love had brought over her. "Come, we must go now."

He folded his arms about her waist, and for a moment they stood thus, her head resting upon his shoulder, and his eyes fastened upon her face, speaking more plainly than words could have done the love which had centred in him.

Suddenly there was a heavy step upon the turf. Before Helen Græme could move, her father stood before them pale with anger.

"Father!" she exclaimed, in terror.

He flung Trevor aside with a force astonishing in one of his years, exclaiming in a low, suppressed tone,

"Young man, is this the way you repay kindness? Is this the return you make?"

"Mr. Græme," began Ralph.

"Not a word—I will not hear a word! Go home, Helen Græme, go home. Has the Scottish blood died out of your veins that you do not blush for yourself?"

"Father!" she cried, this time not in fear, but kindling with anger, "I am your child—do not insult me!"

"Go your way, go at once!" he repeated, sternly. "Young man, never darken my doors again—remember that!"

He seized his daughter's arm and forced her away, leaving Ralph Trevor stupified with the rush of amazement and anguish which swept across his soul. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

TAKE back, take back thy proffered vows,
I ask them not of thee;
How can I now believe the lips
That have been false to me?
Once in the past, the bright-eyed past,
E'er sin began its spell,
Thy lips spake words which on my soul
Like rays of sunshine fell.
They filled my trembling heart with hopes
Bright as yon orbs above,
And lit my happy breast with all
The radiance of love.

Thy vows were as the idle wind,
Unstable, fickle, vain,
Or like the letters traced in sand
Beside the sleepless main.
Then ask me not, oh, ask me not
To take thee back again,
But leave me ere my heart awakes
To all its former pain.
Forgive me if my slighted faith
Dares not to trust thee now—
I ne'er can rest my hopes again
Upon a broken vow.

TIMOTHY THURLOW'S FIRST BABY.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

MR. THURLOW was what might be called an inveterate baby hater. So deep was his enmity against infants that he could compete, in this respect, with any old bachelor in existence. He had been married five years, but he had never been blessed with children; no baby face had ever brightened at his appearing, and no baby voice had ever uttered a contented "oo-gos" at his approach; no soft, little face was ever pressed close to his, dimpling in delight at his words and gestures of playfulness. He knew not the feeling of having little arms clasped tightly around his neck, while the cunning baby fingers played busily in his hair, and the tiny rose-bud lips were puckered up in the attempt to lip, for the first time, "papa." No little feet, just learning their power, had ever pattered joyously through the halls to meet him when he returned to his home wearied with the cares and fatigues of the day. No, he was a stranger to all these joys, and he looked with supreme contempt upon those who could be amused with the playfulness of infancy. If a baby presumed to cry in his presence, he regarded it as a capital crime, and wondered why people didn't leave their "screaming brats" at home, or else throw them out of the window, and then congratulated himself upon having no such nuisance of his own.

Friends laughed at his oddities, and told him to wait until he became a papa himself; but he would always reply that if ever such a thing did happen, he should have sense enough to keep the young torments out of the way until they were old enough to be presentable; but as to making such a fuss with the child as many parents did, and acting as though there never had been such a thing as a baby in the world before—he never would do it; and to see a man carry an infant in the street—catch him at that!

The time came, however, when he had an opportunity to put in practice his rigid rules of discipline, and then how much did he change? When he heard the first infantile shriek in his own dwelling, and thought "that is mine, she is my baby," how soon did he forget his former antipathy to the whole race of infants, and in the place thereof he experienced a thrill of love and joy. Could it be that he was the proprietor of a daughter who would grow up to cheer and

comfort him with her affection? It was even so, and with a feeling of delight he caught the child in his arms and pressed her to his bosom, in his awkwardness turning her quite upside down, much to the indignation of the nurse and the discomfiture of the object of his joy.

Finding that his efforts to make himself useful as baby-tender were utterly unappreciated, he concluded to tear himself away for awhile in order to attend to his business. His uncommonly happy expression of countenance was noticed by all whom he met on his way down town; indeed, his face was fairly radiant with joy which must find vent in words, and it was with a sly, mischievous smile that his friends received the intelligence which he hastened to communicate: and some ventured to ask whether babies had lately risen in his estimation? But he replied, in the most innocent way imaginable, evidently ignoring his former disapprobation of the article, that he didn't see how any one could help loving such sweet, helpless little things.

When he arrived at his office, it seemed very tame to him to sit down as usual to his business, his thoughts positively refused to lend him any assistance, and he resolved to vary the general routine, and amuse himself with writing notes to such of his friends as were out of town, giving them the wonderful intelligence that he had become a father. All day he was speculating upon how he would have the child brought up, and how earnestly he would strive after her happiness: and then he pictured to himself the sensation she would make when she grew into womanhood, and he began to almost pity the gentlemen whose hearts would be broken on her account.

At length, finding it impossible to concentrate his thoughts upon business, he resolved to return to his child. Upon entering his wife's apartment, he found that the baby was asleep. His first impulse was to awaken her, but this proceeding was resolutely opposed by the nurse, who had entertained no very favorable opinion toward Mr. Thurlow since his performance in the morning, and the newly-made father contented himself with sitting across the foot of the cradle, gazing earnestly upon his child until the little, expressionless eyes of early infancy were opened, and

the face of the unconscious babe was puckered up for a cry. Instead of putting him out of patience, the child's screams sent a fresh thrill of joy to his heart, as they seemed to the proud father a more realizing evidence that his happiness was not a dream.

How he longed to embrace his child, to press her to his heart, but there was the ever watchful nurse, whom he had learned to look upon as his inveterate enemy, ready to thwart his slightest attempt to touch his little one. She always had some excuse ready whenever he offered to take her, either she was hungry, or fretful, or sleepy, and Mr. Thurlow would turn away with a firm conviction that women could always get up some excuse for having their own way. One day, however, the important guardian of the little stranger was suddenly called out of the room. She looked around for some one to take her place—there was no one to whom she could consign her young charge but Mr. Thurlow, and with many a warning to him not to jump the child, nor to squeeze it, nor drop it, she laid it gently in his outstretched arms. He remembered his awkwardness on the first morning, and the indignation with which it was hailed, and he resolved this time to give no cause of offence. Accordingly he held the baby on his outstretched arms, not daring to move, and he even breathed more gently, for fear, as his wife declared, of giving the baby cold. The nurse presently returned and took the child from him, when, with a sigh of relief, he exclaimed,

"How that little thing grows, she is really heavy, I declare she has made my arms ache."

"No wonder," replied Mrs. Simmons, with a consequential toss of her head, "I should think it would be enough to make your arms ache to hold them out in that style, even if you had nothing in them."

Mr. Thurlow was puzzled. He felt very sure that he had held the child nicely; he had obeyed the nurse's directions implicitly with regard to not jumping, or squeezing, or dropping her; he had not even rumpled the child's clothes, still Mrs. Simmons seemed to regard his efforts with contempt, and he couldn't understand it.

Soon came the grand question of a name, and numerous were the consultations held on this momentous subject. Mrs. Thurlow left the business to him, wishing, as she said, to see how the child would fare when left to its father's mercies.

"Wife," said he, one day, "what shall we call issy?"

"Why not name her after me?" replied Mrs. Thurlow, smiling quietly as she watched the effect of her words.

For a moment the literal Mr. Thurlow said nothing. There was a struggle going on in his mind—he loved his wife dearly, and could he refuse to name his child after her? But there rose before him the name Jerusha: could he bear to have his babe called by so hideous a name? No, that would never answer, and turning to his wife, he remarked,

"My dear," (he always avoided speaking her name if possible,) "I should love, of course, to have our darling called after you, but just think what a name for a baby Jerusha would be."

"How should you like the name of Mary?" suggested Mrs. Thurlow.

"It is very pretty," replied her husband, "but so very common."

"I wish we could manage to call her after you. Now if your name was only Edward, or Frederic, or something that we could just alter a little."

"Yes," replied Mr. Thurlow, "but I don't see as we can make Timothy suit, twist it as we will."

"Your mother's name is very pretty," continued his wife. "How would it do to call our baby Caroline, after her?"

"Very well, I should think; and then she could be Carrie; but I wish we could contrive to get in your mother's name too, somehow," observed the perplexed father.

"Caroline Henrietta would be rather long, I think."

"Yes, that is true, but I'll tell you how we can manage it—we will cut off both names, and call her Carrietta, that, I am sure, is very pretty, and we have the two nicely combined," and Mr. Thurlow rubbed his hands in delight at so happy a thought.

His wife raised no objections, and the grandparents were immediately informed of the child's name, and so pleased were they that they settled upon their little namesake a sum of money.

Time passed on, and the little Carrie grew to be as pretty a baby as any one need wish to see. Her father felt worried whenever the nurse carried her out, lest some one should endeavor to bribe her for the child, for he seemed to think that others must be as much enraptured with the little cherub as he was himself; and Bridget was cautioned, whenever she went out to walk with her young charge, not to go far from the house, and on no account to cross the street, nor was she to let the little Carrietta go out of her arms, however much people might admire her. Once Mr. Thurlow carried her out himself—his mother had come to town, and he felt anxious to display his treasure to her at once; Bridget was

sick, and he felt too impatient to wait, and he remarked to his wife,

"Just dress the baby, won't you? and I'll carry her around to see mother."

"You'll carry her!" exclaimed his wife, in surprise, as she remembered his former antipathy to such a performance.

"Yes," he replied, "for Bridget is sick, and I wouldn't trust her to any of the other servants."

Mrs. Thurlow smiled as she placed the child in his arms, and then watched them from her window. Her husband walked as though treading on pins and needles, lest he should disturb his precious burden.

When the baby was about five months old, her father was obliged to go to Europe on business. It was a hard trial, parting from his wife and daughter, and Mrs. Thurlow really feared the child would be killed by the affectionate embraces bestowed upon her by her father.

What a tedious trip that seemed to Mr. Thurlow—how contrary the winds; would the vessel never land? He entertained himself during the passage with gazing at the likeness of his wife and baby, which he had insisted upon having before he started, and many were the kisses pressed upon that little innocent face as it looked forth upon him from the picture. When he at last arrived in Europe, his patience was again obliged to undergo a trial—those with whom he had business transactions had never before seemed so dilatory: everything transpired to cause delay; our hero quite forgot that his impatient longing to return home magnified every moment into an hour. At length, however, when three months had slowly passed, he found himself on his way to his native land. The journey was accomplished, and he stood once more in his own dwelling. After greeting his wife, he hastened to the cradle—the infant, who had just awaked, stretched out her little, plump, dimpled arms; this was construed into a sign of recognition by the enraptured father, and catching up the child, with an exclamation of delight, he pressed her to his bosom.

When his trunks were opened, Mrs. Thurlow laughingly inquired if he had spent all his leisure time shopping for Carrie? There were little dresses of every description, richly embroidered; and caps which he declared must be becoming to her little cherub face; and shoes of various sizes ("for her to grow in,") beaded and braided. And there were toys, too, innumerable. There was a little oaken chair, curiously carved, with a table attached for the child's playthings; and Mr. Thurlow declared that little Carrie would look so cunning sitting in the chair,

that he insisted upon her being placed in it at once. When the baby found herself fastened in, she clapped her fat, little hands and crowed in delight, and she seemed to regard the little table which imprisoned her with supreme satisfaction; and her father looked on largely sharing her happiness. At length she leaned forward to reach a toy, when the chair upset and she was thrown upon the floor. The mother seized her baby and endeavored to pacify her, while the father caught up the chair, and uttering vengeance against the man who had dared to sell it to him, tossed it out of the window.

Mr. Thurlow considered that nothing of his was too good for his baby to play with. His nephews and nieces looked in surprise when they came to the house and found baby playing so coolly with her father's possessions. "That belongs to uncle Timothy," had been sufficient, ever since they could remember, to cause them to drop any treasure, no matter how coveted, of which they had succeeded in possessing themselves. Indeed, they had always looked upon everything of his with perfect awe, and they would as soon have thought of cutting off their finger as of displacing an article belonging to "uncle Timothy." Now razor-case, hooks, pin-cushion, everything was willingly sacrificed to the little queen of the household. Even Mr. Thurlow's head was ever at her service, and it caused him infinite delight, as he rested it in her lap, to feel her little, chubby fingers moving in his hair, which was every now and then unmercifully pulled. Mrs. Thurlow went so far as to declare that he cultivated his whiskers for the baby's especial amusement.

One evening, Mr. Thurlow returned home and found Carrie sleeping very soundly. It was a disappointment to him not to be able to take her, but as several hours passed, and still she did not awake, he became decidedly uneasy, and turning to his wife, he inquired how long she had been sleeping?

"Only since just before you came in. She was very fretful all day with her teeth, and slept none at all, and now I am glad to see her rest."

"It seems rather unnatural that she should sleep so very soundly now, she cannot be well. I wonder if it wouldn't be a good plan to call in the doctor."

"Oh, no," replied his wife, "she ought to sleep, it is the best thing for her."

Mr. Thurlow was not satisfied, and after waiting half an hour to see those bright eyes opened, he started off for a physician. The doctor pronounced her sleep to be nothing unnatural, said

that she had a little fever caused by cutting her teeth, and leaving some simple medicine, he departed. The excited father feared that the physician was not skillful, and didn't understand the child's case; and when he saw his wife preparing to retire, he gazed upon her in surprise, as he asked reproachfully,

"You are not going to sleep to-night, are you?"

"Yes, certainly," was the reply; "why not?"

"Don't you think some one ought to sit up with Carrie, my dear? I cannot sleep knowing that she has no one to watch her."

"If that is the case," observed Mrs. Thurlow, shyly, preparing herself for a night's rest, "I can sleep in perfect safety, for there is no one to whom I would sooner trust the care of the child than to you," and she was soon in a state of happy forgetfulness of the cares of the day.

Mr. Thurlow found himself sitting meekly by the child's cradle. For awhile watching did very well, but soon his deep anxiety gave place to intense sleepiness, and he resolved to lie down and take a short nap. His "short nap," however, lasted until morning, when Carrietta was found to be much brighter.

As time passed on, friends who had formerly ridiculed his antipathy to infants, now shook their heads gravely, and predicted that the little Carrietta would be completely spoiled. And this might have been the case, had not other little ones been added to his family to share his love.

Ten years have passed since the birth of the heroine of our story—Mr. Thurlow is in the sitting-room surrounded by his children. On his knee he holds a baby bearing some resemblance to the little Carrietta, whom we have already introduced to our readers, and he laughed at the little things efforts to grasp his head in her tiny

hands. One arm encircles a prattler two years old, whose bird-like voice is now hushed in sleep, and his cherub face rests confidently on his father's arm. Another is clinging up the back of his chair to steal a kiss, then she claps her hands, and laughs joyously at her father's start of feigned surprise. Carrietta, the baby of ten years ago, is busy making her father a pin-cushion, knowing full well that anything made by her will be prized far more highly than the richest article unaccompanied by love. And the eldest boy is proudly showing his father how far he has advanced in his lessons.

Presently the door opened, and Mrs. Thurlow enters, accompanied by a gentleman who had been an intimate friend of her husband, but who, having been traveling in foreign countries, had not seen him in many years. As the scene which we have described broke upon his view he started back in astonishment. Can it be that this is his old friend, the inveterate hater of children, and thus surrounded? But Mr. Thurlow recognized him, and hastened to give him a cordial welcome, and then laughingly observed,

"Allow me to introduce you to the Masters and Misses Thurlow."

"Why, my dear friend, it cannot be that all these little ones are your property, and that I see you sitting meekly in their midst, without making any attempt to 'throw them out of the window,' a performance which you were always so anxious for other people to indulge in with regard to theirs!"

"Ah," replied Mr. Thurlow, "I didn't know, then, what it was to have a baby of my own: there lies the great secret."

His wife smiled contentedly as she gazed upon the happy group; and here we will drop the curtain.

CALIFORNIA.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

"Oh! California," land of gold and toll:
How many forms have sought thy fatal soil!
How many hearts, with human hope once fraught,
Lie in the grave thy glittering dross has bought!
How many a widow prays in anguish wild!
How many a parent mourns the distant child!
How many a maiden in her sorrow weeps
To know her lover on thy bosom sleeps!
No tear to fall above his place of rest—
No friend to plant memorials o'er his breast;
But cold within a foreign bed he lies,
And gold no more can tempt the unclosed eyes:

Though 'round his grave it winds with magic art
Its winning veins to shroud his pulseless heart,
The hand lies powerless, earthly hopes are o'er
In that cold form on California's shore.
Oh! when the feverish dreams of life shall end,
Can wealth give solace as a faithful friend?
Point the pure way to realms of peace above,
And be a passport to the God of love?
Ah! no, but some can say, (we well may ween,)
Like her we read of, England's by-gone Queen,
When on the verge of death's dark, chilling clime
"Millions of money for an inch of time!"

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXIV., PAGE 450.

CHAPTER XI.

THE apple trees were in blossom on the old Rockland farm. Fragrant, bright and rich in beauty as they had been on that spring morning when Daniel Hart met his sister on her way to the post-office, when that, as yet unexplained letter, was sent to the man who had now been in his grave so many years. There was no change in the landscape except that more perfect cultivation had enriched the basin of Rockland county, thinned the wilderness of its trees and left pleasant homesteads in their places.

Daniel was walking along the foot-path across the very meadow at whose fence Sarah had met him. The wild meadow flowers starred the grass on either side as they had brightened it then, but the path had been trod, year after year, till plantain leaves and burdock, the wild growth that marks the steady footprints of man, had sprung up and became thrifty along the way.

But Daniel Hart, the cheerful young fellow, proud of his newly formed marriage ties, honest, earnest and generous, where was he? That heavy, calm man with his eyes kind and serene like those of a Newfoundland dog, but full of human intelligence, that stalwart form stooping at the shoulders, more from the weariness of a hard day's toil than from age; the firmly planted foot, slow but sure in its tread; the toil-hardened hand swinging gently as he walked. Did these belong to the youth of twenty years ago? Had the smart youngster grown into that strong, steady man?

A yoke of oxen, just unhitched from a plow that stood in the furrow of a distant corn field, pursued their swinging walk homeward a little in advance of their owner, bending their necks low and patiently to the yoke, as a married couple, with the light of a honeymoon lying twenty years off, stoops kindly under their mutual burdens of life.

Once in awhile the farmer spoke a word to his oxen, for they were old friends, and he loved to reward their toil with a cheerful sound; sometimes he stooped to pick a blue flag or violet from the grass; and again he would lash the

dark leaves with his cart whip, smiling as he cut them up at the roots, and sending a golden drift of dandelions after them in a second whirl of the lash.

At last he came to the bars where Sarah had waited for him, twenty years before, after putting her letter in the post-office: and there, just at the same spot, stood a neighbor with a letter in his hand bearing the New York post-mark, and with the name of his daughter daintily traced on the snow of its envelope.

"Here's a letter for some of your women folks," said the man, as he placed it in his hand. "I was over to the corner and the post-master asked me to bring it along."

"Much obliged. Will you come up to the house and have some supper?"

"Not to-night; the old woman will be waiting for me. Good day."

Daniel Hart returned his salutation with a request to be remembered to the women folks, and, as the man walked on, glanced again at the superscription.

"It's from Gillian," he said, half aloud. "I expect she wants to steal Hannah as well as her old aunt—bless her sweet eyes!"

He passed on toward the house, and, when his daughter heard his step on the porch, she ran out to meet him.

"How late you are, father!" she exclaimed; "tea has been ready this half hour; I'm afraid the biscuits are cold."

"Just let me wash up and have a wipe at the roller towel and I'm ready," he replied, patting her head with his broad hand. "Here is something to take up your time while I do it."

"It's from cousin Gillian," Hannah cried, joyfully, as he placed the letter in her hands.

"I reckoned as much. I thought aunt Hetty's stiff fingers couldn't make such finessed lines as them 'ere."

Hannah had broken the seal and was too deeply absorbed in the contents of her epistle to heed his words. A letter was an unusual visitor to the girl, and the arrival of Gillian's was looked upon as an important event.

A joyful expression escaped her as she read.

but her father was rubbing his forehead vigorously with the coarse towel and did not look round.

"Oh! what do you think, father!" she exclaimed. "So kind of her, dear, good Gillian. Isn't she a cousin worth having?"

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Daniel Hart, turning down his shirt sleeves.

"She wants me to come to New York and make her a visit; and only think, she is going to give a grand party in honor of her new house. Won't it be a house-warming worth while?"

"And your silly little head is turned with the idea. Well, well, it's nat'ral enough, I suppose. Young folks will be young folks."

"Can I go, father? Do say yes. Oh! I am so crazy to be off."

"I ain't much given to saying no to you, am I?" he asked, smiling kindly down upon her.

"Then I can go. I am so happy—how nice it will be! And aunt Hetty, too, I do want to see her so much. Oh! dear, won't I have fun?"

She was interrupted in her exclamations by the appearance of an ebony face at the door, crowned with a roll of black woolly hair that circled her head like a turban.

"'Spect the tea'll be cold if the men folks don't come," said a discontented voice. "It's be'n a drawin' next door to an hour."

"Coming, Dinah—all on hand," said Daniel Hart, pleasantly.

"And oh! Dinah," exclaimed Hannah, "I am going to New York. My cousin Gillian has sent for me. Isn't it splendid?"

The old negress drew up her gaunt form, and looked as if she thought her young mistress was not sufficiently alive to a sense of her own dignity.

"'Spected she would, young Misses. Who would she a sent for but her own nat'ral born cousin?"

"But it is so kind of her, Dinah—so very kind!"

"Seem in a great pucker to go away from hum," grumbled Dinah; "I never seed no good of gallivanting all over the world. I knows what York is, 'cause I've traveled; I've be'n thar with Miss Sarah, and it's my 'pinion you'll get lost."

"Not if you go with her, Dinah," said the farmer.

"Me go traveling ag'in?" said the old woman, brightening up at once.

"Gillian wants me to bring you," added Hannah; "she speaks about it particularly, and says you must bring her some of those old-fashioned cakes nobody can make but you."

"Oh! de Lord," said Dinah, with a chuckle that twisted her features until she seemed about going into a dark spasm. "Massy sakes alive! Wal, de young lady allers was as sweet spoken as if she had sugar plums in her mout'. Hi! hi! hi!" and she went off into another and more prolonged chuckle. "How she did use walk into them doughnuts; 'spect she'd never git nothin' like them with her fangled city niggers, no how."

"And now let's have supper," said Mr. Hart; "you and Hannah can talk all this over when we're done."

"I never 'trudes myself into no discuss," said Dinah, drawing herself up with immense dignity and sailing into the house. But all the while she was giving the finishing touches to the tea-table her mouth was puckered into a grim smile; and once or twice she was obliged, in order to quiet her excessive delight, to give a punch in the side to her little sable handmaiden, who was dodging vigorously every time she became unfortunate enough to get in her way.

Hannah sat down at the table radiant with pleasant anticipation. Her brown eyes shone like twin stars, and her cheeks wore a richer bloom than the cinnamon roses that looked in at her through the kitchen window.

Daniel Hart finished his meal almost in silence, scarcely heeding the broken sentences which passed between Dinah and her young mistress. He could not tell why, but apart from the pain of losing Hannah, he felt a vague fear at the idea of this visit. Back into the past went his thoughts again. Sarah's image rose before him bright with youthful hope and anticipation—what a gulf of bitter memories rolled between the present and that spring time of life!

He shoved back his plate with a sigh, and seated himself by the window. Hannah ran to get his pipe, and having carefully filled it brought it to him, holding a live coal between the tongs that he might light it.

"You look tired, father," she said, when the preparations were completed, and he was puffing out a white column of smoke from his lips.

"Likely as not; but I haven't got along yet to where it hurts me much: it'll all be gone in the morning."

Dinah summoned her mistress away nominally for a discussion about a pickle crock, but in reality to whisper in her ear,

"'Spose we'll start right off, young Misses?"

"At once, my cousin says; I'll ask father." She ran out of the pantry again calling.

"Father, father?"

"Well?" he asked, with a subdued sadness in peculiar contrast to her unrestrained gaiety.

"Shall we go soon? Gillian wants me at once, you know——"

"As soon as you can get ready, darter."

"Next week, then—do you hear, Dinah? We are going next week."

"It's no lifetime," replied the stately dame, in a tone which vainly attempted to express indifference. "Get out of my way, you Liz!" she added, to her unfortunate assistant, but the girl was accustomed to her mode of enforcing obedience, and prudently ducked her woolly head to escape the threatened blow. "Jest you wash the dishes, you lazy nigger!" muttered Dinah, in a tone her master could not hear, "and keep your fingers out o' de pie."

"Hain't tuched 'em," retorted Liz, wiping her mouth with her fingers in direct contradiction to her bold assertion.

Hannah was too much accustomed to their altercations, and too busy listening to her father to pay any attention to this scene.

"And you are glad to go?" Mr. Hart said, striving to be cheerful.

She slipped her little hand into his, and the browned fingers closed over it with a gentle pressure: while the kindly smile which always softened his features, when he met the clear glance of her brown eyes, passed over his whole face.

"Would you rather I staid at home?" she whispered, struggling between an ardent desire to go out into the world so natural to the young, and her dread of leaving the fond parent, from whom she had been scarcely separated since her earliest remembrance.

"No, darter," he replied; "you are young, and it is natural you should want to enjoy yourself a little. I ain't going to hinder you. Mebby I shall be a little lonesome at first; but, but——"

"But I don't want to leave you all alone, father dear; you will miss me, I know. I cannot go, that's all!"

"Of course you shall! You have been a good darter, Hannah, and never given your old father a moment's pain."

Hannah bowed her head, her excitement for an instant subdued by the earnestness of his voice.

"I couldn't be anything else," she whispered; "few girls have a father like mine. Uncle Bentley is a good man, but I wouldn't swap my father for him," and she threw her arms caressingly about the strong man's neck.

"Misses!" called Dinah, from the pantry.

"Well, what is it?"

"Won't I give the house a clarin' up to-morrow?"

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"I guess so, Dinah; we will talk about it in the morning."

Dinah muttered something about putting off things, which ought to be attended to at once, and went on with her work in indignant silence.

All that evening, Hannah was in a state of pleasurable unrest, which kept her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks a-glow with the thousand happy thoughts to which her quick imagination gave rise.

When she had kissed her father good night and stolen up to her room, Dinah went creeping after, and seating herself on the floor by her young mistress' bed, indulged herself freely in the numerous projects which were flitting through her mind, for Dinah was quite as much excited with the thought of the coming visit as Hannah herself, although she did her best to hide it under an assumption of dignity, ascribing her anxiety only to a fear of leaving her dear child to undertake the journey alone.

Daniel Hart sat for a long time in his easy-chair, forgetful of fatigue, and indulging in mournful memories of the past and present, until he grew more heavy hearted with thoughts of his coming loneliness. But when he rose in the morning, all trace of his sorrowful revery had disappeared from his face, and he went about his labors cheerful and kindly as was his wont.

But Dinah was quite unable to sleep until she had looked somewhat to the preparations necessary for her journey. So when she left Hannah's room armed with a flaring candle, she betook herself to the garret, where stood the chest in which the treasured odds and ends of her life had been heaped together. A huge padlock secured this miscellaneous wealth from Lizzy's prying eyes: and when Dinah unlocked it she looked sharply round in fear that the girl might have been dodging her footsteps.

Very incongruous were the articles displayed by the opening of the chest. Old dresses and cloaks, garments which Hannah had worn when a baby, a black tea-pot without a nose, and a Britannia cream-jug that had lost its handle, masses of artificial flowers, and a collection of old shoes, for Dinah was a perfect martyr to her toes, and a monomaniac on the subject of saving worn out slippers. All these things were carefully taken out and held to the light for closer inspection. Dinah's heart sunk within her when she reflected that, probably, she might not be allowed to take the chest on her intended advent into the fashionable world, and the very idea of leaving it behind gave her a cramp at the heart.

"Now," says Dinah, dropping into a gentle

train of calculation, "s'posin Mister Hart, or the young un, turn up their noses at dis 'spectable chist, what is I to 'pend on, a band-box, a bundle, or one ob dem kivered baskets? Not none of dem, no how. If Miss Hannah wants a waitin' maid, as she can find one in all 'spects for her manners and 'spectability, dis chist es got to go long jes as sartin as I stan' here. But s'posing she sots her foot down and says, 'Dinah, I's willin' to take you wid a band-box or bundle, but not the chist. Then what'll yer do, Dinah? Will yer stay hum and make Liz pay for it all, or guv in an' go anyhow? Make up your mind in dis 'spect, Dinah, 'cause there's gwine to be a tussel, and yer'd as well be ready, Dinah, yer had.'"

After this soliloquy, Dinah rested her head on one hand and an elbow on her knee, evidently making up her mind.

"Well," she said, at last, "if I mus' guv up, I mus', no 'stake about dat, for I'se bound to make dem York niggers stan' 'bout afore I'se done wid 'em. Jest tink how arkard that poor chil'd be widout a 'sperienced person to 'tend to her manners. So s'posin' dey stands out, what is de least as I can get long wid'?"

Here Dinah plunged her hand into the open chest, and drew forth a quilt of marvelous pattern, which she partially unfolded on her lap.

"Dis is a gwoin' anyhow," she muttered, "I'se 'quainted wid der stufk up houses in York, partly by 'sperience, an' partly 'cause I'se be'n told. Dey is whitened sepulchurs in de parlor, but when yer gits up stairs toward the roof, look out! Ain't a gwine to catch the rhumetes for none of 'em—that kiver's boun' to go!"

Here Dinah laid the quilt down and drew forth a small cotton shawl, so gay in its original red, green and yellow, that time had left it a gaudy article still. The chief desire of Dinah's heart had always been a turban, such as she had heard of among the better class of Southern negresses—heard of but never seen—for, with all her self-consequence, Dinah had no knowledge of any town larger than the little port at which Mrs. Bentley and Gillian had landed; but imagination ran so far ahead of her memory, that she really began to believe that all the books she had heard read, and all the places she had heard described by the females of the household, were absolutely a part of her own experience.

"Now," said Dinah, eyeing the shawl, "if I only knew how dem niggers twisted 'em up it'd be eberything. I'se got dem ear-rings Miss Sarah guv me when she was married; but how to pucker dis consarn into a turban beats me out."

While she was speaking, Dinah began to fold the shawl diagonally and lay it in broad plaits, which she prepared to bind over her silvered wool.

"Now," she said, laying the folds across her lap, and fishing up a little cracked looking-glass from the depths of her chest which she fastened between the rafters that sloped over her, "now if I kin only get the kink on it the chil' 'ill have a waitin' maid sich as ain't found every day. Golly, them's um! them's um!"

Here Dinah gave the shawl a twist, gathered the ends in a knot over her left temple and really stumbled upon the very method of folding a Madras kerchief into a turban, except that she left the corner behind flying loose; and the shawl, being too voluminous, gave an enormous size to her head, while the ends swept her shoulders like a pair of wings.

But this exaggeration only increased Dinah's triumph. She gave a satisfied glance into the glass, and drawing forth a gorgeous calico dress from the chest, proceeded to array herself, as she muttered, "Like de lillies ob de field dat Nebuchadnezzar talked about." But just as she had clasped the gown at her throat, with a huge red glass brooch that had all the brilliancy of twenty carbuncles to her, and was fluttering around her broken glass, with her head on one side and her hands expanded in solemn admiration, a suppressed giggle broke from the stairs followed by Lizzy's voice exclaiming, "Oh! golly, oh! golly, ain't we fine! Lor! lor! hi! hi!"

Whereupon old Dinah seized the flaring candlestick and all with both hands, and would have sent it after the sound; but, recollecting the open chest, concluded to disrobe and lock up her treasures, philosophically muttering that "she could lick that imp of Satan any time; but to leave that chist unlocked was a tempter—a providence that she couldn't think on."

The next morning, as soon as Hannah's various duties were performed to her own satisfaction—by no means an easy task, for she was an orderly little body—she took refuge in her chamber for the purpose of searching her bureau drawers and bringing to light any treasures they might contain.

The strongest desire of her heart was to find something which might be converted into a garment fit for Gillian's grand party. It never occurring to the innocent soul that she would be guilty of the extravagance of purchasing a dress for that special purpose. She pulled out a variety of dresses which had belonged to her mother and her aunt, originally of pretty material, but so faded from long years of unfolding, and so old-

fashioned in form, that there was little hope to be found in them.

As she surveyed the scant skirts and contracted sleeves, Hannah's heart rather sank within her, but still she did not quite despair, laying the incongruous pile aside for farther consideration. She took out of their hiding-places the various little articles of jewelry which she possessed, turning them over somewhat hopelessly when she remembered Gillian's wealth in that line.

A fashionable lady would have smiled at the care with which Hannah treasured her few valuables. But there was not a thing but was endeared to her by association—not an old-fashioned brooch or quaint necklace which was not almost sacred in her eyes from having belonged to her mother, or the aunt of whom she had heard so much, but who had died far away from that quiet old homstead long before the young girl's remembrance.

While she was thus engaged, she heard Dinah's slipshod patter upon the stairs, and hastened to call her in that she might consult with her upon that all important subject to every feminine heart.

The jewelry in Dinah's eyes was everything that could be desired: but about the party dress she was not quite certain, and caressed the end of her black nose, and stood with her head on one side doubtfully.

"As for the jew'ry, there isn't no dubitation: but I isn't quite so sartin 'bout the dress. There's that ar pink gown, I 'member Miss Sarah brung that from York, but that's sich a heap o' years ago—least ways you mought try it on."

Hannah acted upon the suggestion; she had gone through the operation a thousand times in her childish days, but now the scant skirt and short waist made her laugh till the tears came into her merry eyes.

"Why, Dinah, I look like an umbrella half shut up," she exclaimed, ruefully; and for once Dinah had no answer to make, but kept on rubbing her nose till it threatened to flatten out entirely on her anxious face.

Luckily for her feelings, she perceived at this instant that Liz had crept into the room and was watching the operation with eyes and mouth wide open. The unfortunate damsel betrayed her presence by the involuntary exclamation which escaped her at the sight of her young mistress' grandeur.

"Oh, ki! Missy, ain't you splendoriferous! Oh, you is—ki!"

Dinah made a dart at her grand-daughter, but her stiff limbs were no match for Lizzy's powers

of locomotion, and she was safe down stairs by the time the irate Dinah reached the door.

"No, you don't," she shouted, snapping her fingers, bold from a sense of security. "Mean old nigger, any how, if you is my granny. Ki!"

"You Liz," shouted Dinah, "ef them dishes ain't washed when I git down stairs, I'll stragthen your wool as if it'd been hackled a week, mind dat now."

"Wooly yourself," retorted Liz; "old nigger!" but hearing Dinah on the stairs, she took refuge in the pantry and began a great clatter among the dishes, spattering the clean floor without the slightest remorse, and pretending to sing, though there was a quiver in her voice.

"Never seed such a limb of Satan," ejaculated Dinah, as she returned to the chamber; but Hannah was too much accustomed to their disturbances to notice them, especially as she was quite certain that Liz could well defend herself without help; and that the old woman loved her grand child far too well for fear of any real cruelty.

"I'se like to ask a question, young Misses," said Dinah, solemnly.

"What do you call me that for?" Hannah asked.

"I knows our 'sition better than you does, Miss Hannah," replied Dinah, with dignity; "'tain't likely a pusson like me is gwine to be obstrusive down in York. But I wants to know whut complicity I'm a gwine in?"

"What capacity?" Hannah asked, doubtfully.

"In course, Misses! Miss Gillian hab a lady's maid, and I 'spect you ort to be as good as she."

Now the idea of Dinah's setting up for a lady's maid struck Hannah as very ludicrous, although her little feminine vanity contemplated the idea with sufficient complacency.

"It would be more dignified," she said, struggling between a smile and a consciousness of her own importance. "Would you like to be my maid, Dinah? Is that what you are aiming at?"

"Seems to me it would be more proper, Misses; I'se had a husband, in course; he want much 'count, no how, and 'tain't no use 'tating our little secrets out o' de family; and widders make the best ladies' maids I 'spect on account of de 'sperience."

"Of course," Hannah said, smiling, for Dinah's husband had always been regarded by her as a somewhat mythical personage.

Now the chest came into Dinah's mind again, and she deemed it a proper moment to drag that portion of her desires into the conversation.

"There ain't nothin' like havin' everything

ready," she remarked, "I'se powerful glad 'bout havin' that old chist of mine."

"Oh, Dinah, you can't take that horrid old thing!" exclaimed Hannah, aghast.

"I'se traveled, young Misses," replied Dinah, sententiously, perceiving at once her advantage, and determined to follow it up; "and I knows de world—ain't gwine to hav' no stuck up city niggers laffin' 'cause we haint got 'coutrements enough."

Hannah deemed it prudent to say no more, being well acquainted with the old woman's obstinacy, and trusting that her father's influence would dissuade her; while Dinah chuckled inwardly at the success of her scheme, and rose to such a state of self-complacency, that she straightway seized the opportunity of giving her young mistress a short lecture.

"Law, I knows dem fine folks! their airs 'll profound you, honey; but I've seen Miss Sarah do it and I can construct you. Now thar's the curchey—kind o' this way."

She pulled up her dress so as to show her ankles and made a bobbing salutation, which set Hannah off into a fit of laughter that was loudly echoed from the stairs—Miss Liz had gained courage enough to steal again upon the scene of action.

"Dat cus—darned free niggers!" cried the irate Dinah, not venturing to vent her wrath upon her mistress: and away she ran with astonishing agility down stairs and out of the house, just in time to see Miss Lizzy fly across the young cabbage patch, and take refuge on the top of a wood shed where she could not reach her.

"I'll fix you, sis, wait and see," she gasped, while Liz, between fear and exultation, was chattering like a monkey on her perch, "I'll larn ye de 'spect due yer olders!"

Lizzy turned one hand into a tube, and putting it to her lips shouted, "Ki—ki!" at which Dinah seized a bean-pole and made various unsuccessful pokes at her, but the damsel evaded them, and seemed to enjoy the sport so much that the old woman was forced to give it up and retire in grim ferocity.

CHAPTER XII.

At length the day arrived on which Hannah Hart was to make her entry into the great world. The hour of morning was so early that you could scarcely see a streak of rose in the east; nothing but a pale flush which shone like a smile across the apple trees dripping with dew, and the purple lilac plumes that crowned the bushes in front of the house.

They had taken breakfast by candle light, a usual custom in that thrifty household, so there was sadness, but none of that dreary look of discomfort which usually accompanies a departure at early dawn.

Everything was ready: Hannah's compact trunk and bandbox, in its calico case, with a basket filled with cakes, a wedge of cheese and some dried beef stowed together, ready for the wagon, to which the hired man was "hitching up his horses" back of the house.

Dinah, that subtle statesman and strong-minded woman, had prevailed on the chest question, and sat upon her property, grim and triumphant, like a general in the midst of a victorious encampment. By her side stood Lizzy, rubbing both sets of knuckles into her eyes, and only taking them away, when Dinah became unbearably pathetic, to shake off the drops and plant them on duty again.

There was a certain tenderness in Dinah's injunctions that made all Lizzy's better nature overflow, like a pool in which a stone has been cast, but which Dinah held in check, ashamed of such ignoble weakness.

Daniel Hart stood by the window, with his daughter clinging to his arm. He was very grave, even sad, at the thought of her departure. Never yet had it been well with those of his family who went forth from that quiet homestead into the bustling world. He could date poor Hetty's pale cheeks, and Sarah's uneven spirit, from the time of their return from the city whither Hannah was so eager to hasten.

"You will write to me very soon, child?"

"Yes, father. Oh! I am almost sorry to go. If you will only say one word, I will stay at home and send for Gillian to visit us this summer instead."

"No, no! your heart is set on going, and it will not be kind to disappoint your cousin. Come back with the same honest, light heart you take away and I don't care."

"Why, what do you mean, father? of course I shall, and lighter too, for I shall have seen the world!"

Daniel Hart shook his head. The past, which was ever uppermost in his mind, brought before his sight two girlish faces, both handsome, yet totally unlike in their loveliness. He recollected those two faces so changed by sickness, toil, or sorrow, he never knew which, that those who loved them best would scarce have recognized his sisters again.

"Well, well, we shall see," he said, half aloud. "Only come back as wholesome and happy as you are now, and I shall be satisfied."

Hannah's head drooped upon his arm, and for a few moments they stood in silence, each occupied with thoughts different as though an ocean had rolled between them.

Meanwhile Dinah was busy giving her last directions to the youthful Liz, who stood with her hair in wild commotion and her eyes rolling incessantly, confused by the varied orders which the old woman poured volubly forth.

"Ye sees, Liz, dis is de most 'portant 'vent ob yer resistance; you's gwine to hab de control ob dis 'stablishment, for any pusson that comes to help wash and sich like 'll only be supernumerums. Now, Liz, mind what I tells you; get de dinners good, don't nibble at de doughnuts, and don't stick your fingers in de cream and 'suade 'em its de cat."

"Oh, I didn't, never!" ejaculated Liz, with her most innocent face.

"That ain't neither here nor thar," replied Dinah, waving her hand majestically; "I isn't retruding de past, I'se counselin' for de futur'. Be a good gal and de Lord'll bless you! Ef any o' them ornary niggers at de corner 'quires about me, jest say I hab gone to visit Miss Bentley, down in York, dat's all."

"Yes, Dinah," faltered Liz, quite awed by the grandeur of this last announcement.

"And now, Liz, I'se goin' to trust a solumn-choly duty to you."

"Oh, my!" groaned Lizzy. "Don't!"

"Yes, I is, chil, and I hopes you'll be wordy on it, little as you is," repeated Dinah, rising majestically from her chest, and fitting the heavy key into the padlock which opened with a clang.

"Yes, I'se gwine to trust to yer 'cretion, Liz, and gib inter yer own hans de 'heritance ob yer forefaders, though what der was on 'em sides de indervideral afore yer wasn't of no 'count, any how!"

Here Dinah lifted the lid of her chest and drew forth the black tea-pot, the pewter cream-cup, and an old white satin slipper, which she sat reverently down while securing the clamps of her chest again.

"Now, Lizzy," she said, remounting her throne, and wielding the slipper as if it had been a symbol of authority, while the cream-cup and its companion lay in her lap—"now, Lizzy, ye sees dese tings, dey 'longed to yer grandad when he was a likely young nigger, an' had de honor ob marryin' de indervideral as is afore yer. Dat is, dey was de settin' out she brought to him wid her fair self, as he wud say when he had drunk up de vally of a day's washin' in strong whisky afore we desired to our connuberal couch. Liz, yer grandad wud

drink, but he alers did it like a gemman, and dat's why I reverentializes his mem'ry as I dus. Now, Liz, I prizes dese sacrum tings for de sake ob de dead and berried; for when he lay in dem delirum triumphants dat tuk him off, I 'ministered his last drink out of dis 'dential cup. Oh! Lizzy, it was a solumneous moment when he guv up de ghost!"

"Oh, don't—don't!" cried Liz, screwing the two little black fists into her eyes, and writhing to and fro. "It scares me to hear about dead folks and their ghosts!"

"Be imposed, Lizzy—be imposed, it is sich tings as makes de soul de more fit for de glory ob hebben. Dere he lay pavitin' on his pillar, wid both eyes wide open, an' ses he, 'Dinah,' an' I said,

"My lub."

"Den he say agin, 'Dinah,' and I say, 'What is 'em, honey?' Den he says agin, 'Dinah, do yer lub me?' and ses I, 'Yes, Jube, I lubs yer yet if yer does drink ter much, for I 'members ole times, Jube;' and den, Liz, de tears choke me, an' I couldn't say de rest as I wanted ter.

"When yer grandad sees dat, he ris up on his elber, and ses he,

"'Dinah, kiss me!' an' I kiss 'em. Den he ses, 'Dinah, kiss me 'gin,' and I kiss 'em 'gin'. Den, Liz, he fell back an' die wid a smile on him count'nance."

"Oh! oh!" sobbed Lizzy, "poor grandad—poor, ole grandad!"

"Ole!" exclaimed Dinah, indignantly. "Ole! Jube wasn't but just a grown man when he died, an' never would a been of no 'count, no how; so hush up an' 'tend to what I'se a sayin' 'bout dis 'portant trust. Dis cup an' de tea-pot, memorations ob my connuberal felicity, I'se gwine ter guv you to keep, an' I want you to be faithless."

"Oh, I will—I will," sobbed Lizzy. "I hope ole Scratch 'll get me by the wool if I don't."

Here Lizzy held out her reverential hands, and Dinah placed the precious relics therein, keeping the slipper for another lecture.

"Now, Liz, you see dis shoe, it 'longed ter Miss Sarah arter she was married. I 'spect she'd took 'em inter de house ob Satan, an' danced in 'em by de mark on de side, but dey was left ahind when she went 'broad, an' I tuk 'session. Now, Liz, when we gits inter de wag—de carriage I means—yer jes take dis white shoe and shie it arter us jes as far as yer kin fling. Does yer comprehension, Liz?"

"Yes, yes, I knows it's luck, I'll do it golly! Won't I guv it a shie! Never ye fear, gronny!"

"I'se 'joiced to see yer can comprehensionate 'structions," said Dinah, adding the satin slipper

to the relics which Lizzy huddled together in her arms. "Now Liz——"

But that moment the rattle of wheels came round the house, and Hannah ran to the door, crying out nervously,

"Oh, Dinah, the wagon is ready," and turning to her father, she flung both arms around his neck and wept aloud.

"Hollo, hurry up!" shouted the hired man, driving the wagon round with a dash, and cracking his whip at Liz.

Liz gave a leap and a cry, stumbled, tried to recover herself, and fell crash upon the relics of her grandmother's domestic felicity. There she lay flat upon the stoop, with those treasures crushed under her, and her great, wild eyes turned imploringly on Dinah, who stood above her in speechless wrath. Liz made an effort to get up and scamper away, but she only whirled over and gathered herself into a dusky ball, from which a pair of scared eyes rolled in every direction.

While Dinah's eyes were turned away for an instant, the frightened creature began to feel round for the broken pieces. First she fished out a fragment of the tea-pot with the handle broken in two, which she tucked under herself again instantaneously. Then she drew forth the milk cup, and her poor features began to tremble like a jelly between fear and fun, for it was crushed into a pewter cocked hat, and the sight brought a giggle into her groans. But Dinah, instead of flying into a rage, as Hannah had expected, stood perfectly silent, looking down upon the culprit with a solemn gravity, that made Liz creep backward till the walls of the house stopped her progress; then starting wildly up, she gave one leap round the corner and disappeared, like a frightened hound, bearing the pewter relic with her, but leaving the crushed tea-pot behind.

"I didn't go to do it, it dropped," she shouted back. Dinah looked after her without a movement of the face.

"Why, Dinah," said the young mistress, suppressing a laugh, while the tears still trembled in her eyes, "you take it like a Christian. I thought you would have been furious!"

Dinah turned solemnly toward her, and giving both hands a gentle spread, replied,

"Tain't no use, I can't find no words to 'spress my feelin's, Miss Hannah, preachin' couldn't do 'em justice," and folding her arms, Dinah sat quietly down on her chest, and even moved aside meekly when the man came to lift it into the wagon. She really had no language in which to express her indignation.

Daniel Hart lifted his daughter's trunk into the wagon, settled the basket of eatables under the seat, and came back to the porch again.

"Come, darter, everything is ready," he said, looking sorrowfully into his child's face.

She would have thrown her arms around him again, but he lifted her gently into the wagon, put a little black wallet into her hands, with a whisper to make herself fine as the best of 'em, and turned away.

Dinah clambered up the hind wheel rather indignant that she also was not lifted to her place, and, seating herself grimly on the chest, was ready at any moment to enter upon the fashionable career which she felt to be her destiny.

Just as they were driving off, a white satin slipper came flying after them, and the face of naughty Liz was thrust round the corner. After the slipper came, a half scared shout of, "Good-bye, granny—good-bye, and luck," finished off by, "Oh! golly, golly, now won't I have my own way?—oh! won't I?"

Dinah only heard the good-bye, and her old heart melted when she saw the shoe flying toward her like a bird of promise, so she deigned to wave her hand.

Hannah looked sadly back so long as her father could be seen in the porch; then she had another good cry, and was inconsolable so long as any familiar object remained in sight.

After a time Hannah's spirits rose almost as buoyant as before. She chatted gayly with the farmer, and laughed heartily at Dinah's words of wisdom, for the old woman was in one of her most oracular moods, and delivered her opinions freely upon every possible subject.

It was afternoon when they reached the river, where they found that a sloop, which was about to take advantage of a light wind that had sprung up, and sail in a short time.

As Hannah was passing along the dock, she found herself face to face with John Downs, the young man who had driven her uncle and cousin to her father's house, and who, truth to say, had chanced that way more than once since. The young girl blushed like a rose at this encounter.

"Wall, if it ain't Miss Hart!" he exclaimed, flushing up to the temples with a bashful joy, which made his brown face really handsome. "Won't you shake hands with a fellow? How's your father and that handsome cousin of yours?"

"All well," Hannah said, extending her hand, which he grasped with unconscious force in his strong fingers. "Are you going down the river?"

"Wall, yes," he said, hesitatingly; "I don't exactly——"

"I am going to New York to visit my cousin."

"And I am going to York too," he replied, brightening up wonderfully.

"I say, Downs," said one of the men, approaching at that moment, "you're a goin' to Sing Sing, ain't you?"

"No, I'm going to York."

"Why you said yesterday——"

"'Tisn't of the least consequence what I said yesterday: I say now I'm going to the city."

Before an hour was over, they were comfortably established on the deck of the sloop, and gliding smoothly out into the river.

Hannah and John Downs stood by the cabin door in pleasant conversation; while Dinah had established herself on her chest, spreading her skirt carefully over the huge padlock, and looking grimly at every one who happened to approach her. It was sometime before she could feel at all at ease concerning the safety of her possessions; and it was not until the captain assured her that he would himself keep his eye upon it, that she could be induced to stir from her perch long enough to see the cabin. It was well for Hannah's peace of mind that there were no other passengers on board, and that she knew little of the world, or Dinah's attire might have caused her some uneasiness. The old woman had arrayed herself in a skirt of pressed flannel, below which peeped out a quilted petticoat; a short-gown of red merino, fastened by a broad, green ribbon; and on her head she wore a huge coal-skuttle bonnet, miraculously trimmed and decorated with a long, green veil that was drawn on one side, and flaunted like a streamer in the wind.

She carried a huge bag of eatables—her own private stock—which might have served for a sea voyage, but nothing could induce her to believe there was more than enough, indeed she had great fears that they might fall short, and suffer shipwreck and famine on that perilous voyage. "Besides," she reflected, "if there's any left, Miss Gillian'll be mighty glad to eat a hum-made pie. 'Tain't likely them fangled city niggers feed her with sich like dainties as her mother was brought up on."

After these arguments had been repeated once or twice, Hannah gave up the contest; and Dinah, triumphant as usual, took full charge of the commissary department, only disturbing the young people now and then with offers of sandwiches and drop-cakes, which they refused.

In fact, it breaks my heart to record it, but young Downs and Hannah, much to Dinah's disgust, always selected those corners of the deck

most remote from her chest and best sheltered by the sails. Once that very correct woman was scandalized by the momentary glimpse of a plump, brown hand clasped in that of the young farmer—a hand so marvelously like that of her young mistress, that, in her position as chaperone, she felt it her duty to step down and see what it was all about; but, when she reached that quarter of the deck where the young people had been, Hannah was leaning demurely over the bulwarks, looking for the rose-tints that always settled on the river at sunset, she had been told; and young Downs stood a couple of yards off, with both arms folded behind him, examining the rigging of the sloop, as if he had been a ship builder, and intended to carry off her model in his mind.

Dinah was not quite satisfied with this state of things, and sniffed the air in a disaffected way, resolved to be more vigilant in her watch; but, just as she was looking for a seat, one of the sailors mounted on her chest, and began sacrilegiously to beat his heels against its front till the padlock rattled again.

Dinah could not stand this, but darted off on a short run to dislodge the enemy.

Directly after Dinah had retreated, Downs also became curious to watch the imaginary rose-tints settle on the river, and drew close to Hannah's side, searching for them in her downcast eyes. The young fellow was somewhat troubled in his mind about several matters, and, being a frank, generous soul, spoke out like a man as he was.

"You have got a rich uncle down in York, Miss Hannah?"

How did the fellow find out her name was Hannah? Had she told him because Miss Hart sounded so formal?

"Yes," she answered, with a little sparkle of pride, "I believe uncle is very rich indeed. They tell me he lives in splendid style. Gillian has a carriage and footman, and everything all to herself; the house is large enough for a hotel, and only two of them: besides——"

"And plenty of beaux visit them, I suppose—handsome young fellows, who dress like lords, and talk like books?" questioned the young man, in a dissatisfied way.

"Oh! I think it very likely. Gillian is beautiful, and loves company."

"And you, do you love that kind of company, Miss Hannah?"

"Me? Oh! indeed, how can I tell? I, who never in my life saw a man that looked like a lord and talked like a book, except it may be my uncl Bentley."

"But you will meet those men at your uncle's, nothing is more likely."

"Well, what then? I only hope they will be half as nice as uncle Bentley, and it will be pleasant enough."

Downs took off his hat and began to wave it to and fro before his face, which was hot with uneasy, jealous thoughts. What chance had he, a rough, home-spun farmer, against the people this young girl would be soon thrown among? It seemed a desperate chance, but he was brave as well as honest. The love which filled his heart left its fire on his cheek, and its tenderness in his voice, but it was prompt as truth.

"One word, Miss Hannah, before we part, for the smoke which rises yonder comes from New York, and that which seems a forest of great trees, away off, is the shipping you have heard of. One word, and then, come what will, I have acted like an honest man, said my say. I love you with my whole heart. Have I any chance against those men who will swarm around you like humming-birds about a wild honeysuckle?"

Hannah was silent. She had given one little start, and drawn a quick breath at his first

words, and now stood, in a tumult of mute bliss, gazing on the water. It was not sunset; but rose-tints, brighter than the sky ever sent, danced over the waves, and all the depths were rich with the purple glow which first love casts over everything.

"Will you not speak to me?" whispered the young man, touching her hand—"will you not speak to me?"

"I cannot," she answered, in a deeper and sweeter whisper, "I cannot. My heart is too full. The very air makes me giddy."

He stooped down and looked into her eyes. Her face was close to his, and he saw her lips tremble, like the leaves of a red rose when the dew drops away from its heart.

But, for the universe he could not have kissed those lips, or gazed long into those troubled eyes. He would as soon have shot a dove on its nest. No, a coarser man might have been tempted to these things by her fresh youth; but he only took her hand softly in his, and they stood trembling together, while the sunset stole pleasantly over them, brightening the distance with gold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OVERBOARD.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Through the gloom and hiss of the driving rain
Comes the flash of an angry sea,
A sullen boom—and the look-out shouts
From the fo'castle, "Breakers a-lee."

The stormy sky, as he speaks, rolls up,
And the rocks lie jagged and bare:
A dash of the surf, and the spray flies up
A hundred feet in the air.

Into the rigging the skipper leaps:
And over the whistling gale,
Over the boom of the plunging surf,
Over the bulk-heads' wail,

His voice rings out, "hard up!" "Hard up,"
Says the grizzled old tar at the wheel.
The spokes spin round; but she only groans,
And shivers from truck to keel.

"Raise tacks and sheets," comes sharp and quick;
Then stern, "let go and haul!"
The yard swings round: we head to wind:
We rush at the watery wall.

At the watery wall, that towers in front
Dark and wild to the sky:
"Hold on!"—and it sweeps the slippery decks,
Howling and foaming by.

But over the sound of the wind and sea,
Comes the cry of a soul's despair;
And a ghastly face is shooting by,
And a hand is clutched at air.

From the boiling gulf, for a moment, astern,
Looks out that imploring face,

Then a sob, a bubble: the gloom shuts in—
"God, in his mercy, have grace!"

'Tis the hour they pray for him at home,
And they rise to his eyes again:
He hears the lip of his little one's voice,
And the mother's low "Amen!"

He thinks of the church-yard up on the hill,
And his first-born's confined face.
Oh! he never will sleep by the dear ones' sides—
"God, in his mercy have grace!"

Nearer and nigher. A deafening crack;
The topsail splits, and astern
Streaming it drives; and the breakers wild
Under the quarter churn.

She quivers, she halts. The sea pours down.
She yields to the terrible blow.
And we drive on the teeth of the hungry rocks—
We can see them gnash as we go.

Hurrah! There's a land-locked bay ahead.
We rasp by the point. 'Tis o'er!
Now safe on its lake-like bosom we hear,
Outside, the breakers roar.

But all through the hours I watch on deck,
And all through my dreams, below,
I see a hand that clutches at air,
And a ghastly face of woe.

And I think of the child that kneels in prayer,
And the wife as she sobs "Amen!"
And the grave in the church-yard up on the hill,
That he never will see again.

WINDOW GARDENING.—NO. III.

BY THE "HORTICULTURAL EDITOR."



PALISSY WARE FLOWER VASE.

WE, this month, introduce to our readers several representations of pendent flower-baskets, which class of room ornaments has recently come much into vogue. One illustration represents a suspending vase on a large scale, of the modern Palissy ware; the ground of which is



GLASS FLOWER VASE.

white, relieved with the judicious and sparing addition of a few rich colors. The patterns of these vases should invariably be more or less geometrical, or at all events a compound of conventionalized ornament, as any attempt at imitative flowers either in relief or in painted

additions on the flat surface, would be in bad taste, when brought into immediate juxtaposition with real flowers.

The other engravings are specimens of cheaper kinds of suspending vases. Those of glass are very elegant, and at the same time inexpensive. The one from which our engraving is taken, was a rich, but at the same time delicate turquoise blue, semi-opaque, with the snake-like ornament about the pendent, of a pale, pearly white, and also semi-opaque. There are also very pretty vases of red terra cotta; and still commoner ones, of the porous material of ordinary flower-pots. Some of these terra cotta vases are made with circular apertures in the sides; in which openings, roots of the weeping *isolepis gracilis* are planted, producing a very pleasing effect, and nearly concealing the common material of the vase.

These suspended baskets, however rich in detail, should always be light and graceful in design, a massive character being entirely unsuited to their position and purpose. It should be remembered that the adaptation of design to



TERRA COTTA FLOWER VASE.

situation and purpose is one of the great criteria

of taste in all matters relating to the elegancies of life.

Among the most desirable plants of pendulous growth, suited to basket or vases suspended in this manner, are, first and foremost, all the verbenas, which are naturally of trailing habit, and of every variety of gay color, from snow white to rose, violet, crimson, and dazzling scarlet. Then there is the pendulous fuchsia, "fuchsia pendula," which will always form a pleasing addition. The pretty moss-like lycopodium flexuosa forms a nice cushion of green for the gayly colored flowers to rest on; and its effect may be somewhat varied by the introduction of the new species, lycopodium cæsum, which is bolder and more branching in its growth.

"DESERTED."

BY CLARA MORETON.

ALL night upon my bed I toss,
All day I sigh and moan,
Ah, wherefore should I break my heart
Against a heart of stone?

She rolleth past me in the street
With all her pomp and show—
She leaneeth on her cushioned seat,
Unmindful of my woe.

It seemeth yet but yester-night,
And still an age ago,
Since her soft hand within my own,
I felt her pulses flow.

I looked into her melting eyes,
And read the reflex there,
Of all that burned within my soul, •
And thus our hearts lay bare.

Oh! cursed be he who came between
With his ill-gotten gold!
Oh! cursed—but no! I dare not curse
The mother who hath sold

Her daughter's form without her heart;
Oh! God! that form so fair,

Which I had thought to call my own
And on my bosom wear!

But neither gold nor gems were mine—
Yet with her by my side
I would have won a prince's dower,
To deck my bonnie bride.

Alas! alas! what need have I
To struggle with these hands?
Without her smiles, oh! what to me
Were untold gold or lands?

Oh! cursed—no, no, I will not curse,
Peace rest with thee, my love:
Let me the only sufferer be,
Poor caged and pinioned dove.

Though his coarse arms your form enfold,
I know within your breast
The memory of our hallowed days
Must there forever rest.

And though you school your eyes to scorn
And check the heaving sigh,
There cannot be but tears for me
When others are not nigh.

JULY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

A MELLOW haze upon the hills,
A fragrance in the noontide still—
A gorgeous ripeness in the breeze
Flushed with the breath of clover seas.

A rich, soft radiance dims the skies;
The clouds are bathed in crimson dyes;
And on the distant mountain's brow
Hang vapors white as drifted snow.

The trees bend down with weight of leaves,
Like sturdy reapers bearing sheaves;
The forest, golden-flecked and calm,
Spreads out its miles of piney balm.

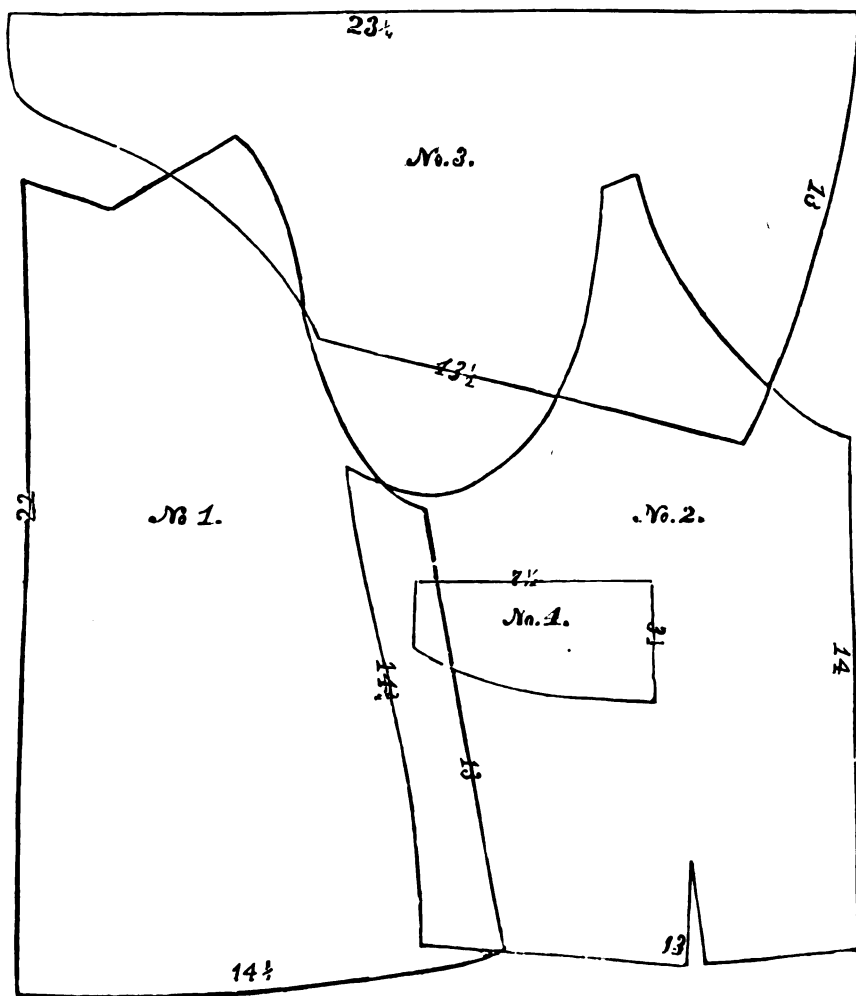
Down in the meadow-land the hay
Is piled in heaps of sea-weed grey—
While the blithe mowers, row on row
Lay the luxuriant grasses low.

The night falls down—a purple mist
Streams up the river, moonlight-kist;
And the meek stars on Heaven's height
Look down through silence of the night.

Rest is abroad on zephyr wings,
Making her grateful offerings;
Lie down, ye weary! gentle sleep
Shall fold ye in her flowery keep.

DIAGRAM OF A JACKET FOR A LITTLE BOY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We have received several requests for patterns and diagrams; but it is impossible to give them all in a single number. In answer to a request of this kind, we here offer a diagram for a little boy's sack.

No. 1. HALF THE FRONT.

No. 2. SLEEVE.

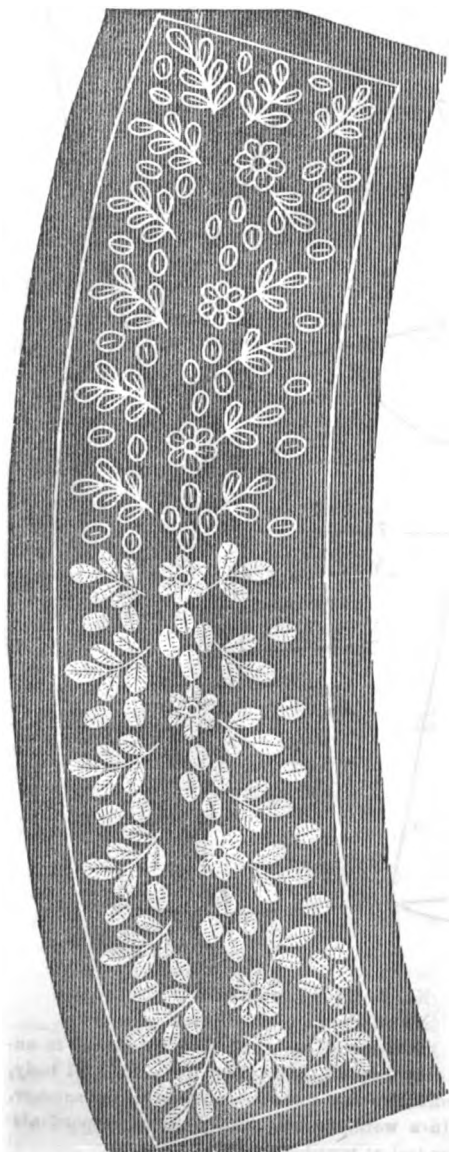
No. 3. HALF THE BACK.

No. 4. CUFF.

Next month we shall give, in answer to another request, a diagram for a Raphael body, and also one for a morning-gown for summer. In a word, we will gratify our correspondents as fast as possible.

EMBROIDERED CUFF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty cuff is in the kind of embroidery called *a la minute*; and has just appeared in London. It is destined, we think, to become very fashionable.

The materials are No. 16 embroidery cotton, some fine jaconet muslin, and a No. 7 sewing needle.

Trace the pattern on the muslin with a camel's hair brush and a little Prussian blue (water-color cake) and water, or rub up with a little gum-water a portion of one of the bright blue balls which are sold at druggists' shops; when dry, place the traced pattern on the wrong side against a second piece, and run them both together at about half an inch from the blue line at the top and sides, but not at the wrist. Now turn the two pieces inside out, and tack the two ends on the blue line; then proceed to work on the double muslin thus:—Make a knot in the cotton, pass the needle up through the muslin at the bottom of a leaf, put it down again at the top of same leaf, and bring the point of the needle through, at the same place where the cotton has already come through; do not draw the needle through, but leave it midway. Now wind the cotton which is close to the knot, seven times over the needle, and hold the cotton down tight with the three fingers; then draw the needle outward, that is, from the worker, through these spiral twists, which will bring the twists to the top of the leaf.

After this is done, pass the needle down through the muslin again and up through the bottom of leaf, still close to the knot; do not pull the needle through, but wind the cotton again seven times over the needle as before. Pass the needle under the muslin, and down again from the top of leaf to the bottom; make a sewing stitch or two for the stem, and proceed to next leaf. A little practice is required to work evenly, but when attained, the extraordinary rapidity with which nearly all embroidery can be worked is astonishing; but the muslin must in all cases where it is thin be used double.

BROOCH OF BEADS.

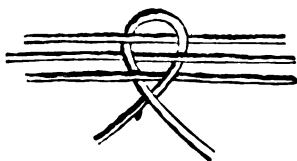
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS brooch is made with black beads. The beads must be strung upon five strands of very fine brass wire. After having crossed one, as is shown in the annexed engraving, the other three

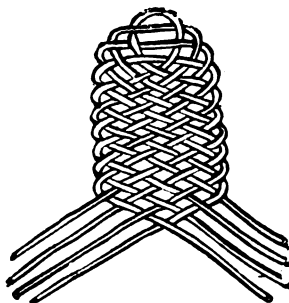
the small cross pieces, only six pieces are to be used.

The whole is joined by the needle. The brooch



are passed through the first loop, and then there must be made a plait of eight pieces, as is seen in the cut in the next column.

These rounded plaits form the loops of the bow, which are made separately. The two loops can be made with the same strands, while, for



may be arranged with a brooch-pin, but it is perhaps best to arrange it with ordinary pins.

PIN-CUSHION IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—One spool pink crochet cotton, No. 16, one spool white ditto, fine steel hook. We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

With the pink cotton make a ch of 8. Join, and in it work 7 dc, 8 ch between each dc stitch.

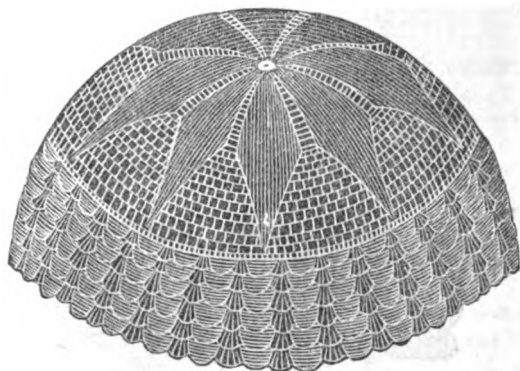
1st Row.—† 8 dc, 8 ch, † 7 times.

2nd Row.—† 5 dc, (over 3 dc, 1st row) 3 ch, † 7 times.

3rd Row.—† 7 dc, (over 5 dc, 2nd row) 3 ch, † 7 times.

4th Row.—† 9 dc, (over 7 dc, 3rd row) 3 ch, † 7 times.

5th Row.—† 7 dc, (over 9 dc, 4th row) 3 ch, † 1 dc, 3 ch, † 7 times.

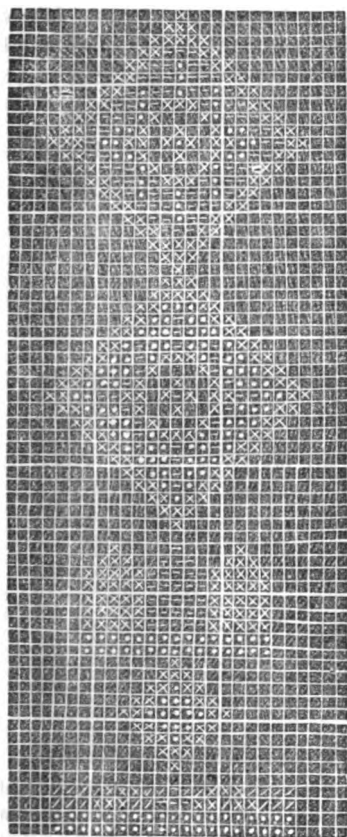


- 6th Row.—† 5 dc, (over 7 dc, 5th row) 3 ch, 1 dc, 3 ch, 1 dc, 3 ch, † 7 times.
 7th Row.—† 3 dc, (over 5 dc, 6th row) 3 ch, 1 dc, 3 ch, 1 dc, 3 ch, † 7 times.
 8th Row.—1 dc, 3 ch, all round.
 9th Row.—Same as 8th.
 10th Row.—1 dc in every stitch, all round.
 11th Row.—† 3 dc, 3 ch, † all round.
 12th & 13th Rows.—Same as 11th, making the groups of 3 dc stitches come over each other.
 14th Row.—Same as 10th.
 15th Row.—† 7 ch, miss 3, 1 sc, † all round.
 16th Row.—† 4 dc in chain loop, 3 ch, miss 1 chain loop, 4 dc in next chain loop, 3 ch, miss 1 ch loop, †. Repeat all round.
 17th Row.—† 4 dc, (in centre of the 4 dc stitches on the 16th row,) 3 ch, † all round.
 18th, 19th & 20th Rows.—Same as 17th.
 Turn the work upon the wrong side, and with the white cotton make a ch of 7, looping it in the first row of ch made after 14th row. Work 7 rows. This is to confine the cover to the cushion. Run a cord in the last row and draw to fit. Make the cushion of white muslin—the top size of circle, made by the first 14 rows work. The shell work forms the border.

BEAD BASKET FOR WRITING-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





- ✕ Blue.
- Green.
- Rod.
- Satin.
- White.

This is a useful as well as beautiful article, and would make a very suitable gift from a lady to a gentleman, or be appropriate even for our fair subscribers' boudoirs. It requires six bands to make it.

In the annexed cut, we give the design for these bands. All the part designated by the white squares, is to be composed of white glass beads; the white in the heart of the medallion is to be formed of satin beads; the blue of deep blue, the red of vermillion; the green of English green.

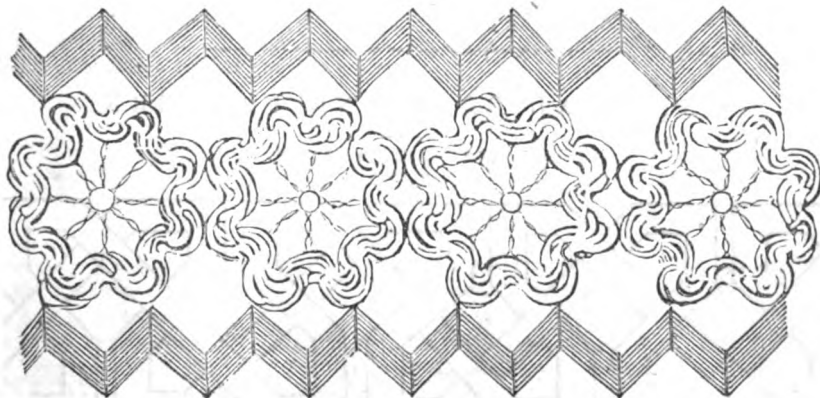
To prepare this work, you must cut a piece of plain canvas, of width double the length. This canvas is a foundation for the beads. Form at the bottom a large hem. You must cut nineteen large needlefuls of Swiss crochet thread. Thread each end, and pass it through the canvas a finger's breadth—count four stitches of the canvas and go back. This part of the work must be repeated fourteen times, which gives twenty-eight equal ends of threads, separated regularly.

It requires six pieces similar to cut No. 2, in order to make the basket. It requires eighteen bunches of beads to make this work; these baskets are lined like straw baskets, and are ornamented with bows of ribbon.

Take less strong beads, and only following the design of the two upper squares, you can form a very pretty bell-pull. This work is very interesting, and far easier than the explanation would seem to indicate.

TAPE INSERTION: ROSE PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Liney tape, width $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.

For the edge of insertion, make common tape trimming.

For the roses, cut the tape in lengths of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. One length to the rose. Join the two ends. With No. 50 cotton run in the zig-zag line seen in the following drawing. Gather

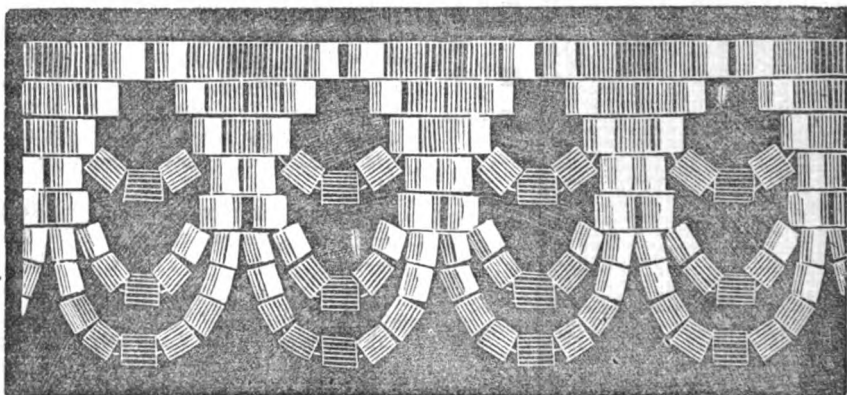
close enough to form the size of rose. Join to the edges as seen in the following cut. Working



spokes in the centre of roses with cotton No. 40.

LOOP AND VANDYKE BORDER IN BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

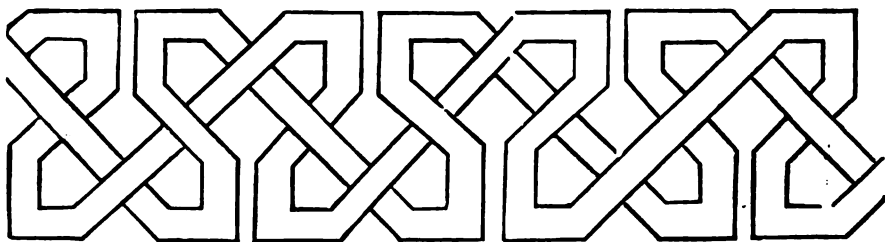


This Border is of very simple construction. Its colors are quite open to choice. Black in the centre of the pattern, surrounded with green; the remainder of the vandyke being in white. Black and green being also introduced into the centre of the loops, produce a very good effect. The vandyke part of the border is first completed, quite independently of the loops. Commence in the centre of one of these, counting the beads, and returning backward and forward. There is one advantage in this work—namely,

that in so narrow a border, so long as the colored beads are kept in their respective places, if even the needle should be found to have come out at the wrong place, patting it up and down until it is in the right one, helps to improve, by giving firmness to the work. This border is well adapted for a square mat; but, whatever be the form, we recommend that it should be attached before the loops are added, as it will be found necessary to make those which fall in the corners longer than those which intervene between the other parts.

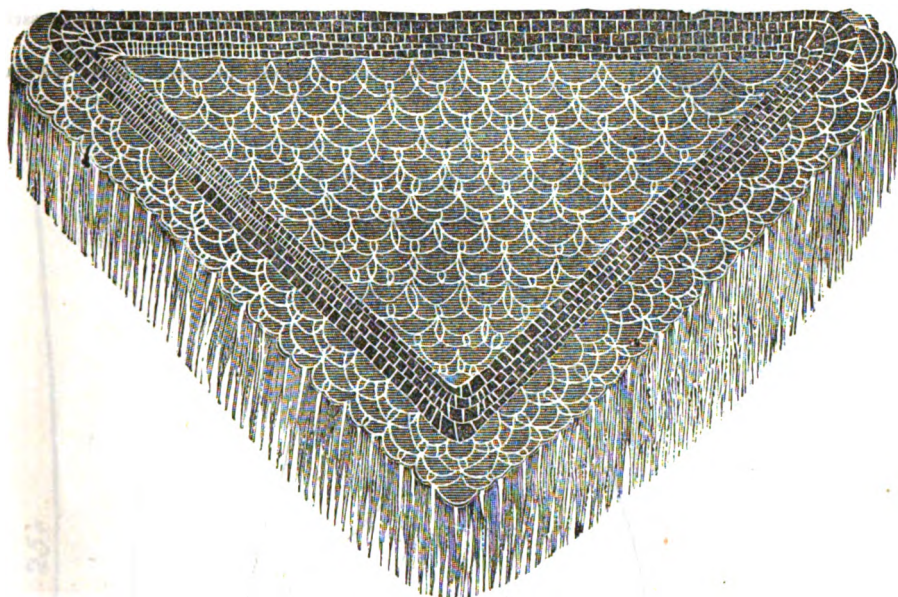
ORIGINAL BRAIDING PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



TO CROCHET A SUMMER SHAWL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—6 oz. white split zephyr, 4 oz. colored split zephyr, 6 oz. colored single zephyr, bone hook. We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

With the white wool make a ch 2 yards long.
1st Row.—10 ch, loop in the 8th stitch—10 ch in next 8th stitch. Repeat to the end of row.
2nd Row.—Turn, and work the thread (in a ch stitch) down to the centre of last loop made by 1st row. Work 2 dc, in this centre stitch, * 5 ch, 2 dc worked in the stitch at the end of the loop, 5 ch, 2 dc in the centre stitch of loop, *. Repeat to the end of Row. **3rd Row.**—* 10 ch from the centre of one loop of 2nd row to the centre of next loop, *. Repeat to the end of the row, observing to work from the centre of 1st and last loops of every row, that the work may narrow to a point. **4th row** same as 2d. **5th row** same as 3rd. When the point is completed, then with the colored wool crochet all around in sc, widening enough at the points to keep the work flat. Do 30 rows.
 With the white wool, 4 rows of the lace work, same as centre of shawl. For the fringe, use the colored single zephyr, cut in equal lengths of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard 6 to 10 thread to each knot, and tie in the centre and end of every loop.

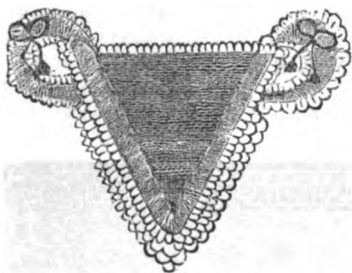
BABY'S BIB IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—2 skeins No. 16 4-threaded tidy cotton, fine steel hook.

Make a ch of 60 stitches.

Work in sc, narrowing 1 stitch at the beginning of every row, until you bring the work to a point. 8 rows so all round this three-cornered piece, widening enough to keep the work flat. 1 row dc, 1 ch between every stitch, 1 row sc all round, *. Take up 10 stitches at the shoulder point, work 40 rows in sc. Miss 5 dc on the side, sew this shoulder piece to the next 5 stitches to form the arm-hole, *. Repeat this for the



other shoulder piece. 1 row in dc from one shoulder to the other, 1 row in sc same, 1 row in dc on the inside of shoulder piece, 1 row in sc same. Edge all round with two rows of ch loop, 6 stitches to the loop, and work the loop in every third stitch. 2nd Row.—Place the loop in centre stitch of 1st row. Finish with cord and tassels at the shoulders.

We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

PELISSE CASAQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS is the most fashionable affair of the season. It is composed of black silk, and should be entirely without decoration.

We have given the diagram as fully as our page will admit, and it has only to be continued as follows:—The front should be forty-four inches in length, and the width at bottom thirty-six inches; from the arm-hole forty-five inches, and

the side-piece forty-six inches; at back seam front forty-two inches; width at bottom twenty-seven inches; back seam fifty-two inches; side seam of back forty-seven inches; width at the bottom twenty-eight inches.

Of course the rest of the pattern must be enlarged to the sizes marked in our diagram on the next page.

- No. 1. ONE FRONT.
 No. 2. HALF THE BACK.
 No. 3. SIDE-BODY.

We may mention, here, that we have received several requests for patterns, all of which shall be attended to, in turn, when seasonable.

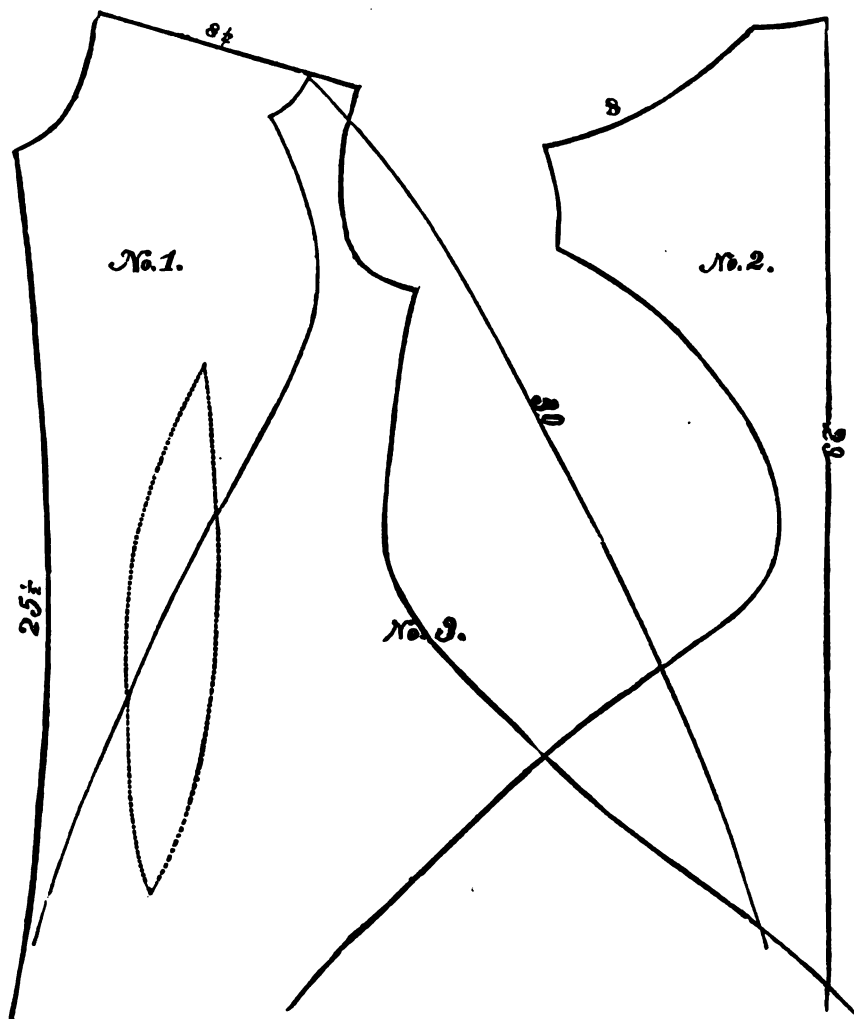


DIAGRAM OF FRENCH CASHMERE.

PURSE IN CROCHET

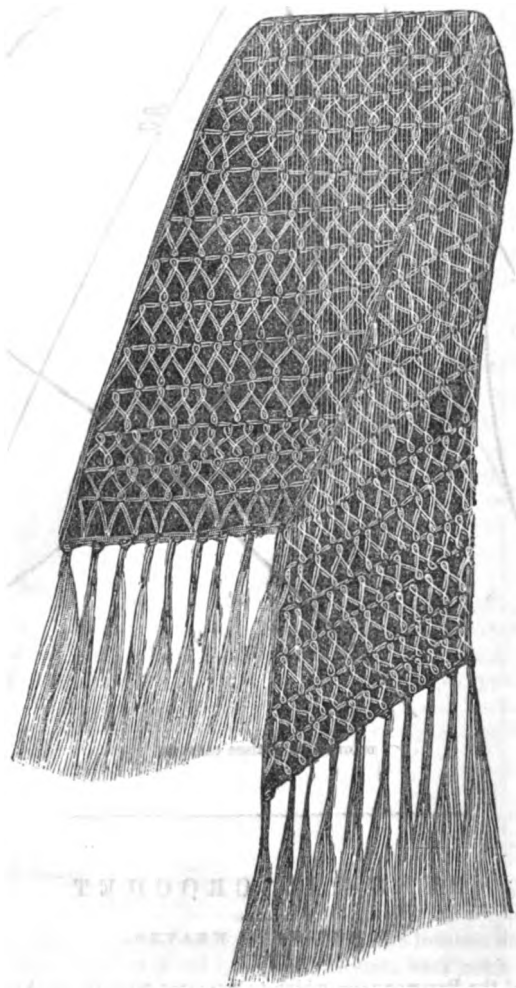
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

It is complained that the Portmonnaies which have lately been in use, are too heavy in themselves, to bear the additional weight of either silver or gold, besides which they are too small to contain much of either. They are also easily abstracted from the pocket. On these accounts, a silk purse in crochet may be preferred by many. We accordingly give, in the front of the number, a pattern for one, to be executed in two

or more colors, as taste may direct. It is all worked in simple crochet, with the silk which is not used carried at the back and worked in until it is again required. The portion of the purse which comes between the two ends is a variety of pattern perfectly simple—merely chaining nine and looping in each row alternately over the last. The two colors of violet and maize are very pretty together, or crimson, gold color, and black, make a handsome contrast. The silk should be rather fine. The rings, tassel, and fringe may be either steel or gold.

TO KNIT A NUBIA.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

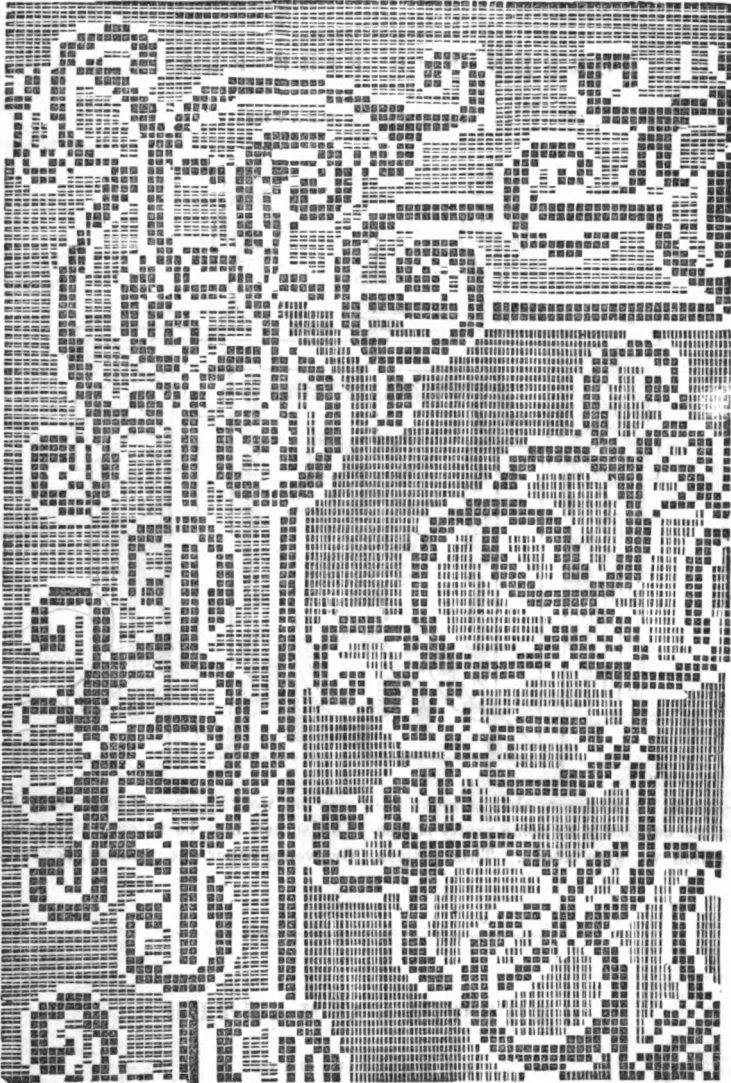


MATERIALS.—2 oz. split zephyr, largest size wooden needles. Herring-bone stitch. We have designed this Nubia expressly for the fair readers of "Peterson."

Cast on 800 stitches. Knit 8 rows plain, after which widen and narrow every row, knitting the Nubia 1 yard wide. Finish with 8 rows plain. Tie in a fringe $\frac{1}{4}$ yard deep.

CUSHION IN BEADS AND WOOL-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

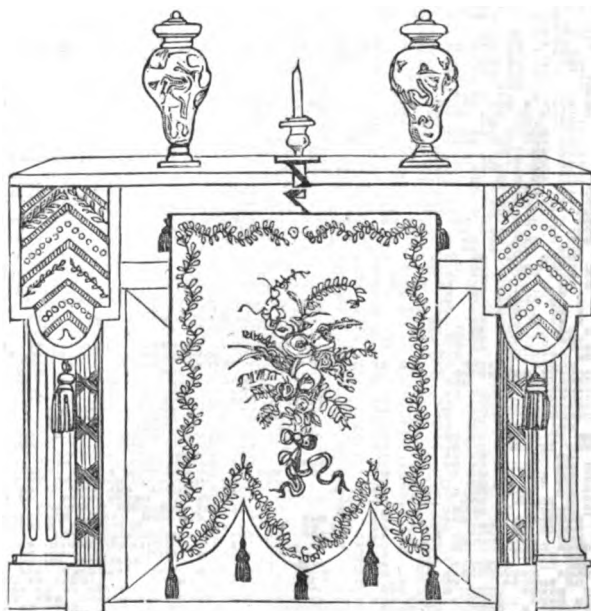


One of the prettiest patterns, in bead and wool-work, is that for a cushion, which has just come out in London. In commencing this cushion, the beads ought to be chosen to suit in size the canvas, as, if they are either too large or too small, the beauty of the work is destroyed. The outline of the design is intended to be in steel beads, and filled in with crystal. The centre of the ground is to be bright scarlet wool. The ground beyond the centre scroll, up to the border scroll, in darker scarlet, and the ground on which the border is placed in two shades of a brilliant

green, the darkest shade toward the outer edge. These colors may, of course, be changed for others if they do not contrast well with the general tone of the apartment for which the cushion is intended, but these have a very pretty effect. A cord composed of the same colors, and tassels to match, must finish this cushion when it is made up. In working the beads care should be taken that a strong thread be used for the purpose.

SCREEN FOR FIRE-PLACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A FIRE-PLACE, in summer, always looks inelegant, unless covered with some pretty screen like that which we give above. This pattern may be worked, or any other may be selected. The screen may be in embroidery, or braiding. Or even a paper one, painted, is pretty.

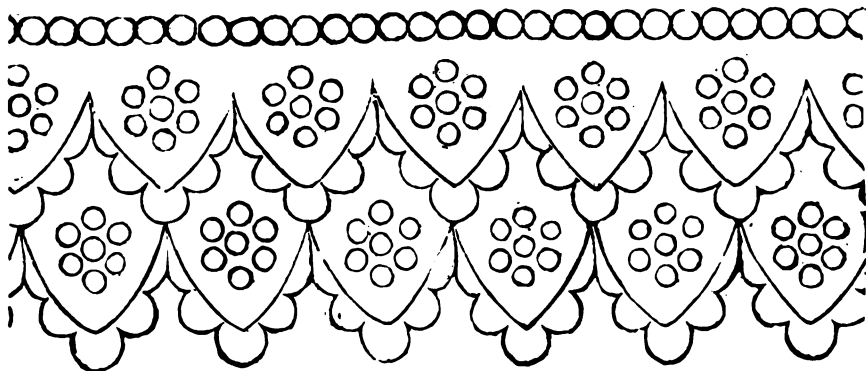
GEORGIANA MANTLE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

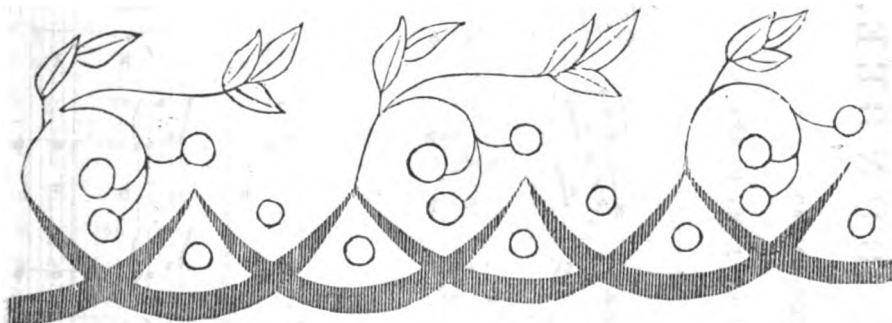
We give, this month, a pattern and diagram (both in the front of the number) of the most fashionable summer mantle, which has appeared in Paris. The material is black net. It will be seen, from the diagram, that the garment is cut from a single pattern. The whole mantle is bordered with a wide ribbon sewed on flat; it may be black, crimson, green, dark blue, or even white, according to the taste of the wearer. We have marked the place of the ribbon by a line of dashes parallel to the edges. On this band a row of black lace is sewed to form a transparent.

ORIGINAL PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.

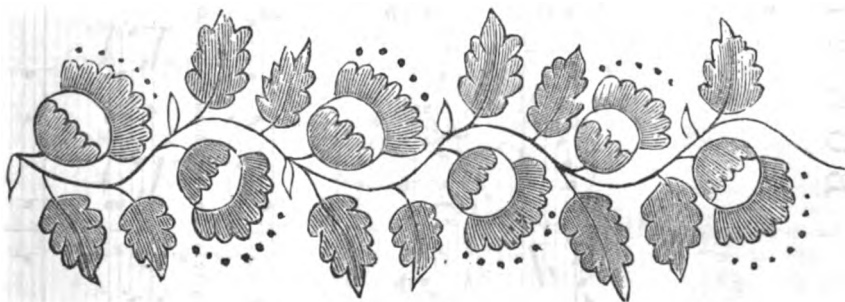
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



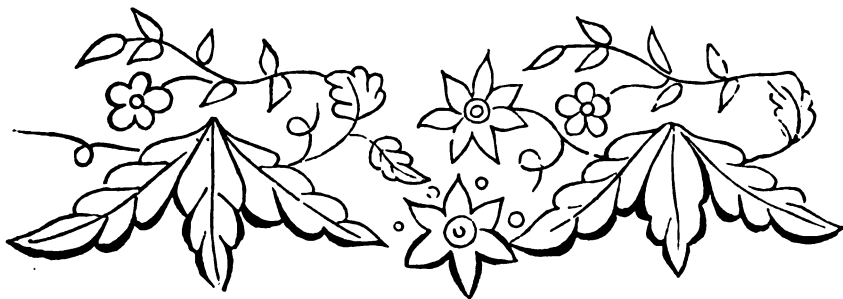
FOR INFANT'S SACQUE DRESS.



FOR BOTTOM OF DRAWERS.



FOR BABY'S BLANKET.



INSERTION.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

SCOTCH BALLAD.

ARRANGED BY J. W. HOBBS.

CON SPIRITO.

FLAUTO 1. *Ped.*



To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Cla-ver-house spoke: "Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke,—So each Ca-ver-lar who loves



ho-ho and me, Let him fol-low the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee. Come, fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men; Un-

hook the westport, and let us gae free, For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee, he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost (dunce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."
"Come, fill up my cup," &c.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's Lords in the South, there are chiefs in the North;
There are brave Duinhe wassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry "Hee!" for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!"
"Come, fill up my cup," &c.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks!
'Ere I own a murper, I'll crouch wi' the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae nae seen the lassie o' my bonnet and me!
"Come, fill up my cup," &c.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUT IN THE COUNTRY.—To live within sight of a field, with its carpet of emerald, is a luxury. How much more to view broad acres of infinite variety, to rove with satisfied gaze from the comely swell of the hill to the beautiful level of the meadow, touched here and there by the lightly springing birds, while the sweet smelling haycocks, the loosened treasures of the earth, changing from yellow to brown, throw off odors as if precious oils had been poured over them.

In addition to these are the trees, singly and in families, those dumb but animate things, whispering in language known only to the winds—stretching off for miles toward the sea and toward the farther country. Their leaves sparkle in the sunshine—their branches overshadow the roofs of humble homes; their fruits fall into the dimpled hands of children; their beauty causes hearts to be unconsciously glad; God made them graceful, and in all their motions they speak of an unchangeable love.

Then there are the sparkling blue streams, lying in green basins and margined with low, dreamy alders; and still farther beyond, the salt sea, like a purple-blue mist, with its ships that the distance purples also, heaving its glittering waves against shore and keel, bearing great freights and glad tidings upon its mighty bosom.

Oh! these glorious views in the free, unlimited country—how they enlarge the soul! One grows kindred with the bounteous earth till a resting-place beneath its generous surface seems not so dreary. In spite of the narrowing influences and despot circumstances—in spite of the ills of flesh, the troubles of poverty, the carking cares of life—the contemplation of these innumerable works of God infuses buoyancy, hope, and the love of the Everlasting Father in the heart, till even the frame seems etherialized, and heaven begun on earth.

The very stones glistening upon the hill-side speak of peace. The cattle, deep in the grass, seem mutely to acknowledge that God has placed them upon a thousand hills, and they are fed by His bounty. That exquisite trill, that gives such finish to the warble of the forest bird, speaks the mechanism of the same creative hand. The corn not yet enriched with its tassels of gold, but shining nevertheless with an unrivaled lustre; the butterfly flashing its many colored wings in the midst of the leaves; the tinted flowers of carnation, of royal purple, of princely yellow; the early apples, just turning from russet to red; the currants like the jewels of flame and drops of amber—all these fill the soul to the brim with love and admiration.

If this depth and purity of atmosphere, if these riches of color and harmonies of shape, these sweets of fruits and transparencies of pebbly streams—these clear breathings of the winds and lofty breadths of sky and sea, could from some alembic be poured into our human hearts, what harmonies would play along our lives! Then as the shadows that fall upon the hill-sides, only added a varied loveliness, so it would be with us as the shadows of time touched us with their shifting hues always—gliding away, never stationary—always making new shapes of beauty—always reflections from that which is in the heavens above, and not of the earth beneath.

THE WAVERLEY FOR THE MILLION.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, as they inform us, are having great success with this edition of Scott's novels. This is what we predicted. At twenty-five cents per volume, who would be without these fictions, the best, in every respect, in the language?

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DRESSES AT QUEEN VICTORIA'S COURT.—The following were among the more remarkable and elegant of the costumes worn at Queen Victoria's last drawing-room.

MRS. DALLAS.—Train of Napoleon blue Terry velvet, lined with glace, and trimmed with blonde; skirt and tunic of white glace, trimmed with blonde and satin ribbon. Head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.—A dress of white glace, beautifully trimmed with large bouillons of white tulle, and quadrilles of turquoise blue, fastened with tassels of silver, terminated with silver grelots; shaded tunic of blue and white, veiled by a long skirt of silver-spotted tulle, looped with large noeds of tulle de Lyon, ornamented with silver lace, also partly veiled by the skirt; the corsage with berthe of silver quadrille, Spanish trimming, and grelots to correspond; bouquet of shaded ostrich feathers, tied with silver cord, the train aggrafe on the shoulders of the richest white crystalize, lined blue, with border of blue, covered with the same Spanish trimming. Head-dress, magnificent tiara of diamonds and pearl drops, shaded feathers, flowers, and long veil of silver-spotted tulle; necklace, chain of diamonds, and diamond and pearl ornaments.

COUNTESS OF EFFINGHAM.—Train of a very rich Pompadour moire antique, lined with pale green glace, and trimmed round with Brussels lace; petticoat composed of green tulle, with two Brussels flounces over a slip of pale green glace. Head-dress, plumes, flowers, lappets, &c.; ornaments, diamonds, and emeralds.

LADY TEMPLEMORE.—Dress of black glace, with bouillonne skirts of black sparkling tulle; tunic of handsome black lace looped with bunches of black grass; corsage to correspond: train of superb black moire antique, with bouillons of sparkling tulle, parseme with grass. Head-dress, black feathers and long tulle veil; ornaments, jet.

LADY WODEHOUSE.—Train of the richest Gothic moire of a novel design, vert d'Azoof, lined with silk, and very elegantly trimmed with Brussels point lace, tulle, and ribbon; corsage to correspond, with lace and bouquet of violet and silver daisies; skirts of vert d'Azoof tulle over taffetas d'Italie, covered with flounces of Brussels point lace and trimmings of tulle. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, and wreaths of violets and silver daisies, Brussels lace lappets, parure of diamonds.

HON. MRS. LOYD LINDSAY.—Train of white and silver moire, trimmed with Brussels lace; skirt of satin, with magnificent Brussels lace flounces. Head-dress, feathers and Brussels lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

HON. MRS. DUTTON.—Train of rich white poult de soie, attached over the shoulders, trimmed with bouffants of tulle, ruches, and water lilies with foliage; skirt of white satin covered with a double skirt of tulle bouillons trimmed with blonde, and a chatafaine and bouquet of water lilies to correspond. Head-dress, water lilies and foliage, ostrich feather, and a blonde lappet; ornaments, diamonds.

HON. MRS. HUBBARD.—Train of white poult de soie, lined with glace, and trimmed with black lace and ruches of tulle and ribbon; skirts of white glace, trimmed with ruches of tulle and ribbon, with flounces of black lace, festooned with bouquets of coral. Head-dress, feathers and lappets, with coral and diamond ornaments.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY.—This is the title of a neat quarto, devoted to Horticulture, and which is published at No. 26 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. We have found it of great value to us, in our own humble little garden. Terms, \$1.00 per annum, in advance.

A NUT FOR "BORROWERS" TO CRACK.—We copy the following from a country exchange, premising that its sentiments are ours exactly. For obvious reasons we suppress the name of the journal and the place of its publication:—"There are people in every community, who are always in the habit of borrowing their neighbor's paper or book as he receives it by mail, without even giving him the time to look at it. They tell you they 'only want to see the fashion plate, patterns, finish the continued story,' or something of that sort—when they read the book or paper, hand it to the children to look at the pictures, and when the owner gets it again, it is torn and dirty—not fit to be seen. We detest such meanness. Any book or paper that is worth borrowing is worth subscribing for—it is cheating the publisher and depriving the subscriber of the pleasure of reading his paper first. The town of —, to the number of its inhabitants, cannot be beaten for book and newspaper borrowers on the whole Globe. When a person or family subscribes to books and papers, they do it for their own personal benefit, not for others; and every person of good, hard sense ought to know it."

PREMIUMS FOR SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.—A correspondent asks us, why we do not give premiums to single subscribers, as well as to persons getting up clubs. We answer that we ask no more for the Magazine than it is worth, and that, if we gave a premium to every subscriber, we could afford to do it only by making the Magazine worth just so much the less. Some of the lottery associations, we know, advertise to give both a Magazine and engraving for three dollars; but we give as good a Magazine for two dollars. A premium to a person getting up a club stands on a different footing. There is always more or less trouble in going around, and collecting names and money for a club: and it is to remunerate persons for this that we give a premium. Besides, in point of morals, we object to lotteries, or lottery associations. We never have had anything to do with them, and we never will.

INFANTS' WARDROBES.—There can be no greater mistake made than to provide an expensive wardrobe for infants. Lace and embroidery soon lack body from frequent washings, and all that a mother requires for her young child is plenty of plain, neatly made clothing. The skirts of the dresses should be made with a hem of three or four inches in width, with perhaps the addition of a tuck or two; but in the latter case, the hem should be narrower and the tucks of the same width. The "infant waist," which is slightly full and put on a belt, should not be bound around the neck, or only be bound in front, and be fastened by a drawing-string in the back. Many persons have the belt to extend only half way round the waist, and confine the back by narrow bobbin casings.

WHITE SUMMER DRESSES.—White dresses are usually made with full, plain skirts, or else with a number of narrow tucks. The prettiest style of body is like that of Fig. 2 in our fashion plate: but the insertion can be dispensed with, and the body can be made of the plain muslin only, slightly full at the waist. If made in this style, there should be a very slight fullness in the back also. The lining of a white dress should always be cut quite low. The ordinary bishop or shirt sleeve, with an insertion band at the wrist, is very pretty, and less trouble than an open sleeve, as the under-sleeve can be dispensed with. A dress of this kind is suitable for any occasion, and is one of the most economical dresses worn.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE is the copy of Darley's late celebrated work from Longfellow's new poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The size of the plate, which is upright,

is 14 by 17, and it is a perfect fac-simile of the original. "The snow white Steer" seems walking from the forest toward you,

"Through the ford at the forest,"

bearing the beautiful maiden Priscilla, her hand with loving confidence placed in that of her new husband. It is published by J. E. Tilton & Co., 161 Washington street, Boston, who will furnish directions how to paint it in the Grecian style. Price \$1.50, post-paid. The circular will be found on another page.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Napoleonic Ideas. By the Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte. Translated by J. A. Dorr. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This little treatise originally appeared at Brussels, in 1839, at a time when the present emperor of the French was in exile. It has now been translated, for the first time, as peculiarly applicable to the existing crisis. The work seeks to clear the memory of the first Napoleon from the charge of having been an enemy to liberal ideas. For this purpose it analyzes his system, both domestic and foreign. The volume may not convince all readers of what the writer desires. But it will satisfy every impartial mind that Prince Napoleon, quite twenty years ago, had thought profoundly on political affairs; that he came to the imperial throne with a fixed policy; and that he is now only seeking to carry out what he had determined on, even before the Anglo-French alliance. Whoever desires to understand European politics should study this book. It will throw more light on the probabilities of the future than dozens of speeches from cabinet ministers, or scores of leaders in the London Times.

The Life of Chief Justice Parsons. By his Son. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The typography, paper and general appearance of this volume are equal to the very best specimens of the English press. And the subject is worthy of this honor. Chief Justice Parsons of Massachusetts was one of those "giants of the law," who appear only at rare intervals, uniting vast legal acquirements to an almost infallible perception of the true principles of the science. He died in 1813, after having filled the office of Chief Justice for but little more than six years, but during that period he almost entirely remoulded the law of his native state, which the revolution had so seriously damaged. As a master of Coke upon Littleton he rivaled the greatest English lawyers that have ever lived. The volume is written in an honest, manly spirit, and is not confined merely to depicting the Chief Justice as a lawyer, but gives us delightful sketches of his private life, as well as throws light on the principal political events of his time.

The Life of James Watt, with selections from his Correspondence. By James Patrick Muirhead, M. A. Illustrated with wood cuts. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is the first successful attempt to furnish the public with a full, yet well-digested, biography of James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. The book is one of the most interesting we have read for a long time. It is, indeed, not only a memoir of Watt, but also a history of the greatest invention of modern times. Young men can learn, in this volume, how energy and industry finally command success, no matter what the impediments that present themselves.

The Exploits and Triumphs, in Europe, of Paul Morphy, the Chess Champion; including an historical account of clubs, biographical sketches of famous players, and various information and anecdote relating to the noble game of Chess. By Paul Morphy's late Secretary. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The title of this work explains itself. It will be a valuable book for reference, five-and-twenty years hence. An indifferent portrait of Paul Morphy appears as a frontispiece.

The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tails for the Wise and Waggish. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a new edition of a work, which, on its first appearance, three-and-twenty years ago, made a great sensation. In the present edition, such of its matter as was of purely local and temporary interest has been suppressed, which we think is an improvement; but additions, on the other hand, has been made, from the editor's common-place book, which seems to us an unwarrantable liberty. The author, Dr. Chatfield, would turn in his grave, if he could, to protest against blowing another man's trumpet. The volume is exquisitely printed, on thick, cream-colored paper; and is massively bound.

Owen Meredith's Poems. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Owen Meredith is a fictitious name, the real author of these poems being the son of Bulwer, the novelist. The contents of the volume are of various merit. Some of the pieces are very far above mediocrity, while others are considerably below it. We do not, however, altogether like the spirit of the book. A sneering, skeptical feeling very largely pervades it: the author writes as if he had lost faith in everything. But all of the poems are not open to this objection. "Les Italiens," and others, are exceptions. The volume is published to match "the blue and gold" series of the poets, which has become so popular.

To Cuba and Back. By R. H. Dana. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is the record of a three weeks trip to Cuba, during parts of February and March of this year. Mr. Dana visited Havana and Matanzas, besides a sugar-estate and coffee-plantation; met with many Cubans of high position; and considering the shortness of his visit, enjoyed unusual opportunities of studying the Island and its institutions. On this account alone the work ought to have a large sale. But Mr. Dana, who is the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," also writes well and even racily. The volume is neatly printed.

The Poetical Works of James Gates Percival. With a Biographical Sketch. 2 vols., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We believe this is the most complete collection ever made of Percival's poems. As the present generation hardly does justice to Percival, these volumes will assist to restore him, in the popular mind, to his true position as a writer. A more suitable gift to a lady than this edition could not be devised, for it is in the beautiful "blue and gold" style which Ticknor & Fields have made famous. The volumes ought to be in the drawing-room, or boudoir, of every woman of refinement.

The Mothers of the Bible. By Mrs. S. G. Ashton. With an Introductory Essay by the Rev. A. L. Stone. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—No one can read this volume without being prompted to a more diligent study of the Word of God. Mr. Stone, in his essay, says that on our mothers it cannot but have the effect of quickening their sense of responsibility, and inspiring them with a more prayerful devotion to their solemn trust: and in these sentiments we coincide. The book displays very considerable ability. The style is always clear, often picturesque.

The Cassique of Kiawah. By W. G. Simms. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—This is another volume of that beautiful edition of Simms' novels, which stands second only, in literary and typographical merit, to Ticknor & Fields' Household Edition of Waverley. "The Cassique" is one of the best of Simms' fictions, a powerfully told story, full of breathless incidents. Two capital illustrations embellish the volume.

Studies, Stories, and Memories. By Mrs. Jameson. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A collection of various essays, from the graceful pen of Mrs. Jameson, on subjects connected with art and literature. The volume is in "the blue and gold" of Ticknor & Fields miniature library.

Prairie Farming in America. With notes by the way on Canada and the United States. By James Caird, M. P. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of this work, a member of the British Parliament, is also the author of several other excellent volumes, among them, "English Agriculture," "High Farming," and "Letters on the Corn Crops." He is an acute observer, and a superior agriculturist. An unusual mass of valuable information is compressed within the one hundred and thirty pages of this little volume.

Davenport Dams. By Charles Lever. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a cheap edition, complete, of the last of Lever's novels. For summer reading it comes out opportunely, for we know of no writer, Dickens not even excepted, who is so agreeable a companion, on a sultry July or August afternoon. The interest of this novel is greatly increased by the fact that Sadler, the celebrated English defaulter, figure largely in its pages.

Catharine. By the author of "Agnes and the Little Key." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This is a record of the triumphant death of a young lady, whom the author, her father, calls merely "Catharine." The narrative is made the prologue to an eloquent discussion of the Christian's hope in a final resurrection. There are thousands of lacerated, yet bleeding hearts, to whom this volume will bring consolation.

The Boy's Book of Modern Travel and Adventure. By Meredith Jones. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of this little volume is already favorably known for his "Children's Bible Picture Book;" and the present work will materially add to his reputation. It is just the book for boys. Several capital illustrations by William Harvey embellish the volume.

A Discourse on a Shameful Life. Discourse on Gaming. By E. H. Chapin. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson, No. 523 Broadway.—Two neat pamphlets, each containing a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Chapin, leveled at a social vice. There is a vigor and manliness, often rising to eloquence, in these discourses, which we commend to the imitation of other clergymen.

The Vagabond. By Adam Badeau. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—A collection of fugitive essays on topics of the day, such as "Gottechalk and Thalberg," "E. H. Chapin," "American Art," "Verdi," "American Boiles," "Society and Art," "The Watring Places," &c. &c. Many of the articles are quite racy. The book is neatly got up.

Army Life on the Pacific. By Lawrence Kip, second Lieutenant of the third regiment of Artillery, U. S. Army. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—A journal of the expedition, in 1858, against the Northern Indians, the tribes of the Cœur D'Alene, Spokane, and Pelouzes. It is full of stirring incident as well as valuable information.

Sabbath Talks with Little Children, on the Psalms of David. By the author of the "Mothers of the Bible." 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—A neatly printed little volume, which ought to be in every family, where there are young children. We cannot commend it too highly.

Gerald Fitzgerald, "The Chevalier." By Charles Lever. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The first half of a new novel by the author of "Charles O'Malley." The story has all the bustle, raciness and dash of Lever's other novels. We anxiously await the conclusion.

The Romance of a Poor Young Man. From the French of Octave Feuillet. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—This is a very handsome edition of a popular French fiction. The translator is Henry J. Macdonald, late of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. A more fascinating love-story we have not read for months.

OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.

PRESERVES, JELLIES, &C.

Transparent Marmalade.—Take very pale Seville oranges, cut them in quarters, take out the pulp, and preserve it for use in a dish, picking out the seeds and skin. Put the peels in a little salt and water, let them stand all night; then boil them till they are tender; cut them in thin slices and add them to the pulp. To every pound of marmalade put a pound and a half of fine white sugar, and boil all together, gently, for twenty minutes; if it is not then clear and transparent, boil it five or six minutes longer, stirring it gently all the time, being careful not to break the slices of peel. When cold, put it into glasses, and tie them down with brandy papers over them.

Orange Marmalade.—Take the best Seville oranges you can procure, cut them in two, take out the pulp, and set it aside in a pan for farther use, rejecting the seeds and skins. Boil the rinds of the oranges in water till they are tender, (change the water two or three times while they are boiling,) then pound them in a marble mortar, adding the juice and pulp, and put them in a preserving-kettle with double its weight of loaf sugar; set the kettle over a slow fire, boil it a little more than half an hour, and then put it into glasses with brandy papers over them.

Quinces.—Pare your quinces very thin, and keep them whole or cut them in quarters. Put them in a stewpan, fill it with hard water, and lay the parings over the quinces to keep them down; cover them close, and put them over a slow fire until they become soft and of a pink color; then take them out and let them stand till they are cold. To one pound of the fruit take one pound of sugar; take the water the quinces were in to dissolve the sugar; clarify the sugar, then put in the quinces and boil them until they become clear.

Peaches—Brandied.—Make a lye with pearlash, strong enough to bear an egg, and when it is boiling hot put in a few peaches at a time, and let them remain until the skins can easily be rubbed off with a coarse cloth; then throw them immediately into cold water to keep them a good color. Take an equal weight of peaches and sugar; halve the sugar and make a clear syrup of it; boil the peaches in it fifteen minutes; then put the fruit on dishes to cool.

Tomato Honey.—To each pound of tomatoes allow the grated peel of one lemon, and six fresh peach leaves; boil them slowly till they fall to pieces; then squeeze them through a bag; to each pint of liquid allow a pound of sugar, and the juice of one lemon; boil all together half an hour until it becomes a thick jelly; then put it into glasses, and lay double tissue paper over the tops. This preparation can scarcely be distinguished from real honey.

Rice Jelly.—Boil one quarter of a pound of rice flour, and half a pound of loaf sugar in one quart of water, till the whole becomes a glutinous mass; then strain off the jelly and let it become cool; grate nutmeg over it, and serve it with cream flavored with vanilla.

Pears.—To one pound of pears take three-quarters of a pound of sugar; clear your sugar, and to one pound of sugar, take half a pint of water. You may add some whole cinnamon. Boil the fruit gently until clear.

Tomato Figs.—Make a rich syrup, taking one pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; boil the tomatoes slowly, but thoroughly; take them out and put them into a cullender to drain; then lay them on a dish for several days, turning them once so that they will dry completely; pack them in a box, or jar, placing them in layers with powdered sugar plentifully sprinkled over them. When you serve them strew fresh water over them.

Orange Jelly.—Cut open twelve oranges and squeeze them; add to their juice that of two lemons, and some pieces of the peel; dissolve one and a half ounces of isinglass, and mix it with the juice; make some syrup with water and one and a half pounds of white sugar; mix all together; boil it; strain it through a flannel bag, and pour it into moulds.

Peach Jam.—Take the fruit, fully ripe, peel and stone them; put them into a pan and mash them on the fire till they become hot; then rub them through a sieve, and to each pound of pulp add a pound of white sugar, and half an ounce of bitter almonds, blanched and pounded; put it over the fire; let it boil ten or fifteen minutes, and skim it well.

Quince Marmalade.—Take six or eight quinces, boil them until they become soft—then peel and rasp them. To every pound of the rasped quinces add one pound of sugar; mix the whole smooth, flavoring it with the juice and peel of a lemon, cut fine. Place it over a coal fire, and stir it constantly until it becomes thick.

Peaches.—Take peaches before they are fully ripe, lay them in a dish and strew over them their weight of powdered sugar; when dissolved, pour off the liquor, clarify it, and then put in your peaches, and boil them gently until clear. Do not put many peaches in the kettle at a time; put them in jars as they are taken out.

Pippins—Whole.—Pare and core your pippins, and throw them into cold water as you pare them; then take the weight of the fruit of double refined sugar, and dissolve it in a quart of water, boil it and scum it clean; put in the apples, let them stew gently until they become tender, and look clear, then take them out.

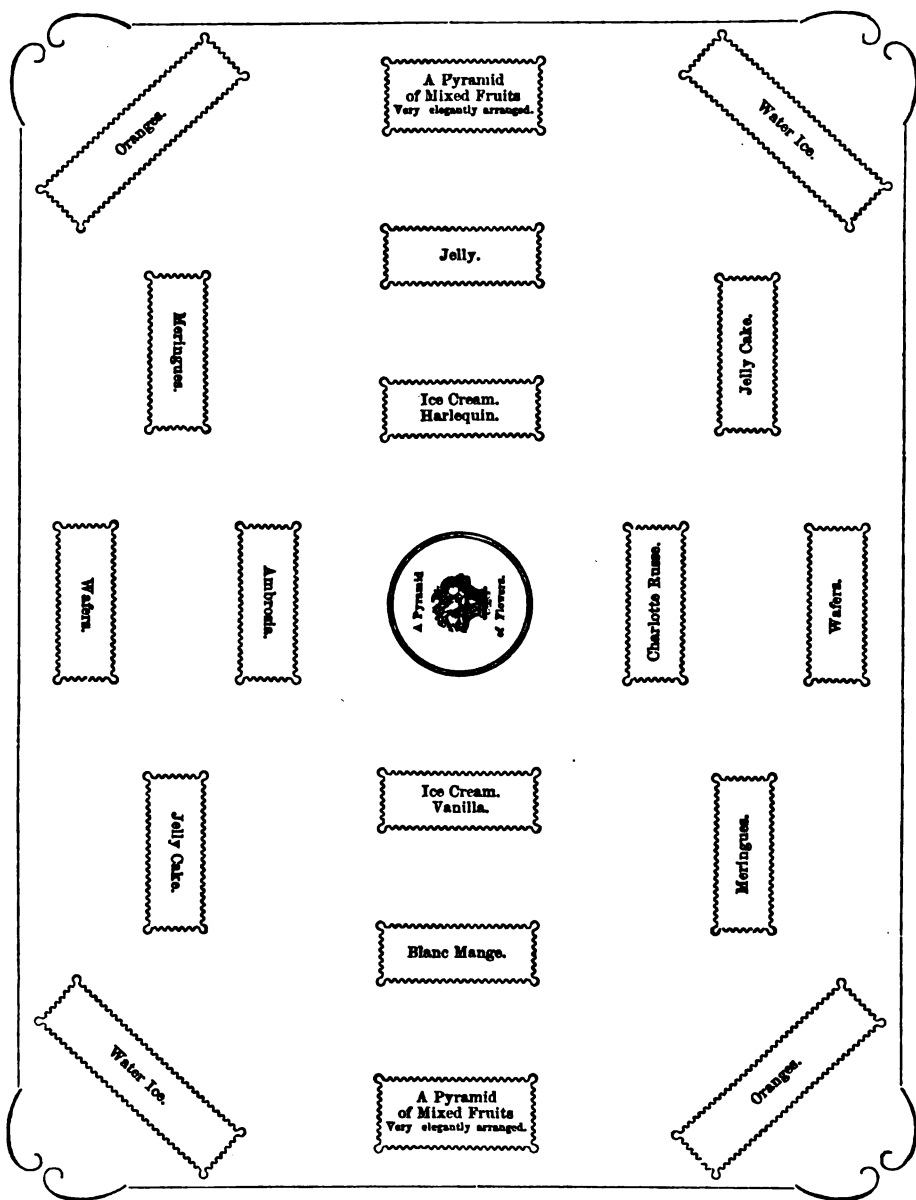
Grapes in Brandy.—Take some close bunches of grapes, not too ripe; put them into a jar, adding a quarter of a pound of sugar-candy, and then fill the jar with common brandy; tie it close with a bladder, and set the jar in a dry place. Morella cherries are done the same way.

Raspberry Jelly.—To one quart of berries take three quarters of a pound of sugar; mash your raspberries with a spoon; clear your sugar; put the fruit in and boil it slowly. Be careful to stir it.

ICE CREAMS, &C.

Almond Cheese Cake.—Take four ounces of almonds, blanch them and put them in cold water; then beat them in a mortar or wooden bowl, adding four ounces of sugar, and the yolks of four eggs, beat fine; work it in the mortar or bowl till it becomes white and frothy. Then make a rich puff paste, which must be made thus: take half a pound of flour, and a quarter of a pound of butter; rub a little of the butter into the flour, mix it stiff with a little cold water, then roll your paste straight out, strew over it a little flour, and lay over it in thin bits one-third of your butter; throw a little more flour over the butter; do so for three times; then put your paste in time, fill them, grate sugar over them, and bake them in a gentle oven.

Orange Custard.—Boil the rind of half a Seville orange very tender, and beat it in a mortar until it is very fine; add to it a spoonful of the best brandy, the juice of an orange, four ounces of loaf sugar, and the yolks of four eggs. Beat all together for ten minutes, and then add in by degrees a pint of boiling cream; beat it until it becomes cold, and then pour it into custard cups, placed in a dish of hot water. Let them stand until they are set, then take them out and strew preserved orange peel over them.



FRUIT SUPPER—SUMMER.

Lemon Custard.—Take a pint of white wine, half a pound of double refined sugar, the juice of two lemons, the out rind of one pared very thin, the inner rind of one boiled tender and rubbed through a sieve; let them boil a good while, then take out the peel and a little of the liquor, set it to cool, and pour the rest into the dish you intend for it; beat four yolks and two whites of eggs, mix them with your cool liquor; strain them into your dish, stir the whole well together; set the mixture on a slow fire, or boiling water to bake as a custard; when it is baked well enough grate the rind of a lemon all over the top. It may be served hot or cold.

Bread Cheese Cake.—Slice a small loaf as thin as possible, pour on it a pint of boiling cream, and let it stand two hours; then take eight eggs, half a pound of butter, and a nutmeg, grated; beat them well together, add half a pound of currants, (well washed and then dried before the fire,) and a spoonful of brandy; and bake them in raised crusts or patty-pans.

Cocoa-Nut Custard.—Ingredients: One quart of milk, six eggs, sugar to your taste, and rose brandy, or any flavoring you may prefer, with two cocoa-nuts grated. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately.

Green Melon in Flummery.—Make a little stiff flummery, with a good deal of bitter almonds in it; add to it as much juice of spinach as will make it a fine, pale green. When it is as thick as good cream, wet your melon mould and put it in. Put a pint of clear calf's-foot jelly into a large dish, and let it stand till next day; then turn out your melon, and lay it the right side down, in the middle of your dish of jelly; then fill up the dish with jelly that is beginning to set, let it stand all night, and turn it out the same way as the fruit in jelly. This is a pretty dish for a supper-table.

Blanc Mange of Isinglass.—Boil one ounce of isinglass in one quart of water till it is reduced to a pint; then add the whites of four eggs, with two spoonfuls of rice water—to keep the eggs from poaching—and sugar to your liking, and run the liquid through a jelly bag; then put to it two ounces of sweet, and one ounce of bitter almonds; give them a scald in your jelly, and pass the whole mixture through a hair sieve, and empty it into a china bowl. The next day turn it out, and stick it all over with almonds, blanched and cut lengthwise.

Orange Cream.—Take the juice of four Seville oranges, paring the rind of one of them exceedingly fine. Put them into a pan with one pint of water and eight ounces of sugar; beat the whites of five eggs, set it over the fire, and stir it one way till it grows thick and white; strain it through a gauze sieve, stir it till it is cold; then beat the yolks of five eggs, exceedingly well, put it in your pan with the cream; stir it over a slow fire till it is ready to boil; put it in a dish to cool, and stir it till it is quite cold; then empty it into jelly glasses.

Blanc Mange of Carrageen.—Procure three cents worth of carrageen, and put it to soak over night; rinse it in the morning in clear, cold water, once or twice; drain it; put it into two quarts of good milk, let it simmer awhile; then boil it ten or fifteen minutes, sweeten and flavor it to your liking; wet your moulds or cups, and strain it through a sieve into them.

Cheese Cake.—Ingredients: Two and a half pounds of sugar, the same quantity of butter, four eggs, beaten light, cinnamon and nutmeg, according to taste, a glass of wine, brandy, and rose water. To make the curd, boil one gill of milk at a time, stir in five eggs, beaten light, and as much bread as curd. Mix the whole together.

Custard—Boiled.—Boil one quart of milk; beat six eggs well with a quarter of a pound of sugar. Mix the milk and eggs, and then let it cool awhile. Set it on coals till it becomes of the thickness of cream; add a little nutmeg, grated.

ART RECREATIONS.

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OUR GARDEN FOR JULY.

Ordinary Attendance.—The principal flower-borders, beds, &c., must now have more than ordinary attention paid to the keeping of them clean, as well as the shrubbery-clumps and other similar compartments. Where any of the flowering-shrubs or evergreens have grown rude or disorderly, let such be trimmed or pruned into neat form; that is, if any have produced strong and rambling shoots, cut out, shorten, or reduce them to a pleasing regularity.

Stake and tie up the stems of such flowering plants as stand in need of support, to prevent their being borne down by winds or heavy rains, &c.

Cut down the stems of such fibrous-rooted plants as are past bloom, except a few of the best, where the seeds are wanted. Those have always an unpleasant appearance, and ought to be removed as soon as possible; by which means the plants, though past flowering, will appear more lively and decent, and the advancing bloom of others will show to greater advantage.

Hedges in general, of every kind, should be clipped in the early part of this month; for that purpose, advantage ought to be taken of moist or cloudy weather to do the work in, as hedges always look better after being clipped in wet weather than in dry.

Another dressing of the same kind toward the latter end of September will keep them in a neat condition the year round.

The various kinds of green-house plants which you may wish to increase, may still be propagated by suckers, layers or cuttings. Most kinds will succeed by cuttings of the present year's wood if carefully planted, properly shaded and moderately watered. They will now take root easily, if in suitable earth, without the assistance of a hot bed. The cuttings should be taken from healthy plants; should be from four to eight inches in length, and of a stout, robust growth. The leaves should be stripped off more than half way up, and the cuttings planted about two-thirds of their length in pots or beds of earth, adopting for each kind its favorite soil; then give them shade and water, as directed on former occasions.

Such plants as require larger pots or tubs may now be shifted; this is the best of the summer months for that purpose, as the greater number will have made their summer progress, and are now rather at a stand previous to the commencement of their new autumnal vegetation.

Such plants as are now shifted must be immediately watered and removed into the shade, where they can have free air and protection from the sun in the heat of the day; there to remain for two, three, or four weeks, according to the time the respective kinds may take to re-establish themselves, and get into a fresh state of growth, when they may be replaced among the general collection.

The operation of properly shifting plants has been already described in a previous number.

It will be very proper at this time to examine the pots and tubs in general, and where the earth is inclined to bind, let the surface be carefully loosened to a little depth, breaking the earth small with the hands, and at the same time add thereto, if not done in any of the preceding months, some fresh compost; then level the surface neatly.

This dressing will do the plants more good than many people might imagine; but in particular to such as are in small pots.

Collect all the different sorts of seeds as they ripen, spread them upon paper in a dry, shady place, and when sufficiently hardened, let them be carefully preserved in their pods or husks, or in paper bags, till the proper season for sowing them.

The seeds of geraniums, and of any other quick growing kinds of green-house plants, may now be sown, and if properly attended to will attain to a neat size before winter.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF BLUE SILK, with ten flounces, each flounce being trimmed with white silk fringe. The body is made low, and the sleeves, which are composed of two ruffles, very short and wide. Full puffed, short under-sleeves, and a cape composed of white tulle, trimmed with blonde edging and black velvet. The head-dress of blue ribbon and white flowers. This style of head-dress is very fashionable, particularly for young ladies, the bow and band in front being very becoming.

FIG. II.—DINNER DRESS WITH TWO SKIRTS OF WHITE EMBROIDERED MUSLIN.—The under skirt has a deep embroidered flounce, headed by a puffing of muslin, through which is run a pink ribbon. The upper skirt is also richly embroidered. The body, which is high, and straight round the waist, is made of muslin and stuips of rich insertion. Sleeves rather short and wide, and edged with a puffing of muslin and a worked ruffle. Full under sleeves. Head-dress of white lace and pink flowers.

FIG. III.—AN EVENING DRESS OF PINK BAREGE.—Skirt full and plain, and ornamented with two long, rounded ends of barege like the dress, and trimmed with a pinking of pink silk. Short puffed sleeves. Raphael cape made of black net and trimmed with rows of black lace and velvet. Bows of pink ribbon in front. Head-dress, a plait of black velvet and pink ribbon.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with two deep flounces, above each flounce are two puffings and a narrow frill of black silk. Body made low and plain, with the addition of a berthe cape, which buttons down the front, and is trimmed with lace.

In addition to these, we give engravings of a fancy straw bonnet, a crepe bonnet, and a head-dress from Wilda's, New York. Also a dining-cap, engraved from a pattern just received from Paris.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses still have the skirts exceedingly long and very full: double skirts still divide the favor with flounces: in general, the second skirt only is trimmed, except the trimming is of velvet and put quite close to the bottom, as in Grecian borders. Where the sides are ornamented with a trimming, both these trimmings are continued on both skirts. *Taffetas* and the lighter silks will have ten or twelve narrow flounces cut on the straight and plainly hemmed, or the same number of *bias* flounces set on nearly plain, the edges finished by narrow black lace or fringe the color of the dress. Brocades, *moire antiques*, reps and poplins will be worn without trimming, the skirts long and very full: these will be set into the waist in large, flat double plaits; between each of these plaits is a false plait

either cut out in a point, or where there is an objection to cutting the material, they may be laid underneath quite flat; these false plaits are made to avoid so very much fullness being set in at the waist, and the skirts sit round and flow gracefully toward the bottom; at a little distance below the waist the large, double plaits form round flutings, giving to these materials an appearance of greater richness. One of the prettiest ornaments for the skirt or body of a dress are bows of ribbon of the color of the dress, with steel buckles in the centre of each bow.

All bodies, except for evening wear, are made quite high and perfectly plain; for those ladies who prefer them trimmed, the ornaments should correspond with those on the skirts. Jackets or basques will be worn much narrower, the *basque Medicis* being the most in favor: generally the waists will be pointed, without *basques*, or round with a belt and buckle or flowing ends.

Sleeves are very wide, either resembling the pagoda, or open to the shoulder; for morning costume, the deep, wide *mousquetaire* cuff is very stylish.

It is rumored that waists will be shortened and without points, and that sleeves will be made with two seams, fitting the arm perfectly: there is also an attempt to revive the gored skirt.

SHORT TRAINS are likely to become fashionable; they certainly are extremely graceful in a room, particularly in antins and all rich materials.

LADIES' LINEN continues to be profusely ornamented with lace, ribbons and velvet. The large puffed muslin sleeves are bordered with velvet or ribbons, and have black lace ruffles. Others are intersected lengthwise by velvet bands edged with guipure. For toilets approaching full dress, the under-sleeves with two large puffs are trimmed with a deep lace or a rich white guipure, and besprinkled with small bows of ribbon or velvet.

MANTELETTES in the shawl shape of rich chantilly-lace, will be in great favor as the warm weather advances; they will be of the half shawl form trimmed with a very broad flounce, more than half a yard deep.

BONNETS in Paris are worn much larger, coming very forward in the front, and falling off at the sides; flowers and feathers are both equally fashionable, and are employed in ornamenting either silk, chip, lace, or indeed any of the materials now used, and of which there are so great a variety.

WREATHS for the hair, of great beauty, have just been introduced. One, in a style much admired, is composed of Parma violets, intermingled with silver wheat-ears. Another, equally pretty, consists of white chrysanthemums, with tufts and pendent sprays of foliage. A beautiful wreath of coquelicots, and other wild flowers, made of velvet, has an admixture of wheat-ears in gold. Coiffures of black or ponceau velvet, ornamented with stars, torsades, and tassels in gold and silver, may be mentioned as obtaining some share of popular favor. Some of these head-dresses have, on one side, an *aligrette*, or small plume of white feathers.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—(See wood engraving).—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF PIQUE OR MARSEILLES, with colored figures. A long *basque* of the same material. Straw hat trimmed with wild flowers.

FIG. II.—(See wood engraving).—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF WHITE MARSEILLES, made square in the neck and trimmed with white fringe.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Pique or Marseilles, both white and colored, is very fashionable for children. This material wears very well, and is so thick that it is always made up without lining. Some of the colored figured Marseilles, this season, is remarkably beautiful. Chalo, and many of the other light worsted materials, are also very much worn.



THE END OF THE WORLD



Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

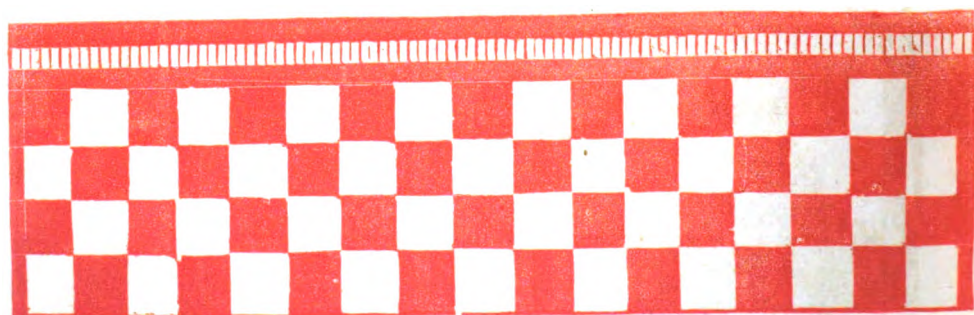
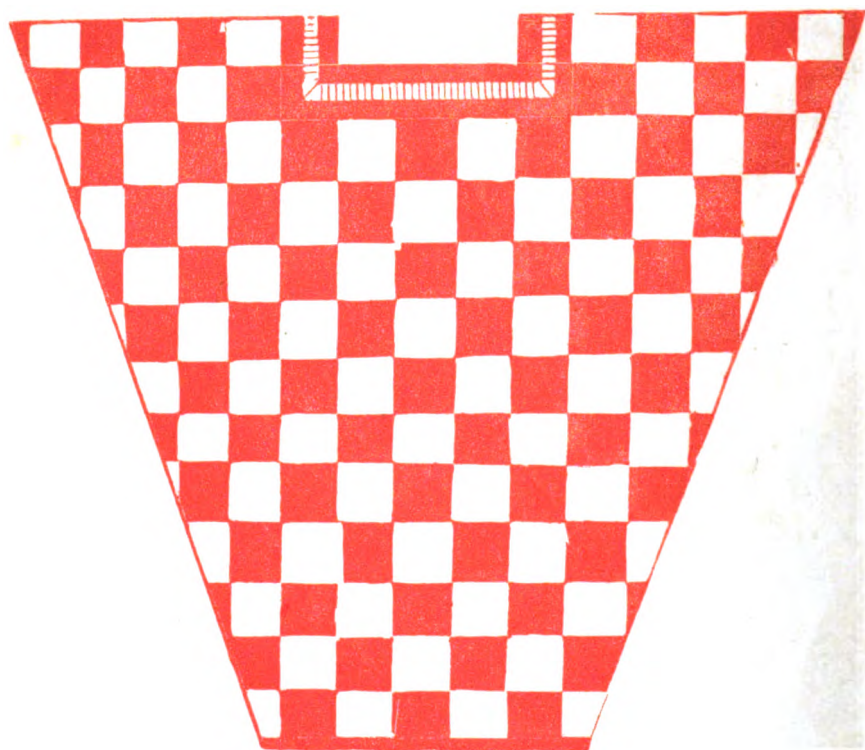


EVENING PRAYER.



Engraved & Printed by Wm. Brothers

LES MODES PARISIENNES.



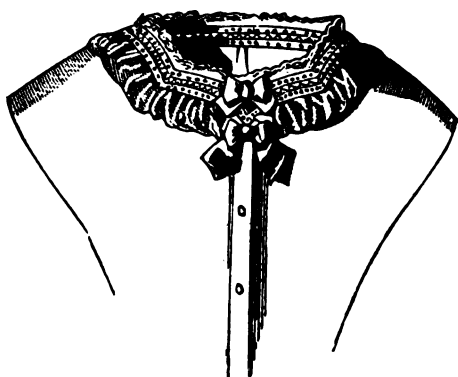
KNITTED TOILET SLIPPER.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.





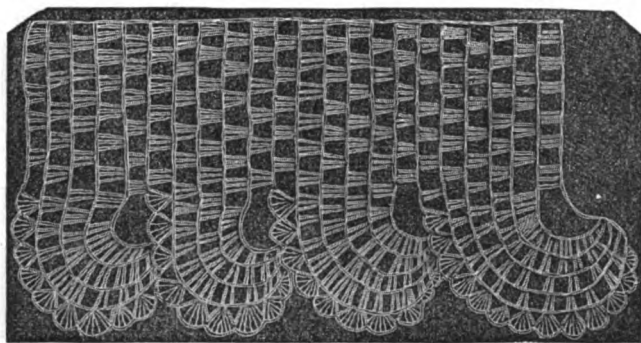
FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.



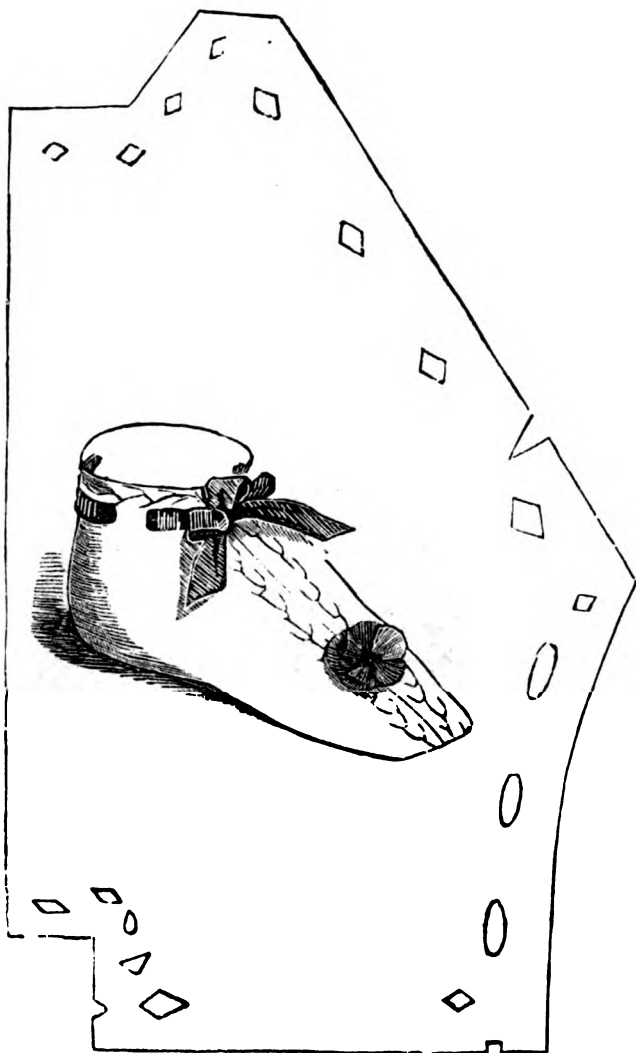
RAPHAEL BODY.



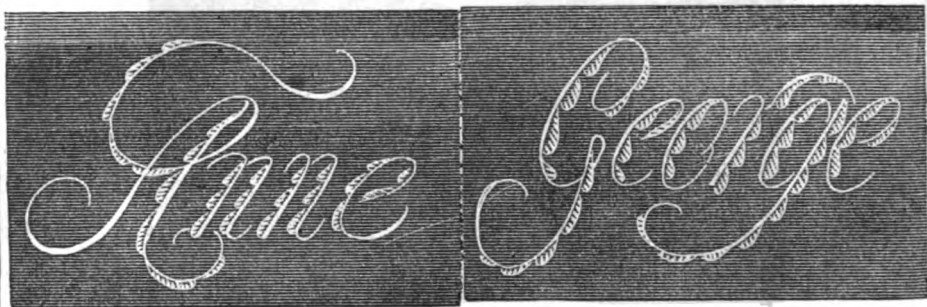
GILET BODY.



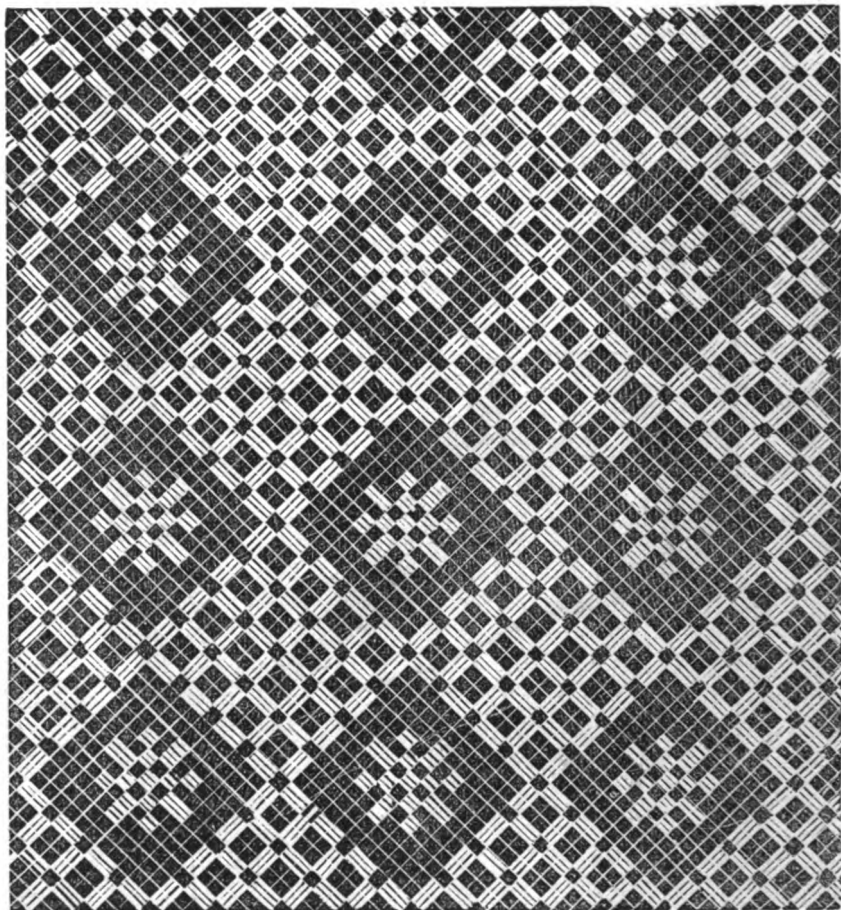
CROCHET LACE.



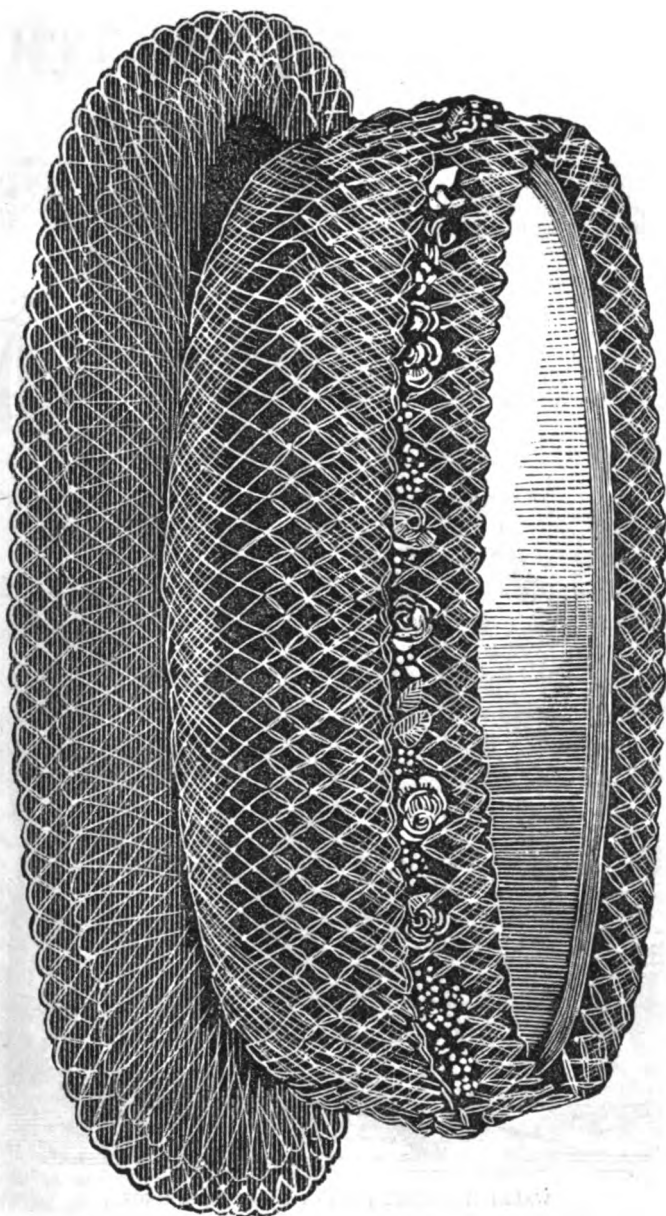
BABY'S FIRST SHOE.



NAMES FOR MARKING.



DIAMOND LACE UNDER-SLEEVE.



NETTED ORNAMENTAL DISH RUFF.



WALKING DRESSES FOR SEA-SHORE OR SPRINGS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1859.

No. 2.

THE LAME COBBLER.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

His name is Jake, and a jolly old soul is he as one may meet in this world of care. He winks at all the passers by; it is a habit of his, and everybody pardons him because—well, because he is Jake, the lame cobbler. Deformed, uncouth, solitary old body though he is, he is a universal favorite. The children from the great houses, yonder, attired in dainty apparel, shout and run after old Jake. The man of business greets old Jake with a bow; and many a lady smiles toward him with a grace and freedom that the young beaux might covet.

Old Jake is a character.

He lives in a little shingled house, whose one room holds his bed, his tools and himself, and there he cobbles from morning till night. The little child—that child with the wide brow and unshadowed eyes—he is gone now—but stop; I'll tell you the story.

One day—it was in the long ago, the old man waked up from an extempore nap over his lapstone, and found himself nodding in the face of a queer-looking woman, who sat heated and dusty before him, holding a little child. She told him, (a strange smile by no means making her more attractive,) that she had taken the liberty of coming in, seeing his door open, for she had walked a long way, and was very tired.

"Sartingly, ma'am, sartingly," said old Jake, giving the baby one of his queer winks, and favoring her with another, "jest set as long as you like;" and he commenced sundry contortions, intended to amuse the little one, with whose beauty he seemed mightily taken, and whose large, blue eyes, through some sort of magnetic influence, were fastened on his face, while its rosy mouth dimpled with a good-natured smile. Presently the woman asked if she might lay the baby down for a few minutes, while she went into a shop a little ways down on the street.

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"Sartingly, ma'am, sartingly!" responded Jake, winking with redoubled energy. So, after the woman had gone, he took the child in his lap, trotted it and sang to it till it went to sleep over the lapstone as Jake had done; and then he laid it on the floor, and fell to wondering why the mother didn't come after it.

An hour passed. The cobbler had been standing in his shop door, winking at every woman that passed in his perplexity—looking in vain for the red face and green veil that had introduced the little innocent who slept so soundly on his floor.

Night came, and nobody claimed the child. What was Jake to do? It had lain awake kicking and crowing for another full hour, while Jake, forgetting his supper, sat meditating with his hands thrust in his pockets. But the child never asked to be cared for, or even to be looked at. It was a strange baby, and his good heart would not let him turn it off; so hoping that the woman had lost her way and would return on the morrow, he resolved to keep the child all night. Many a night after did it sleep on his broad chest—many a day did it eat of his coarse bread and fresh milk, thriving, handsome, and so sweet-tempered that he declared it would learn everything but one—and that was—how to cry.

So pretty it looked! in its coarse, unshapely garments—which I shrewdly suspect the old cobbler made himself—laughing and crowing, by-and-by talking its pretty baby talk over the bars the old man put up for it.

It never seemed to interfere with his business: never teased him nor his customers, but was so gentle and tractable that more than one rich man made an offer to take it off his hands. But no—it made old Jake too proud and happy—he couldn't hear of it; wait till he was dead and gone, he said, then they might have his pet.

Poor, old Jake! The bud was doomed, while the faded flower was slowly withering on the stalk. "Little bub," as the cobbler called him, was taken very sick one morning. The doctor came—the best in the city; poor little bub looked up with his heavy eyes and tried to smile, ill as he was. But he never smiled again. He never stood at the bars, to crow and chatter to the admiring urchins who crowded round, again. He never nestled up to the big heart of the old cobbler again, for his white brow, exquisite as the lily's petal, felt not the hot tears; his waxen ears heard not the sobs that broke from the old man's breast.

Dear little bub! how sorrowful everybody felt that morning! And what a funeral the little foundling had! It almost broke the cobbler's lonesome heart to lay the bright boy away, he had built such castles for him in his one small room. The years have passed, and bub is not forgotten, though the merry smile has come back, and the roguish wink still asserts its right to greet everybody; and the old cobbler, who shows a bald spot on the crown of his head as he bends to the rat-tat-tat of his little hammer, whistles and sings, though with not quite the old joyousness. It may be he feels, sometimes, the presence of an angel.

"MOTHER EARTH."

BY LIBBIE D.—

A song—a song for Mother Earth,
The bountiful and free,
For she has gifts for every one,
A generous mother she—
She works within her caverns dark,
And fashions jewels rare;
And these she gives for the monarch's crown,
Or to deck a lady fair.
Oh! rivers of gold through the rocks make way
And harden in the stone,
And she hoards it there for her favorites,
But she gives not to them alone:
For the grain springs forth, and the fruit trees bloom,
And she rears the forest tree,
And springs bring forth their crystal stores—
Oh! a generous mother she!
A grateful song to Mother Earth!
She gives to us the flowers—

And they are not meant for the rich alone,
But to gladden us and ours;
The yellow gorse on the mountain blooms,
And daisies deck the hill,
And the water lily lifts its cup
From the lakelet blue and still.

The kindest friend is the good old earth
To the soul oppressed with care,
For the weary brain and the fainting heart
She keeps a gift most rare.
When we shrink from life, with its jar and strife,
And call upon death to save,
She takes us to her mother-heart—
Aye! she keeps for each a grave.

Then praise her, ye children, great and small,
For our Mother Earth has a gift for all.

HOMELY NAMES.

BY W. PHILIP M'CORKLE.

Poets can't endure a homely name
In fable, song or story,
The hero it would crown with fame,
In classic name must glory.
Woman! there's no such word in prose,
But ladies all, Pride teaches;
There are no boys save in long clothes,
And gentlemen—all in breeches.
There are no fathers—pa's the rage,
Nor mothers are more plenty;
Relics are frequent under age
And ma'am'celles three times twenty.
Nor are there preachers now—but age
Makes D. D's—youths are pastors—
The pulpit, like a trickster's stage,
Is wheeled about on castors.

The lawyer's gone—not so his bill,
But counsellors are swarming;
M. D's are surgeons while they kill,
Mere doctors when they're starving.

No meeting-houses in our day,
No clerks now read the psalter,
Nine Christians out of ten ne'er pray,
The tenth deserves a halter.

Then, why discard those homely names—
Those homely names once common,
Which grandseires used in golden times,
When Virtue rank'd o'er Mammon?

For surely words can't be more meet,
Than woman, father, brother—
Oh! sure there's none that's half so sweet,
As mother—dear, dear mother.

THE VOW FULFILLED.

BY MRS. FRANCES L. MACE.

WITH all her proud inheritance of noble mansion, wide forests and meadow lands, Blanche Hueston was neither happy nor satisfied. She looked out on her broad domain with sad unrest and gloomy forebodings of the future, envying the poorest cottage girl that went singing past her window. One thing only was lacking to Blanche—her freedom. She had wealth, beauty, and a rare education for one so young; but just one year ago to-day she had knelt at her father's death bed, and taken a solemn vow that the rich estate which he had spent his life to gain, should not pass into the hands nor bear the name of a stranger, but that William Hueston, her cousin whom she had never seen, should receive her hand and fortune.

He was a strange father, one would deem, to demand such a promise from his only child, and it was true. A hard, stern, selfish man, his only ambition had been to acquire wealth, and through his wealth to maintain a haughty and aristocratic position. Blanche, whom he loved passionately, though selfishly as was most consistent with his nature, had been brought up almost in solitude, lest she should come in contact with any one who would steal her heart and allegiance from her father. She had not, therefore, been neglected, but devoting her girlish years to the acquirement of every accomplishment which could adorn her position in life, she had reached the age of eighteen, with far more than the usual share of grace and intelligence.

She had never dreamed of her father's matrimonial plans in regard to herself, until suddenly stricken down by illness, he had called her to his side, informed her of his long matured plan, and implored of her, with a strange mixture of tenderness and authority, to promise a sure fulfillment of this his dearest wish. Her cousin, he informed her, desired it equally with himself; nothing, therefore, remained for Blanche but to acquiesce, or, in this last and painful hour of her father's life, to renounce forever the inheritance he had so hardly earned for her, and with it his dying blessing.

To obey, was to give up, at once, all the free, happy dreams and hopes of her girlhood, and to bind herself for life to one whom it might be impossible for her to love, or even reverence;

but to disobey, to refuse submission, with those dying eyes fixed upon her, those dying hands stretched toward her, was more utterly impossible. With but a momentary struggle she knelt, as he bade her, at his bedside, and solemnly vowed that his last wish should be fulfilled.

A year had passed since the stern man was borne out of the house and laid in the marble tomb of the Huestons, and all this time the young heiress had dwelt alone in her richly decorated home. More and more galling had grown the chain with which she had bound herself, and now when only three months more of her maidenhood remained, for the very day of her wedding had been pre-determined, a bitter defiance of her fate took possession of her. She refused even to see her future husband, who, from his home in the South, wrote to her repeatedly, and urgently requested a meeting. She coldly returned, that while she considered her engagement a sacred one, and would not fail to fulfill it at the appointed time, yet since it could be of no avail to form a previous acquaintance, she preferred to defer their meeting until the hour of the ceremony.

She had just written a reply of this character, and sat moodily reflecting upon its probable effect, on the mild June day when our tale commences. Certainly, if she had allowed the sweet influences of nature to act upon her feelings, her reply had been kinder, if not less cold. The air that floated through her open window, was freighted with warmth, and sunshine, and all healing balms. The bob-o-link, under her casement, carolled his golden song from the locust tree, laden with bloom: and every sound and sight about her spoke of beauty and of love.

A sound of carriage wheels rapidly approaching, and finally stopping before the high gate which divided the lawn from the road-side, caused her to start from her reverie and look anxiously from the window. A female figure sprang quickly from the carriage and ran lightly up the gravel path. Blanche hesitating but a moment, recognized her friend, Clara Hughes, the dearest companion of her girlhood, and in a moment, with a glad cry of pleasure, she had bounded down the staircase, and was embracing her with the warmest expressions of welcome.

She gave rapid orders to her servants concerning the care of Miss Hughes' carriage and servant, and then leading her into her own cosy sitting-room, she rejoiced anew over her unexpected arrival.

"You will stay with me a month at least," she began eagerly: "your face will be like sunshine in this great, desolate house."

"No, Blanche," responded Clara, "I have only stolen a day from friends at home; I must return to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" replied Blanche, with a look of keen disappointment. "Why do you torment me with such a visit?"

"Don't take back all your welcome," said Clara, with a smile. "It is true I must return to-morrow, but you are going with me. Your year of mourning has expired, and I think you have imprisoned yourself long enough. Another year like this would rob you of your youth and beauty too. You are going back with me to stay until August."

"I cannot go," said Blanche, her habitual expression of gloom returning. "You forget that August is my bridal month."

"And a pretty bride you'll be, with these pale cheeks and great, heavy eyes," answered Clara, mirthfully. "I should be ashamed to be your bridesmaid. And after all I don't have much faith in this marriage that you make yourself so unhappy about. If you could only see Will Norwood now—he is a noble fellow, just suited to your peculiar taste——"

A look of impatience from Blanche made Clara pause a moment.

"But listen," she continued, "you know we have purchased a new summer house on the banks of Lake G——, just twenty miles from here. Jack drove me from there this afternoon, and will carry us back to-morrow in season for dinner. My good parents, in order to make my first summer in the country a merry one, have invited a whole housefull of guests, a grand company; and I need only you to finish my enjoyment. There are the Camerons, whom you like, the Stuarts, two fine girls with their brother, a perfect Chesterfield, Norwood, Willis Cameron's friend, an artist, talented, well read——"

"And what would it all matter to me?" interrupted Blanche; "the shadow of my boughten husband would come between me and every pleasant companion."

"No, Blanche—he shall not spoil your last summer of girlhood—you shall be the gayest and brightest as you used to be. Happy, too, without a care for the future. Dear Blanche, come home with me!"

"I will, Clara!" suddenly responded Blanche, with a flash of her old pride. "I will have one month of liberty, of real happiness. We will go back together."

"Spoken like my own brave Blanche," said Clara, gayly. "Let us begin this moment to make you ready."

"We will obey the sound of the tea-bell first—you need refreshment after your long ride."

"That is true, and I caught a glimpse of strawberries as I passed the dining-room."

The two girls, with arms entwined, descended the stairs, but their meal was a hasty one, so eager were both to arrange Blanche's wardrobe; and in a few moments they were up in her own chamber, busily inspecting the various merits of silks, laces and jewels.

A headache prevented Miss Hueston from meeting the company in Mrs. Hughes' parlor until the evening of the next day. But, at last, Clara, having placed the last rose in the glistening black hair, and smoothed for the twentieth time the lustrous folds of Blanche's purple silk, took her proudly by the arm and led her down to the drawing-rooms. Though the buzz of conversation ceased for a moment, and every eye instinctively was fixed on the beautiful heiress, Blanche neither paled nor blushed, but went through the irksome ceremony of introduction with a calm dignity which more than one young girl envied her.

An hour later, while she stood conversing with young Stuart, who seemed eager to make her acquaintance, a stranger entered the room, and without noticing her, passed through into the music room. Murmurs of "Ah! here is Norwood!" "Where has Norwood stayed so long?" reached her ear and informed her of the stranger's name.

An impulse she could not resist, made her turn her eyes frequently to the room beyond, where, through the open folding doors, she could watch the group chatting over the music which they were examining. Never had she seen so striking a face as that of this Norwood. A grand forehead, almost too massive for beauty; deep, blue eyes, that shone with a constantly varying expression; a mouth at once sensitive and firm: the whole face impressed her with the idea of great strength of purpose, of a mind willing and working something beyond the dull routine of life.

"I will not look at him," she said to herself, at last, with a sudden sharp consciousness that she had no right to do so, and turning to Mr. Stuart, she began to eulogize the scenery about the lake.

Presently she was conscious of an approaching step, and Clara's silvery voice repeated,

"Mr. Norwood, Miss Hueston "

She looked up and received a glance at once piercing and friendly, from the blue eyes she had been watching the past half hour. For the first time during the evening she was at a loss for words, but not long, for Mr. Norwood, passing at once to themes familiar and full of interest, melted away very speedily the chill of her reserve, and before she was conscious of it, she was talking to him with all her enthusiasm. Never had she met one who possessed in such a degree the rare power of calling forth the best and happiest faculties of another's mind. She felt a glow of power, a consciousness of what she might be, which thrilled while it startled her. She had forgotten her usual cold self for two whole hours, when Clara, coming with the request that she would sing, brought her back from the quicker tide of life. She refused to sing. The sudden fall of her spirits incapacitated her for music: but she quickly left the room and glided silently to her own chamber.

She had hardly composed her thoughts before Clara entered and sat down beside her.

"How brilliant you have been this evening!" she began. "If I were not so glad to see you happy, I should be jealous of you. And so my dream will be fulfilled—you do like Norwood."

"Do not speak of him!" cried Blanche, passionately, "I have only forgotten myself an hour. I thought that this last year had been one of sufficient schooling, but I find it has not; I still retain the old weakness of admiring too ardently the gifted and eloquent."

"He is worthy your admiration," whispered Clara.

"Why, since you admire him so, have you not given him your own heart?" retorted Blanche.

"It is already safe in the keeping of Willis Cameron," murmured Clara, with a mantling cheek; and Blanche, moved by her friend's ingenuousness, threw her arms about her and kissed her rosy cheek.

"Happy Clara!" she said. "Free to love whom you choose, and to make your happiness for life!"

"I dare to hope that I shall yet see you as happy as myself," responded Clara.

"That is impossible," was the gloomy reply.

A ride on horseback was the order for the next morning's amusement, but Blanche refused to be of the company, unless Clara would so arrange it that Mr. Cameron should be her escort. Clara, though much against her will, yielded to the obstinate demand, and Norwood,

consequently, was obliged to be her own gallant. But fate was against Blanche's purpose. At a beautiful grove about three miles distant they dismounted, and as if by magic a sumptuous breakfast was seen ready spread beneath the overhanging maples. It was gleefully partaken of by the merry company, and a stroll to a romantic spot, half a mile beyond, proposed. They all set out gayly together, but in a few moments Blanche found herself walking by Norwood's side. All the morning she had met the frequent glances of his penetrating eyes, and now it was impossible to resist the modest, but earnest request that she would share the walk with him. They strayed along slowly, and their conversation reverted to the themes of the previous evening, to art, to the great movements and purposes of life. Her heart throbbed with eager sympathy, while he told her, half playfully, the story of his own endeavors. It was the tale of hope grounded in genius and kept burning by strength of will alone, for fate and fortune had not been on his side.

The morning passed like a dream, and when she was again galloping homeward by the side of Cameron, she was silent and abstracted. What did this sudden tremor and glow of feeling mean, when she chanced to talk an hour with this enthusiastic stranger? Had Blanche been the free and careless girl of two years before, she would have troubled her mind with no such questions; but now watchful and jealous of herself, she questioned and repulsed every new thrill of happiness.

Three weeks passed like enchantment, the wildest, and, but for the dark shadow of the future, the happiest of all her life. One evening the whole party were going to sail on the lake, but Blanche, who had been reflecting and schooling herself for a few hours, declined going at the last moment. It was too late to urge her, and calling her strangely perverse, Clara went off with her troop of companions.

If Blanche, however, had meant to punish herself with solitude, she was disappointed, for she had not been ten minutes alone before Norwood entered the room.

"I thought you had gone to the lake," said Blanche, with embarrassment, as coming toward her, he stood near her and looked earnestly down upon her.

"That was my original intention," was his reply, "but—you did not go, Miss Hueston."

"And could that small circumstance affect your pleasure?" she answered, blushing, and hardly knowing what she said.

"It was the all in all," was his quick reply,

in a low, but eager tone; then sitting down by her side, he continued rapidly and with a flush on his manly face,

"You have been everything to me ever since we first spoke together, and I have learned that without you there is no charm in any pleasure—I know too well that all the future cannot change my feelings—let me ask you——"

"No, no!" interrupted Blanche, with burning cheeks, "it is not for me to hear you—do not speak one word like that to me!"

"Why not?" he asked—"tell me why—do you distrust me? do you think I would feign a love I do not feel?"

"I know you are the soul of honor and truth," murmured poor Blanche, "but let there be silence between us—I am to be married in two months from to-day."

For a moment not a word was spoken, but the hand which had taken that of Blanche grasped it suddenly with such force that she could scarcely refrain from crying out. She knew that Norwood loved her with a life-long love, and she knew too well how deeply her own heart responded to his.

"And who is to be your husband?" he asked, presently, in an altered voice.

"My cousin, William Hueston, of Georgia. I have never seen him—we were betrothed in childhood."

"You do not love him."

"I shall marry him. It was my promise to my father in his dying hour."

"You do not love him," repeated Norwood, sternly, "and marriage without love is sacrilege."

"I am bound to him by a sentiment of honor which is stronger even than love. That shall make a sacrament of the sacrilege. And I implore your forgiveness, if by word or look I have led you on to speak as you have spoken."

"I cannot reproach you," was the answer. You have avoided me, and my own ardent feelings needed no spur. Oh, Blanche, I love you deeply, truly—you are mine in spite of fate. Is it not so? Tell me that you love me!"

Blanche trembled, but her self-possession did not fail her, though so sorely tempted.

"I cannot give you the words you ask for," she said, "and I will not. They belong only to my plighted husband, and I will not dishonor him, if I cannot love him."

"You cannot love him! You have spoken it!" cried Norwood, passionately. "But you cannot make me believe there is nothing in your heart answering to mine. Blanche, I know the language of your eye, your cheek—and you are not

for him but for me. I cannot give you wealth, but I can give you unbounded devotion—you shall not regret your choice. Only be my wife—let me love you, live for you."

Two pictures flashed before the eyes of Blanche Hueston. One was a splendid mansion, dreary, loveless—a home without a hearth, a household without a heart. The other was a warm fireside, with those glowing, loving eyes upon her, charming away every shadow, lending their glory to every delight.

She hid her face a moment, and the spell passed by. She remembered her sacred vow.

"Leave me, Norwood," she uttered. "Your love, my own love, shall not make me break my word. I gave my sacred promise, and it shall be fulfilled. Leave me and forget me."

Norwood rose and stood before her a moment with folded arms. "I will leave you," he said, "but mine is no light passion. I do not love you less that you sacrifice yourself to your sense of duty—no, more, if that were possible. But I cannot remain near you longer; that were needless pain. Bid me farewell!"

"Farewell!" whispered Blanche, pale and trembling. He saw her agitation and spoke quickly.

"One word from you will change all. Will you not bid me stay?"

"Farewell!" repeated Blanche, more firmly, "may heaven's best blessings follow you forever!"

He bowed and was gone. Blanche, half fainting, sought her chamber, and gave vent to her feelings in a long night of tears.

At breakfast, the next morning, it was announced with surprise and regret that Mr. Norwood was gone, and more than one eye was fixed curiously on Miss Hueston's face. But she had returned to her usual marble composure, and neither pale nor red, she betrayed no consciousness of the frequent glances. For a few days she joined all the pleasure parties and danced or sung as pleased them best; but the charm had vanished, and sick of the mockery, she was soon at home again in her own splendid, but desolate house, and trying to drown her memories by absorbing herself in magnificent preparations for her coming bridal.

The hour, fraught with fate, was approaching. Clara had come, and Cameron, and other guests from a distance were expected on the morrow, the wedding day. Blanche moved calmly and proudly around, superintending every arrangement, and no stranger would have dreamed that there was anything unusual in the marriage about to take place.

"When shall you see Mr. Hueston?" asked Clara, looking anxiously into her friend's cold and placid face.

"To-morrow evening, at seven."

"And to be married at eight? Oh! strange girl! Has he not desired to see you before, or is he as eccentric as yourself?"

"He has often requested an interview, and in terms both gracious and dignified," was the reply. "But in this one thing I would have my will. And now, dear Clara, you may go down and talk with Cameron. I will go out alone for a last walk."

She put on her bonnet and a light shawl, and took a familiar path which led across a green field, through a grove of oaks, to a brook which sung along its pebbly way under the deep shadow of the trees. Here she had sat many an hour in her childhood, dreaming wild, sweet visions of all that could make life beautiful, and the place was a hallowed one. She sunk down on a mossy seat, and her thoughts went on into the veiled future, eagerly seeking for some ray of light to strengthen and to cheer her. But life seemed strangely blank and cold.

Suddenly a shadow, not her own, fell across the brook, and a step sounded on the turf. Unwilling to be disturbed, she rose and would have hastened away, but a voice and hand arrested her, and strangely agitated, she looked up and met the pale, eager face of Norwood.

For an instant she could not speak—her very heart stood still.

"Norwood!" at length she uttered, "why are you here? To-morrow—"

"I know all," he exclaimed; "but, Blanche, I would see your face once more, and hear the voice I love. Can you dream what life has been to me since you sent me from you, how restless, weary and unsatisfied? I know to-morrow gives you to a husband: but to-day you are still mine. And I would look upon my own once more."

His impassioned words brought back, with overwhelming power, the memory of all they had been to each other. Yet Blanche did not forget her vow. She longed to hear him speak of love; it was balm to her thirsting heart, but she dared not. She nerved herself to feign an anger which she did not feel.

"You are more than rash, you are unkind and cruel," she said, "to come to me now and bring back the past so vainly. This hour is consecrated to other thoughts. If you loved me, you would not inflict such needless pain."

"Say no more!" cried Norwood, kissing her hand. "You are resolute and I—must leave you once more—go now! Prepare to meet your

unknown and unwelcome husband. You shall never see Norwood again!"

And in an instant he was gone. Like a spectre he had come and vanished, leaving her all unnerved for the ceremony. She hurried home, but there was no sleep for her that night, and not until the fatal hour drew near did her usual calmness return to her.

"There, Blanche, the veil is beautiful, and hangs right royally on your queenly head. Now if you would only have a rose-bud here and there, it would break the glistening sameness of your dress."

"Not a flower," said Blanche, coldly viewing herself in the mirror—"flowers are for such as you and Cameron, who love each other. Jewels are more appropriate for my marriage, but I will wear neither."

"It is seven o'clock, Blanche!"

"Well?" asked Blanche, her dark eyes falling a moment.

"Mr. Hueston is in the library. Shall I go down with you?"

"No," was the answer, and the bride drew her veil half over her face. "I will see him alone this one hour. When the clock strikes eight, you and Cameron may come for me."

She passed down a side stairway to evade the observation of the guests who were assembling, and in a moment she stood within the library. But now her strength failed her, her heart throbbed painfully—she could not lift her eyes from the floor.

"Will not my bride give me one look?" said a voice which thrilled every nerve in her being, and a strong arm clasped her in a close embrace. The blood rushed to her cheeks, she lifted her eyes in an ecstasy of wonder.

"Norwood here!"

"William Norwood Hueston, at your service, my Blanche."

Blushing, trembling, speechless, but with a new, wonderful joy kindled in her heart, she could only look tearfully in his face.

"Forgive me the deception," he said, as he looked smiling down on her. "I had no wish to gain your hand without your heart, and if you had met and parted from me as from any stranger, I would have renounced all claim to your hand. But, Blanche, how I loved you the first hour I saw you. And did I not judge you rightly? Had you met me in my real character and name, would not your heart have been steeled against me?"

Blanche smiled, and silently clasped the hand that held her own.

"Does Clara know?" she whispered.

"No—only Cameron—we have been friends for many years. He is doubtless telling her now, but she was wholly unsuspecting."

Suddenly with a mirthful look Blanche asked,

"If I had run away with Norwood, what would you have thought of me?"

"You could not even then have escaped your vow," was the reply. "But truly, Blanche, I loved you better for your high sense of honor. I only regretted the pain you suffered—but now——"

"All is well that ends well," said Blanche, joyously.

At the end of the hour the door was opened, and Clara, smiling and wondering, appeared, followed by Mr. Cameron, whose grave face betrayed not in the least the part he had taken. Clara had filled her hands with white, half opened buds.

"Yes, bring roses now," said Blanche, "crown me as gorgeously as you will. 'Flowers are fitting for happy brides.'"

NATURE'S VOICES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON

There are voices all around us,
Shall I tell thee what they say,
When the Summer's gentle breezes
Around about us play?

Shall I tell thee how they whisper

To my poet ear alone,

As I wander in the forest

Ere yet the day hath flown;

Ere yet the golden dew-drops

Have settled on the sod;

And the perfume of the flowers

Is ascending up to God?

There's a voice in every streamlet

As it swiftly glides along,

As it springs from out the fountain

In waters deep and strong;

As it speaks to me the blessings

It bears upon its tide,

To the fertile lands around it

As its rolling waters glide;

Oh, the voices of the streamlets,

They whisper unto me

Of the dancing, glistening waters

That are gushing bright and free.

There's a voice whose tones are music—

'Tis the spirit of the flowers,

We hear in the garden walks,

In fields, and buds, and bowers;

Oh, that voice is ever speaking

And whispering of the earth,

Where blooming gems of beauty

Are springing into birth;

And in the dales and valleys,

The forests, fields, and lea,

That voice is ever singing

Its melody to me.

There's a blessed voice within me,

That speaks of a repose

In a land of peace and plenty,

Where life's pure river flows;

As I seek the shady willow,

At the stillly noon of day,

To listen to my voices

And what they seem to say;

And I hear their gentle whisperings,

And feel hope's golden showers,

As they tell me of the angels,

Of streamlets, buds, and flowers.

FOR M—.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

This calm, this gentle eve,
I fain would pen a few sweet thoughts for thee:
Not cold and formal words, but fancies warm
And glowing—pure and true.

I think of thee,
As of some fair, sweet flower, on which the winds
Have not blown rudely, but which has ever basked
In pleasant sunshine—free from storms and strife.
The gentle Spring wakes music in thy heart,
And all that's bright and lovely has a friend
In thee. Fair Nature does not smile in vain
When thou art near to gaze upon her charms,
And music has a gentle spell to which
Thy heart responds. And Poesy's fair page
Oft brings to thee bright dreams, too beautiful

And sweet for words.

Oh! dare I hope, fair girl,
That in thy gentle thought—thy maiden dream—
I too, sometimes, may find a place? That when
Thy soft eye rests upon these lines, or when
Thy heart is light and gay, or lone and sad,
Thou'lt give a thought to me?

Hope whispers that
It may be so; for often will I think
Of thee, and of those happy hours gone by—
Those pleasant Summer days, that woke within
My heart. Life's sweetest music, which has fled—
Like some bright dream we sometimes have of Heaven—
And may no more—no, nevermore return!

LED ASTRAY.

BY CATHARINE PROCTOR.

It was a rainy evening in October. The penetrating, pitiless drops had beaten, beaten for two successive days, until the bronze of the oaks, the gold of the maple and the fire of the sumach had been saturated, and the woods wore a wet, lifeless look. The darkness fell early, for the leaden clouds cut short the twilight, and night deepened, rainy, rainy!

I sat in the parlor of the only hotel in the Western village of D——. A cheerful fire was burning, and, withal, there was a home look of comfort seldom seen in a public room. I was happily dreaming—not dozing, but building aerial architectural wonders, and there is nothing cosier than a pleasant fire, listless hands and busy brain, provided the heart be happy.

I had preferred sitting there because the rain-drops were troops of friends, every one having a characteristic fall, briskly beating about on the planks, or tapping greetingly on the window-panes. I had arrived a day too early to take the stage for H——; and, as the landlady was an acquaintance, I was not so restlessly impatient as some travelers are at being delayed.

The train arrived from the East at eight. I heard, indistinctly, the unloading of trunks from the omnibus. Presently the door opened, and the waiter ushered a lady into the room.

I turned to look, as the door closed, and saw her disentangling the string of her veil, all the while walking slowly toward the fire. I was half vexed at having my fancies broken in upon, and so scanned her closely to discover if I was likely to be annoyed by her presence. I was struck, firstly by her height, and next by a certain grace of motion, which is, as much as anything, indicative of character. Her veil finally fell, and I was fairly startled by the deadly paleness of her face. A few drops of water, which had fallen on her while alighting glistened upon her shawl and bonnet. I rose involuntarily and offered her my rocking-chair; she looked full at me as I did so. The perfect pallor of her face, in contrast to a wavy fall of dark hair about the forehead and dark, heavily shaded eyes, was plainly seen, distinctly defining, as it did, the fine regularity of her features. She took off her shawl and bonnet hastily; then I noticed a grace in the curve of her throat, and the abundance and lustre of her hair.

Straightway my air-castles fell, and my busy fancy had a real, weird, enigmatical subject to work upon. She sat there motionless in the glow of the fire, wrapped, as it were, in many mysteries, the dreariest and darkest one, sorrow, had given the whiteness to her face and put mourning robes upon her. I was without a grief. No shadow of this result of sin had dimmed the sunniness of my years, and therefore my wonder was mixed with pity, not sympathy. She was a tragedy to me, even at that first glance a spirit come in to my solitude from the darkness of that rainy night.

Presently the landlord came to hear her wishes. "I must go to H—— to-night!" she said. He told her that the rain was increasing, that the roads had become almost impassable, and that early the next morning the stage would go. It was not prudent, to say the least, and he thought it difficult, even for a large sum, to procure a trusty driver.

"Then, if not for money, for pity's sake!"

I, woman that I was, would have gone instantly, and I wondered at his indifference to her petition; through my impulsiveness I could not see his better sense. It was finally decided that she was to remain.

I dared not speak to her, though I wished to do so, while I sat looking intently at her for a full half hour. At last she arose to be shown to her room. She looked at me abstractedly, and then a softening smile came over her, as she said,

"Excuse me, I deprived you of your chair."

Her voice had a clear, exquisitely modulated tone, and the sweet courtesy of her manner brought tears into my eyes, as the entire forgetfulness of self in great trouble is so touching and so seldom seen.

I resumed the rocking-chair, and looking into the fire, studied long and unsatisfactorily upon the question, what deeds in life were able to so transform and imbue the character with this strange amount of grief?

Her room was next to mine. Until late I could hear her steadily pacing back and forth, while without, the rain, with a new meaning in its pattering, beat fiercely and ceaselessly.

Arousing from fitful dozes, in which her haunting face assumed strange and sometimes frightful

forms, I still heard her walking, slowly walking. I dreamed of her, and awoke thinking I had only dreamed; for the steps were not heard in the adjoining room.

The morning was cold, and thin, grey clouds, through which a clear sky was visible, swept over the heavens. The wind had risen, and now swept in chilly gusts about the house; and the sunbeams, which came half reluctantly, seemed cold and cheerless. After breakfast I was sitting, bundled in furs and shawls, awaiting the stage, and wondering about the strange lady. At last everything was in readiness. I asked if there was not another lady to go to H—.

"I have just been to her room, but there was no answer when I knocked," said the waiter. The landlord went up and was as unsuccessful. The door was forced open, and the fear that had been creeping in the hearts of us all was terribly realized. She lay quietly back on the bed, apparently no whiter than when I saw her the night before, but without the heavily shaded gleam in her eyes, for she was dead.

Of course a physician was summoned, an examination made, and everything which could throw light upon the subject searched out. The doctor said she had died of disease of the heart.

Her great desire to go to H— led them to think she had friends there, and preparations were made to convey the body to that place.

I was frozen with horror. I could not overcome the desire I had to be where she was, and to look at her beautiful face.

On one of her white, slender fingers was a plain gold ring, and the landlady whispered that perhaps there might be engraven a name or something which would assist them in their search. It was taken off, sacrilege as it seemed, and this was found, "MARGARET AND EDWIN," and two hands joined. I replaced it sadly. She seemed dear to me as a friend, because her last words had been spoken to me so sweetly.

There was considerable excitement, when we arrived at H—, but soon all was made clear; the lady was identified, not by name,

but as being, for a short time, resident with an old man, who lived in a cottage on the hill. He was sent for, and came. With calmness he ordered the body to be taken to his house, courteously refusing all offers of assistance.

The next morning, my friends, who had related to me all they knew of the strange lady, proposed that we should call at the cottage. We were admitted, when it was made known I was with the lady so shortly before her death. The room was somewhat dark, and I could just distinguish upon a sofa the form of a body, and an old man kneeling before it. As my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I saw that his face, though expressing infinite sorrow, was calm.

He was talking to her. "I forgive you now, Margaret, you have atoned — I forgive you wholly."

Possibly he had not noticed our entrance. I went and stood beside him, and my poor heart seemed bursting. I feared my sorrow was intrusive, but I could not restrain it. I wept passionately, while his eyes were dry. I told him how I had seen her, and he seemed moved, and, taking my hand in his, said, "Never sin like her, and you will never break an old father's heart!"

That, then, was the secret of her pallor and of her grief—Sin! Perhaps from loving too well. Sorely tried, she had not resisted; tempted, she had not withstood temptation. I afterward learned all. Her memory is pure and holy, though her brief life was stained and sorrowful. Out of the ordeal of her sin and her anguish, out of temptation and the reward of yielding to it, death led her, and, at the threshold of another life, her earthly imperfections fell from her, and the fair, sweet soul (none other could look from such eyes, or speak with such a voice) claimed its kindred among the redeemed.

Do not thou do likewise! But look with charity, as angels do, when beautiful but erring, fair but tarnished souls go aside from rectitude. Condemn not, but aid them to avoid sin.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY MRS. ELEANOR CLAIR.

Good night! Aye! breathe it gently,
With accents soft and low,
And whisper once thy blessing
As from thy sight I go;
Remember earth seems dearer,
And moon and stars more bright,
While thy dear voice is breathing,
In gentle tones, good night.

And when my soul is passing
From this vain world away,
And borne by angels upward
To realms of endless day,
Still be our accents fondly,
Ere I reach that home of light,
A soft and gentle whisper,
A long and last good night.

"THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY."

BY MARY W. JANVRIN, AUTHOR OF "PEACE; OR, THE STOLEN WILL."

CHAPTER I.

Not plain, shy, thin, elfin-looking Esther Truman—the scolded of her step-mother, the waiting-maid of her half sister Belle, the nurse of a brood of younger Trumans, the shunned of visitors, and at length the shunned of her father, Richard Truman; not that shy, strange girl, with her shy, stranger black eyes, who always crept away from the parlor when company came, and the great piano was heard, and Belle's voice rang out in song, and all was mirth and laughter; not Esther, oh! no: but gay, beautiful, blue-eyed, golden-haired Belle Truman, whom everybody caressed and petted—*she* was "the flower of the family."

Everybody said it of Belle: visitors said so; Mrs. Richard Truman said so concerning her eldest born, who grew up, tall and queenly, to overshadow her elder half sister, the child of Mr. Truman's first marriage; even Richard Truman at length, not understanding, or caring to understand, the shy, sensitive nature of the child of her whom he had lain away early from his heart to her rest under the grave-sod, grew to lavish all his paternal smiles, and moments of leisure from his business, upon the gay, beautiful Belle. When she "came out" in Society, in her sixteenth winter, there were plenty to praise her "beauty," her "freshness" and "artlessness;" half the beaux of "her set" went "dead in love" with her: even portly, grave Squire Stanbury, who had always been the friend of the family, a privileged guest in the first Mrs. Truman's day, and quite a father in his way to the baby Esther, whom he trotted on his knee—latterly seemed to forget that Esther was ripening into womanhood, and almost the age of her mother, when she gave birth to her only child, then died, to leave a vacancy which Richard Truman supplied in less than a twelvemonth by the Mrs. Truman of to-day—even Squire Stanbury, I say, came to neglect the quiet, timid Esther; dropped in often to play a game at chess with "neighbor Truman," or listen to his sprightly daughter's singing; and, one day, he was heard to declare stoutly to his law-student, Ellis Loring, that "Isabella Truman was a young lady of uncommon cleverness, amiability and beauty: indeed, in his estimation, she was the flower of the family!"

In which opinion the law-student, Ellis Loring, expressed his assent, remarking, "When I came home from the academy, and used to drop in often of evenings to have a game of chess with Mr. Truman, I got slightly interested in Esther—we used to construe Latin and French together, but she was always too sober; and when Belle came home from school, full of life and vivacity, I found the house very different. Esther is a clever little thing—small of her age; she must be eighteen, or so, now; but Belle quite bears away the palm. I agree with you, sir, in your opinion of Miss Belle Truman."

Upon which unqualified approbation of his ideas, old Squire Stanbury forthwith grew very uncomfortable, and, remembering sundry acts savoring strongly of lover-attention of his student—evidently accepted with pleasure by their recipient, the young lady in question—the old gentleman growled in an unwonted testy tone, "Humph! yes. Knew you'd think so! All the youngsters grow crazy after a pretty girl. She'll soon be spoiled, I'll warrant it! I'd rather a daughter of mine would be as plain and quiet as little Esther, than get all the flattery and soft nonsense that'll be poured into her ears. You don't find girls now-a-days with pretty faces and sober minds combined; after all, I ain't sure but little Esther will stand *her* chance with the handsome ones. Strange sort of girl she is—queer and odd-like. Don't feel acquainted with her as much as I ought with Richard Truman's daughter. Nice girl, her mother was. Was a young bachelor then, eh, Loring! and used to call in often to spend a social evening with the married folks. Always delicate, Truman's first wife was. He married again very soon after her death—too soon, some thought, but that's neither here or there. Belle's a handsome girl, and clever enough if they don't spoil her—the flower of the family."

"And I suppose I am an ugly weed," Esther had said, years before; for, when still a child, she had overheard the same saying from a visitor who contrasted the gleesome, beautiful Belle with herself in her hearing, and then had stolen away to the solitude of her own chamber. "Yes, I suppose I am an ugly weed," said Esther, standing before her mirror and viewing her own thin, meagre, sallow face; "look at yourself,

Esther Truman! at your great, staring, black eyes, and pinched cheeks, pale as ashes; while Belle has got beautiful red roses on her cheeks, and eyes as blue as the sky, and a white neck, so beautiful that mamma always puts low-necked frocks on her; and everybody knows you're homely, Esther Truman, and Squire Stanbury thinks so; and Ellis Loring won't read any more Latin fables for you when Blanche gets old enough to listen, for I know he loves handsome people, and he looks at plain Esther sometimes as if he pitied her. Yes, you know it, Esther, how *everybody* pities you! I wonder your face don't ache, you're so homely! and you will grow up ugly and cross, and be an old maid, and you won't know how to dance, or sing, and mamma'll send you away when visitors come, and you'll be the "beast" while Belle will be "beauty," and you'll have to live here all your days and be the *bete noire* of this house!" and then the little Esther laughed merrily.

Mayhap you think it strange, reader, that little Esther should wax merry at the terminus of her apostrophe to her reflection in the mirror, a reflection which certainly lacked the flush of crimson, and the brilliant light that dances into cheek and eye, as she turned away, and made her almost a handsome child then; but when you and I think over the matter as much as little Esther had, it is quite likely we may arrive at her evident conclusion, and say that the girl did the best thing under the circumstances.

Esther was plain, undeniably "homely." Standing there, looking into the mirror, she could not deny it; and, having discovered this fact at a very early age, while so many go on through the various gradations of childhood, girlhood and womanhood, self-deceiving themselves, what were the use of making herself miserable about it? I do not know, and perhaps Esther thought the same; for children sometimes possess almost prophetically, or intuitively, if you will, the instincts of a riper age. I do not know that all the fretting in the world will fill out a lean figure to the required standard of the Venus of Milo, nor will it change lowness of stature to queenly grace, or black eyes to blue, or *vice versa*, as the case may require; so little Esther surveyed herself in the mirror, and called herself an "ugly weed," and "scarecrow," and "*bete noire*," (that latter term came of her French readings with Ellis Loring,) and then wisely concluded, with the gravity of a maturer age, to trouble her little head no more about the matter, but, in the solitude of her chamber, to turn to her books again.

"I can stay here and study; I'm glad Fred,

and Minnie and Carrie don't come romping in here to disturb and plague me; and while Belle goes to dancing school and learns waltzes, or practices her lessons with *Monsieur Verdi*, and Mr. Stanbury plays chess with papa; and Ellis Loring thinks he's growing too tall and fine a gentleman, now he's going to study law, to learn me any more Latin or French lessons; I can stay here in my own little room, and do as I please by myself, with nobody to look at me, or pity me for my homely face. It must be nice, though, to go out to ride and have good times, like Belle does—and have somebody to praise or say something pleasant to me once in awhile—and to have somebody to *love me*!" and then little Esther's thin lips quivered, and her strange brown eyes grew humid. "I wonder why papa never takes me on his knee, and parts my hair and kisses me, the way he does Belle; but then, I suppose, it's because I'm a cross thing, and going to be an old maid, and will grow up an ugly weed, while everybody says Belle is the flower of the family!"

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT! 'go away to school?' 'Fit yourself for a teacher?' Bless me! what a queer idea, child!" and Richard Truman laid down his evening paper.

The "child" addressed, who stood beside his chair with her slender hand on the merchant's shoulder, was none other than Esther—eighteen years of age, and yet a mere girl still in *personnel*, and regarded as such in the family where the tall, graceful, gay Belle reigned supreme.

Mrs. Truman, with her daughter, had gone out to an evening party; her father was now alone; and Esther had listened to the retreating footsteps of Squire Stanbury, who had enjoyed his favorite game of chess ere he left, then stolen down into the parlor quietly to speak with her father, and advance a plan which had latterly, among her studies in the seclusion of her room, taken possession of her mind.

It was with great effort she had found courage to utter her wish, so long had it been since she approached her parent with any request; but, once uttered, she listened with intensest eagerness to his reply, urging,

"Yes, you don't know how I have thought of it—going to school just one year more, and fitting myself for a teacher, father!"

"But isn't it a queer idea, child?" said Mr. Truman. "Why, here's Belle, out in company, and you—let me see—you must be seventeen."

"Eighteen, papa!" ventured Esther.

"Eighteen! bless my soul! how time goes!

So you are eighteen—though who'd think it? and now talk about going away to school! Nonsense, girl! that comes of shutting yourself up in your room and poring over your books so much. No wonder you get queer ideas into your head! You've got book learning enough, Esther—a great deal more than Belle, I'll warrant; only you're shy, and don't show off. I wish you would try and be more like your sister—everybody makes a great deal of her."

The girl's heart felt sore under this thoughtless comparison.

"I know Belle is the smartest, and quickest, and the most accomplished," she said, "and prettiest, too, you know, father; while I am ugly as can be. But Belle loves dancing and music, and people like to see her dance and hear her sing; but nobody wants to hear me talk about the books I so prize, and I think I might be useful somewhere else—I know I might as a teacher, if you only would not oppose it, but consent to my going to school, father."

"A teacher!—'useful somewhere else!—what's got into the girl? Why, Esther, don't you have enough to eat, drink, and wear, in your father's house?" laughed Mr. Truman, though half impressed by her earnestness. "There is no need of any daughter of mine going out into the world and earning her own bread and butter. No; I guess you'd better be contented at home; and try and enjoy life with your mother and Belle, and not get strong-minded, Esther!"

"Oh, don't say no, papa!" pleaded the girl. "You don't know how I have planned everything! I could graduate in one year—and then have a school of my own, where I could be useful and feel independent. And besides, I don't want to go to balls and parties, I shouldn't enjoy them if I did—and when I am here all alone, I keep wishing for another and busier life. If it's the expense, papa, you needn't mind that—you know there is the money my own mother left me when I should be eighteen, and there's more than plenty—you *will* let me go away to school, papa?"

"Hush, child!" said Mr. Truman; but it was not in tones of harshness or denial. Shading his eyes with his hand, a softened expression crept over Richard Truman's face. A vision of the dead swept before him underneath his shading hand. He drew down his daughter to his breast and kissed her forehead. He looked into her eyes, and met the gaze of eyes long closed under the coffin lid. In that hour how much she looked like her mother! He wondered that the resemblance had never so struck him before.

And then came self-accusing thoughts. How soon had Esther's mother's place been filled by another; how soon had the child of this second union driven the child of his first love to the remotest corner of his heart! He recalled numerous acts, if not of positive unkindness, of careless neglect, on the part of the new wife toward Esther's child; he recalled how, in the new brood of children springing up around him, he himself had grown neglectful, indifferent toward his first born; how even Belle queened it, as by right, over her senior sister, and he had permitted, nay, tacitly encouraged it! And like a quick pang shot through his heart the thought that, now, his own child would leave his roof to find, elsewhere, and in other pursuits, the companionship denied her there!

He felt the appealing glance of her brown eyes—those large, strange eyes, that now, kindled by purpose and hope, looked brilliant and beautiful. He remembered *another* Esther's eyes—for the first Mrs. Truman had been a frail, delicate woman, whose chief beauty lay in her wondrously soft and tender eyes. All the father's heart awakened; and in that hour, when he first read her nature, and though he would have kept her with him, Richard Truman could deny nothing to his child.

Drawing her within his arms with more of tenderness than Esther ever remembered to have experienced before, he said, "It is *my* fault if my child is glad to leave a home that has been no home to her. But it shall be as she wishes; you shall go away to school, Esther!"

"Oh! papa, it is not *that*—not *that*, believe me!" began the girl, earnestly, her whole nature leaping up at this manifestation of parental love, for which she had hitherto so long vainly sighed. "Don't think I want to leave you! indeed I don't, but——"

Perhaps in that moment the hearts of the parent and child might have been fully revealed to each other, to be closed no more, had not the sudden opening of the hall door, with gay voices in the hall, betokened the return of Mrs. Truman and Belle, who made their appearance, accompanied by Ellis Loring, to find Mr. Truman intent upon his evening paper, and Esther apparently deeply absorbed by a book on the parlor table.

So does habit—the strengthened habit of years—encrust the heart with its icy petrifications. Who looking upon the two—the careless, calm merchant, and the quiet, shy girl, would have dreamed that the loved of eighteen years before, reblooming in his child, had been pressed anew to Richard Truman's heart, or that Esther's

pale cheek and forehead had flushed with crimson heart-tides under her father's kisses?

"Mrs. Truman, it is Esther's wish to attend B—— Seminary for one year, and I have consented," said Mr. Truman, after the departure of Ellis Loring, a half hour later, and that lady and Belle had indulged in a lengthy dissertation on the "stupidity" of the party, from which they had returned at an unwontedly early hour. Indeed, one would have thought the only endurable person present at the intertainment, in Belle's estimation, was Ellis Loring, whom she pronounced "splendid," and whose "polking" she declared "beautiful."

"'Esther?' 'To B—— Seminary?' And pray, what for?" asked Mrs. Truman, sharply, turning from her husband to the girl who sat near her.

"Because I desire to fit myself for a teacher, mamma," said Esther, calmly.

Mrs. Truman gazed in utter astonishment, as though the Delphic Oracle had spoken in her presence; for it was something new for the quiet girl to have a voice in any family arrangement—quite new, indeed, to obtrude herself into such notice.

"Bless me! Richard Truman, the girl has declared her intention! A teacher—a school marm!" and she held up her hands with an affection of terror; while the fair Belle indulged in a girlish giggle.

"Yes, a teacher?" replied Mr. Truman, calmly, though his eye flashed. "Yes; Esther finds her home rather dull—I will venture to add, *uncongenial*—there seems to exist no particular sympathy between herself and her sister Belle, and I am quite willing to procure a nursery maid for the children; so I have given my consent, in accordance with Esther's earnest desire, that she shall enter school for one year, which she thinks will graduate her and fit her for the independent post of a teacher. You will please assist your sister and her dress-maker, Belle, in all necessary outfit of wardrobe. The thing is settled, Mrs. Truman!" and the merchant returned to his paper. It was quite wonderful how much the evening's edition of the *Traveler* contained that night to interest Mr. Truman.

"Did you ever, Belle?" said Mrs. Truman, following her daughter to her chamber. "Your father is so set when he has made up his mind to a thing, that one might as well attempt to move the State House. To think of this plan! There is no knowing what they have been talking about this evening—pretty doings, I'll warrant, by that artful little piece! Just think of the expense of fitting her out and paying school bills for a year, when only yesterday he was

preaching hard times and retrenchment. It is best to fall in with the plan, I suppose, though, for opposition would only strengthen him. And I'll tell you what I'll do, Belle; I'll get quite a sum for her outfit; and out of it I'll manage to secure each of us one of those magnificent silks at Warren's—see if I don't, Belle! A school-teacher, indeed! Wonder what people will say at Richard Truman's daughter turning a teacher? Shouldn't wonder if they thought it was *our* doings, Belle! She's artful enough to set the story afloat!"

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT is this I hear, Esther, going away to school?" queried Ellis Loring, detaining the girl in the hall, where he met her on entering Mr. Truman's a few mornings after.

Esther quietly withdrew her hand which he had retained. She remembered all the old days, their friendly intimacy when he had often sat beside her and directed her childish studies; how, since Belle's return from a fashionable boarding-school, he had almost forgotten her in homage to her brilliant sister; she caught now, through the half-ajar hall door, a glimpse of a pair of splendid saddle-horses at the curb-stone, and knew Belle was attiring herself for a contemplated equestrian excursion, and coldly drawing her hand from his, in no mood to unfold to him her plans and purposes, she replied carelessly,

"Yes, I am going away to school, Mr. Loring. Do you not wish me *bon* success as a faithful student?"

"Certainly! you were always that, Esther, in other days; and what you have been doing latterly I'm sure I can't tell, unless you have become a very wise-acre among your books, for I have scarcely caught a glimpse of you when I have been here; (Ellis Loring quite forgot whose fault *that* was!) but—excuse me, Esther—isn't it rather queer, this resolve of yours to enter the school room again, when other young ladies are glad to escape its thraldoms?"

"In other words, you think me quite old enough to enter woman's lot of matrimony—or, at least, be looking about for a husband instead of a school?" said Esther, sarcastically.

"Pshaw! I did not say that, Miss Critic!" laughed Loring.

"But you meant it!" replied Esther, "and please don't deny it! Frankness is a cardinal virtue, in my opinion. It seems to be a settled opinion, the world over, that a girl of eighteen is quite of age to be 'settled' in life and enter upon its most serious duties; while a boy of the

same years is a boy still, and only at the commencement of his educational course. But you see I differ slightly from such a creed! You will come and see me graduate, Mr. Loring? for I must now bid you good morning, since I am detaining you from your ride."

"Certainly!—good morning, Esther!" and Ellis Loring's proffered hand was once more taken for a moment ere they parted.

"Deuce take it! how cavalierly Esther treated me!" mused Loring, as he waited Belle's appearance in the parlor. "That girl has grown an iceberg—a genuine petrification! Never saw a girl change so—remember days when I used to sit by her for hours, hear her lessons, help her translate her exercises, and treat her like a sister generally. How sarcastically she answered me! I hate a sarcastic woman! And then her eyes—haven't seen her eyes flash up so this age—used to like to watch her eyes light up when I read Homer to her. She did look uncommonly well this morning though! But what a queer notion, this going off to school! I hate a woman that's absorbed in books, they're always shrewish or 'strong-minded.' Now Belle is so different—accomplished, gay, witty, and handsome—as the old Squire says, quite 'the flower of the family.' If ever my shingle brings me in practice enough to support a wife, I know who'll be Mrs. Ellis Loring!"

But here Ellis Loring's soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of the fair lady in question, with the plumes of her riding-hat shading her beautiful face, and the folds of her riding-dress sweeping the carpet.

And a few minutes later saw the span of spirited horses cantering down the paved street, en route for Roxbury and the open country, the sweeping plumes falling gracefully over Belle Truman's features, her girlish laughter ringing out on the morning air, and Ellis Loring's eyes resting in fascination upon his charming companion; while from an upper window of Richard Truman's house, a pair of brown eyes turned from overlooking the contents of a packed trunk and gazed after them down the street.

And a minute afterward, a strange expression of decision deepened about Esther's lips, as lifting a written leaf which had fluttered from an opened book down to the carpet, she tore it into tiny bits and cast it into the empty grate.

That written paper was the translation of a little French *chanson* Ellis Loring had copied for her, years before, on one of those happy evenings they had read and studied together. And she had treasured it so carefully all these years! Ah! Esther, why destroy it now?

CHAPTER IV.

"LORING, if you are at leisure this evening, I will take you over to B——, to the levee Madame Gilmer gives her class of graduates, for this is anniversary day, and a large class have received their diplomas," said a young man, sitting in the hotel parlor at H——, to the gentleman whom business of a legal nature had brought to that town.

"Graduation day? And I have a young lady friend, who, if I mistake not, is of the class—or, rather, I *had* a friend, if she has not forgotten me!" replied Ellis Loring. "Singular that I should have happened here to-day! Thank you, Mills; I should be happy to accompany you. Did I ever tell, or write you that a daughter of Richard Truman's was at school at B——?"

"No," replied the gentleman designated as "Mills"—Henry Mills, the friend of Ellis Loring. "Didn't know there was a grown-up daughter save the fair Belle, who was decidedly *the belle* of society that winter I was with you. By-the-way, how prospers the wooing, Ellis? When shall I hold myself in a state of readiness for the purchase of a pair of white kids, and do myself the honor of standing up as your groomsman?"

"Oh, nonsense, Henry! That fancy has blown over these six months, and Belle is now the *affiancee* of a merchant old enough to be her father, but rich enough to set her handsome face in diamonds if she chooses. There never was an engagement between us; though at one time I was deeply smitten, and the gossips were busy. But, on nearer acquaintance, I found her rather a different person than I should desire to make Mrs. Ellis Loring; not that your very modest chum expects anything extraordinary in the lady who appreciates him, but you know almost every man sets up a sort of ideal divinity in his mind, and he don't like suddenly to find his idol shattered. Belle Truman will marry wealth, and become the leader of fashion, and mistress of such an establishment as the young lawyer, who has his way to make in the world, could not, for years to come, offer her. But about Esther Truman over at B—— Seminary, she is Mr. Truman's child by a first marriage, a mere baby when he married again; we were good friends at one time, five or six years ago, when I was fresh from my academical course, but somehow, and I never could account for it, (who ever could 'account' for their own faults?) latterly she has grown odd and reserved, and had a way of always vanishing from the room when I was there, until we got to be on quite a stranger footing when she left for school. I don't know

how she would receive me now—whether, indeed, she would not treat me more frigidly than at our last interview, for I haven't seen her within the year, as she hasn't been at home; and, by-the-way, it comes to me now that I have heard she was none too happy *there*, under her step-mother's rule, though I didn't pay much attention to such gossip. Yes; I'll be most happy to accept your invitation and meet Esther Truman again, Mills!"

Why that day proved unwontedly long to Ellis Loring, seemed hardly consistent with his usual placidity of temperament, yet such was the fact; and when that evening found him in company with his friend and a select circle of invited guests in the spacious drawing-room of Madame Gilmer's boarding-house, and he also found himself, after several introductions to the fair graduates, vainly seeking the well known face of little Esther Truman, he experienced a pang of disappointment that she was not among them.

But at length, when two or three late comers had been matronized into the apartment by an assistant teacher, his keen eye singled out *one*, decorated with the badge of graduation—a girl whose happy, placid face, illumined by its expression of conscious dignity and intellectual grace, surely could not be the thin, pallid, shy countenance which was so seldom seen in contrast with the brilliant Belle's; and yet the braids of luxuriant hair, and the large, brown eyes—those, ah, yes! those were Esther Truman's! In another moment their eyes had met; and, leaving the side of his friend, he advanced with outstretched hand to meet her start of recognition and "Mr Loring!" with,

"Miss Truman—Esther! And so changed, too! Why, I scarcely recognized you."

"And so, *per* agreement, you have come to my graduation?" said Esther, with a gay smile, recovering her self-possession by a strong effort.

"Yes; and to find you, Esther—and yet Esther no longer!" replied Loring, looking into her expressive countenance and murmuring mentally, "Why, the plain girl has grown almost handsome!" "Esther, my dear friend, what have the good fairies been granting you, health, happiness, and, above all, the old look I used to see on your face when we two read Latin fables and translated French *chansons* together of leisure evenings, before you grew odd and reserved, and I got floundering in the depths of Coke and Blackstone?" added Loring, drawing her apart from the crowded saloon into a little music-room adjoining.

"Esther, you have not forgotten all the old

times?" he queried, as he seated himself beside her.

"Oh, no! one scarcely ever loses remembrance of childish days, or childish follies," replied the girl, with a dash of sarcasm; then with a little laugh she added, "but to what *bon* fortune is the graduate indebted to her legal friend's presence here to-night? for surely, 'by these presents,' I had not thought you would fulfill your promise."

"Nor should I, mayhap, had not business led me this morning to H——, where I am likely to be detained all the morrow; when I found myself very willing to accept Mills' invitation, who, it seems, was honored with a bid to your Lady Principal's very select reunion—perhaps more than ordinarily so, since I suddenly bethought myself of my little friend Esther here."

"Then it was not myself—my very 'odd' and 'reserved' self—but 'business,' which brought you from Boston?" retorted Esther, with a smile. "But on the principle that 'small favors should be gratefully received,' I most humbly return thanks for the kindness; and, by way of reward, will present you to that very worthy and august lady who presides over the literary destinies of our seminary, Madame Gilmer. Come, let me introduce you!"

"Nay, Esther—thanks, but there is time enough yet; why hurry away? Stay here and talk with me a little; and, since the old times are not so agreeable a topic as I had vanity enough to suppose," for her gay bantering and evident desire to avoid that point of their conversation had nettled Loring slightly, "I am content to sit on the witness stand and answer interrogatories regarding those never-failing subjects to ladies—recent 'engagements' and 'loves of bonnets.' Or perchance Queen Esther will deign to communicate when, 'armed and equipped' with her formidable diploma, she purposes marching boldly to assume the command of sundry juveniles—In other words, intends entering upon that 'delightful task' of which some good old fellow has written, viz: of teaching 'the young idea how to shoot?'"

"In order to satisfy your curiosity on the latter point," replied Esther, taking up his bantering tone, "I will say that, so soon as Madame Gilmer obtains me the suitable situation, I shall enter upon the profession I have chosen; but in regard to the former, such a period has elapsed since I moved among your circle of lady friends, Mr. Loring, that I acknowledge myself to have lost so much of interest that their movements do not particularly affect me."

"Not even if the party be your sister, Esther?"

You surely will not deny that you feel no interest in Belle's engagement?" he said.

Esther grew pale, and there was a quick suffocating sensation in her throat. Was it kind? was it gentlemanly of him to come here and *tell* her this? Ought he not to have left this communication to come from Belle? (for Mrs. Richard Truman and her daughter had not thought it worth while to keep Esther advised of their movements in their world of fashion.) But he should see that she cared nothing for him now; perhaps he *had* thought so, and only said this to enjoy a triumph; and so she choked down that strange feeling, rallied, and replied very carelessly,

"Oh! for that matter, I am not going to retract, since I have so long anticipated an event of this nature for Belle, that the only wonder is it did not happen *earlier*. But I must not hold an argument with my future brother-in-law," she added, gayly. "Please accept my congratulations, Mr. Loring!"

"*Brother-in-law!*"

In that one word, uttered in Esther Truman's quiet, proud voice, and in her pale face, Ellis Loring read, as by a lightning revelation, the reason of all her strange conduct, former coldness and present demeanor. It flashed over him, their last brief interview, so reserved on her part, so cool on his, in her father's house, when, infatuated by Belle's snares, he so lightly bade Esther good-bye—all her many avoidances of him, and the gradual failure of their old friendship; and, though a smile wreathed his lip, a tender light beamed in his eye as he replied,

"Esther, you are in great error. For many months I have been free from Belle Truman's thrall, and free of my own choice, too; and she,

this night, is the affianced wife of John Otis. And, moreover, Esther—after seeking your pardon for the folly which has led me to neglect so utterly the best friend of other and happier days—I will say that I shall never marry, unless I can find one so willing to forget the past as to take me 'with all my imperfections on my head.' Esther," he added, tremblingly, after a pause, "will you be content to be my teacher through life, and *only mine?*"

What more followed—whether Esther Truman held an armistice with Ellis Loring or not—I cannot say; only, drawing my inference from that gentleman's happy, sunshiny face, as, a half hour after, Esther presented him to Madame Gilmer, and, farther, from the facts that the Lady Principal's services were not called into requisition to procure a school for one of her graduates, and that, the next day, a happy couple were seated in the P. M. train for Boston—I judge that the truce was held.

But this I *can* tell you, reader, that there were two weddings shortly in the merchant's, Richard Truman's house; and when the same hour, that witnessed the bestowal of the fair Belle's hand on the wealthy John Otis, consummated also the happiness of Esther. Locking upon her brilliant eyes suffused with a tender glow, and the faint crimson that broke up through her cheek, old Squire Stanbury, rubbing his hands together, while a broad gleam of satisfaction overspread his countenance, was heard to declare to a friend at his elbow,

"Well, well, after all how one's tastes do change—for, unless my spectacles deceive me, Esther's growing handsome—the flower of the family!"

MEMORY'S SPELL.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

From Spain's bright vineyards long ago

A native songster, borne away,

In foreign lands, 'neath colder skies,

Was doomed to languish many a day.

No loved, familiar accents fell

On the lone captive's heart again,

No voice beside his gilded cage

E'er breathed the liquid notes of Spain:

Till after many weary years, .

A Spaniard pass'd the exile by,

And spoke the language he had heard

First when beneath his native sky.

One glad response with fluttering wing

The captive songster's voice replied,

A moment beat against the bars,

Dropped down immediately and died.

So we, with home-sick hearts, look back

And half recall Heaven's mystic scenes,

That memory vain essays to paint

As vivid as our fancy dreams.

And 'tis His voice at last that comes,

A blessed summons of release,

That o'er life's troubled billows breathes

Its solemn messages of "Peace."

And then, too frail such joys to bear,

The trembling body back to God

Gives its companion soul, and goes

To sleep again beneath the sod.

A RAINY DAY ROMANCE.

BY MEHITABLE HOLYOKE.

RAIN, rain! Does it rain like this at home? No. Such a chilly, dreary storm could not reach our dear nest under the hill-side; the quiet hill-side, and gentle sloping meadow, and merry brook. How I can see it, washing so lightly past the new-sprung grass-blades and clover-leaves close by the brink! How I can almost touch the dim white violets, half hid amidst grass, and note the gentle shadows, each on each, of the clustered leaves!

Rain, rain! It would fall more gently on our quiet roof, not so sharply, not so chilly beat against our panes. How I pity the rich, how much they lose by their luxuries and splendors! Mighty palaces of Herod, of Solomon, they have; pillars of cedar wreathed with carven lilies, and overlaid with gold; floors of marble, and gates of brass; but they have not the home feeling, that genial warmth and light which no winter can penetrate.

Rain, rain! Miss Isa! Why did they give me, *me* that absurd name? Miss Isa, is not this great house as truly home to its owners, as your little cottage to you? If they prefer wooden lilies, touched with gold, to the pearly petaled perfumed ones which grow by your brook; and they have theirs, and you yours: why waste this pity?

Rain, rain! Then I will only compassionate the poor dependents of the rich: as gentle as they, as wise, as loving, as well-endowed; but poor, and, therefore, exiled, subject to slights, and home-sick as I am to-day. These little slights are such nettle-stings to my pride, oh, foolish that I am! What unkindness was there in asking my help for once in a new capacity? Is it harder to sew than to teach dull children?

Rain, rain! Was it their fault that the day was dark, and the sewing-room full, and they needs must ask me to choose from all the other apartments? Am I not fond of this great leathern chair by the library window? Am I not fonder of thought, even home-sick thought, than of prattle concerning frills, and plaits, and sleeves?

Rain, rain! In that heavy, mode-colored silk, Maud will be more majestic than ever: whiter than ivory her arms were as they lay against it, yes, and colder! I wonder how it must seem to be so cold, and white, and stately, I, all quick-

silver, all lava! How unlike her pride is to mine, her scorn, her vanity! I think mine is wickedest, wildest. I am too proud to be proud, too vain to deck myself in heavy silks. What do I scorn—the scorned? No, nor the scorner: pitying her I laugh at her idle pretensions. Oh, Isa, you are not so evil, after all!

Rain, rain! I fear Master Herbert will not enjoy to-day's excursion; trudging through wet, high grass, and pausing under dripping trees to angle for trout. The thought of Maud can hardly warm or soothe him—chill beauty! Does he love her? have his tastes so utterly changed? It may be: once he did not ignore my existence, and, strange! I cared little for him then.

Rain, rain! Do I care for him now? No, no—with all my heart, with all my will and woman's pride! Some tastes we cannot bend, some emotions we cannot smother: but these I feel the power to control, and will though my heart be crushed in the effort.

Rain, rain! What is that, Isa, "your heart?" Do not use dangerous words, they lead by sure steps to dangerous thoughts, feelings! Herbert Livingston was your townsman, schoolfellow. tore his jackets to gather you cherries and pears, wet his feet to gather you lilies in the pond; walked, played, read with you, bandied merry jokes—yes, concerning love sometimes! and took good-naturedly your frank and careless replies.

Rain, rain! I wish we were always children! Who dips his feet in the pond to gather me lilies now? The door bell is ringing: it can be no friend of mine, of the governess. Hush, Isa! Are you ambitious for friends such as they have here, plaster, sugar-plums, gilded? It cannot be Herbert Livingston has returned; it was very plain to me, that he proposed the excursion because we—they, would gladly attend to other work than that of entertaining him to-day. He had always such ready tact, was always so disinterested in his expedients, could others but reap a benefit!

Rain, rain! Why should he not behave disinterestedly? Common courtesy requires that. Beware of enthusiasm, Isa! Think of home: ah, then I think of childhood! Reflect on your heavenly home, walk with Adam and Eve in Paradise. Childhood is paradise, Adam and

Eve walked not alone, met not the tempter alone.

Rain, rain! An end must come to this foolishness, Isa Gray! Have you no dignity—no force of will? Say “get thee behind me” to all these mischievous fancies; count the stitches you are sewing; repeat the multiplication table; the rules of grammar; the list of rivers in France. Remember some old legend: once you learned the book of Job by heart—begin!

Rain, rain! “In the land of Uz there dwelt—ah! me!—“a man named Job.” Why was the world not peopled with women, and thus all calm, and sweet, and good? Very calm and sweet is my mood at this moment! good, genial as this cold, driving rain. How shall I make it better? Make! a woman should grow like a flower, unfolding gently bud by bud, and leaf by leaf. We only do, however, in romances. I will recall, if I can, stamp into my heart if I can, that blessed ode of Wordsworth’s, which, if we hold it firmly, lovingly in mind, will light the darkest pathway. How—how does it commence?

Rain, rain! I used to repeat it aloud, as we sat at our work at home. None listen here, and that is well. What is it? “A light to guide, a rod to check the erring, and reprove.” How time has mixed and confused the verses in my brain! Ah! here I dig out a treasure—a pansy buried in the wild!

“Serene will be our days, and bright
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.”

There, crowded in half a verse, are the Declaration of Independence, the hymns of the ages, the Bible itself!

“Love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.”

Rain, rain! And amid the drops in low tones, “That is my creed, Miss Isa. Forgive me—I have startled you! I forbade the servants to speak of my return, and have sat here reading, watching the rain, alone, as I thought, till your voice came, and—”

“I will leave you. My work is quite finished, and we must not be idle—the dress-making—”

Thus she spoke, and a voice within said, “Excellent! Isa Gray, humble as befits your position here; too proud to lack humility, as befits your soul’s rank, here and everywhere!”

Rain, rain! How it beat against the windows—the one curtained window near which they stood.

“Will you go before I have finished my sentence, Miss Isa?”

“Oh! surely not! I have learned patience. I can wait all day; or could if—”

“Do not now waste that rich, thrilling, mar-

velous voice of yours on bitter sayings. Let me finish and tell how the sound of it touched my heart-strings. Oh! Isa, as no other voice has touched them in all these years! Once more the master-hand has struck the harp.”

Is that quoted from “What will he do with it?” I have not time now to read novels. Maud is enjoying this fine story of Bulwer’s. Miss Maud would gladly welcome you back. Shall I summon her, Mr. Livingston? Nay, it is no trouble; I am going for work.

Rain, rain! “Shall I return?” I think not. I consent to silence if you wish it—will have you here to read, or write, or stay. Have you looked over this portfolio? Some engravings—see how many! By German artists—the subjects all old legends of the church. And there, on the third shelf, is Mrs. Jamison’s “Legendary Art,” if you need assistance in understanding them. They require strong light. I will loop away the curtain, so—

Rain, rain! “Is there any book on the shelves that will help me to comprehend a woman?”

“I do not know, sir. That sort of engraving belongs, I think, to the pre-Raphaelite school in its treatment, truth, tenderness, but, most of all, mystery!”

“Thank you, Miss Gray!”

“For my definition? You are perfectly welcome.”

“You know better. But you maidens are in very truth a mystery. An instant ago I thought you angry, piqued; and lo! here you have, in the most friendly manner, taken pains to relieve me from *ennui*!”

Rain, rain! My employers’ guests are at liberty, I suppose, to make whatever foolish speeches they choose to me. For the rest, my services in the house are so liberally paid that I have not the heart to render them in a manner less generous: this morning I was seamstress, yesterday governess, now I am showing civilities to—

“Dear Isa, to one who loves you better than life and hope!”

Rain, rain! Herbert Livingston, have you forgotten that we were children together—that our lots changed since then? You have inherited a fortune, I know; have written books, and are famous. I am glad for you. But can you forget that I inherit poverty, dependence, and have a right to respect from all good men, much more from old friends! Do me the favor, henceforth, to cease from these idle compliments. Farewell!

“Serene will be our days and bright.”

And—

She had reached the library door, which not

on that day nor any other would she repass, until he had gone who alone could make sunshine in that shady place.

Rain, rain! Does Providence care for trifles—for the sparrow's broken wing—for the proud, sad heart of a friendless girl? The folds of Isa's dress fluttered against the carved, unvarnished wood of the engraving-stand, and clinging there, held her helpless in half-vexed, half-amused perplexity. Hoops have ruined romances. Who knows how many they have brought to a prosperous close?

Rain, rain! Just as he helped me through the sweet-briar hedge, in those dear old days! the same look in his eyes, the same touch to his hand, tone in his voice—can he be really unchanged?

Rain, rain! "Do you suppose I came hither in search of a statue of snow? Do you think my money has so impoverished, or a little breeze of renown so blinded me that I cannot tell clay from gold? Would any man in his senses tread down our sweet, fresh lilies by the brook at home for lilies of wood and plaster such as these? Though you listen unwillingly, Isa, I must speak."

Rain, rain! Dear reader, the dripping, musical drops, all harp-notes now, can tell you what he said, there under the May curtain, under the stuccoed lilies; there alone with one who listened at last, and made low replies which we have no right to hear—no right unless our hearts are so in tune as to vibrate to each and every voice of youth, and love, and happiness!

Rain, rain! Alone, yet not alone. Unconscious of any presence though they were, Maud, the stately and prosperous, stood near them, and listened to words to which her heart did not vibrate; but which made her cold hands tremble, caused her to turn away and depart, baffled—baffled!

Rain, rain! The governess was dismissed. The children clung to her—the elders bade a cold farewell—a tear or two indulged—proud, quiet smiles repressed, and thus they parted.

Sunshine now forever! So it seemed. Rain only to temper the sunshine—only to swell the merry brook—to water the violet roots—to rise in sweet dews, and drip from the briars, and rest amid the chalices of perfumed roses that clustered about their home.

THE JOY OF VANISHED YEARS.

BY JAMES M. THOMPSON.

When childhood's golden days have flown,
And troubles thick and fast
Envelop like a murky cloud
The glories of the past,
Our hearts will turn with many a sigh,
With many a gush of tears,
To hours of budding, youthful joy,
Bright joy of vanished years.

When age with slowly palsy power,
Shows us the circling gloom
That gathers like the folds of night
Around the awful tomb,

Back to our hearts the mantling blood
Comes, and a thousand fears
Are mingled with remembrance dear—
The joy of vanished years.

And man unsatisfied at last
Dies wretched at his lot,
He only thinks upon the past,
To-day to him is not;
Oh! let us keep to-day in view,
Though filled with doubts and fears,
'Tis better far than weeping o'er
The joy of vanished years.

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

This is too fair a world to leave—
Too much it hath of light and joy,
With all the ill the soul that grieve
Its loveliness outweighs annoy.

Though often, when life's burdens press
Too heavily on heart and brain,
Despair doth say, "Forgetfulness,
What greater boon can we obtain?"

Yet soon some wand'ring ray or sound,
The breath of May, the fields' soft green,
Doth show how closely still are bound
Our spirits to the things are seen.

For Nature, mindful of our weal,
Lets not our pulses sink too low,
But comes with joys that raise and heal,
And gives the blood its healthful flow.

HELEN GRÆME.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42.

CHAPTER IV.

"HELEN!"

The girl turned quickly, and a vivid blush displaced the paleness which had settled over her face. She was standing in the grove where she had so often met Ralph Trevor, and whither she had come to-night against her father's express commands.

"I was detained at the village," Ralph said, "and could not get here sooner. I thought I saw your father a few moments since; do not stay here, we will go up to the garden of the old house."

Helen walked on in silence, and a shadow had gathered over Ralph's face, but he shook off the gloom which oppressed him, and said cheerfully,

"Do not look so sad, darling; I have not seen you for two whole days. Have you no other greeting for me?"

"Oh! Ralph, I have suffered so much since that night! If it had not been for your letters I should have died."

"And I, Helen! Each moment has seemed an age. Was your father very angry?"

"He said little, but oh! Ralph, the look he gave me when we entered the house! 'That family has brought us trouble enough,' he said, 'I warn you, Helen Græme, avoid that man.'"

"And did you believe him, Helen?"

"Am I not here?"

They entered the garden of Ralph Trevor's old house, and sat down in the honeysuckle arbor at the end of the walk. Ralph drew her close beside him, and for a few moments they forgot every trouble in the engrossing happiness of feeling that they were once more together.

"He spoke of your mother, Ralph," Helen said, at length, "of her pride and arrogance. He said that she would spurn me from her like a reptile if she thought you cared for me."

"No power shall separate us," he replied; "I love you better than anything on earth, and neither my mother nor any one else shall wrest my happiness from me. Listen to me, Helen. You have told me that you love me——"

"Do you doubt it, Ralph?"

"No, thank heaven! If I did, life would

indeed be dark to me. But are you ready to give me a proof of that affection, to show that you trust me wholly, love me more than all the world beside?"

"What can I do? What will you ask?"

"You know that your father would not consent to our marriage, nor would my mother. Will you become my wife in secret?"

"Oh! Ralph, and our parents!"

"What right have they to make us miserable? Can we teach our hearts to follow their dictates? Do not tremble so and turn away, Helen! It is the only course left us; they may separate us for a time, but if I feel that you are wholly mine, that no human power can tear you from me, I shall be less wretched in my loneliness."

"But the concealment, the deceit!"

"Are they not doing all in their power to make us wretched? We have no other way of evading their cruelty—will you not consent, Helen?"

"And if circumstances prevented our ever acknowledging the marriage, what a life long load of misery to endure, Ralph!"

"That is impossible, dearest! For a time it must be kept religiously secret; but within a year at the farthest I shall be in a position to assert my freedom, and then nothing can harm us."

"Let us wait for the time to come."

"And in the meanwhile they will find some means to break it off forever. Helen, I cannot run the risk of losing you—the very thought drives me mad."

"And I, Ralph, do you think I do not suffer as much at the thought?"

"Bless you for those words! Consent, Helen—give me your promise."

"Give me time to think! This is so sudden, so unexpected; the idea fills me with terror."

"Can you not trust your happiness in my hands, Helen? Is this the love you have avowed?"

"Do not reproach me, Ralph! I have enough to bear, do not add to my suffering by harsh words."

"Forgive me, I did not mean that! I know

you love me, Helen, it is all that keeps me from despair. You will trust me—you will become my wife?"

"Oh, Ralph!"

"You tremble: you are afraid—Helen, Helen!"

She raised her head proudly, and her eyes flashed in the dim light.

"You do not know me, Ralph Trevor, I fear nothing! I am not a silly, love-sick girl, but a woman who has wakened to the necessity of guarding her own happiness, since others seek to thwart it. I will be your wife, Ralph, and at any time you choose."

She felt his arms about her waist, his kisses warm on her cheek, and in that thrill of happiness she forgot the kind, old father toward whom she was acting so treacherously—forgot the danger and suffering which must lie in store; remembered nothing but the whisper of his passionate words, the strong love that throbbed in her wayward heart.

"You will come here to-morrow at this hour, Helen? I have a friend, a clergyman, whom I can summon—he would do anything for me. You will come?"

"I will, Ralph—I have promised."

They separated. He to his lonely room to meditate with man's selfishness upon the nearness of the happiness he longed for; and she returned to the home where she had known nothing but kindness and love, to meet the old man who had made her his idol, about whom the fibres of his stout heart had so woven themselves that they would break in any effort to sunder them.

CHAPTER V.

LATE that evening, Ralph Trevor ordered his horses and drove rapidly away from the village, nor did he return until the middle of the next afternoon. He was accompanied by a pale young man, in whose manner there was something which betokened his sacred calling.

As the evening approached, they were alone in Trevor's room conversing with subdued eagerness. Ralph was walking restlessly up and down, and his companion sat by the table, leaning his head upon his hand, paler than before from anxious solicitude.

"Have you reflected upon all the consequences of this step, Ralph?" he asked.

"I have only thought of the possibility of losing her! I tell you, Conner, I should go mad! You are my friend—you have promised—you will not fail me now?"

"Years since, Ralph, I made you a vow never to refuse you my aid in any difficulty, and I will

keep my word. But I tremble at your rashness; I know that I am doing a great wrong. Should your mother discover this marriage—you know, Ralph, how weak you are—how completely you have been under her control!"

"It is precisely because I know my weakness, that I wish to make Helen my wife before she can prevent it."

"But were she to discover it she would separate you from her."

"Never, Conner!"

"I know you both, my poor friend, and I fear for you."

"Do you think me a villain?"

"I know you to be noble and generous: but I know too your mother's indomitable will, which has caused so much misery to all connected with her."

"She can know nothing of this marriage. I shall be forced to leave Helen for a time, but I shall feel that she is my wife, and that will be consolation enough."

"Head-strong and wayward as ever," said Conner, mournfully, "and yet without resolution enough to cling firmly to your own projects. Ralph, Ralph, remember the saying of him of old, 'Unstable as water thou shalt not excel.'"

"I know, Conner, but I have reached the turning point in my life; my fate is in Helen's hands, she can do with me what she will."

"And she so young, so ignorant of the world, as reckless and passionate as yourself! Boy, I am doing a wicked thing in consenting to this—may God forgive me!"

"Then you do not refuse? You will not forsake me?"

"I have promised, Ralph, that is enough! Oh! if my words could have any effect! As the hour approaches I feel as if were about to consign that poor girl to a life of misery."

"What folly, Conner; this is insupportable! I would give my own life to preserve her from a single pang. Think what she would endure if my mother tore me away and she never saw me again! I know my mother's plans; she has arranged a marriage for me to suit herself, as she has regulated every action of my past life. I will submit to such tyranny no longer; she shall not crush my heart beneath her iron will—there is but one source of happiness left me—no human being shall deprive me of that!"

"I only ask for a little delay—time to reflect."

"Not a day—not an hour! I shall know no peace until Helen is my wife; I dread each instant lest something should prevent this. I cannot reason, Conner; I love that girl—I will hear nothing more."

"You are going away—you will not stay here?"

"I must go; my mother has written several times absolutely commanding my return, and I can disobey her no longer. Were she to come here and see Helen, everything would be lost."

"Have you mentioned her in your letters?"

"Never; could you think me so mad?"

"A word would be enough for your mother. You are a poor deceiver, Ralph, and in your attempt at secrecy it is quite possible you have overshot the mark, and written in a manner so constrained and unnatural as to rouse her suspicions."

"All the more reason why the marriage should not be delayed. Come, come; the sun is setting—it is time."

"One moment more; for your own sake, by the love I bear you, for that poor girl's peace, I ask you to pause."

"Not an instant! Do not torture me by such language! My mind is made up and you cannot shake my resolution. Will you go with me, Conner?"

"I am ready since it must be."

"Come then. Helen will have reached the house before us if we do not hasten."

"Go on," Conner said; but as they left the room, he grew pale and trembled like one conscious that he was committing a great wrong, yet unable to draw back.

All that day Helen Græme had been alone in her room, reading again and again the letter which Ralph had sent, and giving herself wholly up to the bewildering dream that had circled about her life. But as evening came on, she could not drive away the stern and serious reflections which crowded upon her. Still she would not listen to the warning voice, she would hear nothing but the cry of her passionate heart, that warred rebelliously against the power which strove to endanger her happiness.

She heard her father's voice calling her—he had returned. Slowly and timidly she rose, trembling in every limb; but she went down stairs and forced herself to meet him.

"You look pale, Helen," he said; "is my lassie sick?"

She faltered out something about a headache, and he said no more. When tea was over, he drew her down upon his knee and began stroking her hair kindly.

"My little girl thinks her father a harsh old man," he said, "but trust me, child, I have acted for the best."

"I have not complained, father," she replied, coldly.

"No, daughter," he said, pained by her manner; "but there has come a cloud betwixt our hearts which troubles me. I knew that a longer acquaintance with that young man would bring nothing but sorrow to us both. He comes from a bad race on his mother's side, proud, fickle and treacherous."

"When did you know them, father, that you speak in this way?"

"I cannot tell you the story now, child; it opens afresh old wounds that ought to have healed long ago. Trust your father, Helen, he loves you better than you can understand."

She flung her arms about his neck with a sudden burst of tears which she could not repress.

"What ails you, lassie?" he cried, in alarm.

"Tell me, Helen, what has happened?"

"Nothing, father; I am silly, nervous, nothing more."

He looked keenly in her face for a moment, and shook his head mournfully.

"My daughter's heart is half gone from me," he said; "God help me, I am indeed alone in the world."

"No, father, I love you, I will never forsake you. See, I am not crying now—kiss me, father."

"Dear lassie! Your eyes are like your mother's, child—be as true and faithful as she was, I ask no more."

Helen could not answer. She cowered beneath a sense of her own duplicity and guilt, but it was too late to retreat. She clung closer to her father for an instant, and then shrunk from him unable to meet the glance of his kind eyes.

"How cold your hands are, Helen; you are not well! Dressed in white, too, for all the world like a bride; go put on a shawl about your shoulders at least."

"I am not cold, father; it is very warm."

"You are pale—there is something amiss! I have business in the village and must go out, but I shall be back before nine o'clock. Shall I stop for old Mrs. Prior to stay with you?"

"No, no; I would rather be alone."

"Good night, then; don't take cold."

He bent over her to kiss her as was his wont when he left her.

"Bless me, father," she whispered, "do bless me."

"God bless my darling and keep her from harm!" he said, fervently, then his voice changed. "In suffering and sorrow I will cling to you; but remember, Helen Græme, shame sits not at my hearthstone, disgrace finds no shelter under this roof."

"Father, father!"

"I was not thinking of you, little one, but of the past! There is Scottish blood in your veins, Helen, you will be true to it."

He went out of the house and left her alone. For a time she sat shivering where he had left her, as if his blessing had struck a chill to her heart. The peal of the village bell aroused her; she started; the sun had already set—the hour had come.

She threw a shawl about her and left the house. The path which she took was so solitary and retired, that she ran little risk of meeting any one, and she walked rapidly on toward the old house.

Once she paused and looked back, but the passion in her heart was stronger than the instincts of reason and duty. She hurried forward more rapidly than before, and made no stop until she reached the garden gate.

Ralph Trevor was walking impatiently up and down the walk, and when he saw her shrinking back at the entrance, he sprang toward her with an exclamation of joy.

"You have come at last; bless you, Helen! It grew so late I feared something had happened, and was nearly wild with anxiety. You are pale, Helen—are you ill?"

"It is nothing," she said. "Oh! Ralph, have you considered——"

"Hush, darling; trust me!"

"Now and always, Ralph!"

"The clergyman is in the house, Helen; we can go in by this door."

They entered the room where Conner was awaiting their arrival. The young minister glanced compassionately at her slight, girlish figure, but when he saw the strength and resolution which spoke in her face, he felt that at least she would neither falter nor sink down in the path that she had chosen.

"We are ready," Ralph whispered, and drew Helen to the spot where Conner was standing.

The apartment which he had selected had been his mother's sitting-room during her visits to Mr. Owen's house. Years and years had elapsed since she had been there, but the old furniture remained unchanged, and even through the havoc of time and neglect showed traces of its former beauty.

Ralph had been there that day endeavoring to make the room less desolate. The chairs and sofas had been dusted, clusters of flowers from the garden were scattered about, but his efforts only showed more plainly the desertion and ruin of everything around.

The crimson chairs and couches were moth-eaten and tarnished, the draperies were half

torn from the windows, over which the woodbine and honeysuckle had wreathed themselves so closely that the apartment was wrapped in gloom.

As the clergyman knelt in prayer, a last ray of sunset broke through the leaves and trembled for a moment on the floor, then faded, leaving it darker than before.

Tremulously and solemnly, Conner pronounced the words which bound those two together for life, but neither faltered nor trembled. When all was over, they stood there for a few moments in silence. The clergyman placed in Helen's hands a certificate of the marriage.

"What is it?" she asked.

He told her, and without a word she tore it in fragments.

"I can trust my husband," she said. "Mr. Conner, whatever happens, remember that you have promised to keep our secret until I give you leave to speak."

"You have my pledge; I will be faithful."

"I believe it, I know it."

Conner sat down on the doorstep, weak and tired from mental excitement; but Ralph drew Helen down the walk to the arbor.

"My darling, my wife," he whispered; "mine forever! You do not fear now, Helen?"

"Fear—oh! my husband!"

"That name! Helen, could we but hasten far away to some spot where nothing could disturb our happiness, where we should be free! But the time will come when in the face of the whole world I can own you as my wife. Then, Helen, how happy we shall be! think what life will be to us then, one long dream of delight."

"No fear, no separation," Helen whispered.

"None; our happiness will be unmarred."

"Children," said a voice so solemn that it made them start; "children, make not unto yourselves idols, for they shall fade away!"

They turned and saw the clergyman standing beside them, and for a little time strange silence crept over the three.

"It is late," said Conner, at length, "we must leave this place."

The husband and wife parted at the entrance of the garden which had witnessed their first meeting. Conner drew Ralph rapidly away, and Helen hastened down the path which led to her home, unable as yet to think, dizzied by the new found happiness, and ready to guard it at all hazards.

CHAPTER VI.

A WEEK passed, a week of unalloyed happiness to the newly wedded pair. They put aside

all thought of the danger which menaced them; the secret which must now weigh so heavily upon their minds was forgotten, giving themselves wholly up to that first dream, the like of which no after pleasure can ever equal.

Mr. Græme was much occupied, so that Helen was left at liberty. Her father noticed that the color had come back to her cheek, the old animation to her manner, and was satisfied. He could not think that her acquaintance with Ralph Trevor had continued long enough to leave any lasting impression upon her mind; he also believed the young man gone, for he had left the village and rode several miles daily in order to meet Helen.

So the days glided on, the golden, glorious days of early summer, which to those happy beings caught an added loveliness from the beautiful inner life in which they lived.

One evening, Helen had gone up to the old house earlier than usual, under the pretence of taking a walk. She found Ralph already waiting for her, and the night was so delicious that they sat down in the garden in preference to enduring the gloom of the house.

"I have heard nothing from my mother for a week past," Ralph said, during a pause in the conversation. "I have expected letters from her every day."

"She must be very angry with you, Ralph."

"It is possible; still I think she has come to the conclusion that I intend to assert my own will somewhat more strongly than heretofore."

"It pains me so to think that you are incurring her anger on my account."

"Are you not running the same risk for me, darling? I am repaid for all by the consciousness that you love me. What is the opinion of all the world beside?"

"I suffer, Ralph, from this concealment and deceit which I am forced to practice toward my dear father! It cuts me to the heart when he kisses me, and calls me by the pet names that used to thrill my heart with happiness."

"Poor child, I can understand that! But you are too sensitive, Helen! They forced us to act as we did, or we should have been wretched for life."

"Can this last, Ralph? Must not suffering and sorrow follow it?"

"Why should it? What can happen?"

"I do not know. Must we not part soon?"

"True, but I hope not for long; I shall find an opportunity to come back in a few weeks—three months at the farthest. If my mother goes to Europe, as she thinks of doing, on some important business, we shall be free."

"If she insisted upon your going with her?"

"Do you think I would do it?"

"I cannot tell! You have told me so much of the awe with which she always inspired you—the implicit obedience which you have always yielded her, that I tremble at the mention of her name—I fear her, Ralph."

"She shall never come between your heart and mine, Helen, wife—I swear it!"

"And day after to-morrow you must go?"

"I must indeed. It is the third day I have set, and when the time came I had not the courage to start."

"I will not dissuade you—the sooner you go, the sooner you will return. You will write to me, Ralph? you will not leave me a day without tidings?"

"Not one, nor will you leave them unanswered."

"You know it will be the only pleasure I shall have—reading your letters and replying to them."

"What shall I do, Helen, when I am gone? I almost think the loneliness in which you will be left preferable to the torture I shall undergo, in being forced to see and talk with people perfectly indifferent to me, and whom I shall hate because they will occupy the time I might spend in thinking of you."

"Oh! Ralph, if——"

She broke off abruptly, as though the thought were too painful to utter.

"If what, Helen?"

"I will not say—it sounds unjust, like a suspicion, and I did not mean that."

"Tell me, dear."

"Should you find, after leaving me, that your love grew weaker—if you should repent this marriage?"

"Helen!"

"I know—I know! It is unkind, cruel. It could never happen."

"Not while a single pulse in this heart is left to throb, Helen."

"I believe you, Ralph; but, if such were the case, I could bear it better if you wrote frankly and told me so."

"What would you do, little one?"

"Die, if death would take me, if not, live on: you would never hear of me more; I would not trouble your future by a single reproach."

"I believe you; I know the pride of your nature well enough to understand how you would endure such suffering. But there is no fear, dearest—none!"

He clasped her closer to him, but even as the fond words died on his lips, Helen shrunk from his arms, pale and shuddering, pointing toward the entrance of the garden.

"What ails you?" he cried, in terror.

She strove to speak, but in vain. Ralph's eyes followed the direction in which she was gazing—before them stood his mother, her face stormy with passion.

The young man sprang to his feet little less agitated than his wife.

"My mother!" he exclaimed, in amazement and horror.

"I knew it!" gasped Helen, "I felt it!"

She fell shuddering back upon the seat, not insensible, but unable, for the moment, to speak or move.

"Your mother," repeated Mrs. Trevor, advancing toward them. "So, sir! It is thus I find you—this is the reason you neglect your parent, disregarding her wishes, acting in open opposition to her commands."

Ralph was roused by her taunts; he was reckless in anger, but in the end his mother's strong will always conquered.

"Madam," he said, "I am not a child that you should follow me in this way—why are you here?"

"To know for myself if the disgraceful story I heard was true—to see with my own eyes your shame and that bad girl's wickedness."

"Stop!" he exclaimed. "To me you may say what you will, but you shall not insult her."

"As if it were possible! I did not come here to bandy words, young man! By the promise you made your dying father I bid you listen to me—to go with me from this place."

"Never!" he cried; "I will not go."

"Ralph," pleaded Helen, "it is your mother; for my sake, go!"

Mrs. Trevor looked full in her face with her searching glare.

"And this is Helen Græme," she said; "fit daughter for such a father. Young woman, I blush for you."

"Mother, I warn you to stop!" exclaimed Ralph, shaking with passion; "do not dare to use such language to her!"

"This to your mother! I know well where you learned such lessons."

"Madam, this girl is——"

In his rage the fatal secret trembled on his lips, but Helen sprang up with a cry which brought back his reason.

"Will you go with me, Ralph?"

"I will not!"

"Then you have seen my face for the last time—starve, die, and with your mother's curse upon your head!"

"For God's sake," cried Helen, throwing herself at her feet; but Mrs. Trevor spurned her

away, and she would have fallen to the ground if Ralph had not caught her in his arms.

"You love that man—answer, girl!"

"I do!"

"Then bid him go, if you would not have him cast off by the only relative left him on earth."

"Go, Ralph, for my sake! Do what your mother wills! On my knees I ask it—go!"

He caught her to his heart for an instant; then she broke away, crying still,

"Go with her, Ralph, if you would not see me die here, go!"

Ralph rushed from the garden without a word, followed by his mother. When the sound of their footsteps had died away, Helen sprang forward, as if she would have reclaimed him still,

"Ralph! Husband!"

Her voice died in a hoarse whisper. She fell forward upon the ground and lay there for a long hour, cold and insensible.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the mother and son had reached the road, he turned abruptly toward her,

"Are you satisfied?" he asked, in a hoarse voice; "are you content with the misery you have caused?"

Mrs. Trevor knew so well Ralph's varying moods, that she was at no loss for means by which to quell the tempest in his soul.

"Ralph," she said, gently, "my son, I only ask you to give yourself time for thought."

"There is no need! Why did you come here, thrusting yourself between me and the sunshine of my life?"

"Is your mother nothing to you? Have you forgotten all love for her?"

"No, mother, you know that I love you. In what have I ever opposed your slightest wish? Since I have come to manhood have I not been governed and tyrannized over like a child?"

"Oh! Ralph, have you learned to consider your mother's fond affection tyranny?"

"Is it affection that thwarts my every wish, crushes every hope before it has time to blossom in my heart? No, mother, that is not love: it is only a determination to control every one around you—to tread beneath your feet every obstacle to your desires."

"I shall not reply to that, Ralph; I may be cold and hard, but, at least, I have a mother's heart! Remember, in the wide world I have nothing but you to love; do not torture me by such cruelty."

"Forgive me, mother? Oh! I shall be driven

mad; I cannot tell what to do—which way to turn.”

“Follow your mother’s advice; go away from here for a time. Come, Ralph, my son, my carriage is not far off.”

“My horse is here; I prefer to ride on and join you at Wendon.”

“You will meet me there?”

“Did I ever tell you a lie, mother? I have said that I would go, and I will.”

She saw him mount his horse and ride rapidly away; then, entering her carriage, she bade the man drive to the old house, just visible through the trees, on the opposite side of the hill—she was going to visit Adam Græme.

The old man had been in the house for some time, anxiously awaiting his daughter’s return. When he heard the sound of wheels pausing before the door, he went out into the porch, meeting Mrs. Trevor face to face.

Through all the changes of years he recognized her at a glance; but she scarcely knew him at first, saying wonderingly,

“Are you Adam Græme?”

“I am, madam.”

“Perhaps you do not remember me?”

“Perfectly, Mrs. Trevor; memories like those which you left in my heart are not easily effaced. May I ask what errand brings you under this roof again?”

“The last time we met, Mr. Græme, was so painful to all parties, that I regret the necessity which brings me here again; but I did my duty then and I shall not fail now.”

“I know,” returned the old man, “that your coming bodes evil, but what power have you to trouble me now?”

“We will go into the house, if you please,” said Mrs. Trevor, with the same haughty courtesy; “we have no need of any listeners.”

Mr. Græme led the way into his daughter’s sitting-room without a word. Mrs. Trevor seated herself near the window, and the old man placed his chair opposite hers, where the waning light fell full on her face, and he could mark every change of those haughty features.

“Now, madam,” he said, “will you tell me what brings you here?”

There was something in his dignified simplicity much more imposing than in his visitor’s pride; she felt it, and the smouldering enmity of more than half a life blazed up anew.

“You have a daughter,” she said, abruptly, “something which concerns her brought me to your house.”

The old man grew pale; the wrinkled hands, folded over his knee, began to tremble.

“Take care,” he said, sternly, “do not come between my heart and my daughter! Remember the work you did years ago, and be satisfied.”

“I did what was right, and would do the same again.”

“You murdered my sister,” returned he, in a hollow voice; “you drove your brother forth into the world a desperate, hardened man—would you do these things again?”

“You are insane, Mr. Græme! My brother had disgraced his family, and I had no pity for him.”

“He was a noble man, who followed the dictates of his heart. He loved Martha and would have married her, but you would not permit it because we were poor. You came here with your lying tongue, well knowing the girl’s pride, you taunted and upbraided her until she would have trampled her heart under her feet sooner than have married your brother.”

“I did not come to listen to such language, I will hear no more of it.”

“The end came full soon,” continued the old man, without heeding her interruption. “Martha would never see Horace again; he went away at last, and from that time she wasted and pined. Six months from the day of your visit, we carried her down to the grave-yard and laid her beside her mother.”

“What atrocious charges! how dare you make them? The girl died of consumption inherited from her mother.”

“They called it so, madam, but she died of a broken heart. No matter, you have no power to injure even her memory. Why are you here to-day?”

“To guard my son from the arts practiced upon my brother,” she exclaimed, violently, “to tear him away from your shameless daughter.”

“Stop, madam!” he broke in, standing before her pale and terrible, “you are a woman and safe from my anger, but leave this house; you shall not insult my child.”

“I tell you that she loves Ralph, my son, and I tell you too, that if you dream of another marriage, I would dig his grave with my own hands sooner than permit it.”

“I believe you capable of it! But let me tell you that I would rather see my daughter dead than your son’s wife—you have nothing to fear.”

“Have I not told you that she loves him, that she throws herself in his way—detains him from his duty?”

“No, no,” said the old man; “my daughter’s name is Græme—that is answer enough! Do you remember when, more than thirty years ago,

you came here one summer—you were only sixteen then, proud and beautiful Isabel Owen? I was much older than you, old enough to have been wiser, but I was ignorant of the world. You did throw yourself in my way—you made me love you, and when you wearied of the sport of trifling with the poor farmer, you laughed me to scorn! You did that, Isabel Owen; but my daughter is incapable of anything so vile."

Mrs. Trevor grew death-like with rage.

"Oh!" she gasped, "that I were a man so I might choke your black heart out through your lying lips! Your daughter innocent—do you know where I found her? In the garden of the old house alone with my son. Now what do you say?"

"Oh! it is false!" he cried, "I know it is false!"

"Go there and seek her then? I have warned you, act as you see fit. Whatever happens now I am not to blame, nor shall my family be disgraced."

Mr. Græme caught her hand in his iron grasp, and almost whispered in her ear,

"And I tell you that if my daughter is injured in thought or deed, I will murder your son before your face."

Mrs. Trevor shrunk back frightened by the terrible resolution in his face.

"My son is incapable of a wrong," she said; "it has been only a passing folly on both sides. I came here to warn you—to save your daughter much suffering; you should not have insulted me for what was meant as kindness."

"I know, I know," he said, bitterly; "you cannot deceive me—you are of a race that never forgives, and though you pretend to look down on me and despise me, you have hated me as an equal, wronged me in every way, and this is the last blow."

"I am going now," she replied, "my duty is done, and I will not expose myself longer to your insults. I pity you, Mr. Græme, that is the only feeling I have."

"Do not dare, I could bear anything but that! Go, madam, you have brought suffering enough to this house; there are ghosts from the past that would haunt you here! In the very spot that you stand Martha Græme died—you killed her—go to the grave-yard and ask God to pardon your wickedness—go!"

She hastened from the room, but his hollow voice followed her, filling her with a strange fear which she could not subdue. She entered the carriage and drove rapidly away, but those stern reproaches pursued her like a curse. Martha Græme's face rose before her in all its girlish

loveliness. She heard again her prayers and sobs—saw her noble brother crushed and heart-broken by her sinful pride, miserable, degraded, and all her work.

She covered her face with her hands, trembling in mortal fear, but during that long ride those terrible reflections would haunt her, and she could not drive them away.

When she had gone, Mr. Græme sank into his chair, weak and faint. A few tears struggled down his cheeks, but he did not wipe them off or know that he was weeping.

"My daughter has deceived me," he moaned; "oh! my child, my child!"

After a time he shook off that weakness, and rose up stern and pale, inflexible in his resolve.

He left the house and crossed the fields by the path which Helen had taken a few hours before. When he reached the garden gate he paused for a moment, and a wild hope shot up in his heart that the woman had deceived him. With a strong effort he flung open the gate and entered the garden.

It was almost dark, but in the dim light the old man saw a form prostrate upon the grass—it was his child!

He went to her, raised her and placed her upon a bench, sprinkling her face with water from a little spring that bubbled up in one of the neglected beds.

The girl came slowly to herself, opened her eyes wildly, crying,

"Ralph, Ralph!"

The old man pushed her from him, and his face grew whiter than before.

"Look up, Helen Græme," he said; "it is I—your father!"

She cowered down into the seat, hiding her face in her dress.

"You have deceived me," he went on, "lied to me, by your actions, if not in words."

"Father!" she moaned, "father!"

"If you have still a right to speak that name, I will hear it; if not, do not dare to take it upon your lips."

"I have deceived you," she cried, "but I am still worthy to be your child."

"Then come home with me! I cannot talk to you—I never shall. Ralph Trevor's mother has told me everything—her son is gone, and you will never see him again."

"My God!" she gasped. "No, no, he will come back—he will come back!"

"Come home, I say," said the old man, sternly.

He forced her up from the seat and led her out of the garden. There was no word spoken

between them during that walk: and when they reached the house, he carried Helen to her room and laid her on the bed, for she was weak as an infant.

"Say that you forgive me," she pleaded; "father, father!"

He put her sternly away, resisting the clasp of her arms.

"You have deceived me, Helen," was his only answer to her prayers. He went slowly out of the chamber, and left her alone with her misery and remorse.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY BROTHER'S GIFT.

BY CLARA MORETON.

'Tis not the beauty of the gems I wear
This night, so thrills my breast as the one thought,
"They are my brother's gift." My full heart swells—
My eyes o'erflow with tears. Oh, brother dear!
Can love like yours know aught of blight or change?
As years roll on, shall we walk side by side
Adown the pleasant pathways of our dreams,
Or must the mists and clouds of life roll in?
Father forbid! So order all my steps
That his fond eyes may ever find in me
Some worth for all his love.

Back, o'er the past,
I throw my gaze. A merry boy with waves
Of golden hair, and sunny glance I see.
I hold him to my heart—our eyes grow dim,
The merry laughter dies; for from that day
Another roof is mine—another home
Grows hourly dearer.

Still through changing years
His love burns steadily, and knows no waning.
When sorrow's bitter cup was offered me,
By hands as dear as his, he strove to keep
The bitter from my taste, so sweet'ning it,
I found a recompense. And in my home,
My blest, my happy home, what joy have I,
He hath not shared and made more dear for me?
My children shout to hear his voice, and throw
Themselves upon his manly breast, with love
That knows no bound. His presence brings the sun
Unto the darkest hour. The laughing glance
His boyhood learned so well, the man hath not

Forgot. As yet, the world hath laid no hand
Upon the brave, fresh kindlings of his youth,
And every pulse beats high and strong for good.
Oh! God in Heaven hear me! Give to him
Every joy wherewith thou hast crowned the years
Of manhood! From his path ward every grief
He may not need to lead him up to Thee!
I would thy smiles might draw him, but my life
Hath not been void of lessons. I have learned
That sorrow lifts our eyes from earth, and blessed
In learning, all I have, and am, I leave
To Thee, sure that Thy hand hath never dealt
A blow, or pang, Thy mercy could not soothe,
Whene'er its work was wrought, and need was o'er.
Forgive me, Father, if with this my prayer,
Mingles one selfish thought! So near my life,
The deep wish lies, my lips cannot refuse
To give it utterance.

Bright as is the gleam
Of these fair jewels, keep within his heart
His love for me! No time can ever dim
Or sully them! With dazzling lustre they
Shall burn, long after the poor heart that holds
Them now so dear, has ceased to beat! Oh! hear
My prayer! Love is my life; my pulses fail,
When voices that I love fall cold upon me.
Make me more worthy of the boon I crave!
And when the hour of Death draws near, and all
The beauties of Thy earth fade from my sight,
With friends about my couch, may I lie down
To sleep, and wake to immortality.

THE SHADOW FROM THE SEA

BY M. F. CARTER.

A shadow came up from the sea,
And rose with a menace on high;
On wings of the wind from the sea
It hastened with darkness for me,
And covered the face of the sky!

That shadow so dark from the sea,
I knew by its heralding chills,
Was laden with death from the sea—
Was coming with sorrows for me,
Like frosts to the blossoming hills!

Still gloomier it came from the sea,
Still colder the blustering breeze
That brought it with haste from the sea!

I shuddered—it whispered to me
As whisper the shivering trees!

That shadow that came from the sea
Wind-borne to the blue of the skies—
For what had it come from the sea?
What did the dark shadow to me?
What gave it so fearful a guise?

That shadow went back to the sea
And left me all desolate then;
It carried my heart to the sea,
It never will bring it to me,
I never shall see it again!

A LOVE AND A PASSION

BY GABRIEL LEE.

"For God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love."

I AM sojourning in an isolated, out-of-the-way little inn, of a small Norman village. It is a stormy night, and with peculiar distinctness I hear the angry sea hurling its waves against the defiant, craggy shore. With this sound in my ears, I sit in my chamber and watch the fire flicker and burn, wreathing its flames into many colored shapes, and lighting up the curious, grotesque furniture of the room with its foreign-looking bed, into an aspect still more quaint and strange. Glancing casually around, my eye falls upon a head of our Saviour that hangs suspended over the mantle. The print itself is coarse, but the expression of the face majestic yet sweet. Is that glance of divine pity for me? I dare not think it. I will relate to you my life, and you will see why I desire to shun the pitying glance of Him who suffered for us, the ungrateful. A man that has traveled far, and seen much, as the world goes, an exile from the land of my birth, I watch the fire flicker and burn on a foreign hearth, and listen wearily to the dismal chaunt of wind and wave without. The night, as I have said, is wild and stormy, pitiless alike to those who journey by sea or land, as many a shattered vessel and uprooted tree will tell to-morrow: not less cruel and fatal was the temptation that beset my life.

My father was an honest country gentleman, hearty, hospitable, sincere. Our nearest neighbor, and my father's most intimate friend, was a Mr. Herbert, whose estate indeed joined so closely on ours, that the only line of division was a narrow brook, which I had often leaped across in boyish sport. Mr. Herbert's only child was a daughter called Alice, who, as a tiny thing, sportive, yet always gentle, was my childhood's playmate. I grew up, passed through the gradations of governess, private tutor, and finally went to college, as my father had done before me. Returning home, not without honors, for I had been a close student, I found the pretty child, who wept at my parting, had become a charming young girl, whose gentle gracefulness of demeanor, in conjunction with the timid glances of her wistful, tender eyes, said to all who looked upon her, love me, and hard must

have been the heart that could resist the plea. What the end might have been, had we been left to work out our own destiny, I can hardly say. As it was, our respective fathers laid their now silvered heads together, and bethought them of a wedding, viz: that of Marsden Phillips, the ancient family name which as eldest son I had inherited, to Alice Herbert. We had been thrown much together since our return home, and that the latter was not indifferent to me I had good reason to believe. The roses that bloomed on her cheek when I drew near, the white eyelids that drooped beneath my glances, the intent attitude when I spoke, all told me that which she was too guileless to hide. And did I return this affection? At college I had given myself unreservedly to study, and so had not frittered away my time and power of loving by so-called flirtations. Alice Herbert was the gentlest and fairest of her sex I had ever encountered, I rejoiced in her happiness, I felt sympathy with her moods of sadness, but my pulse never thrilled if by chance her hand lighted in mine, and her presence agitated me with no emotions that could not be readily suppressed. The sight of her was pleasant to my eyes indeed, but the glow and transport of a lover were as certainly not mine. This, however, I did not then guess, and when our parents proposed that we should marry, we nothing loath consented. The wedding took place, by which the Herbert and Phillips large estates were united, and Alice and I went to Europe for our bridal tour. We were serenely happy together. Both were young; we had never known misfortune, and we traveled by easy stages from place to place, seeing all that was renowned in fame or story, and finding life most sweet, and a charm in the mere fact of existence.

My bride was lovely, rather than beautiful, of a nature sympathetic and impressible to an extent rarely met with. This she showed in a way peculiar to herself, I have never witnessed it in another before or since. When excited by any outward accident, or inward feeling, her cheeks would flush, then pale, then flush again, as if the blood were impelled to and fro with the

throbbing of the heart. I have seen her many a time stand thus flushing and paling in some world-renowned collection of art, for these were her delight, wrapped in a happy trance of wonder, and looking so unconsciously lovely, that I noticed with pride how many a one would stop and look upon her with involuntary admiration, not entirely unmingled with awe. We journeyed here and there, enjoying everything with the simple delight of children, rather than with the soberer feelings of those of more advanced years, until at length becoming surfeited with sight-seeing, we turned our faces joyfully homeward. It had been determined that we should reside in New York for the greater part of the year, spending the summer with my father at Harewood, for so our family residence was called. My bride and I found a home awaiting our occupancy, elegantly appointed to the smallest detail, and wanting no luxury which a parent's love was capable of devising. Among those who came to welcome us upon our arrival, was a cousin of my wife's, by name Adelstane Carlyle. I was glad when she called, for a conversation that had taken place between Alice and myself some little time previous, had inspired me with a desire to see her. It happened thus. When we were crossing the ocean homeward bound, as we stood together on the deck at dusk, Alice said to me, "I am glad that New York is to be our home, for I shall see Adelstane Carlyle so often." "Who is she, I have never heard you speak of her?" asked I; Alice looked surprised, then said, "Oh, we are old friends and cousins beside. She has often spent the summer at our house. I shall be glad to have you see her, you will be sure to admire her, every one does." "Is she so beautiful?" I inquired. "She is more than beautiful," returned Alice, flushing, "she is as splendid as the sunset," pointing to the western horizon piled high with clouds of flaming crimson, and overhung by dense purple masses, whose edges were of living fire. Adelstane, I thought to myself, it is an unusual name. Then I recalled to mind those curious German legends, descriptive of enchantresses young and fair who haunt green forests, and who, flashing out from leafy coverts, mounted on palfreys gorgeously caparisoned, so dazzle and bewitch the unlucky hunter who meets them, that he straightway forgets home and kindred, and leaves all to follow them: and I remembered that these forest enchantresses were classed under the generic name of Adelstanes. This was a coincidence that glanced through my mind for a moment, then was forgotten. When a short time after our return I saw Adelstane Carlyle, I found that Alice,

with the fine poetic perception which she possessed in a high degree, had grasped exactly the character of her cousin's beauty, and in her brief description, or rather comparison, presented it to me perfectly. She would indeed have been acknowledged anywhere a splendid woman. The undulating grace of her lithe, yet stately figure; the small, well-carried head, crowned with heavy coils of lustrous purple-black hair, of the hue of dead ripe grapes; the handsome, haughty mouth, full-lipped and crimson: all asserted her claim to the title. Yes, Adelstane Carlyle was certainly a splendid woman. I acknowledged this fact upon the first moment of beholding her, nor was I disposed to recall the judgment upon farther acquaintance. She came to see us often, and that entirely *sans ceremonie*. Not unfrequently when Alice and I were seated at the breakfast-table, the door would open to admit Miss Carlyle, who, carelessly tossing her bonnet on the sofa, would sit down to breakfast with us, declaring that there was no coffee in the city that could be compared with ours for a moment. It is needless to say that she was always a welcome visitor, not only to Alice, but myself. See her as often as you would, Miss Carlyle was one of whom it would be difficult to weary. Rarely ruffled, never in haste, her conversation fascinating without an effort, apart from the relationship existing between us, we should still have gladly greeted her coming; as it was, the welcome that met her was always so warm as to call forth the playful declaration on her part, that she was almost ashamed to think on what an undeserving individual our youthful enthusiasm was wasted. Perfectly fresh in my memory is one of these morning visits.

It was about six months after our return and in the depth of winter. "There is Adelstane's step in the hall," said Alice, smiling, as she took her seat at the table. And presently Miss Carlyle stood in the doorway, her eyes and cheeks brilliant from her walk in the keen, frosty air, and attired, even thus early, with that certain degree of magnificence which became her so well. "Now don't either of you rise or disturb yourselves in the least," she said, with a deprecating gesture. "I was up the best part of last night, and felt that nothing short of a cup of your delicious coffee could have the least effect in reviving me." Alice laughingly handed the desired beverage to the young lady, who seating herself on a divan with an air of languid epicureanism, sipped and talked alternately. "It is a comfort even to drink from these cups," remarked our visitor. "They are so dainty and translucent: for all the world like fairy shells. By-the-way

it is a wonder to me, Alice, that young married couples like yourselves, for instance, don't have china sets painted with doves and cupids, and such like emblematical devices." "Oh, but you know," smiled Alice, "Marsden and I are not in the slightest degree sentimental." "True," said Adelstane, an indescribable expression flitting across her face. "I will accord you two credit for being the most sensible and best behaved young people I have ever met with." By this time Miss Carlyle, looking into her "fairly shell," remarked with a comic expression of dismay, "all gone," then added, "I am fearfully indolent this morning. Come, cousin Marsden Phillips, you have ornamented the head of your table long enough, be my Ganymede and make yourself useful, please, by bringing me another cup of coffee, better nectar than the gentleman alluded to ever served the gods with, I'll warrant." I complied with Miss Carlyle's request, who taking the cup from me, said, "Now sit here, please, just beside me, to be ready in case I should call for more;" then looking at my wife, continued, "Alice, dear, am I audacious beyond forgiveness in demanding your husband's services with so highwayman-like a manner?" Alice laughed a negative. "You encourage me to ask a favor then. I am going to a grand crash to-night, and want some of those superb red and white camelias in your conservatory, there are none like them in ours." "You are welcome to as many as you like," rejoined Alice, and springing up she took a pair of scissors from her work-basket, and left the room to get them. Adelstane put down her cup and leaning her head back, rested her eyes full upon my face. It was the first time within my remembrance that I had ever been alone with Miss Carlyle, and as she looked at me thus, a new and not unpleasant feeling made my cheeks flush, and sent the blood throbbing along my pulses as it had never done before. "Cousin Marsden," said my companion, with a softness of tone that belied her words, "I am going to be most unmitigatedly impertinent, you see I am in the vein this morning, and intend asking you rather an odd question." "I am all impatience," returned I. "In that case, I shall inquire, how a man of your intellect ever came to marry such a simple little thing as my cousin Alice? She is pretty, to be sure, and I myself am fond of her in a certain way; but then—" here she stopped. Of course I fired up and defended my wife. Of course I told of the thoughtful mind, the sweet womanly instincts, the deep feeling hidden under that child-like exterior. Reader, I did nothing of the kind. A pair of eyes dark and bewildering were gazing

at me with an aspect far from unkindly, their owner's hand, soft and rosy, laid near me. Scarcely knowing what I did, it was caught up and pressed against my lips. Adelstane withdrew it, saying, "Shame," but her smile undid the reproof. Just then my wife entered, her hands full of flowers. She sat down on a stool near her cousin, and began arranging them. "How superbly these will become you," said Alice. "Somehow I never see you, cousin, without thinking of Italy." Ah! Adelstane Carlyle, thou wert like Italy in more than one aspect! Splendid as her skies, treacherous as the miasma of her Campagna. Alice tied the flowers together, and laying them on her cousin's lap, looked up and said, "What do I deserve?" Adelstane smoothed my wife's curls with the hand just fresh from my kiss, laid her lips a second against the white upturned forehead, with an "Alice, you are the best cousin in the world," waved us both a smiling good-bye, and went. Her superb composure had not, to all appearance, been at all disturbed; my man's heart was yet beating with excitement.

It was after this that Miss Carlyle would sometimes drop in of an evening, always bringing one or more admirers in her train; and I felt strangely triumphant when I saw with what indifference she would turn them over to be entertained by my wife, while she bestowed her conversation almost entirely upon me. It was during one of these evening visits that a certain wonder which had taken possession of my mind, expressed itself in words. Alice, at our request, had seated herself at the piano, and was singing in a soft, rich voice one of those tender, mournful ballads, that engrave themselves upon a nation's heart. The gentleman who had accompanied Miss Carlyle, and to whom she had thrown one smile, and a couple of sentences since her entrance—I had kept strict account—stood by my wife's side turning over the leaves of her music-book. Suddenly turning to Miss Carlyle, who sat listening with an expression of pensiveness, most unusual to her, I said abruptly, "Adelstane, I have often wondered how it is you have never married." Her face flushed, a slight spasm of pain passed over the features; then in a low, concentrated voice she answered, "I loved—no, worshiped a man once, and—he died." The white lids drooped a moment, then were lifted, the light from those dangerous eyes was shot full into mine. "You are more like him than any one I have ever met, only," she said, with a brusquerie that in another might have repelled, but in her merely allured, "only you are not half as handsome." Here I wish to

say that up to this point no thought of danger had crossed my mind. There is a sentence in an old, old book, which states that the heart is not only desperately wicked, but deceitful above all things. Acting in accordance with this latter truth, I had said to myself, of course I admire Adelstane Carlyle, for who could help it? But because a woman is handsome, must she be treated with incivility? Beside she is my wife's cousin and entitled to every courtesy. She is disposed to be friendly, and a man may use a little gallantry toward a handsome woman—indeed they rather expect it—and mean no harm. Presently Adelstane will marry, and I shall be not one whit disturbed, save that, perhaps, these little passages of sentiment would in that case be inappropriate. In addition to this reasoning, I flattered myself that being of a phlegmatic temperament, which was true in one sense, and entirely untrue in another, that what might be fraught with danger to other men, I should find entirely innocuous.

It chanced one evening, as Alice and I sat alone together, that a restless, uneasy feeling came over me. I felt a want which must be satisfied. "I promised to lend your cousin a book," I said, at length, "I think I will take it to her to-night: I shall not be gone long." Alice answered never a word, but kept her head drooped down over her embroidery, and I taking my hat went. I reached the house, sent up my name, and was told Miss Carlyle was preparing to go out, but would see me before she went. I passed through the hall into the room where Adelstane received her own especial visitors, and stood awaiting her coming. The apartment was small, but furnished with a richness that verged upon gorgeousness, yet evidencing that the arrangement of every detail, had been dictated by a well educated eye, and a taste thoroughly artistic. The light came soft and warm through shades, stained with rose-color, subduing all into entire harmony, and fell with peculiar effect upon a sleeping Venus niched in the wall, tinting the perfect bosom with such a life-like tone that it seemed to rise and fall in natural curves. As I noticed this, there was a light step in the hall, and Adelstane stood beside me, smiling, and holding out, with a cordial grace peculiarly her own, both hands to greet me. Surely never did disciple of Mahomet in his ecstatic opium-induced dream of paradise, ever behold an Houri of more seductive charms than she who stood before me. Always splendid, to-night Adelstane reached the culminating point of magnificence. Her attire of some silken material, silvery in hue, swept the floor in shining,

voluminous folds; red roses glowed against the white breast, and diamond bracelets encircled with light the bare, gleaming arms. No word of compliment, however, passed my lips, but I felt the woman's intoxicating beauty to the inmost core of my being. Oh, fool that I was where was my phlegmatic temperament now? I made an effort to appear indifferent, however, handed the book I had brought, saying, I trusted she would find it entertaining; inquired with a connoisseurish air if the landscape over the door were not a recent purchase, and with the final remark that I would detain her no longer, rose to go. Adelstane rose with me, and we both stood under the chandelier. The beautifying, rosy light fell upon her upturned face, upon the moist crimson mouth, upon the eyes luminous with dangerous fire. Those eyes drew me with magnetic power. There was an embrace as close as death, kisses fast and sudden as summer rain, imprinted upon unresisting lips, a passionately murmured "good night," and I was in the street baring my throbbing forehead to the evening wind. Did the feeling that sent the blood rushing through my body until every nerve tingled, arise from a sense of shame? Or was it the guilty joy a man feels when lips that should have been kept sacred from his touch, are yielded unreluctantly to his ardent pressure? The air was cutting and frosty, but I felt it not, and walked the streets until after midnight, then went home. I passed softly up the staircase, and stood upon the threshold of my wife's chamber. A dim, yellow radiance diffused itself from the centre of a white, golden-leaved lily that branched out from the wall, yet even in this faint light the character of the room was plainly discernible. It was almost solemn in its purity. The lace curtains fell in snowy drifts about the bed, and were caught back by dimpled hands of alabaster. Over the mantle stood two angels keeping guard. One a gently-smiling Peace, the other a serene-eyed Silence, while above hung an engraving from Schaffer's divine painting of "Dante and Beatrice." A faint perfume from the vase of flowers that always stood filled upon my wife's dressing-table, floated toward me. It seemed to my excited fancy, as I thus stood hesitating upon the threshold, that I could almost hear the rustle of wings, betokening the departure of angels at my approach. I dared not enter the pure sleeping presence within, and turning back retraced my steps, and going into my library walked to and fro until dawn. The next morning a certain still small voice would make itself heard, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary. In order to appease its murmurs, I stopped at a well

known jeweler's on my way home, and purchased a sett of pearls. They were the largest and finest I had ever seen, white and perfect. I found my wife in her sitting-room, and handing the case to her, said, "Here is a trifle, Alice, that I hope will please you." She looked at the jewels for a few moments in entire silence, then lifting her eyes, brimful of tears, to mine, answered simply, "Marsden, I would rather have your love." I tried to speak, but only stammered in the attempt, then being convicted of my own conscience, turned and left the room. It was a few days after this, that I found Alice seated about half way up the stairs, pale and faint, her hand pressed against her heart. She held her arms out to me, saying in a tone of entreaty, "Please help me up stairs." Lifting her in mine I carried her up the staircase, and laid her on the bed alarmed and touched to the heart. In answer to my questioning, Alice confessed she had felt ill for some time past. "Why did you not tell me?" I inquired. She smiled sadly, then replied, "You never noticed, and why should I trouble you, dear?" For a week Alice was unable to leave her room, and it was during this time that Adelstane, hearing of her illness, sent her a basket of grapes, daintily arranged in tempting clusters, and accompanied by a scented note of condolence. I brought the basket to her bedside, saying, "Here are some grapes your cousin has sent you." Alice turned her head, and for the first and only time, I saw an expression of scorn, intense and bitter, upon her face. When I came home Adelstane's gift was where I had left it in the morning, not a grape had been touched. I understood then that Alice had comprehended. How wise we men are! We insult our wives by depriving them of what a woman holds most dear, and because they choose to break their hearts in silence, complacently conclude that they have been blind to our defection. Believe me that what the quiet eyes of many a wife has read as she has turned over the pages of her husband's heart, read in agony the deeper for its silence, will not be among the least wonders of the judgment day. Then many a man, who encased in an impenetrable armor of self-conceit, has chuckled over the credulous dullness of the woman whom he vowed to love and cherish, will be obliged, however reluctantly, to place the crown of patience on her brow, and wonder at the unselfish love that could see so clearly, and yet endure so silently. During her illness, Alice seemed happy only when I was beside her, with my arms for her resting-place: and I should have been less than human could I have resisted the joyful smile that lighted up

her face when I entered the room, or the wan hands that were held out to be clasped in mine. At length Alice recovered somewhat, that is, she gained strength enough to be carried up and down stairs, always by me, for she would bear, if possible, no other touch than mine. During this time I had seen Adelstane Carlyle upon several occasions, but always in the presence of others. I inwardly gnashed my teeth at the restraint thus imposed, but I was not without some consolation, for when we parted the lingering pressure of her hand, the eyes that looked in mine with such tender meaning, would send me home almost reeling, heart and brain in a whirl of sweet intoxication. This woman possessed me night and day, I went about haunted by her face and voice. A few days after one of these interviews, a note came to me breathing of her presence, for it was impregnated with the odor, penetrating yet delicate, of her favorite perfume. Adelstane's missive told me that in consequence of a promise of long standing, she would be obliged to pay a visit to the sea-shore; then was added, and well I remember the phrase, "I love the sea-shore. The ocean is the grandest thing in Nature, and I like grandeur. But a voice more searching than the ocean's, more subtly sweet than the mellowest tones of its waves, will call me back to the city as soon as may be." She concluded by saying that in the meantime it would be advisable not to write. I placed this epistle against my heart, and when returning home I took Alice in my arms, her head rested almost directly upon it.

The days wore on at first most wearily, one moment I panted for Adelstane's return, and the next almost dreaded it, for having totally abandoned the theory I had cherished, viz: of having enough self-control to serve me in any emergency, I feared the recklessness of consequences which her presence would be sure to bring. But after some weeks had passed, this feverish state of excitement gradually abated, my pulses became calmer, I could think more clearly: besides this I could scarcely look upon my wife, encircled as she was by an atmosphere of perfect purity, and cherish thoughts of disloyalty. It has been often said that there are turning points in every one's life by which all our after existence is changed and colored. Mine finally came to me: for God is good, and knowing our weakness, leaves us not to battle with the fiends of darkness alone.

When Alice came down stairs, her favorite seat was in the conservatory, and it was here one morning, as she rested in my arms, inhaling the fragrance of the flowers, that my new life began.

We had been sitting in silence for some time, Alice watching with languid delight the sunlight striking through the long rows of plants, making the leaves of a translucent green, brightening into more gorgeous coloring the hanging tropical vines, and turning into flashing diamonds the spray of the mimic fountain which was set among the flowers, and which filled the air with a silvery tinkling sound most pleasant to hear. By-and-bye, Alice closing her eyes like a tired child, went to sleep. The picture she made thus sleeping will never be stricken from my memory: it rises before me even now, but it is with past events that I have to do. I gazed at the face resting upon my breast angel-like in its innocence, yet wearing a look of such tender womanliness, at the softly smiling mouth, and the long, fair hair that, unloosened, fell in rippling waves over the faintly flushed cheek. In that hour it may be that whatever of good I had done in my worthless life, it may be that the prayers made long ago by a mother's lips, and the later orisons of her who lay upon my breast, taking a voice all pleaded for me before the throne of God. It might have been that the unholy spells cast about my soul, by the enchantress who had held me bound, becoming weaker by distance, crumbled away entirely, unable to exert their power in the hallowed presence of a pure-souled woman. However it was, I know not, but this was certainly true, that as I thus looked at my wife, and remembered her sweet patience, her untiring goodness, I felt the passion inspired by Adelstane Carlyle slowly ebbing away, and a sea of love, deep and strong, rushed into my heart, and filled my whole being with tenderness for Alice. Account for this change I cannot entirely, but God be thanked! it was so. The violent emotion that shook my frame awoke my wife, and raising her head she regarded me with a look of wonderment and alarm. I arose and knelt down before her, overpowered by a keen sense of shame and contrition, and with a voice broken by sobs, cried out, "Alice, Alice, forgive me: I swear that from henceforth you, and you alone have my sole and entire love." My darling looked at me with such a face, and lifting her eyes shining with unspeakable joy upward, prayed softly to herself, then bending down she laid her hands in mine: I obeyed their gentle force, and reinstating herself in my arms, she laid her head upon my bosom, and I felt that without a word all was understood, and my unfaithfulness forgiven. "I shall be well now," said Alice to me, the next morning: and so it seemed, for almost immediately she bloomed into a wonderful fairness and beauty: it was as if a pale, delicate tea-rose had suddenly changed into one of crimson damask, which of all flowers seems to me the fittest representative of luxuriant, healthy life. But this transformation lasted but a little time. There had been committed to my care a nature so delicately fragile, so keenly sensitive, that I shuddered to think what she must have borne in seeing the affection which was hers by right, heedlessly given to another. I had not treated this nature with positive unkindness, it is true, only withheld the dew and sunshine of love from it so long, that now too late repentant, the richest showers of tenderness could never restore it to permanent life. Alice became weaker day after day, until she could not leave her room, and finally her bed, upon which she laid now and then speaking words so tenderly sweet, that I held my breath to listen; and when too weak for speech, she looked at me with eyes expressive of such heavenly love, that my heart was struck through and through with the keenest pangs of remorse. A pearl of rarest loveliness had been mine, but I had trampled it under foot, and worlds could not reunite its shattered fragments. Presently the end came. Alice had not spoken the whole morning, but lay in perfect stillness, her hand in mine, her eyes with that unutterable love-light in them, fixed upon my face. I too had been silent, for I dared not speak: at length summoning courage, I bent down and whispered, "My sweet, my own, are you happy?" She smiled a smile that must have been caught from the face of some waiting angel: then motioned me to lift her up. I complied with the mute request, and raising her in my arms I laid her head upon my breast. She closed her eyes with an expression of the most perfect content, and that beautiful crimson flush which always attested her delight, dyed her delicate cheek and slender throat. I watched it gradually fade away until her face became of fixed and pallid whiteness, that rosy blush never suffused it in this life again—never, never.

Two days after my wife's death I sat in my library powerless even to think, and plunged into a state of sullen, dreary anguish and despair. As I sat thus the door opened softly: I lifted my head, and Adelstane Carlyle, brilliant and radiant with luxuriant life, stood before me. I knew instinctively that she had not heard of my wife's death, for she came toward me with extended hands saying, in that low, thrilling voice she knew how to use with such seductive power, "Dear, dear Marsden! you are the first person I have seen: I came here the moment—" She stopped abruptly, shocked, I suppose, as she

noticed the rigid, grief-stricken face that met her gaze. I rose and said, "Come with me, Adelstane Carlyle." She followed mutely. I led her up stairs and into the room where Alice lay, waiting for those she had loved to come and witness her burial. The chamber was dim, save where a few sunbeams came through the darkened shutters, and struck across the bright hair lying in curls upon the pillow, and upon the white roses my dead one held in her pallid hands. Adelstane shivered and shrank back. She would have fled, but I detained her with a warning gesture. "Adelstane Carlyle," I said, "listen to me. There lies my wife. You and I have killed her, but me she has forgiven. Had you been a true woman, and not a treacherous friend, this would never have been. Had you repelled at first the passion I felt for you, which was as degrading in me to feel, as in you to inspire, she had not left me. Go, you insult her perfect purity, which no thought of evil ever sullied, with your presence. Go, Adelstane Carlyle, and take this consciousness with you. I declared it with my betrayed Alice listening. Maddened, infatuated I might have been, but I never, never loved you." The woman had heard me with a still, awe-stricken face, white as that of the dead before us, but when I came to this last sentence, she moaned aloud and placed her hand upon her heart. It was the despairing cry of one who had staked her soul upon a chance, and lost. Then I knew that this wily, subtle being, that had once so charmed me, had loved me as natures

such as hers may love. She looked at me with wild, burning eyes, moving her colorless lips as if to speak, but words failed her, and lifting her hand, upon which I had so often impressed stealthy kisses, with a mute gesture, more impressive than speech, left me. Did that sudden, fierce movement convey a curse? Did it mean I had trampled two hearts under foot? Perhaps you think I was hard and unmerciful toward this woman. If so, remember I am a man, and let that be at once my excuse and condemnation.

Years have passed since these events, and I been a wanderer, more accursed than Cain, upon the face of the earth. Over deserts that at noon-day were fierce burning wastes, and at sunset snow-white seas, undulating in the distance with sand waves, tinged by wonderful lights of violet and red—up the Nile, guarded by sentinels of stone, who stand in grim silence watching the centuries as they go slowly by. Back again among vine-clad hills, where swarthy maidens pluck the purple grapes, singing its joyous praises, or murmuring more softly amorous ditties, as they pluck. Here to-day, there to-morrow: no rest, seeking peace, and finding none.

In the coming years I see a vision. A man lies dying, and beside his bed watches a fair-haired angel, who receives his soul and bearing it into heaven, lays his head upon her faithful bosom, saying, "Weary one, thou art at rest. Wanderer, thou art forgiven." Shall this ever happen? If so, the man will be myself, the fair-haired angel, she whom on earth I called my wife.

JUNE.

BY MRS. JANE MARIA MEAD.

Have you come, truant June? You've been absent too long;

We have missed you for many a day,
With your musical lips overflowing with song,
Like a fountain forever at play.

You've been roaming, the while, with no idle pretence,
Where the roses are ever in bloom;
Where the odor of orange trees gladdens the sense,
And the lemon groves shed their perfume.

You have slept on the shadows of cinnamon bow'rs;
You have feasted where pine-apples grew;
Where the bee, rocked by zephyrs, and cradled in flow'rs,
Bathed his winglets in tropical dew.
You have trod where the olives of Olivet rise,
Few in grandeur, and aged, and riven;
Whence the awe-struck disciples gazed into the skies,
As our Saviour ascended to Heav'n.

You have come, have you not, from those Isles of the Blest,
Anchored deep in that haven of bliss,
Where His mourners rejoice, and His laborers rest,
In a clime that is fairer than this?

Did you walk with our loved ones that dwell in those isles?

Did you blend with the Heavenly throng?
Did you catch the lost light of their beautiful smiles?
Have you brought us some notes of their song?

Oh! you knew that we sighed for your visage of light,
As we stood in the bare, leafless bow'rs;
Where the frost, that had fettered the waves in their flight,
Lay white on the graves of the flow'rs.

You have come—but alas! like a star, like a dream,
Like a bird, of soul-ravishing tune,
Or a rainbow, that sheds o'er a tempest its gleam,
You will pass from our presence, fair June!

You will glide like a thought, in your rose-laden bark,
From the sin-blighted realms of the sun,
With a volume, whose manifold pages will mark
All the good, all the ill we have done.

You will go—when the roses their coronals cast—
When the bob-o-link hushes his glee—
Down the River of Time, to those Isles of the Past
Lying green in Eternity's sea.

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOME weeks had passed since Gillian's visit to Mrs. Ransom when she had first met Woodworth. In those weeks she had become more restless than ever. Her seasons of fitful sadness came on more frequently. Her cheerfulness sometimes rose to excitement; then for days together she would float away into a state of dreamy happiness which had no visible cause but which brought all the rich poetry of her nature to the surface and sometimes carried it into words.

Love is the mission of womanhood, and when it finds a first expression, either in feeling or in sound, that seems originality which almost every true heart has tasted from the time of Eve down to the nineteenth century.

I do not know that Gillian fancied that the sweet thoughts and yearning wish for sympathy which possessed her sprang from the quick unsealing of her heart; but Mrs. Ransom was more keen of sight, and these mutations in the character of her protegee gave her great anxiety. Why she should regret this evident growth of love in the heart of that young girl it seemed impossible to determine. It may be that she felt some responsibility flow back to herself from the fact that Gillian had met Woodworth for the first time under her roof, and that more than once during the last month they had, by a sort of intuition, encountered each other in their morning visits to her, these visits were sure to end in a ramble in the grounds, during which it always fell out that the elder lady was, for a few moments at least, left to solitary meditation; while Woodworth lured Gillian off to search for sweetbriar among the thickets, or found some object of interest on the shore. One day the two stood together on the ledge of rocks which lay within sight of the library window, to which Mrs. Ransom had retired with an uncomfortable consciousness that she was one too many in that morning ramble. Evidently her retreat had not been noticed, or her absence regretted; for her visitors stood together on the shelf of rock, surrounded by the dew and freshness of morning, with one of the loveliest prospects in the world before them, yet so evidently unconscious of

everything but their two selves, that all smiling scenes might have turned to desert and they would not have regarded the change.

Mrs. Ransom sighed heavily as she looked upon them—sighed till her breath seemed a moan; then, wearily turning away, she lifted one hand to her forehead, drew it over her eyes, and lo! the tears flowed against it in great, heavy drops.

Why did Julia Ransom cry so bitterly? That stately man was her friend—a dear old friend with whom common pursuits and many a bright tie of thought had bound her; and Gillian, ah! there was no doubt in it—she loved the bright girl as only a woman so lonely and so endowed can love the beautiful and wayward of her sex. Why was she sad, then, while standing there in her proud loneliness she gazed out upon that picture of growing affection? Was it possible that she loved Woodworth herself? There was nothing so very unreasonable in the idea, for Julia was a fine woman yet, gifted with the best elements of beauty, mobile features and an expression on which the thought beamed before it was uttered. The disparity in their ages, too, was not so very great, and in character those two persons were so much alike, that the only wonder was they had not long since been declared lovers.

Yet her look did not bespeak this state of things. There was neither anger nor jealousy in the tearful glances she cast upon the lovers; but the pathos of a deep, deep regret filled her eyes and trembled around her mouth while she walked to and fro, moaning with unconscious pain, but still keeping that group upon the rocks in sight: and a beautiful picture it was! Woodworth was speaking—sweet and proudly humble were his words. You could tell that by the stoop of his head and the position of his stately person as he bent toward Gillian, who lifted her eyes to his with the earnestness of a child, while her hands clasped themselves in a mass of scarlet roses which he had just gathered from a flower bed that sloped toward the river.

Julia was not near enough to see the color of that fair, oval cheek, to which the red flowers

seemed to have lent their richness; nor could she discern the expression which came to those eyes—the terror and delicious wonder that looked for an instant into his face and then veiled itself beneath those soft, golden, brown lashes. No, no; to have witnessed that would have been to reveal all the force and earnestness of a love that few human beings are ever privileged to know, at least on this side the grave.

It was, perhaps, because Julia felt how all-prevailing the love of two such persons must prove that she looked upon it with those evidences of anxiety. Perhaps she thought of her own isolation; and that true heart, warm and romantic as ever, beat in a human bosom, cast back upon itself during the best part of a life, was thrilled with self pity by all the waste she found there.

I cannot tell what were the feelings which gave rise to those tears, but surely no unworthy or selfish ones had place there; for after a little she wiped the drops from her eyes, and a heavenly smile swept the clouds from her face. She sat down upon the little verandah, to which her library opened, and watched the picture on the ledge with a new and more gentle interest.

With what sweet humility the proud girl bent her head and listened! How earnest—how bright with tenderness his face shone out as it bent toward her! All her limbs must have trembled, for, one by one, she dropped the roses around her feet, leaving her white hands clasped and her eyes downcast, as if some sweet thanksgiving were singing at her heart, and she was afraid he might guess at the hidden joy.

Gillian scarcely seemed tall then; her figure drooped like a flower on its stalk when the dew is heavy, at last she looked around as if her limbs were giving way. Just below them, along the shelf of the rock, fleeces of moss had been transplanted from the woods, and lay in cushions, soft and deep as those in an oriental seraglio; aye, richer, for the morning sunshine embroidered their delicate green with gold, and the night dew trembled over them like diamonds. Over this moss some of Gillian's roses had fallen, and when she sat down their fragrance was all around her. So it should have been for an hour like that—the one brief hour of perfect bliss which a poor mortal knows sometimes in a life-time, and learns to look forward to the heaven that must be so much like it ever after.

Was Julia Ransom thinking of the one hour in her own life so much like that; or, had all such joy been a stranger to her? I cannot tell, for she never spoke of herself. You only knew that she had felt and suffered by the words that

thrilled you with pain or tenderness when she wrote. A woman endowed like her was not likely to unveil her heart. If you saw it through the mists of a high thought, it was all you could hope to attain of the life which lay enshrined within the glory of her fame. I do not know of what she was thinking; but, as Woodworth threw himself along the moss, at Gillian's feet, and gathering up one of the roses, carried it, blushing with kisses, from his lips to hers, Julia arose, with a faint shadow still around her eyes, and walked toward them.

She saw the color rush up to Gillian's neck as her footsteps sounded on the rock. As for Woodworth, he half rose, and held out his hand challenging her congratulations with a triumphant smile. Julia shook her head with a touch of sadness, and her fingers were cold as he clasped them, but she bent lovingly over Gillian and kissed her on the forehead.

Then the warm scarlet rushed over the young girl in a torrent of blushes, and tears of beautiful joy that longed to share itself sparkled in her eyes.

"Now," said Woodworth, pressing his lips on Mrs. Ransom's hand, "now my happiness is rounded: without you, our best friend, nothing is complete. Do not look sad, we have learned to love each other in both loving you."

"Oh! flattery," said Mrs. Ransom, gently, "in a little while you will say it was because Gillian here was like me that you sought her."

"And so she is. The same warm heart—the same generous charity—the same great faults; for you have no little ones, and upon my life, Mrs. Ransom, there is something in her face this instant—no, it is gone now; but, for one second you really looked alike."

"Do not flatter," said Mrs. Ransom, looking wistfully at the young face before her. "In my best days I was never half so beautiful. If there is any resemblance, it lies in the affection we feel for each other."

"And in a general cast of thought which struck me from the first, I really should think Miss Bentley had lived with you all her life."

"And so she has the best portion of it," said Gillian, gratefully, "for if life is measured by thoughts and feelings, I have only learned how to exist here, all other places seem distasteful to me now."

"But your father?" said Julia, a little reproachfully. "Surely life is sweet with him."

Gillian felt the gentle rebuke, and her eyes fell.

"Oh! I had forgotten my father—you know how I love him. Indeed who could help it? But

I do not know how it is, he sometimes seems to bear my presence with pain; and when I speak out the thought that comes uppermost, or feel more than usually happy, he shrinks away from me and goes off alone, as if there existed something in my words or manner that he could not reconcile himself to. What is it, dear Mrs. Ransom, that lies between my father and his child?"

"I should say," answered Woodworth, thoughtfully, "that it was a memory of something he has loved and lost. Was your father very much attached to your mother, Gillian? I mean did he regard her with more than ordinary love?"

"Indeed I think so, and the more because he seldom mentions her. But how could he help it? You should only hear uncle Daniel when he talks of her. Oh! if she had only lived, I should have loved her entirely with my whole heart, as I love you, Mrs. Ransom. I know that she was a woman to worship—to be proud of—for once my father told me so."

Mrs. Ransom sat perfectly still, looking into the distance; but when Gillian uttered the last words, she rose quickly and walked toward the river, as if something on the shore had caught her attention: but half way down she paused and gathered some sweetbriar, which she brought back with her and quietly divided between the lovers.

"You were speaking of your father," she said. "What will he think of the pledge you have just given, Gillian? Remember you are an only child, and the heiress of great wealth."

"My father loves me, and he does not care for anything else," said Gillian, crimson with a dread that there was something in Mrs. Ransom's words which might wound the sensitive pride of her lover. "There are things that he respects more than wealth; and that is not wanting where genius exists. You do not know my father, Mrs. Ransom, if you think that the ability to earn fame, the ability which *has* earned it, will not meet even his ambition."

Woodworth sat watching her embarrassment, and smiled when it broke into enthusiasm. He was really too proud at heart to think of Mr. Bentley's wealth, either as an incentive or impediment to his suit with the heiress. So long as she possessed refinement, education, and those qualities that could awake a heart not easily touched like his, he had thought of nothing else. With a just appreciation of the position which his own self-directed genius had already won, it never struck him to feel any inequality which property could produce. Feeling himself a fair match for Mr. Bentley's daughter, he had frankly offered himself, and as frankly been accepted.

He had visited at Mr. Bentley's house, and knew himself to be a favorite with its master, who, unlike the majority of millionaires, was a man of fine taste and unusual erudition. That a character like that would object to him as a son-in-law, had never for a moment entered into his calculations.

With Gillian herself, he had been humble as true affection can make a proud man. Her youth and her singular attractiveness compared to his riper years, and those harsher traits that fasten on a man who works his way to position, impressed him almost with hopelessness. Had any one told him that there was a woman in the land, whose position entitled her to look down upon him, he would have laughed in derision. But he gave to Gillian's bright character what a queen would have failed to win from him, the homage of a profound respect for her womanliness, and of a great love that would have left him bankrupt had she proved unworthy.

"And have you no fear that Mr. Bentley may refuse you his daughter?" said Mrs. Ransom, pressing the subject home with remarkable pertinacity, as if she had resolved to punish them for a moment's forgetfulness of a father's right. "Men like him do not give up their daughters to the first person who asks. He will be taken by surprise as I was."

"Now you are getting unamiable," said Woodworth, smiling a little constrainedly. "It is the first time that I ever knew Mrs. Ransom to fling shadows on a bright hour."

"And have I been so cruel?" said Julia, with a quiver of the lip. "Well, well, I was but thinking how little a parent has of power or control over the destiny of a grown up child."

"But have you any reason to think that Mr. Bentley will disapprove of the feelings to which you are the sole confident?" inquired Woodworth, now really anxious. "Have you seen him? Are there any grounds for supposing that he has other plans?"

"Do not be so impetuous, my friend," she replied, smiling, "I have no reason on earth for aught I have said! Nothing but over anxiety, and a little unaccountable nervousness, which makes me seem cross when I really am quite the contrary. As for Mr. Bentley, I have not yet had the honor of an introduction, as this dear girl can tell you."

"But it is not his fault," said Gillian, promptly. "I am sure he has been anxious enough to know you, Mrs. Ransom, only it has so happened that when he called you have been absent or indisposed. But now I am determined to bring the two people together I love best," here she caught

Woodworth's glance, and shook her head lightly as if to scatter the flood of crimson that rushed over her face. "You see—you see. Well, really this was my entire business here. My father has decided that we are to give a great party, something very superb, which is to honor the introduction of his graceless child into your Metropolitan society. You have no idea how many really nice persons have called upon us, and offered all sorts of civilities, since we opened the house; so we are sure to have a crush of people. A dozen ladies of the first position have offered to keep me in countenance, so I have no lack of chaperones, but I want something more than that, my heart wants a true friend to lean on. So the moment this idea of a chaperone was mentioned, I thought of you and drove over at once."

"And your father?" said Mrs. Ransom, in a low voice.

"Oh! he was delighted; offered to come with me and press the matter, but somehow the fates are against me when he attempts to gain admission to our paradise, and I ventured alone."

"Thank you for it," whispered Woodworth, softly. "I had a feeling that you would be here at this hour, and alone."

Gillian answered something in a low voice; but her eyes followed Mrs. Ransom, who had moved away apparently attracted by the manœuvring of a sloop that was tacking up the river.

Gillian and Woodworth walked toward her, for the generous girl had her heart in the subject under discussion, and was eager for a reply.

"Oh! my dear madam, do not turn away, for that looks like a refusal to help me preside over this formidable party, and I shall never get along without you," she said, caressingly. "Surely I have asked nothing that should make you so grave."

"Nothing, dear child, that is not both kind and flattering; but I seldom go into fashionable society, or indeed anywhere outside of my own little knot of friends."

"But you will not really refuse me?" cried Gillian, distressed. "Oh! Mr. Woodworth, help me to persuade her, tell her that I am, at any rate, half an orphan, and have no mother to stand by me on this occasion, which will be a very trying one; for though I seem so reckless and self-sustained, it isn't real courage, I assure you, only a trembling sort of bravado. Persuade her, do, for her forehead is cloudy yet."

Mrs. Ransom turned suddenly with one of those luminous smiles on her face, which always won smiles in return.

"No, Gillian," she said, "you must not ask

that; no person living can interpose between us. We are friends, sworn friends remember; and even Woodworth, highly as I prize him, would wrong that friendship in urging a thing which I had forced myself to deny you."

"But you will not deny me?"

"Dear, dear child, give me a little time: remember this is a severe ordeal you propose for a woman who has kept out of the world so long, and I too am a sort of coward in social gatherings of this kind where so many will be strangers."

"Strangers. No, indeed, our guests are not so ignorant as that; you are one, dear lady, whose home tells a history. It will be a proud day for my father when he presents you as the dearest and most honored friend of his child; as for me, I shall only feel indignant if they do not all worship you for yourself as well as your books."

"My dear, dear child!" Julia broke off and choked back a sob. "There, there, give me a little time, if it is only to think about the dress; one must be very magnificent, you know."

"Yes, yes, I have thought that all over, of course you must be superb, something grand and queenly; black velvet or crimson."

"What, and the roses in bloom?"

"Oh, I had forgotten, you see how little I am to be trusted! Well, black lace then, with some of these same roses in your hair and on your bosom."

The young girl was so animated, the color came and went so brightly on her face, that Julia became interested in spite of herself; to own the truth, a strong desire sprang up in her heart to attend this party. According to her old habit she turned away and walked alone, evidently under considerable excitement. Directly she came back more quietly.

"But you have an aunt—how will she like this intrusion of a stranger into your household?"

"What, aunt Hetty? Why she would drop down at the very thought of standing by my side on an occasion like that, you have no idea what a timid, nervous little thing she is. The very sight of a stranger sets her to trembling like a leaf, it is quite painful to see how she suffers."

"And this is all the companion you have?"

"Not quite; but then my cousin is scarcely a year older than myself, and has been brought up in the country, so that you would be doing her a charity also, for her only female protector just now is an old colored woman, who insists on teaching the proprieties of fashionable life to

us both. I wish you could see Dinah in her glory, she is such a character!"

"Well, well! Let us hold a consultation. Suppose you turn this affair into a fancy ball. What say you, Mr. Woodworth?"

"Just the thing. I thought you would suggest something of this kind; a mere party filled up with dancing, flirting, eating and drinking, is at all times a bore."

"A fancy ball!" cried Gillian, sparkling with delight. "And you really will take a part? and you, Mr. Woodworth?"

"Now that I am invited—yes."

"And you, Mrs. Ransom?"

"I think—yes, I *will* go."

"Oh! you are so good; and I can tell papa that it is all settled; and now about the characters."

"For me," said Mrs. Ransom, "let it be something grave and quiet, say a nun or sister of charity."

"No, no," cried Gillian, "that will never do. Let it be something stately."

"Well, be it so. A lady of Louis the Fifteenth's court, with powder patches and brocade. Will that do?"

Mrs. Ransom spoke thoughtfully, and with but little of the animation which the subject might be expected to produce. She evidently gave so much importance to the character she was to assume, that both Gillian and Woodworth were surprised.

"And you," said Woodworth, addressing Gillian, "what is your character to be?"

He spoke in a low voice, and Gillian answered him under her breath.

"Anything that you choose!"

His face flushed with pleasure.

"Let it be Aurora then, for without you my days would be all darkness."

The eyes which she lifted to his, beamed with an expression so beautiful that his heart swelled, and the very breath he drew came laden with exquisite joy.

They stood together silent and happy. Mrs. Ransom had left them suddenly and was walking toward the house. In her presence they could talk on general subjects, but now excess of feeling struck them mute; but it was a silence so delicious that neither had a wish to break it. At last Gillian drew a deep breath, and reaching forth her hand lifted her heavenly face to his.

"Follow her," she said, "she looks excited. Have I been selfish in urging her to join us?"

"Selfish—no. It is better that she should appear in society, no woman living can grace it so well."

"Persuade her of this: and now go."

"Do you weary of me?"

"Weary! how can you think it? But all this makes me dizzy. I will return home without entering the house again."

"And to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, come to my father."

"And after that? Ah, Gillian, this happiness terrifies me; my life seems too full of wealth. God bless you forever, and even for giving me this one hour."

She drew toward him as a bird of paradise moves in the sunshine. Her eyes shone with love; her mouth trembled like a cherry when the bird that seeks it is near. An empress smitten with human affections might have looked like Gillian, and been royal still. It is only when love imbues a proud nature like hers with tenderness, that we know how grand a passion it is. Woodworth folded his arm around her waist and drew her to his side.

"Gillian, are you happy?"

"Very happy!"

The words died like fragrance on her lips. He stooped down and gathered them in kisses.

"To-morrow I will ask you of your father, Gillian, till then I shall doubt the reality of this happiness; I begin to tremble now with a fear of losing you. Promise, Gillian—promise to love me forever."

"Forever and ever!" she murmured.

"Now let me go with you to the carriage."

"No—no, leave me a little time alone!"

He saw that she was faint with emotion, and taking compassion on her went away—not into the house—for he too wished for solitude—but through the grounds into the high road, down which he walked toward the city.

Scarcely an hour had passed since Gillian entered the house, whose balconies were visible from where she sat—one little hour and her whole life had changed. She had for the first time in her existence listened willingly to the passionate love of a strong man—she had stepped upon that ledge of rocks a free woman, and now she was bound in every fibre of her heart, in every wish of her being. The seal of a holy compact burned on her lips, the passionate consciousness of it thrilled her through and through. She sat down and wept like a little child, when his last footstep died on the turf. But the tears she shed were like April rain, and a blossom sprung up in her heart with every drop.

Mrs. Ransom saw her from the window, but forebore to disturb the dreamy quiet into which she had fallen. Indeed she had no wish to move, hardly the power, for the deep feelings

of her own nature were in a tumult. She was greatly disturbed by the events of that morning, and while Gillian wept tears of happiness, hard, painful drops gathered in Julia's eyes. And smitten by a cold feeling of desolation, she went into her chamber and shut the door.

A few minutes after she disappeared, Michael Hurst came, unannounced, through the front door which had been left ajar, and entering the library looked around for its usual occupant.

"Not here," he muttered; "I dare say she saw me coming and took herself out of the way. Your poetess hates a drain on the purse as much as common mortals, and I suppose she fancies I'm on that tack again. By Jove, she'll soon find out that I'm striking for higher game than that, and she must help me too, or the game will be a difficult one to play, for the girl is proud as Lucifer, and unmanageable as a wild bird—but with madam's help all will be easy enough. After all she is a wonderful woman, so earnest and prompt, her thoughts all poetry, her judgment clear and practical. But then such women will think their own thoughts and act their own acts, there is the mischief of it; I hardly dare confide in her yet, not till I have seen this proud girl and tried her temper on the subject. But then how can I see this Gillian alone? She is so hedged in with her pride of station, that with that poor old maid ready to help me in anything, with free access to the house, backed by Lawrence with the father, I have not in two months been able to get one moment of private conversation with her. By Jove, there she is now, and alone!"

The young man sprang from his seat as he uttered these last words, and clearing the verandah with a bound, made his way toward the ledge where Gillian was sitting.

She was too busy with her own pleasant thoughts to remark his approach; and he, with that instinctive respect which forces itself on the most depraved when in the presence of a noble woman, curbed his headlong progress, and almost held his breath when he drew near. She was stooping to pick up the roses that had fallen upon the moss, when her heart first leaped to the offered love of Woodworth. Every bud and leaf was precious to her now: and she gathered them up reverently, as if they had been scattered on a sacred altar. For all her wealth she would not have parted with the smallest spray clasped in those trembling hands.

"Miss Bentley!"

Gillian started—clasped her fingers tighter about the roses, and, turning her face over one shoulder, saw with impatience that young Hurst

stood upon the very moss which was still imprinted by the feet of her accepted lover.

Now this man had rendered himself odious to the young girl: first, by connecting himself with the only misunderstanding that she had ever experienced with her aunt; and again, from the manner in which he had presumed on the partiality of that lady to force himself into familiar relations with the family. True, the introduction and endorsement of Mr. Lawrence, a man of high standing both in the commercial and social world, had reconciled Mr. Bentley to the acquaintance. But Gillian shrunk from it with the quick intuition of a delicate nature. In his manner, and in the words which he sometimes found an opportunity of forcing upon her, there was an attempt at gallantry which irritated her pride, while she could understand the petty manœuvres by which he had sought to ingratiate himself into her favor.

It was then with a sort of terror, that, seeing him so near, she arose quickly, and looked around for a path by which she might descend the ledge of rocks.

"Miss Bentley, do not seek to avoid me so pointedly. The happiness of finding you alone for one moment has, perhaps, made me over bold; but, when the heart is full of one great wish it forgets ceremony. Don't go! Don't turn that sweet face away! Are you afraid of me?"

The quick pride sparkled up from Gillian's heart to her eyes.

"Afraid! No, indeed. What is there for me to fear from your presence, Mr. Hurst? You came abruptly, and I was startled a little, that is all."

"Oh! if you did but know how I have watched and prayed for this hour."

"And why, Mr. Hurst? I have seen you almost every day for a month; certainly every day since my cousin, Miss Hart, came to the city."

He looked at her keenly. Had he, indeed, succeeded in making her jealous by his flirtation with the pretty country girl? Surely that brilliant eye and the curve of her haughty lip was some proof of feminine pique that could spring from no other cause.

He drew close to Gillian, but she stepped haughtily back and shielded her roses from his outstretched hand, as if it had been a serpent attempting to creep over them.

"And did you really think my attention to the pretty rustic sprang from anything but a wish to be near you?" he said, with infinite humility and tenderness in his voice. "You must have seen how entirely my whole heart

has been yours since the first time that I saw you in that library yonder, Miss Bentley. Oh! Gillian, no man ever adored a woman as I worship you. Have compassion on me, and listen kindly for this once: I know that I am not your equal, as far as appearances are concerned; but circumstances may bring us nearer to a level—nay, by heavens! they shall!”

“Mr. Hurst, this is wild—worse, it is almost insulting! What, in my whole conduct, has warranted you in addressing me in this fashion?”

She turned, and attempted to pass him; but he stood firm, blocking her progress.

“There is no insult in an honest expression of love,” he said, looking almost as haughty as herself. “I have a right to be heard, and to demand a civil answer, at least. Nay, do not rain down so much scorn from those beautiful eyes! In this country there exist no social distinctions which energy and a strong will cannot overcome. You have wealth, intellect, beauty. I am neither hideous or a fool. As for wealth, that is easily earned, and I am as likely to obtain it as another, why, then, should you look as if a serf were addressing you?”

There was truth in his words, and Gillian felt that her impulsive pride had given him an excuse for prolonging the conversation. She simply moved away from the spot which his presence seemed to desecrate, and, signifying by a bend of her head that he might follow, walked toward the river. There she found an iron garden chair, and sat down, while he stood before her, pale with internal rage at her coolness, and with drops of perspiration starting to his forehead.

She looked up at him, quietly, and said, in her usual clear voice,

“Now, Mr. Hurst, I will listen. You say justly the offer of an honest heart can never be considered as an insult. You took me by surprise. I beg your pardon!”

The color came up to his face; he was almost in tears, for he had told the truth. With all the force of his good and evil passions he loved the young girl before him. He loved her, and knew that from her composure and humility there was less to hope than from the angry pride with which she had first received him. His voice was broken, and there was genuine feeling in his words as he spoke again.

“I thank you, Miss Bentley, for this kindness; yet it only gives me an opportunity of repeating more respectfully what I have already said. I love you—with all my soul and strength I love you! Have you nothing to give in return to a poor fellow who lays all that he has, or hopes for, at your feet?”

Gillian was troubled. Her pure forehead gathered together in a cloud. She thought how terrible a thing it must be to love without return, and her heart thrilled with compassion for a man she could not even like.

“No,” she said, with sweet humility, “it would be cruel and wrong to mislead you. I have no feelings that could answer to those you offer. In my whole life I have never regarded you with a thought of love. At this moment you stand higher in my esteem than ever, but it is sorrow, regret, I will not say compassion, that I feel—not love! Forgive me—do forgive me, if what I say is painful; but I can only ask you to forget all this, and let us never meet again!”

He stood for a moment, gazing upon her face; his own was pale as death—pale and stirred with a strife of passions.

“No!” he said, at last, “we shall meet again, and often. The stake between us two is heavy, and we must not play out our game at a sitting; one thing is certain as that the sun rides the heavens: you and I must be lovers, or enemies; married, or one of us ruined. But your rejection need not be final. I will not take it as such for your own sake—for your father’s sake!”

“Stay!” cried Gillian, lifting her head, and sweeping by him like a goddess, “I have no patience to listen farther; yonder is Mrs. Ransom on the verandah.”

“Beware, Miss Bentley, how you make that woman your confident!” he persisted, following her. She turned upon him with all the pride of her superb nature.

“Have no fear, sir, that I shall not conceal the degradation of this interview.”

The young man fairly ground his teeth in the deadly rage that seized upon him; but she swept forward toward the verandah, where Mrs. Ransom was waiting for her, and, after a few words, went hurriedly to her carriage.

Those few words were very simple and unimportant, but they had a terrible influence on the future; not in themselves, but from the honorable secrecy which Gillian felt bound to maintain regarding the proposal which had been forced upon her.

When Mrs. Ransom inquired, with evident anxiety, what young Hurst had been talking of so earnestly, Gillian answered, vaguely,

“Oh! it was a private affair of his own, in which he wanted my co-operation.”

“Which you refused?”

“Of course, dear lady. What can that man and I have in common?—nothing, I am quite sure. But, yourself, what has happened to distress you?”

"Nothing; but, Gillian, the glow of happiness has all fled from your face."

Gillian laid one hand on her heart, and answered, with a beautiful smile,

"But it is here yet. He frightened away my dreams, but not this holy reality."

The carriage drove away. Mrs. Ransom followed it with a long, wistful look, and entered her library again. Here she had expected to find Michael, but the room was empty, and there was no trace of him in the grounds.

CHAPTER XIV.

Nor three hours after the interview we have described at the Bloomingdale Cottage, Michael Hurst presented himself at the little house in the vicinity of Chatham Square, a place he had visited frequently of late, much to the satisfaction of the two old ladies, who were always charmed into especial good nature by his presence. Indeed, there was a little jealousy between the ancient dames on his account: and Mrs. Nicholson was constantly making little devices to meet him in the hall to hold a few words with him in private before he entered to the presence of the elder lady, who was greatly scandalized at these flirty proceedings, and frequently took her handmaiden to task on the subject. Mrs. Nicholson felt this rather as a compliment than otherwise. It was not every old lady of seventy odd who could boast of reprimands for receiving too much attention from a handsome young fellow like Hurst.

Then there was Hetty Hart, Mrs. Frost's niece, who always happened to time her visits with that of the young man, which Mrs. Frost considered very indecorous indeed.

Once, and this Mrs. Nicholson told to Mrs. Frost, as a great secret, she had opened the parlor door suddenly, just to see if Miss Hetty Hart had gone, when she detected that lady at the end of the hall, putting some bank bills into Michael's hand. It had troubled her greatly to make out where the money came from; but afterward she learned, from little Hannah Hart, that aunt Hetty had sold a meadow lot, inherited from her own mother, and no doubt she was instructing Hurst to put the money out at interest. In fact Hetty had hinted as much, when the subject was touched upon by Mrs. Frost, who felt it to be her duty to regulate these matters among the young people, and see that the reputation of her house did not suffer by Hurst's frequent visits there.

On the day in question the two old ladies had dined, and Mrs. Nicholson was busy putting away the dinner dishes in a small corner cupboard.

First she washed two cups and saucers in an old-fashioned pewter basin, which had belonged to Mrs. Frost's mother before the Revolution; then followed a couple of china pie-plates, with two knives and forks; and at last she disposed of a vegetable dish in which Mrs. Frost had covered up four cold potatoes, which she gave Mary Nicholson especial directions to slice up and fry for dinner the next day. With the exception of this household order, Mrs. Nicholson had not heard the sound of Mrs. Frost's voice that day; for having nothing on earth to talk about, the old lady—unlike some others we could mention—said nothing. Thus Mrs. Nicholson, who was naturally a social old lady, felt even the clatter of the saucers and plates as some sort of company, and continued her occupation as long as possible. But work tardily as she would, the clearing of that small dinner-table must terminate. At last, Mrs. Nicholson seated herself at the window, and, putting on her spectacles, prepared to mend a stocking which she had taken up earlier in the day. In and out went that bright darning-needle, stitch, stitch, up and down, forming a basket work of threads, till at last one vigorous pull settled a row of stitches in its place, and she commenced over again.

The monotony made her stolid, and she was on the verge of a nap, when Mrs. Frost rose up in her chair and asked "if she had been dreaming through her after dinner sleep, or if somebody had really said that Mr. Bentley was going to give a great party, and that Daniel Hart's only daughter had been sent for?"

Mrs. Nicholson brightened up at this opening for a little gossip, and replied, "That it was no dream, but the living truth. Hetty Hart had told them all about it the last time she was at the house; and more than that, Michael Hurst had been invited—indeed Mr. Bentley, who thought the world and all of Michael, had given the invitation with his own lips. Mr. Hurst was going beyond a doubt; for he had asked her to do up a fine shirt and some collars for him, the very last time he was at the house."

Mrs. Frost sat upright in her chair while all this information was innocently imparted by Mary Nicholson, a sure sign that she was interested and not well pleased. She remained quiet till the collars were mentioned, and then her virtuous reprehension broke loose.

"Mary Nicholson, Mary Nicholson, will you never arrive at years of discretion? or are you immoral at heart, I want to know that? Here we are, two lone women, with our yards overlooked by ever so many windows, and you talk of hanging up fine shirts and collars with my

wash—what will the world think of proceedings like that? I shouldn't wonder if we have the police magistrates inquiring after our goings on next. Mary Nicholson—Mary Nicholson, if you have no respect for your own reputation, remember that I have a character to lose, and ain't going to have it ruined by men's garments flaunting in my yard; why the very clothes-pins would be scared off the lines—I blush for you, Mary Nicholson."

If Mrs. Frost spoke the truth, two old women were blushing at once, for Mary Nicholson became red through all her wrinkles, and a tear stole softly down from under her spectacles.

"I'm sure I didn't mean any harm," she said, quite meekly; "and I know that Mr. Hurst didn't."

"Mr. Hurst—of course he didn't! Such things never enter a young man's head till some forward young creature brings up the idea. Mary Nicholson, I'll be bound you offered to wash out those things first; now own up and shame the Evil One that tempted you."

"I—I don't just remember how it came about, Mrs. Frost, but I'm sure it wasn't him," murmured Mrs. Nicholson, wiping her eyes with the stocking she was darning. "If there is any blame, of course it belongs to me."

"And that was what you was slipping the square of yellow soap into your pocket for when I sent you to the closet yesterday. I declare, Mary Nicholson, if it wasn't for leaving you alone in the world with no one to look after your ways, I wouldn't keep you in this house another night. Yellow soap and collars indeed."

Mrs. Nicholson looked a good deal startled, and her hand shook till the darning-needle went quite astray, but she maintained a humble silence; and Mrs. Frost, having relieved her mind, subsided into her chair and fell asleep with a scowl on her face.

Half an hour went by. The old woman of ninety hung her head in sullen sleep; and the old woman of seventy odd wept over her indiscretions, and wondered meekly if she ever would learn how to behave; while her needle went in and out monotonously as before.

A blow on the street knocker started the one from her doze, and the other from her work.

"It is his knock, I'm sure," faltered Mrs. Nicholson, looking timidly at her mentor.

"Then I will myself open the door; keep your seat, Mary Nicholson, and don't look so flustered. The young gentleman's visit is doubtless to me; there is no danger of his making improper suggestions regarding clothes when I am the person to be consulted."

"Ah! Mrs. Frost, you have grown quite young again, and come down stairs like a girl," cried young Hurst, with forced gayety. "My dear madam, take my arm, you will not find it quite so easy to mount alone. There now, fancy me your son and lean heavily."

Mrs. Frost did lean heavily, and her old face looked the younger by ten years from a consciousness of his care about her. So, having triumphed over Mary Nicholson by presenting herself leaning on the arm of her protegee, the virtuous indignation that had burned within her died out. She forebore to continue her lecture in the presence of the young man, who was rather surprised by the subdued reception that Mrs. Nicholson gave him.

"And you have not been ill, did you say that, my dear grandmother, nor frightened at anything, and they have distressed me for nothing? Indeed I never should have forgiven myself. In fact, the pain and self-reproach has been so great that I never will run the chance of suffering it again. Grandmother—Mrs. Nicholson, you must find me a bed somewhere, or I shall never be content with myself again."

Mrs. Nicholson gave a little start of horror; and Mrs. Frost's head began to vibrate like a pendulum.

"A bed!" ejaculated Mrs. Frost. "A bed!" echoed Mrs. Nicholson.

"Yes; why not? To own the truth, for it is useless attempting to deceive you even for your own good. There has been a murder and robbery within the week, close in the neighborhood, that has quite terrified me; two elderly ladies living together both murdered in their beds as you might have been. Indeed, my dear grandmother, I cannot leave you unprotected at night after that. Don't put yourself out, anything will do for me."

"There is the little bed room off the hall," suggested Mrs. Nicholson, timidly; but she was silenced by the indignant voice of Mrs. Frost.

"Mary Nicholson! The hall bed room, and on this story! Will you never arrive at years of discretion?"

"No, no. Let it be my old room in the attic; nothing else would seem like home. I will be no trouble, but take my meals out."

"And your washing?" said Mrs. Frost, anxiously.

"Oh! that of course. I only came for protection, not to encumber you in anything. If Mrs. Nicholson can manage to make my bed and bring up a little water once a day, it will be all I desire."

Mrs. Nicholson looked up well pleased with

the idea of being made useful; but Mrs. Frost tore her satisfaction up at the roots.

"No, Mr. Hurst, you must allow me to judge of what is proper in my own house. Mary Nicholson is too young."

"You, my dear grandmother, indeed you shall do no such thing."

Mrs. Frost arose in her seat, looked steadily first at Hurst, then at the drooping face of her companion.

"Michael Hurst, has there been a private understanding between you and Mary Nicholson about your coming here? Answer me that."

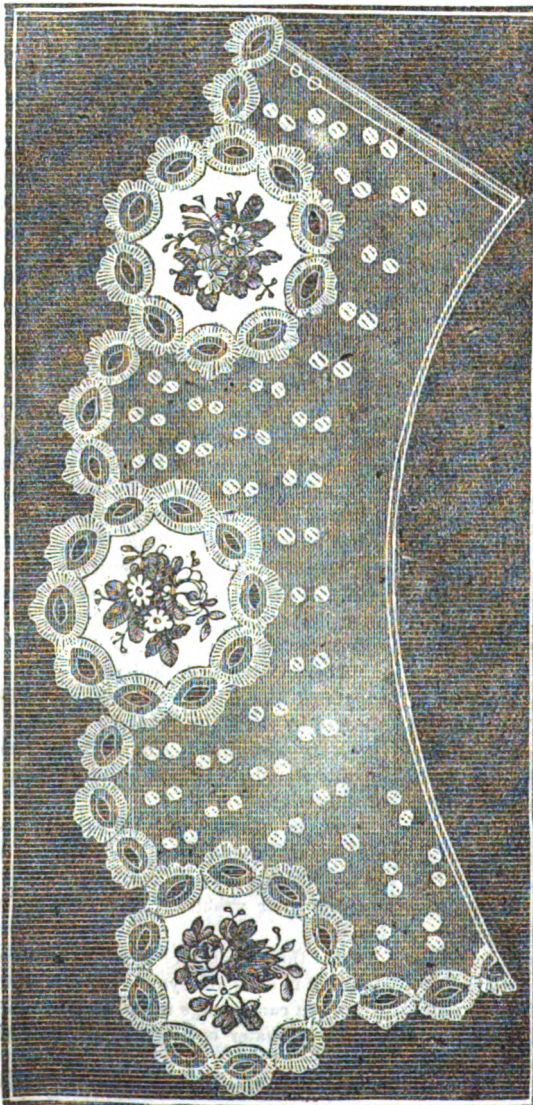
"A private understanding! No, upon my honor. What an idea!"

"Then you can come, Michael."

Michael cast a side glance at Mrs. Nicholson. Was it possible that there really was some understanding between them?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHINTZ APPLIQUE COLLAR.

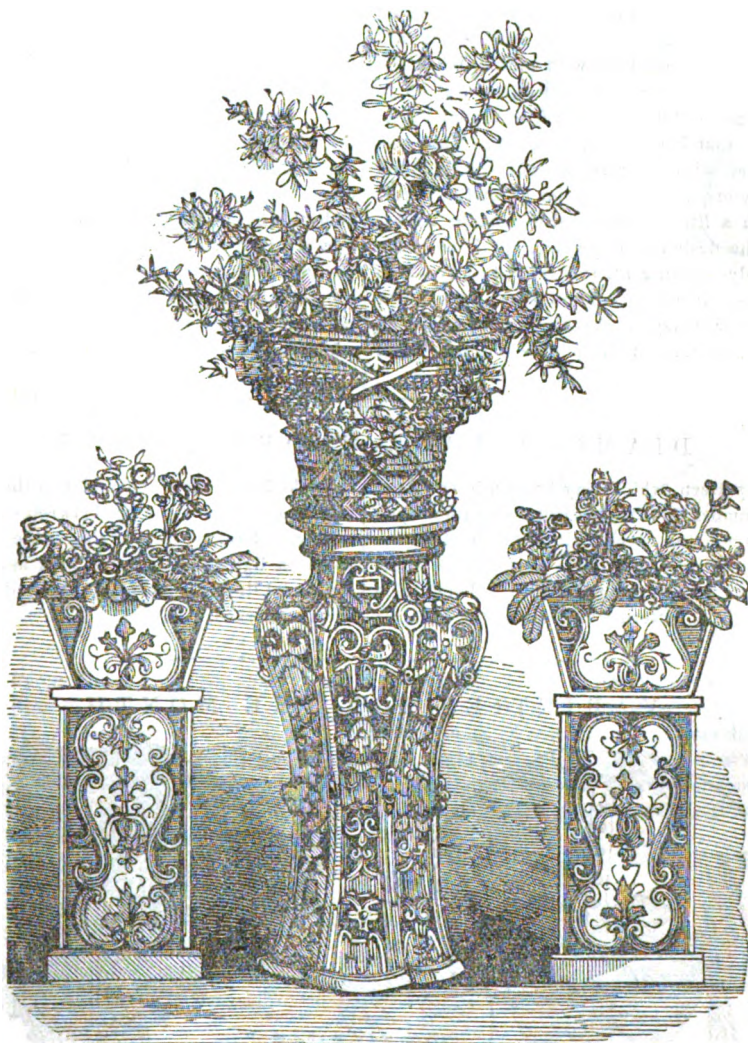


MATERIALS.—Sufficient fine Jaconet muslin for a collar. Embroidery cotton, No. 20, white and also scarlet; a blue ball, such as is used for clothes, or a little cake-color rubbed up; a little gum-water and a fine camel's-hair brush; and nine detached sprigs of chintz muslin, of the size that will go in the circle.

First trace off the pattern—three of these divisions will be sufficient for a collar; these may first be cut out in paper and then tacked together, which will determine the exact shape; then the outline of this paper may be run on the muslin, then the pattern traced on the muslin, by placing the muslin over the engraving, and tracing it with a little blue, rubbed up with gum-water; then tack each little piece of chintz under each of the circles in the pattern, the inside part of each circle being worked in plain button-hole stitch, and the outer part, as well as outer edge, in shell button-hole stitch. The small seed-shaped dots in the outer edge of circle, are worked in scarlet. The round dots in white. After the chintz is worked in, the upper muslin in each circle is cut away.

WINDOW GARDENING.—NO. IV.

BY THE "HORTICULTURAL EDITOR."



A HANDSOME, yet cheap, vase may be made, for the window, like those seen in the pair of stands and vases placed on either side of the Minton-Palissy vase and stand in our illustration. They are merely wooden frames—such as may be made by any ordinary carpenter—with glass panels, ornamented by the well-known process now termed “Potichomanie.” The wooden frame is intended to be painted white, with a few lines of gold color, and to be highly varnished. The glass panels, which need only be common crown glass, about two feet high by ten inches wide, would cost a mere trifle at the present low price of that article; and the ornament is, of course, supposed to be supplied by the ingenious floricultural amateur. In case the reader may not know the process by which glass is now so frequently ornamented, as described, the fol-

lowing brief outline of a process that will answer equally well may be supplied:—Take a piece of good paper, of the size of the glass panel, and make upon it the required design. That shown in our illustration is formed by giving a pleasing shape to the panel by a scroll-work of pale gold color, beyond which the space is filled up with rich turquoise blue, while the centre of the panel is left white—the ornaments upon which are green foliage turned up with pink. When the outline of the design is perfect, *trace* it on to another piece of drawing-paper of the same size, in order that it may be quite clean. Then size the paper with isinglass or gum-dragon, and color the ornaments with color ground in water, to which a little isinglass size must be added. When the design is quite dry, cut it out very accurately—cutting all the ground away—then dip the ornament so cut out into isinglass *size*, and while wet, lay on the glass in the position required, to which it will adhere closely. When

perfectly dry, paint over the centre of the panel an opaque white ground, and on the other portion a blue ground. The white may be simply white lead, with a little isinglass; the blue pale ultramarine subdued with white, with the addition of a little emerald green to give the turquoise tone. These grounds should be painted on very solid, as they serve also to fix and protect the ornaments in their places. When dry, the glass panels may be fixed *inside* the frame, just as a simple pane of glass is put into a window. Prepared as described, they will produce the effect of the richest porcelain, especially if the design be good. The square vases, to receive the flower-pots, which surmount these pedestals in our illustration, may be constructed in a precisely similar manner. They may either be lined with zinc, so as to receive themselves the mould in which the flowers are planted, or be merely the receptacles for a large flower-pot, which may be concealed with moss.

DIAMOND LACE UNDER-SLEEVE.

THIS pattern, which may be seen in the front of the number, is to be worked on a rather open Brussels net, and darned with a fine, soft cotton. For sleeves especially it is particularly effective; also for morning caps with long, wide strings. The pattern which forms the diamond

is worked in short stitches of two threads each, leaving one hole of the net between each. This will be understood by referring to the engraving. It has a lighter appearance than as if done in continued lines. The small, intermediate sprigs are also darned.

VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.



MARSEILLES JACKET.



THE FICHU CARLOTTA.

PATTERN FOR RAPHAEL BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

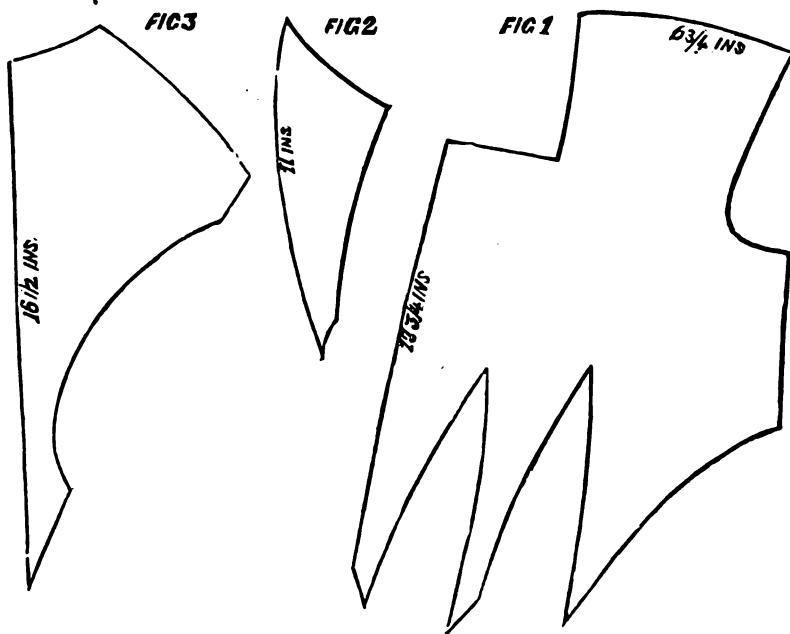


FIG. 1. FRONT BODY.

FIG. 2. SIDE BODY.

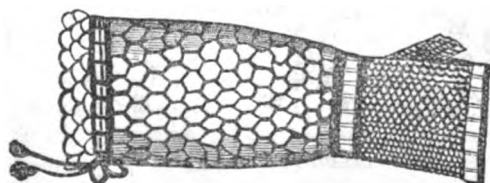
FIG. 3. HALF THE BACK.

This pattern is to be enlarged to the size marked on each figure, viz: fig. 1 is to be thirteen and three-quarter inches long on the left side, and six and three-quarter inches on

the top; fig. 2 is to be eleven inches long on the left side; and fig. 3 is to be sixteen and a half inches long on the left side. These dimensions will make the Raphael Body for a moderate sized lady. If the lady is larger or smaller, the pattern must be increased or diminished accordingly.

TO CROCHET A CHILD'S LONG MITT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



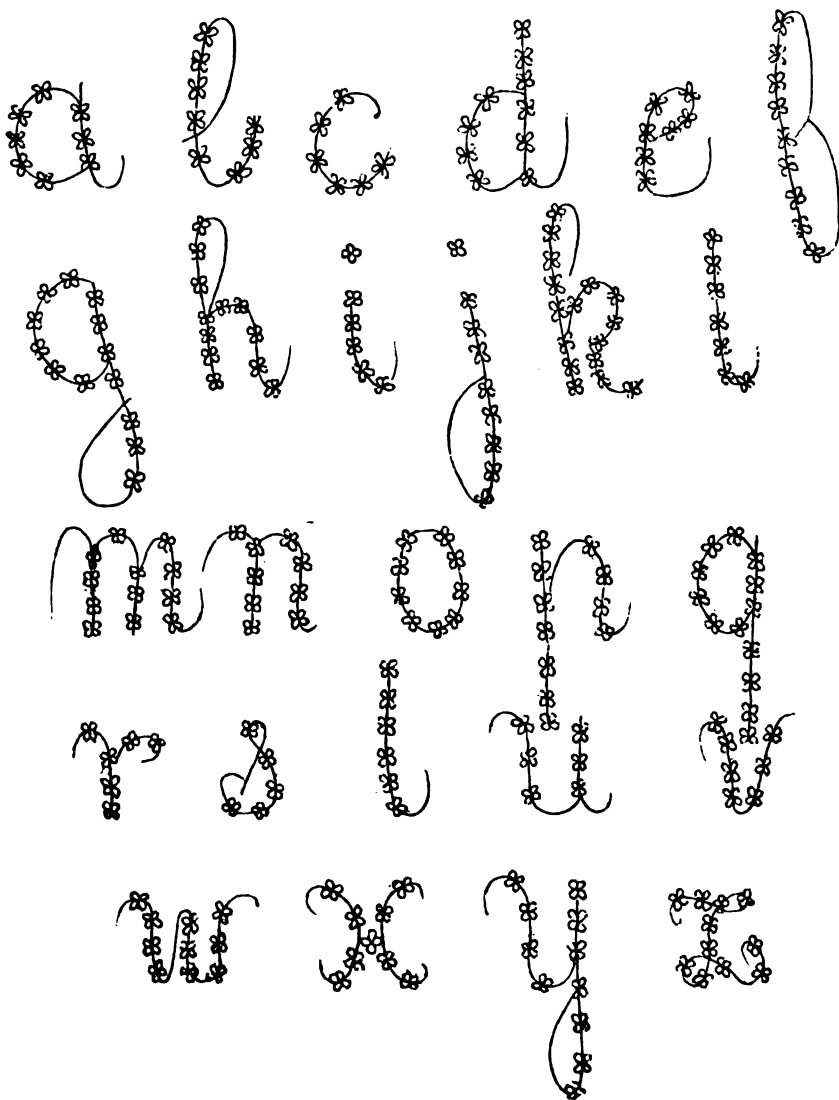
We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

MATERIALS.—Two skeins white tidy cotton, No. 16, fine steel hook.

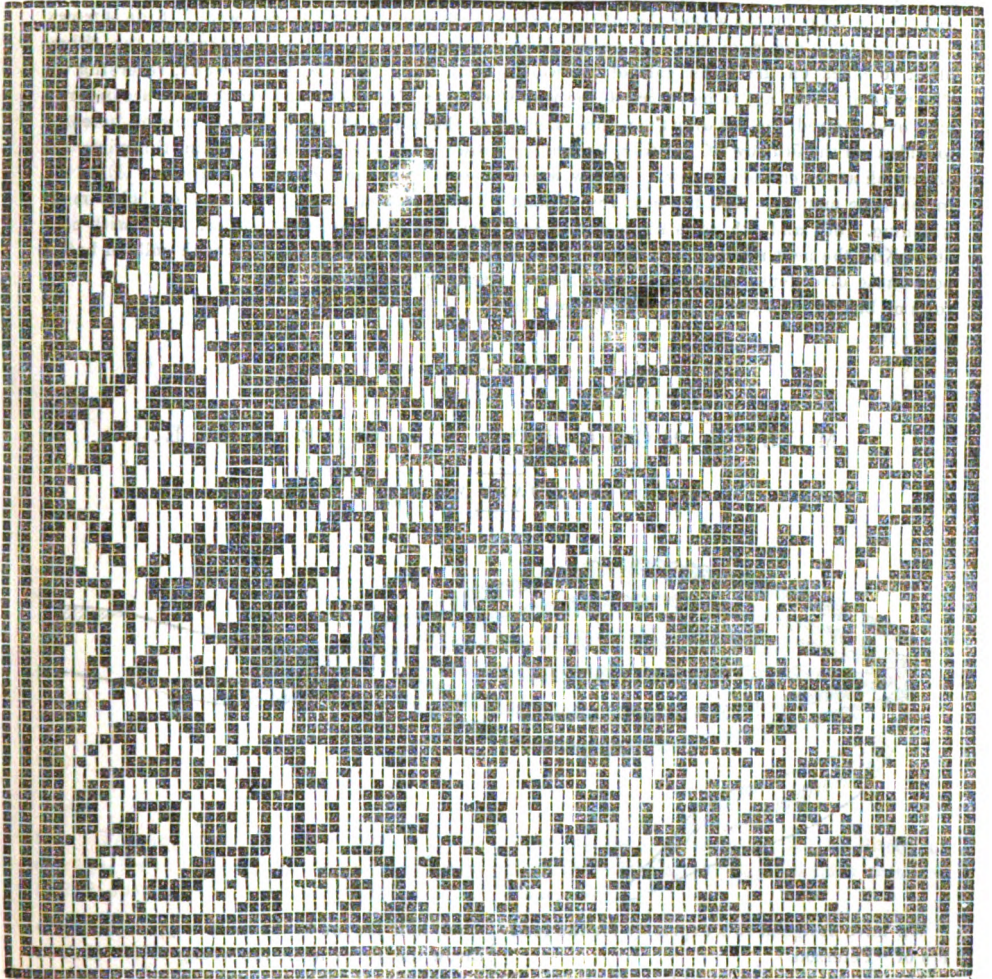
Make a ch of 25 stitches. Work in sc 50 rows. 57th row, double the work, and join 8 stitches. For the thumb, work 9 stitches in sc on the 50th row: pass the thread to the opposite side and work 9 sc. Do 8 rows (working round and round) in sc, 1 row dc, finishing off with 1 row

sc. Join the work, above the thumb, same as below it. Take up the stitches around the top of the hand, working 2 rows in sc, 1 row dc, finishing with 1 row sc. Take up the stitches at the wrist. Work 2 rows sc, 1 row dc, 3 rows sc, 20 rows dc, 3 rows sc, 1 row dc, 3 rows sc. Finishing with 3 rows lace work, which is done by making a ch of 8, looping the ch in every other stitch: 2nd row to be looped in 1st, 3rd and 2nd. Cord and tassels at the top of the arm.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



LADY'S WALLET.



This is a good pattern, and seasonable. We take it from an English periodical. It forms one side of the Wallet, which is made up in the usual way.

J. W.

KNITTED TOILET SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE pattern for this is printed in colors and inserted in the front of the number. We have designed the pattern expressly for the fair patrons of "Peterson."

MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. scarlet zephyr, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white zephyr, small steel knitting-needles.

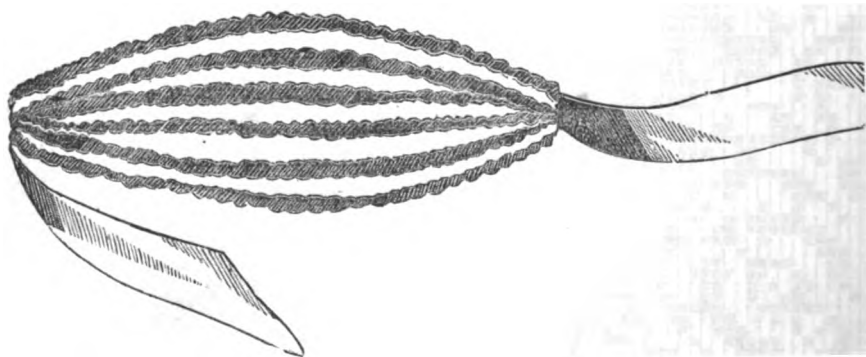
With the white wool cast on 24 stitches. Knit 1 row plain, 2nd row join the scarlet wool, knit

4 stitches white, plain, 4 scarlet, purl. Repeat to the end of the needle. Knit 4 rows in this manner, only observing to manage the purling and knitting plain, that all the red blocks may be ridged upon the right side: all the white ones to have the ridge on the wrong side of the work. The white and red wool must be passed from block to block on the under side of the work. The rows of blocks are to be reversed, the white ones over the red, the red over the white. Begin to widen on the 5th row of knitting, by making one stitch at the end of the row. 6th row widen in the same manner. Knit the next row without widening. 8th and 9th rows same as 5th and 6th. Knit the next row without widening. Repeat these directions for widening until 9 or 11 rows of blocks are knitted, (number of rows de-

pending upon size of foot.) Bind off. This forms the toe of slipper. For the sides, cast on 24 stitches, knit in blocks same as before, knitting 35 rows of blocks—bind off. Join toe and sides. Take up all the stitches around the top of slipper, using the red wool. Knit 4 rows, alternate plain and purl, throwing the ridges upon the right side, 4 rows white, reversing the ridges: also widen and narrow the second row of the white stripe, making a row of holes: 4 rows with the red wool, again throwing the ridges upon the right side of slipper. Bind off. Run a ribbon through the row of holes made for that purpose in the border. Sole with cork soles, first binding the soles with galloon before sewing to the top.

MELON HOOD FOR SUMMER WEAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson"

MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. colored single zephyr, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white single zephyr, bone knitting needles, small size.

With the colored wool cast on 75 stitches, knit 8 rows, alternate plain and purl. Join the white

wool, knit 8 rows in the same way, observing to throw the ridge upon the wrong side. Knit in all 11 stripes, (8 rows to the stripe,) alternate white and colored, making all the white stripes with the ridges upon the wrong side. Finish with wide ribbon strings to match the colored wool.

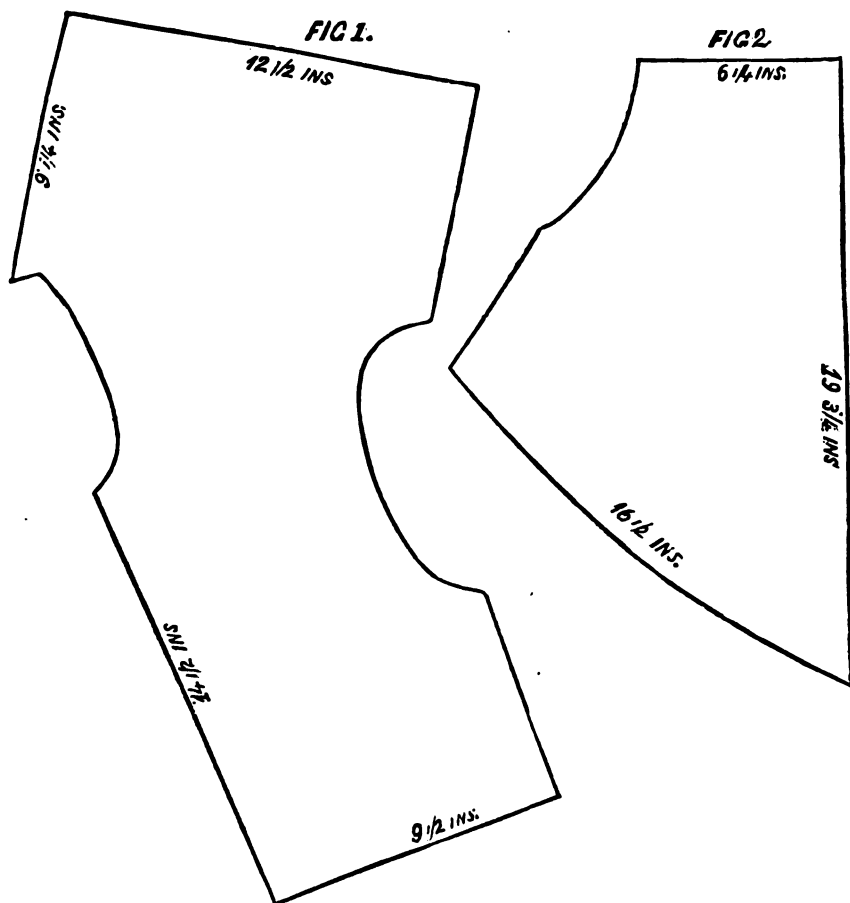
INVALID'S DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT AND BACK.

No. 2. HALF OF SLEEVE.

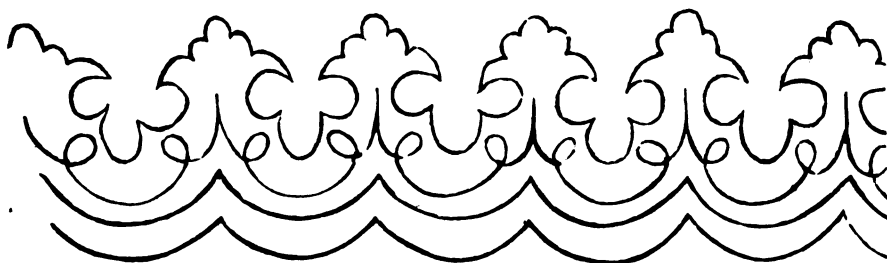
The back and front of this dress are to be cut in one piece. The back is straight and the front



bias. The upper half of figure 1 is the front, and the lower half the back. The sleeve is to be left open part of the way up the arm. En-

large the pattern according to the directions given for enlarging the Raphael Body on a preceding page.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



SCOTCH SMOKING-CAP IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have designed this expressly for the subscribers to "Peterson."

MATERIALS.—2 oz. dark blue double zephyr, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. grey and white mixed, large crochet hook.

With the blue zephyr make a ch of 6. Join, work in dc a circle $2\frac{1}{2}$ fingers in diameter,

widening enough to keep the work flat. Then work 2 rows dc, narrowing every 8 stitches, 2 rows narrowing every 6 stitches, 2 rows without narrowing. Join the grey wool, and work 3 rows in sc. Finish with cord and tassel of the mixed wool for the top of cap.

A HONITON SPRIG.

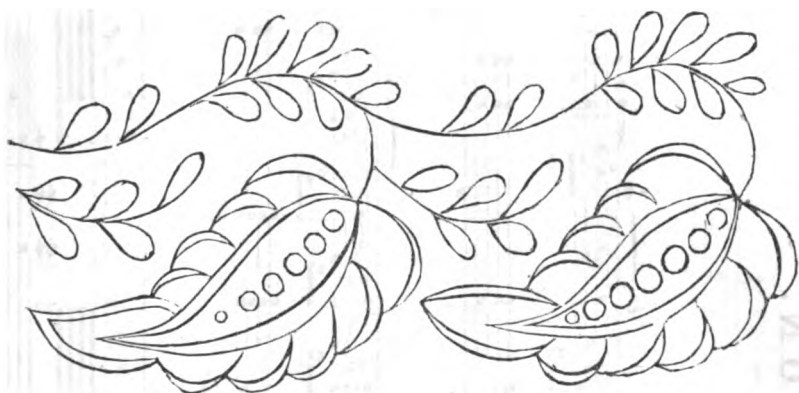
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This was procured, for an English periodical, from the Honiton-lace district; and we copy it, because it is vouched for, by that periodical, as genuine. The lace-makers prick the outline and work the sprig on the cushion with bobbins. It can be closely imitated by being sewn over on fine, clear muslin, cut out, the centre filled with a lace-stitch, and so fastened down on clear Brussels net. Worked in this way, the imitation is so close as not to be easily detected. We had this sprig engraved, two months ago, but deferred it in consequence of having so many original patterns, that were more seasonable. It will, however, be new to most, if not to all of our readers.

ORIGINAL PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.

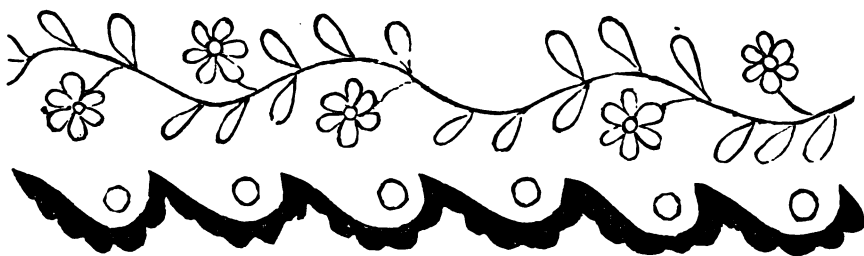
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



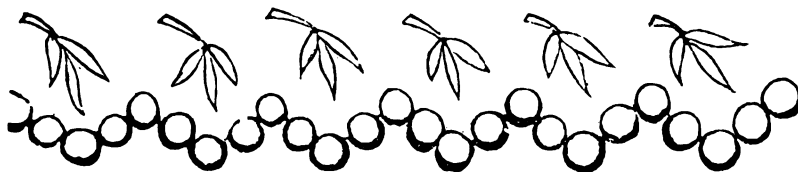
FOR BABY'S PETTICOAT.



ON FLANNEL.



PETTICOAT BORDER.



FOR CHEMISE YOKE.

ORIGINAL MUSIC.
MAZURKA DU SALON.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a tempo marking of **TEMPO** and a key signature of one flat. The piano part is in 3/4 time, while the vocal part is in 3/4 time. The score includes several trills (*tr*) and a triplet of eighth notes. The piano part features a *con grazia* marking and a *Mazurka* section. The vocal part includes a *Sua* marking and a *loco* section. The score concludes with a final cadence and a *1 2 3 x* marking.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with various ornaments, including a trill (tr) and a mordent (m), and is marked with a 'tr' at the beginning. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff contains a melodic line with a trill (tr) and a mordent (m). The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff includes a melodic line with a trill (tr) and a mordent (m), and is marked with '8va.' at the beginning. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ABOUT BROOMS.—Did you ever see a broom made? At this present writing we are sitting contemplatively upon a tub turned upside down, in a large, airy loft, watching the process of broom-making. The day is grand, southern and bland. The trees are budding in brown and green; and people who have worn shawls are wishing they had left them at home. But to my broom-making. A dark-eyed boy is the operator, and a fine broom he turns out, too. Wonder if we can describe it? The broom-corn is cut, just above the smooth stem, into equal lengths after the seed is threshed or shaken out. A little machine is used with a spool of fine, strong wire attached. To this machine, through a groove, the handle is fastened and the wire made firm. Then a quantity of the cut corn is taken up and wired round one end to form a handle, the wire being wound firmly and straightly, till the broom is of the requisite thickness. The last layers are left with the top of the stalk split, and adjusted so that the wire can be turned in a fanciful manner fastening it to the wood handle. There! if you don't understand that, got a broom and figure it out yourself; it's easy.

But we sat on the reversed tub thinking of brooms. A pile of them lay before us. Where would they go? Mentally we drew pictures of their destination. They were precisely alike, yet some were to stump it out in ten foot shanties, and some to glide daintily over Brussels carpets. Some were to be held by the hands of elegant women, (to be sure elegant women can wield the old domestic broom,) and some in the red flats of good-natured—and bad—Irish Bridgets. The broom opposite, so smooth and white! We should like to present that to one we wot of, for it looks just like her, spotless and pure. She is the woman, who, after her bridal tour, came home to a palatial residence, and had almost more servants than she could call by name. But failure ensued. Her husband, too proud and too weak, and driven to desperation, sought to take his life, and ever since, for eleven long years, has lain helpless on his bed. She by her pen has earned enough to support her little family, and yet her household arrangements are perfect. Such a cottage! devoid of ornament, yet made elegant and attractive by the charm of neatness! Such a housekeeper! Her eye is blue as heaven; her brown hair folded plainly back; her cheeks are pale and slightly sunken; but her smile, so fresh and sunny, makes you forget all defects. You have heard of her, and seen her gentle heart in some charmed sentence, that once read, is never forgotten.

What an institution the broom is! Mother can sweep; the baby can play horse; and Tommy can plant it to sow a crop of young brooms.

Wonder if Queen Victoria ever knew the luxury of handling a broom? We'd be willing to wager a sixpenny American flag that she has both seen and handled one. It is only your mock ladies who faint away at the sight of a broom-stick; and it's my opinion that Victoria, though a queen, is a woman, and not half so "finikin" and delicate as many a lady in her realm infinitely beneath her in station. We've no doubt that were she "reduced in circumstances," she would prove her royalty by showing herself not above labor. Yankee as we are, and true blue at that, there's a loyal corner in our heart for that same little queen, and one of these days we're going to see her, and have a good chat with her. But about those brooms.

AT THE SEA-SHORE.—This humorous and graphic illustration is after one of Leech's inimitable designs.

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THE MAID OF ALL WORK.—Did you ever see the maid of all work? The little, blowy, purple-cheeked, carrot-headed, blue-eyed, pug-nosed, big armed, round-waisted, pouting-lipped maid of all work? You will recognize her then at a glance. She is smart, wiry, active and saucy. She has learned the art of appearing at the shortest notice, and by some mysterious movement conquers the garret, chamber and parlor stairs before you have done calling her. It is admirable to note what bundles she will bear, and with what dexterity she balances a pail of water on her head, while she carries one in each hand. She has frequently been known to sweep the floor and rock the baby at the same time that she was washing the dishes. She is admirable to send on errands, as she never picks the paper corners, knowing that the sugar-bowl is under her *surveillance*; she is also admirable for keeping secrets—that is, she never allows them to grow stale, always preserving them in the honey of some intimate bosom, and is an adept in repeating that peculiar and familiar expression of femininity, "don't you tell nobody." She is equally an expert in the declaration she never told nobody. She is very indulgent to the baby, only letting off slight personal squibs occasionally, that look suspiciously blue on the baby's arm. She always wonders who did it. If the baby is left with her and sleeps beautifully, she never hints at paregoric; if it cries, she makes faces that actually frighten it into silence.

She is of a speculative turn of mind, and wonders if the dresses of her mistress would not fit her. Being fond of experiments tries them on.

She keeps a *memoranda* in the corner of her mind which nobody sees but herself. Thus it went:

"*Mem.*—Broke two pitchers yesterday; hid the pieces under an old board in the kitchen. Told mistress they was stole. Mistress believed me. Gave Bridget (a married sister) the rest of the ham, a 'dip' of tea—two rolls, a plate of butter, and a frock-coat that has hung in the back entry ever since I've been here.

"*Mem.*—One of the iron pots fell off the stove yesterday. It happened to be in my hands at that moment. Put the pieces in a dark place down cellar. Saw an old dress in the rubbish room. Thought 'twas a pity to leave it for the moths to destroy—took it.

"*Mem.*—Told mistress the flour barrel was out this morning. She believed me—ordered a new barrel. (*Reflection.* How nice it is to have mistresses who don't trouble themselves much with the kitchen! Mine always says, 'Gone? why, isn't it very soon?' and that's all. She reads a good deal, my mistress—I expect she's what they call intertextual.) I took the dozen pounds remaining and sent it to my mother, poor old soul! Sent her some milk likewise—filled the can up with water. Broke mistress' shell comb—put it in the cab-box.

"*Mem.*—Carried the baby to the priest's and got it baptized. Saved my soul.

"*Mem.*—Told mistress she was handsome—she believed me."

So much for the maid of all work, but her greatest virtue remains to be told; she is to be hired for seventy-five cents a week.

BALL HEAD-DRESSES.—These are now all worn *a la couronne*. Gold and silver wheat-ears are in great favor; the latter, mixed with the *violet de Parme*, forms a very elegant coiffure. The curls *a la Seigne* are becoming very general; it certainly adds to the beauty of a neck and shoulders of snowy white, to see one of these graceful locks falling on them.

"OLD CHURCH BELLS."—The following, which we copy from an English Journal, is worth preserving.

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower,
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from the maiden bower.

Clouds there are none in the fair Summer sky;
Sunshine flings benison down from on high;
Children sing loud, as the train moves along,
"Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

Knell out drearily,
Measured and wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple grey;
Priests chanting lowly,
Solemnly, slowly,
Passeth the corse from the portal to-day.

Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall,
Dripping all over the plume and the pall;
Murmur old folk, as the train moves along,
"Blessed the dead that the rain raineth on."

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin, and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling, like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.
Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach,
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;
Kinging in life from the bud to the bloom,
Kinging the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day;
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through sadness,
Bridal and burial have passed away.

Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife;
Tell us that Death ever leadeth to Life;
Life is our labor, and Death is our rest,
If happy the Living, the Dead are the blest.

AUSTRALIAN LADIES.—The Australian ladies do not please English travelers. One of the latter, writing from New Holland, says:—"The first time I visited the theatre, I sat near a young lady who wore a least half a dozen rings over her white gloves, and who, if bare, mosquito-bitten shoulders may be deemed beautiful, showed more beauty than I ever saw a young lady display before. Generally, the colonial damsels are frivolous, talkative, and over-dressed. They have in brief, all the light, unenviable qualities of Eastern women. They excel in finesse. I heard of a lady, who wishing to make a dilatory gentleman, who had been for some time hovering about her, definitively propose, had her boxes placed conspicuously in the hall of her father's house, thus labeled—'Miss P. Jackson, passenger by the Archimedian Screw for England.' 'If that does not bring him to book,' she was heard to declare to her mother, 'I'll get Fred to thrash him!' That is an incident for a comedy—here is something for a melodrama. I was at a ball last Christmas, and walking along a corridor saw two lovers in earnest dispute. 'Augustus, you are mistaken,' said the young lady. 'Boosh!' returned the gentleman, gruffly; 'I saw him. Good night.' 'Augustus, don't leave me; you are wrong. I love you too well. Your suspicion kills me.' 'Pish! I'm off; so good night,' and he really was moving away, when the lady, changing her tone of supplication for one of solemn impassiveness, said, 'Go, sir—go; but, remember, I'll not survive it. This house, thank heaven, has a spiral staircase!'"

EVENING PRAYER.—This is a beautiful embellishment, and will go straight to every mother's heart. In a different way, 'it will be, we think, as popular as "Grandmother's Darling," after the German artist, Meyer, which appeared in the July number, and which has been generally pronounced the choicest Magazine illustration of the year.

TO CLEAN GLOVES.—Soak them for ten or twelve hours in spirits of wine; then spread them on a soft, clean cloth, and rub them with a piece of flannel until all the marks and stains disappear. Hang them up, and before they are quite dry, draw them on glove-blocks to restore their proper form. When removed from the blocks they may be folded and pressed under a weight. The following is a method of cleaning gloves without wetting: Lay the gloves upon a clean board, and mix together well-dried fuller's-earth and alum, powdered. Pass the powder over both sides of the gloves with a moderately stiff brush. Then wipe off the powder, and sprinkle the gloves well with bran and whiting, and dust them thoroughly. If not very much soiled, this will render them as clean as when new. If they are extremely dirty, or soiled with any spots of grease, rub them with crumbs of stale bread and burnt bones, powdered. Lastly, rub them over with a woollen cloth dipped in powdered fuller's-earth.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE is the copy of Darley's late celebrated work from Longfellow's new poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The size of the plate, which is upright, is 14 by 17, and it is a perfect fac-simile of the original. "The snow white Steer" seems walking from the forest toward you,

"Through the ford at the forest,"

bearing the beautiful maiden Priscilla, her hand with loving confidence placed in that of her new husband. It is published by J. E. Tilton & Co., 161 Washington street, Boston, who will furnish directions how to paint it in the Grecian style. Price \$1.50, post-paid. The circular will be found on another page.

THE ENGLISH REVIEWS AND BLACKWOOD.—There is no better investment, for those who wish good, solid reading, than to subscribe for the American reprint, by Leonard Scott & Co., of the four principal English Reviews and Blackwood. Mr. Scott furnishes the Edinburgh, London Quarterly, North British, and Westminster Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine, for \$10.00 a year. This is a miracle of cheapness. Ladies, tell your husbands of this, and get them to subscribe for the English Reviews for themselves, and for "Peterson" for their wives.

STERLING LITERATURE.—The Brown Co. (Ohio) Democrat says:—"The June number of Peterson's Magazine sustains its well-deserved and enviable reputation. Ladies who desire to cultivate their literary taste by the perusal of articles superior to the wishy-washy, sentimental love stories that deface the pages of too many of our American periodicals, would do well to give Peterson a trial." And the Ogle Co. (Ill.) Reporter says:—"Of all the Magazines we receive, it is the only one we keep to have bound; our readers can draw their own inferences."

A RICH DRESS.—At one of the *bals costumes* given at the Tuilleries, lately, the dress worn by the Empress excited general admiration. It consisted of very rich silk, having a black ground, on which was a pattern of Indian palm leaves, exquisitely embroidered in red silk and gold, and intermingled with diamonds and other precious stones. The *ceinture*, *agraffes*, and *coiffure* were of the same costly jewels.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By A. Von Humboldt. Vol. V., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This invaluable work, now that Baron Humboldt is dead, will be more desirable than ever. We have, on former occasions, noticed the four preceding volumes.

Miss Leslie's Behavior Book. By Miss Leslie. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A reliable work on etiquette, like this, ought to have an immense sale. The late Miss Leslie, from her social position, not less than from her native tact, was eminently fitted to prepare a behavior book. The volume before us, consequently, is no mere catch-penny, but a complete manual for ladies as regards conversation, manners, dress, introductions, shopping, conduct when traveling, &c., &c. The hints on behavior at church, at parties, and toward gentlemen are particularly valuable. It seems to us that every young lady would be advantaged by possessing this work. The volume is neatly bound, and will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price, \$1.25. Address the publishers. Any of the publications of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, indeed, will be forwarded, by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

The Cavalier. An Historical Novel. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This, the last of James' novels, is published in advance by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, who have purchased the copy-right from the author. For this copy-right, as appears by a letter from Mr. James, nearly seventeen hundred dollars has been paid. We have read the novel with great pleasure. James is always agreeable; indeed is the best historical novelist living; and we think "The Cavalier" one of the most absorbing of his later works. The scene is laid in the stirring times of the great English Rebellion. Cromwell himself figures in the story. The volume is very neatly printed and quite handsomely bound.

Geoffrey Hamlyn. By Henry W. Kingsley. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this novel is a brother of Kingsley, the poet, and has something of the same fire and spirit as a writer. "Geoffrey Hamlyn" is a discursive fiction, extending through two generations. Part of the action occurs in Devonshire and part in Australia. The book is full of striking scenes. The description of Australian life gives a freshness to this novel, that will render it, apart from its literary merit, a general favorite.

New Star Papers; or, Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects. By Henry Ward Beecher. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Derby & Jackson.*—Most of these papers have been selected from the New York Independent, for which they were originally written. They are all of a religious character, and impressed with that individuality, which, quite as much as his intellectual ability, has made Mr. Beecher a man of such remark. The collection is inferior, however, to the first "Star Papers."

The Bertrams. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Though not so good as "Doctor Thorne," which Mr. Trollope published last year, "The Bertrams" is still a novel of more than common interest. There is a good deal of tragic power in some of the last chapters especially. The heroine also has the advantage of being a forcible and original character, though not one, however, whose example we would hold up to imitation.

The Old Man's Bride. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: G. G. Evans.*—Like all of Mr. Arthur's stories, "The Old Man's Bride" teaches an important moral lesson. It is even more earnest, however, than his novels usually. We are sorry to see the book printed on such inferior paper.

The Ladies' Hand-Book of Fancy and Ornamental Work. By Miss Florence Hartley. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: G. G. Evans.*—This is a compilation of some merit, and will be of value to those who do not take "Peterson." Many of the patterns have already appeared in these pages.

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OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

This being a month, when scarcely anything can be considered special to it, we seize the occasion to give, instead of receipts for soups, fish, meats, &c., some general remarks for housekeepers on housekeeping, especially so far as regards the table.

GENERAL REMARKS.

No woman should assume the cares of a family, without a full knowledge of the important duties resting upon her. Her example will prove far more beneficial to her servants and children, than all the precepts and admonitions conveyed in any other form. "By a 'daily beauty' in her life, she may present a model by which all around her insensibly mould themselves."

Decision of character is most necessary to be acquired by the mistress of a household. In the daily routine of life she should calmly and judiciously decide upon her course of action, and afterward maintain her position, gently, but firmly. Due attention should, of course, be paid to every department of housekeeping, but the observations now offered will mainly relate to the culinary arrangements, and matters chiefly connected with it.

In a very great degree the comfort of a household depends upon the proper management of its culinary department. The untidy aspect of the kitchen and dining-room, together with insufficient and illy prepared articles of food, frequently induce the husband—and children of mature years—to frequent restaurants and similar establishments, injurious alike to health and morality; inducing thereby habits which often destroy the happiness of the entire home circle. This system of out-door life gradually weans the affections from those who ought to be nearest and dearest, until home entirely loses its restraining influence, and is simply regarded as a place of shelter during the watches of the night. Mothers, wives, sisters, should ever bear in mind this fearful result of mismanagement, and by every exertion of which they are capable, strive to render their own households the centre of such pure enjoyment, and excellent comfort that amid the bustle and turmoil of the day, the toiling father and busy sons shall turn to it, as the blissful resting-place to which they gladly haste after the labors of the day are ended. We once heard an excellent son and brother say, alluding to the wise government of a deceased mother, "I do not think that during the whole course of my life I have entered an eating saloon more than three times, and then only on some particular errand. My mother rendered home so agreeable and comfortable, and supplied our table so liberally with all the delicacies of the season, that no inducement was offered us to gratify our appetites in resorts frequented by others less fortunate. That same mother constantly gathered around her children agreeable and intelligent society, associating herself with them in their varied amusements, rendering their happiest moments those which were passed in the magic limits of home." If such a rule was universally observed, fewer tears would be shed by wives and mothers because of the desolation of their own households.

DOMESTICS.

"This my mean task
Would be to me as heavy as odious; but
The mistress I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures."

A universal subject of complaint among housekeepers is the impossibility of obtaining good domestics. May not the difficulty, in a great measure, arise from the improper treatment of servants by ladies themselves, and also "by the con-

duct permitted in their children?" In this relation of life, how true is the proverb that "a soft answer turneth away wrath!" A few kind words and hearty expressions of approbation for that which merits praise, will often bind a servant to you for life; whilst harsh and angry terms will quite as frequently send from your abode one who may possess beneath an ungainly exterior sterling qualities, which farther trial and proper management might call forth, and whose services would most likely prove invaluable. Some persons are inconsiderate with regard to the extent of service to be rendered by the different members of a household, and exact from one who has completely fulfilled the duties of her station extra work, which might be readily performed by the young ladies of the family. Again, others are inconsiderate as regards the proper food for domestics, feeding them upon coarse and insufficient viands, producing discontent by the painful contrast between the luxurious appointments and well supplied family table, and the meagre fare provided for the kitchen department. Special attention should also be paid to the comfortable arrangement of domestics' bed-rooms. They should be carefully supplied with plain but complete appurtenances for cleanliness, order, and repose. The mistress of a household should ever keep in mind how grateful to a faithful laborer—one who has borne the heat and burthen of the day—must be the comforts of a well arranged chamber. At the same time, a mistress who kindly and considerately attends to the well being of her servants, has the best right to demand in return strict attention to each individual division of labor—and to require the careful preservation of all articles procured for the peculiar benefit of her domestics.

The kitchen should never present a striking contrast with the upper apartments of a house, leaving it bare and unfurnished with necessary implements, whilst the drawing-room and chambers set apart for company glitter with gold and crimson appointments. Kitchen furniture should be of such materials as to admit of frequent cleaning; and the various implements requisite for the culinary art should be liberally supplied, and be kept in a perfectly neat order, being at regular intervals examined by the mistress, who thus assures herself of faithfulness on the part of the cook, and of the cleanly condition of food prepared for her table. In addition to saucepans, kettles, skillets, preserving and frying-pans, egg slicers, coffee and spice mills, Dutch ovens, baking and cake tins, and various utensils of wood and earthenware, the kitchen should be provided with a plain service of white stone ware, together with a sufficiency of plates, jugs, pitchers, &c. "All the saucepans and kettles should be made of iron or tin. Copper utensils are not at all safe in the hands of careless servants, who often suffer soups and stews to remain in the vessels in which they have been boiled until they are cold; and if a copper saucepan be not well tinned, this untidy habit is likewise one of great danger. Scarcely anything can be cooked which has not in a greater or less degree the power of corroding copper, at that part which is in contact with the air, and whatever is suffered to remain in a copper vessel thus corroded, soon imbibes the poison, and can scarcely be eaten without very injurious and often fatal effects." A cook should be perfectly cleanly in her person, and clean and neat in her work. This she cannot be, however, unless she is supplied with proper and varied utensils, proportionate to the quantity of cooking she is called upon to perform. Roller-towels, table-cloths, and dish-cloths should be plentifully provided; and the cook should be required to cleanse thoroughly the utensils brought daily into use. As soon as possible, a housekeeper should assure herself as to the quantity of articles ordinarily used per week in her family; extravagance can be thus more readily detected, and waste be prevented.

The judicious procuring of provisions is an important branch of housekeeping. Although it would seem to involve

a larger expenditure, it can be fully proved that "the best provisions are the cheapest." Attendant upon coarse joints of meat are large bones, which are unprofitable, and the gristle in such pieces also bears a large proportion to the meat; such joints do exceedingly well for soups and gravies, but not for eating. "For roasting and boiling choose the prime joints, such as legs of veal and mutton, sirloin ribs, and rounds of beef." For the benefit of ladies who are not complete adepts in marketing, we offer some rules derived from an authority of great experience relative to the choice of meats and fish.

Ox Beef, when it is young, will have a fine, open grain, and a good red color; the fat should be white. The grain of cow beef is closer, and the lean scarcely so red as that of ox beef. When you see beef, of which the fat is hard and skinny, and the lean of a deep red, you may suppose it to be of an inferior kind; and when the meat is old, you may know it by a line of horny texture running through the meat of the ribs.

Veal is generally preferred of a delicate whiteness; but it is apt to be more juicy and well flavored when of a deeper color. When you choose veal, endeavor to look at the loin, which will afford you the best means of judging of the veal generally; for, if the kidney, which you will find on the under side of one end of the loin, be deeply enveloped in white and firm-looking fat, the meat will certainly be good; and the same appearance will enable you to judge if it has been recently killed. The kidney is the part which changes the first, and then the suet around it becomes soft, and the meat flabby and spotted.

Mutton must be chosen by the firmness and fineness of the grain, its good color, and firm, white fat.

Lamb will not keep long after it is killed. The vein in the neck is bluish when the meat is fresh, but green when it is stale. In the hind quarter you may discover its condition by examining the kidney and the knuckle, for the former has a slight smell, and the knuckle is not firm, when the meat has been too long killed.

Pork should have a thin rind; and when it is fresh, the meat is smooth and cool; but when it looks flabby, and is clammy to the touch, it is not good. If you perceive many enlarged glands, or, as they are usually termed, kernels, in the fat of pork, you may conclude that the pig has been diseased, and the pork cannot be wholesome.

Bacon should also have a thin rind; the fat should be firm, and inclined to a reddish color; and the lean should adhere firmly to the bone, and have no yellow streaks in it. When you are purchasing a ham, have a knife stuck in it to the bone, which, if the ham be well cured, may be drawn out again without having any of the meat adhering to it, and without your perceiving any disagreeable smell. A short ham is reckoned the best.

Venison, when young, will have the fat clear and bright, and this ought also to be of a considerable thickness. When you do not wish to have it in a very high state, a knife plunged into either the haunch or the shoulder, and drawn out, will by the smell enable you to judge if the meat be sufficiently fresh.

With regard to venison, which, as it is not an every day article of diet, it may be convenient to keep for some time after it has begun to get high or tainted, it is useful to know that animal putrefaction is checked by fresh burnt charcoal; by means of which, therefore, the venison may be prevented from getting worse, although it cannot be restored to its original freshness. The meat should be placed in a hollow dish, and charcoal powder be strewed over it until it cover the joint to the thickness of half an inch.

RULES FOR CHOOSING FISH.

Turbot should have the under side of a yellowish white; for when it is very transparent, blue, or thin, it is not good: the whole fish should be thick and firm.

In Cod, the redness of the gills, the whiteness, stiffness, and firmness of the flesh, and the clear freshness of the eyes, are proofs of its being good. The whole fish should be firm and thick.

Salmon should have a fine red flesh and gills; the scales should be bright, and the whole fish firm.

Fresh water fish may be chosen by similar observations respecting the firmness of the flesh, and the clear appearance of the eyes.

In a *Lobster* lately caught, you may put the claws in motion by pressing the eyes with your fingers; but when it has been long caught, that muscular action is not excited. The freshness of boiled lobsters may be determined by the elasticity of the tail, which is flaccid when they have lost any degree of their freshness. Their goodness, independent of freshness, is determined by their weight, the heaviest being always the best.

The goodness of the *Crab* is known by its weight, also; for, when it proves light, the flesh is generally found to be wasted and watery. If in perfection, the joints of the legs will be stiff, and the body will have an agreeable smell. The eyes, by a dull appearance, betray the crab has been long caught.

In fresh *Oysters* the shell is firmly closed; if at all opened, the oysters are not fresh.

RULES FOR CHOOSING POULTRY.

In the choice of poultry, the age of the bird is the chief point to be attended to.

A young *Turkey* has a smooth, black leg; in an old one, the legs are rough and reddish.

In *Domestic Fowls*, the combs and the legs are smooth when the bird is young; and rough when it is old.

The bills and the feet of *Geese* are yellow, and have few hairs upon them when the bird is young; but they are red if it be old. The feet of a goose are pliable when the bird is fresh killed; and dry and stiff when it has been some time killed. Geese are called green till they are two or three months old.

Ducks should be chosen by the feet, which should be supple; and they should, also, have a plump and hard breast. The feet of a tame duck are yellowish—those of a wild one reddish.

Pigeons should always be eaten while they are fresh: when they look flabby and discolored about the under part, they have been kept too long. The feet, like those of most other poultry, show the age of the bird: when they are supple, it is young; when stiff, it is old. Tame pigeons are larger than wild pigeons.

Partridges have yellow legs, and a dark-colored bill when young. They are not in season till after the first of September.

"Of all appeals—although

I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling—no
Method's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soil—the dinner bell."

Naturally, each room should be furnished in accordance with the use for which it is intended. A "solid simplicity" should characterize the arrangement of the dining-room—but this should not preclude good taste. The articles of furniture should harmonize with each other, and where it is not necessary to exercise strict economy, an elegant turn of mind may gratify itself by the introduction of exquisite carvings and fine workmanship. Busts and pictures properly find place in a dining-room, but they should be of high merit, and not inferior performances. The sideboard or buffet should be of elegant construction, and the plate and glass placed upon it be kept in the highest degree of order and brightness. Connected with the dining-room

should be a butler's pantry, in which should be kept articles of plate, &c. "Glass and china belong to the butler's department." Articles of plate should be well washed with hot water, and then be "rubbed over with a mixture of levigated hartshorn and spirits of turpentine, which is an excellent preparation for cleaning plate and renewing its polish." Good leathers should always be provided for cleaning plate, and two of them be kept in use, one for rubbing off the powder, and the other for polishing. Plate should be cleaned once or twice each week. The powder should be carefully and entirely rubbed off the plate, lest it retain the odor of the turpentine. When silver has been laid by for some length of time, and has become much tarnished, it must be well boiled in soap and water before it is cleaned with the powder.

OUR GARDEN FOR AUGUST.

Bulbous Roots for autumn blooming should all be in the ground the first week in this month, if they were not planted in July. The seeds of tulips, lilies, hyacinths, crown imperials, narcissuses, irises, or of any other kind of bulbs, whose seeds are ripe, may now be sown, in order to obtain new varieties. These, if sown as soon after being ripe as they are sufficiently dry and hardened, will vegetate the ensuing spring; but if kept out of the ground till that period, very few of them will come up for a full year after.

Collecting Flowering Plants from the Woods, Fields, and Swamps.—Many beautiful ornamental plants may now be collected from the woods, fields, and swamps, which would grace and embellish the flower garden and pleasure-grounds, if introduced there, and that at a season when the general run of cultivated flowers are out of bloom; such as lobelias of various kinds, asters, euphorbias, gentianas, hardy herbaceous geraniums, hibiscuses, different kinds of irises, lysimachias or lone-stripe, orchises, oxalis, phloxes, solidagons or golden rod, spigelas, veronicas, varieties of the lily, together with an immense number of other beautiful plants.

All the above, and any other kinds you meet with, that are worthy of notice, may be taken up, whether in, or out of flower, with balls of earth, brought home, and planted immediately; or taking them up, cut off the flower stems, if any, and when planted give water and shade for a few days to the fibrous-rooted kinds; next year they will flower luxuriantly, after which, each sort may be propagated in its proper season. Observe in planting, to give each respective kind a soil and situation as nearly similar as possible to that in which you found it in its wild state.

Flowering Plants in Pots.—Such annual and other flowering plants as are in pots must now be carefully supplied with water; some kinds requiring it twice a day in very dry weather, others once a day, and a few sorts not so often. As to the consumption of water, there is an astonishing difference in the constitutions of plants, some absorbing and discharging it so quickly as to excite surprise, and others but very slowly; therefore you must supply each respective kind, according to its habit and necessity.

Herbaceous Plants that are past bloom should be cut down now, the earth should be loosened in the tops of all pots containing flowering plants, and box edging should be trimmed if required. Also gather flower-seeds as they ripen and preserve them till the season of sowing; most kinds will keep better and longer in their pods or husks than when rubbed out.

Shifting into larger Pots and giving fresh earth to plants, should be done in the first week in this month, particularly with oranges, lemons, and to such other plants as are too much confined, and that have perfected their spring and summer shoots, previous to their beginning to push their autumn growths.

Carefully attend to the watering of all the plants, giving it to each as often as necessary, and in proportion to its consumption; observing always to administer it sparingly to the succulent kinds.

The pouring of water, occasionally, through the rose of a watering-pot, over the branches of the shrubby kinds would greatly refresh them, and wash off the dust collected on the leaves; which would give them a clean and pleasing appearance: but this should be done late in the evening when the sun has lost its power for the day.

Such pots as are plunged, must be turned full around in their seats at least once a week, to prevent the roots penetrating into the surrounding earth, through the holes in the bottoms of the pots.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—DINNER DRESS OF PINK ORGANDY.—The skirt is trimmed with seven flounces. Body high, with a low underlining and round at the waist. Over this body a cape of the material of the dress may be worn at pleasure. A bow and ends of pink silk, trimmed with a figured ribbon, is worn at the waist. Short sleeves composed of two ruffles.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF FRENCH SILK, IN LILAC AND WHITE STRIPES.—Mantle of the same material as the dress. Sun hat of white French lawn, trimmed with a bouquet of field flowers.

FIG. III.—GILET BODY.—This is a new style entirely. The dress is of poplin of a striped or chequered-pattern, on a grey ground. It is trimmed with buttons and braid of the color called *Groselles-des-Alpes*. The corsage is open in front and high at the back; it forms a *gilet* in front of the waist and a basque behind. The sleeves are wide and with a small epaulet on the shoulder. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with braid, *Groselles-des-Alpes*. The skirt has a flounce *a la Anglaise*, with a small heading edged with braid.

FIG. IV.—LILAC SILK DRESS, trimmed with flounces of the same, which last are themselves decorated with a narrow lilac flounce of a darker tint. Body high and plain. Waist round, with a band. Five large bows of lighter lilac in the middle and darker outside decorate the front. Sleeves wide and long, slashed open in front. The fullness at top and at the wrist is confined by flat plaits. The edge of the opening is trimmed with a flounce having a narrow one under it of a darker tint. In this sleeve there is a very full tulle sleeve ten inches longer than the arm so as to form puffs. A lilac gimp trimming fastened to four buttons on each side crosses the opening in zig-zags, through which the tulle is seen. A large tulle puff at the end terminates the sleeve. A bow like those on the body is placed at the top of the sleeve on the shoulder. The dress has three rows of flounces. The first, at top, consists of three flounces a nail wide. The second, three flounces about an inch wider. The third, four flounces, an inch wider still. These flounces are pinked in vandykes and slightly drawn. They have each a little under-flounce an inch and a half wide, also pinked and drawn much fuller than the upper flounce. These little under-flounces are sewed under the larger flounce, so as for about an inch of their width to be covered. Lace collar.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS, with the fashionable Casaque, loose flowing sleeves, and skirt embroidered in front. This is a very beautiful dress for the sea-shore or springs.

FIG. VI.—JACKET OF WHITE PIQUE OR MARSEILLES, with half-tight sleeves, just allowing the hand to pass; the bottom of the sleeve is embellished with a festooned trimming, as is also the collar. A handsome binding is put on the edge of the cuff. The figures on the front of the jacket are formed by a braid like that on the cuffs; small buttons are interspersed here and there among the braiding.

FIG. VII.—THE FICHU CARLOTTA, composed of bouillonnées

of black spotted tulle and insertion of black guipure. Round the throat, a *ruche* of black lace. The *fichu* is edged with black lace and rows of black velvet.

FIG. VIII.—RAPHAEL SPENCER to wear with dresses that are cut low in the neck and square. It is composed of rows of either cambric or Valenciennes insertion and edging. The puffing below the insertion is to have ribbon run through it, to match the bows in color.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For muslins and *bareges*, flounces, and double, or even treble skirts will be the most fashionable; the bodies having either both backs and fronts full, or the fronts only; the sleeves very wide and open, or the three-quarter bishop, but for very warm weather the open sleeve is preferable. With the colored muslins, straight scarfs or mantles of the same material, printed to correspond, are likely to be much in favor.

CAMBRICS and JACONETS printed in exquisite colors and designs, are one of the novelties of the season; these are made with double skirt, the second forming open tunic, and contrasting with the first, in the style of the second figure in our first plate; with these, are also sold scarfs and mantles to correspond.

SKIRTS of dresses are worn very long and full, although an attempt has been made to introduce them with the breadths cut narrow at the top: this is a style which will not readily be adopted, and it will be a very long time before they become generally worn.

FLOUNCES and DOUBLE SKIRTS are equally in favor: the first skirt is plain, the second is always trimmed either at the sides or on the bottom; sometimes they have three or four narrow flounces on the top skirt. Quillings or flutings of ribbon are a favorite trimming for double skirts. Full single skirts may have pyramids rising from the bottom, to about two-thirds the length of the skirt, producing a very stylish effect. The ordinary quilling or plating, which has been so long the fashion, has been replaced by one called the *ruche contrairie*, which consists in the folds of the upper portion of the *ruche* or quilling being turned one way, while those of the lower portion are turned in the contrary direction. This *ruche* has a very pleasing effect, and is less likely to catch the dust than the old one called the *ruche a la veille*.

BODIES OF DRESSES have either a point both back and front, or are made round to be worn with a ribbon or a belt and buckle. Some have adopted the *Medicis* jacket, which is only a very short kind of *basque*, which fits closely over the figure below the waist like a yoke. The long point back and front, however, gives the most grace to the figure, we think.

A fashion which was popular some years, is again coming in vogue, though it is not as yet very generally adopted, that is the open body, exposing a handsome chemisette in front.

SLEEVES are in great variety; the various styles of *pagoda* form, very wide and open, will be in great favor: those left open in the front of the arm should be lined with white silk. Some are close to the arm nearly to the elbow, then very wide and open. In spite of the continued efforts of the dressmakers to prevent it, the tight sleeve will certainly reign supreme after the summer months are past; even now, all dresses of dark material, such as black or brown silk, satin, or *moire antique*, are made with the old-fashioned sleeve, quite tight to the arm, and buttoned round the wrist. The sleeve is in some cases terminated by a large linen cuff, which turns back, and in others by a small goffered ruffle, which falls on the gloved hand. Of course this sleeve will only be adopted for walking-dress, as *la manche pagode*, with lace under-sleeve, will always be the mode for dinners and small *soirees*. The dressmakers object to this sleeve, because of the absence of all trimming; in buying this last they always have their profit, and will not make a dress for which the trimming is brought to them. The tight sleeve requires a cap or jockey at the top, which should be well

trimmed to give an air of richness to the long sleeve, which has no *garniture*.

EQUESTRIAN COSTUME FOR LADIES admits of so little variation, that we have scarcely any change of fashion to notice in this style of dress. It may, however, be mentioned that riding-habits with *basques* will, this spring, not be so generally adopted as heretofore. The corsege is finished at the top with a small collar, and fastened up to the throat with fancy buttons. The skirt is no less ample and long than ever. Myrtle green, dark blue, and black, are the hues generally preferred for riding-habits. The round hat, or one of the forms recently adopted, is ornamented with a cock's plume. The gloves are either of the gauntlet form, or the common habit gloves. A small linen collar and neck-tie complete the costume. Neck-ties of colored or black *moire* or satin are among the newest which have appeared for riding-dresses.

BONNETS are being made more and more simple. Those of straw or horse-hair are very pretty, trimmed with a black silk curtain, red and black poppies on one side, and black strings, with the "Empress wreath," which goes across the top of the inside cap, made of small red and black poppies. The latest style for bonnets is much more becoming to most faces than the pointed tops so long worn. The bonnets are now made larger, and very wide at the sides, at the face, with long ends meeting under the chin.

SHAWLS OF WHITE MUSLIN, made large and trimmed with two deep ruffles, are very much worn, as well as shawl mantlets of the same material as the dress.

American and English women, on going to Paris, are astonished at the quantity of black used by the French ladies in almost every article of their dress, and still more astonished at its not giving them a sombre-looking toilet. It is because all the other colors in the dress or bonnet are so very brilliant that the black merely has the effect of softening them down. Black is a very becoming color, and might be successfully worn by our ladies. A new color, called the "*Maure Imperatrice*," which is not quite a violet, but something between the lilac and the violet, has been introduced by the ribbon merchants, and is now extending to dresses. It is a beautiful color; but to those of our readers who are in the habit of putting on their dresses or bonnets more than once or twice, we would recommend a more durable shade, as it fades dreadfully.

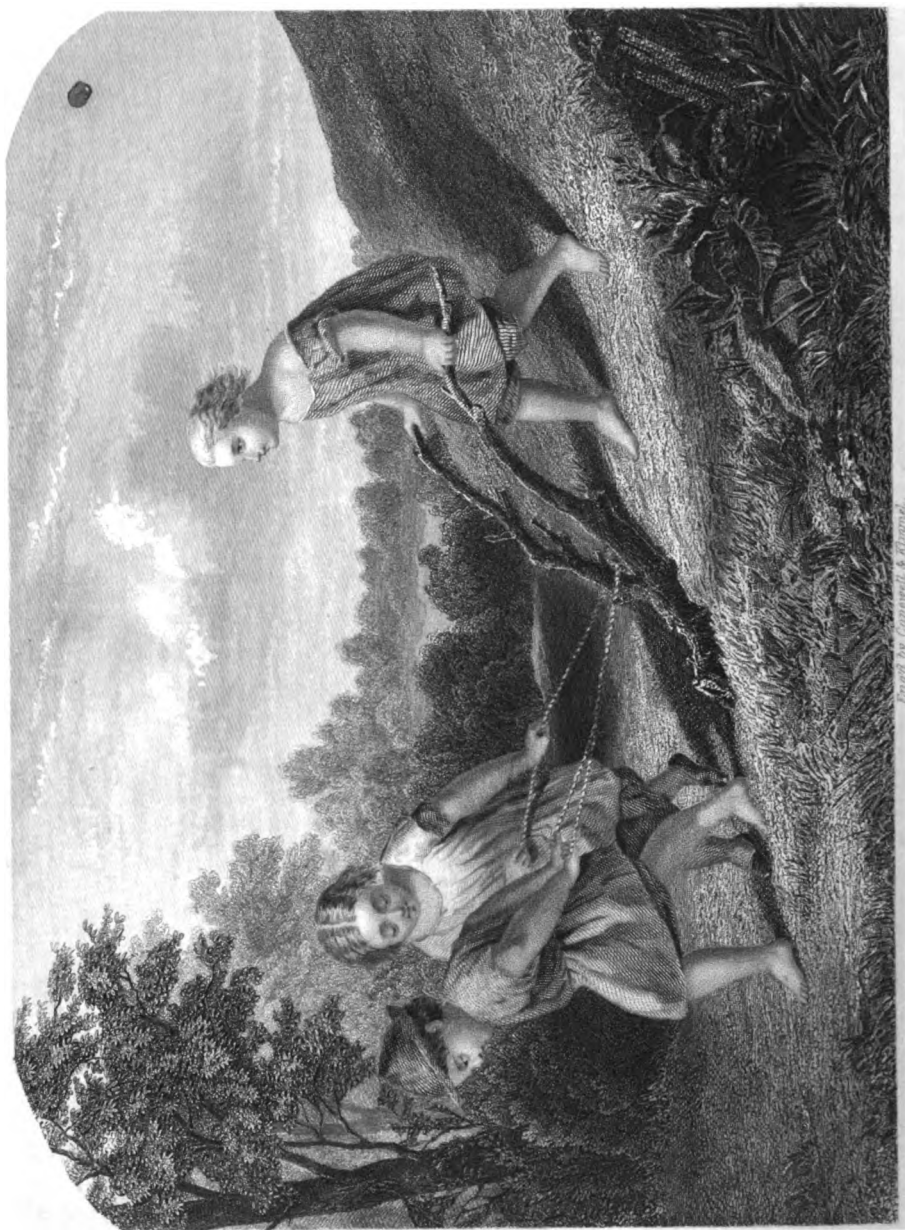
JEWELRY is almost as liable to change in shape as our bonnets and sleeves. Among the recent novelties in jewelry, may be mentioned some bracelets with medallions containing hair. Each medallion may contain the hair of a different relative or friend; and thus, though forming part of the same bracelet, the hair of several individuals is kept separate and distinct. In these bracelets the centre medallion is usually reserved for initials, which are inscribed sometimes in gold and sometimes in diamonds, or other precious stones. Now that round corseges, or corseges without points, are again fashionable, a Parisian hair worker has conceived the idea of making *ceintures*, or waist-bands of hair, which are fastened with a buckle.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

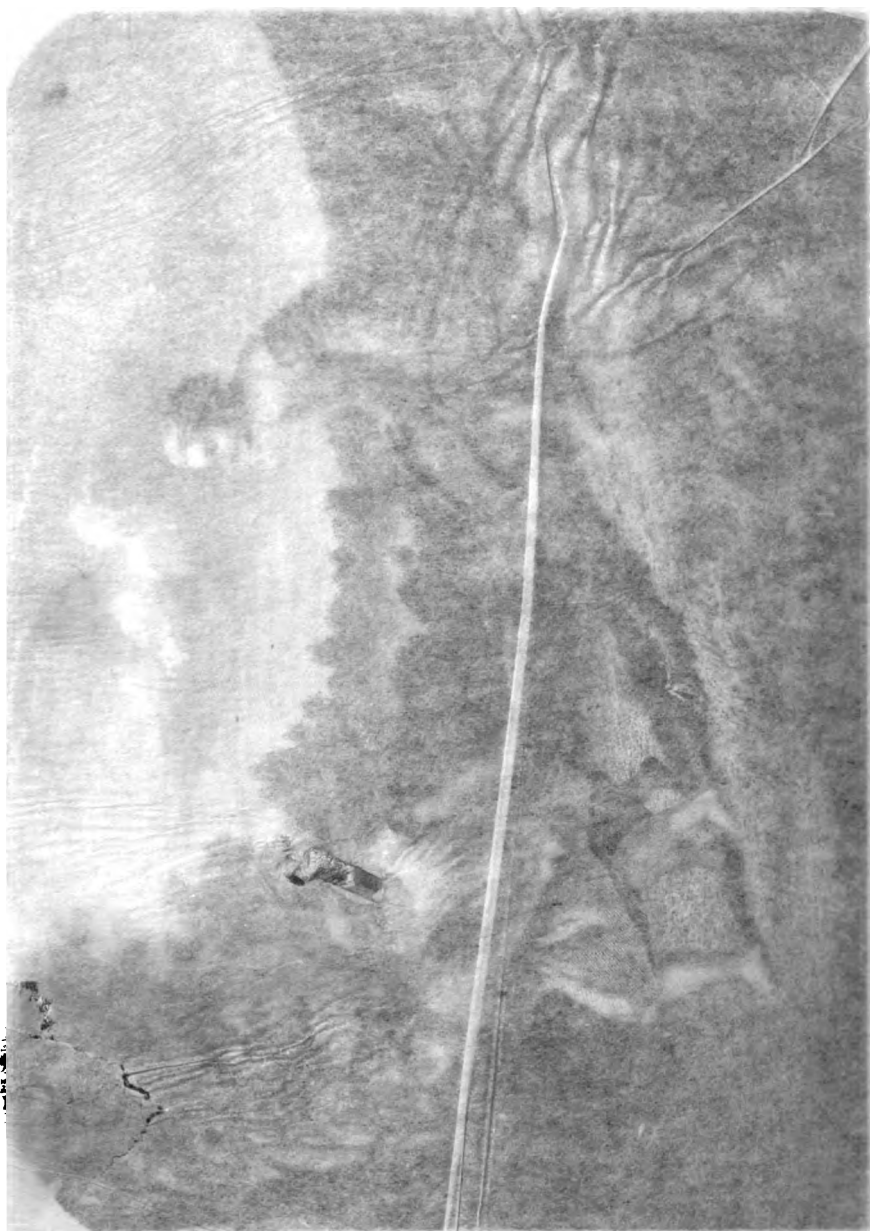
FIG. I.—DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL.—(See wood cut on page 3.)—This is a very suitable dress for the sea-shore and springs.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR LITTLE BOY.—(See wood cut on page 8.)—This is a Hungarian pattern, and is made like a loose sack coat, girded around the waist with a sash, the sash to be of the same color as the lining of the collar, which is what tailors call a rolling one.

In our June and July numbers we gave descriptions of the materials most fashionable, this summer, for children's wear, and also of the various styles. There is nothing new to add.









Engraved by Thomas Brothers

LES MODES PARISIENNES

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SWISS WATCH-POCKET: IN STRAW



THE ROAD BY THE MILL-STREAM.



THE MILAN.



THE EMILIE.



THE GOSSAMER.



WATTEAU CAP.



LOW-NECKED CAPE.



SLEEVE.



HEAD-DRESS.



BONNET.



CHILD'S DRESS.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.



WALKING DRESS FOR FALL.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1859.

No. 3.

THE WAGES OF STARVATION.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

If we take our stand at some of the doors where innumerable sloop-shop venders chalk out the work on which saltier drops will fall than the spray of old ocean, we shall see the slaves of the needle. On their bloodless lips, their thin cheeks, their cold, wrinkled brows, in their gleaming eyes, bright with the fires that disease and want have kindled, behold the marks of slavery. See them go by, each with her heavy bundle, a hopeless, hapless, haggard glance of woe stamped there by the rapacity of man, making the whole face unearthly and repulsive.

"I never see such people!" says the well-to-do matron—"I never meet them. I have always thought their woes overdrawn." No—it is very true that you never meet such persons, you who have a strong and loving arm to labor for you, while in your comfortable home you tend your babes and your household. These poor creatures never come to your door. They are too proud to beg, while a cracker and a glass of cold water will keep their miserable life within them. They do not live in respectable streets, margined by long rows of decent houses with numbers on the doors, and thriving grocers' shops at every corner. No, no; too happy they esteem themselves if they can get a little room in some out-of-the-way house, up an old alley or a court that is not cursed by absolute vulgarity, but where poor, honest folks like themselves live in decency, if not in comfort.

"I never see such people!" says the fashionable promenader. Never! we dare say. Toiling bundles of sloop-work seldom exhibit themselves on streets consecrated to wealth and display. Their ragged shawls and old-fashioned bonnets, their meagre forms and hollow eyes would look strangely out of place on such a thoroughfare. And where want compels them to go, your dainty feet never wander, lady of fashion. Do you wonder when sometimes they see you from afar,

tossing your feathers and ribbons in the air, spreading your gleaming silks, laughing in careless prodigality as you count the fabulous price you have paid for some unneeded luxury—do you wonder, we repeat, that the bitter thought crosses their bleeding hearts, "Why has God made us to differ?" Do they not know that the cost of the lace, hidden by your luxurious garments, would give their puny-faced children food for many a day? And in addition, do they not feel the contempt of your look, or your smile, as you pass them? Are not the hearts that feebly warm their bosoms *human*? Are they not formed of flesh and blood in no way less worthy of pampering care, fine food, and raiment, than your own?

No, probably you never *do* see them—never think of them. You have heard of the dark, ill-lighted dens, in crooked streets where men give out sloop-work—but what then?

This! that women, old and young, frail in health, miserable in attire, bend over the coarse duck, or canvas, or cloth, for fourteen hours of every weary day and evening. In the winter's cold—in the summer's heat. With moaning babes upon their laps. With sick and dying husbands beside them. With mumbling, and perhaps half idiotic parents sometimes dependent upon their trembling fingers. With the deep, red blaze of consumption burning on their cheeks, its deadly grip tugging at their vitals. Thus they sit and stitch, and press, and weep scalding tears, and suffer hunger—and work—for what? "Twenty-five cents, to be taken out in store goods at the highest rate of prices, or to submit to the reduction of ten per centum when cash is paid."

"Cruel! cruel task masters!" Men who dress in broadcloth and fare sumptuously—men who talk in high-sounding language on the evils of the day, and propose measures and suggest remedies. Men who hire pews in fashionable

churches—is it only thoughtlessness in you that leads you to overlook this worse than heathen treatment of women in—professedly—Christian cities? Can you find no time to redress the wrongs of those who cannot help themselves? Do you believe that in this thing you will be held guiltless? And you who may be adding dollar to dollar, by the discriminate murder; (discriminate since it is only the *poor* widow, the *helpless* orphan you murder,) have you really and entirely given up all faith as you have all hope in a hereafter?

There is a just God to whom the cries of such victims ascend continually, and He will not hold guiltless whoever grinds the face of the poor.

He sees how truth and mercy and equity are crushed under the golden heel of avarice. Yes, for there is a God. Shrouded in mysteries though his purposes may seem to be—though the great books of his dealings with mankind appear untranslatable to mortal eyes, still He liveth and sitteth unmoved upon the throne of Justice. As men pass by birth or by death in and out of the portals of this minor existence, He with His angels taketh note of their dealings by-the-way, with the poor, and their injustice to the helpless and down-trodden—and, terrible thought! as they have meted out mercy to others, so mercy will be meted out to them in the great hereafter.

ITALIAN MEMORIES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We rode from Naples down the gleaming shore,
Where like a dream of peace Sorrento lies—
Two strangers but a little time before,
Grown to quick brotherhood beneath those skies.

Two wanderers who had met from far off strands,
Nor spoke the accents of each other's tongue—
Soft as the poetry of other lands
About our lips the Roman accents clung.

He from the grand old Scandinavian clime
Had sought the fragrance of those orange bowers;
I from this land which has not reached its prime,
Had trod my pathway to that haunt of flowers.

The strength which comes when youth is almost past,
Lay on his soul like incense on a shrine;
The wreck of all those hopes that never last,
The maddening dreams of boyhood still were mine.

Within the haunt where Tasso dreamed of old,
Whose vine-wreathed terrace broke upon the bay,
We saw the sunset turn the sands to gold,
And heard low ripples where the sea-shells lay.

The gorgeous crimson faded from the West,
And kissed the waters with its waning beams,
Where in the haze an isle lay moored at rest
Like some enchanted barque in fairy dreams.

The fickle power of illness' troubled strength
Went from me, till I could but lie and weep;
He sat and watched me for a time—at length
He soothed me as one calms a child to sleep.

I gave no sign of that which made my grief,
He had no need of words to understand—
I who had roved the world to seek relief,
Calmed by the gentle pressure of his hand!

I do not know a single word he spoke,
But yet their blessed music haunts my dreams;
A consciousness of life their spell awoke,
And turned its channel into other streams.

All night we sat and looked upon the bay,
The sunlight of the morning saw us part—
He back to Naples, and I far away,
To seek the goal he pointed to my heart.

Through all the weary years that since have fled,
His words have come like winds o'er dying flowers;
"Hope still, for we shall find in realms o'erhead
The rainbow dreams that we have lost in ours!"

Though now I cannot e'en recall his name,
I feel the influence of those holy eyes;
Hereafter I shall know—they'll glow the same
When he is 'mid the angels in the skies.

"OUR LIGHT AFFLICTIONS."

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

And to-day those tones come pealing
From that mournful funeral bell;
Yet around our spirit stealing,
Angel-whispers, "It is well."
For this little life is lifting
Off the shadows from the soul,
While we tearfully are drifting
Onward toward our future goal.

We are richer when our cherished
Pass in silence from our side;
When our brightest hopes have perished,
And in all their glory died.
Richer for these "light afflictions;"
He bore heavier for our sakes—
Richer, for those earthly frictions
Show us where Heaven's morning breaks.

A LOVE STORY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

YEs, this is a love story, as full of the tender passion as the brimming over of my heart can make it. I warn away all who do not like the subject.

It was a beautiful evening in summer, and the little crescent moon was just sinking behind the Palisades, with the evening star almost in its arms. The broad bosom of the Hudson was smooth as a mirror, and on the west side reflected the grey, beetling, rocky wall, while on the east it glowed under the soft evening sky, only broken by the rippling wake of a lazy little sloop, which dreamily floated down stream, with its sail now rosy, now shaded, and its reflection lying clear beside it.

As I had just escaped from the sultry city turmoil, from staring bricks and flaring gas-lights, it was like the beatitude of heaven to be here, and so keenly alive to all God's gifts. Yet happy as I was, there was a deeper joy in store for me, that of hearing him I loved, praised and proved a true and noble man.

I had only begun to suspect that he was strangely dear to me; and he had never told me that I was anything to him—but when his sister came that night, and sat beside me upon the old oak seat, saying,

"Do you know that Albert is to be here to-night, about ten o'clock?" I felt my heart stop beating for joyful surprise, and then throb with joyful fear.

I said not a word in reply. Such a tumult, such an unexpected and alarming confusion arose in my breast, that I sat silent in amazement at myself. She filled my cup of joy still fuller.

"And I guess who brings him so suddenly," she added, archly. "My yesterday's letter let him know you were here for two days only; and behold, a telegram tells us to prepare for him to-night. He will be here this whole week—and you too."

In growing wonder at myself I was still silent. It seemed to please his sister, for she took my hand, and said,

"Oh, you do not know what a noble fellow he is, Lois. To-night, before he comes, I will tell you all the manly struggles he has gone through for our sakes since we came here, strangers."

I cannot, of course, relate the circumstances she communicated, but they made Albert Edwards a hero in my eyes, and I felt that my exultation, my pride, my heartfelt thankfulness must have root in some deep, fervent regard for him. I knew that it must be more than mere pride in human nobleness, or disinterested pleasure in the good-luck of my friend in having such a brother.

I thought my happiness was now full—but I had a yet more glowing draught forced to my lips. It was after ten, but I did not know it, when Maggie suddenly sprang up, and ran to meet a coming footstep, and in two minutes more she stood beside me holding her brother's hand, and calling upon me to rejoice with her.

Then she was suddenly gone, and in a whirl of thought and feeling, I was listening to words which make me happy yet—yes, make me cry with happiness yet.

It was no formal proposal, but an unpremeditated, I may say an accidental, betrayal of his feeling toward me. I had suspected his love for me still less than mine for him, and the incredulity of my too happy heart had scarcely time to melt into transport, when I was hastily summoned home to the city, by a messenger sent from my father, who was ill. I left that evening, just one hour after Albert's arrival, and so my week's pleasure was cut short.

My father was quite well the next day, but he seemed to need my presence, for he had no household superintendent when I was away, and no other dear woman to pay him the little attentions he craved. My mother was dead, and I had no sister, nor had he.

A week after my return, we went to a fruit supper, given by one of his friends; and as it was a sultry night, we sat in a half-lighted room listening to some very fine music, both instrumental and vocal. I was close beside my father, and Albert very near us both. A lady sang Montrose's love song, and when she came to the words,

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose his all."

Albert in not a little excitement looked toward me. My father saw him, and knew all. I was

sure he did by the closing of his lips in his most determined and thoughtful manner. I knew he liked Albert—but then fathers are so prudential about the “ability to support a wife,” that I trembled. No sooner had the singer paused than my father said,

“Delightful old song, and delightfully sung, but I don’t like the moral. A young man should fear to put his fate to the touch, especially when he is not in a position to meet any fate. Suppose now that the lover were a young man of slender means—if he were sure of a refusal he might put the question as much as he pleased, and no harm done. But should the lady accept, and he be in no position to maintain her, I think he had been wiser to fear touching off his fate quite so soon. Such rashness would condemn any man with me.”

“Oh, dear brother!” said my aunt, laughing. “How you are twisting the song to suit Lois’s lovers!” She had no idea that one of them was present, having never known that we were even acquainted.

“Yes,” my father answered, in a careless way, “I want chances to express that opinion, and so I never lose one.”

Albert felt that that opinion was leveled at him, as I saw by his pallor. He left my side, for the first time that evening, and did not come back. I slunk into my own heart, and had no more happiness that night.

For six months matters remained quiet. We never met except casually, and rarely, but every time we did so, I saw and felt how Albert was striving for patience, how he was working himself almost to death for me, and how keenly he searched my face to know whether I were forgetting him. He never spoke one word to me of his hopes or feelings.

One morning my father’s old friend, Mr. Williams, called to see him; and his daughter, who accompanied him, remained in the parlor with me, while our parents were closeted in the office. She was as much confided in by her father as I was by mine, and often acted as his private secretary.

“I have great news to tell you,” she began. “You know Albert Edwards, of our firm, don’t you? He is in the Co. this year.”

“Yes, I do,” I stammered.

“Well, he has forged our name, and was prevented by a mere accident from getting twenty thousand dollars from bank, which was placed there on deposit only day before yesterday. They say he has lately expressed almost frantic wishes to be wealthy, so I suppose he lost all sense of honor in this desire. Father has come to consult

your father about whether, in consideration of his former correct and high-minded conduct, this sudden lapse should not be called temporary insanity and leniently dealt with. Of course this matter is not to be spoken of.” Then she talked on other topics, and as the room was dim, her careless eyes did not see what she had done to me.

My father saw the effects of the blow I received, when an hour later he came to me after parting from our friends at the front door. He saw it plainly, though I had shed no tear. He came and kissed me with quivering lips, saying, “She told you cruelly, my child, I dare say, and I meant to have done it gently. But I know that the grief with you is rather in the thing told, than the way of telling it. I could not save you that pain.”

“Father, he cannot be guilty.”

“My child, he is most undoubtedly guilty. I have heard every particular, and I am sure he is culpable. Ah, daughter, I wish I could hold a different opinion, for I blame myself not a little for this young man’s fall. I placed a temptation to evil in his way when I intimated to him that he must be well off, or not ask for you. I must stand his friend now, and I will.”

“By trusting him, father, and being sure that he will prove his innocence.”

“My dear Lois, this young man has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. He is unworthy. You must see him no more. You must close your heart upon him.”

“Yes, to shut him in,” said I, passionately; “and to shut all the rest of the world out. He shall hear from me that I do not believe him guilty—if you will let me tell him, father.”

My father sighed painfully. I distrusted his judgment, but I could not help it—it was impossible that my idol should be of clay. With both pity and reproach for me, he replied,

“If he asks you whether you think him innocent of this forgery, you shall tell him, but not otherwise.”

I knew Albert never would ask. If he would make no advances when merely pecuniary reasons deterred him, how certain was he to maintain silence when his dishonor seemed to stand between us! It was as I was sure it would be. Mr. Edwards indignantly refused to be quietly punished for his fault and left to his conscience. He scorned the mercy of the firm he was accused of robbing, and demanded a trial. He was convicted and sent to prison. Circumstantial evidence was against him, and he a stranger in the country.

I lost my health suddenly, and my father took

me to Europe. We did not return for five years, and meanwhile heard nothing of Albert, who was fulfilling his hard sentence.

As soon as we were re-established in a house on Fifth Avenue, our friends began to call upon us, and among them came our minister. He was exceedingly beloved by his people, and with good reason, for his noble head was but the outward sign of the inner man—a man pure and strong in love and intellect. He had a genial and forcible personal influence, which gave him a great and sweet power over all who met him. To me he was even more than to others, for in feature he resembled Albert. How often did my eyes fill with tears, and my throat with sobs, as I thought that Albert's face would be as old as his before I could see it again!

And yet I had not been quite true to my love. I had doubted its inspirer at last; but only because I had learned to doubt his whole sex—yes, the whole race. I think my sorrow embittered my father's heart against mankind, for he grew distrustful of every one, and justified his suspicions to me by carefully showing me the ruling motive for many a deed I should have thought good, had he not proved to me the low aim which led to it.

"All alike—all alike!" he often exclaimed. "There is no downright honesty among men. They all make compromises with their consciences. Principle compromised is principle sacrificed, and no one sees that but an old man like myself. They can't even see the truth."

I was not very self-reliant. I knew that my father had a ripe judgment, and thirty years' more experience than I had. So I believed him, and thought all men unworthy of trust, and good seeming men hypocritical.

The world was dark to me in those days, because I hid my eyes from the light of outward goodness, and closed my inner sense against the testimony to man's integrity, which my instinct whispered. I had no interest in life, or the world, and only a forced and selfish care to be happier in the world to come, and—to speak unreservedly the true state of my mind—to get among a better set of people there.

But from the moment I heard Mr Phillips preach, my soul took new hope, and bowed in sweet and long unfelt reverence. It sang exultingly, "Behold a *man*, indeed, in whom there is no guile." And I thought if one may be good another way, and Albert is wronged by his prison walls.

It grew to be my delight to watch Mr. Phillips in every relation of life, as husband, father, pastor, politician; above all, as the intimate

friend of my father, which he soon became. And watching only increased my esteem for him, and my pleasure in the task. Every time I saw him prove himself true, tender-hearted, or brave in duty, I rejoiced with joy unspeakable. He proved thus that man can be all this. He was clearing away the noisome vapors that had arisen about my soul to impede its aspiration, to darken its perceptions, to drown its hopes. He was letting God's pure sunlight into my heart, which had been dark and cold without it, and I thanked him with every fibre of my renovated being.

He saw that I did. He saw that upon him my eye delighted to dwell—that my heart reposed in trust upon him—that he had power to calm and console me—and he fell into a mistake.

I saw in him not a man—but mankind—not a fascinating individual—but a fascinating testimony that man was made in the image of God. He made a mistake—for apart from the fact he stood for man's patent nobility, to me he was dear only because, or mostly because he resembled Albert.

Through gratitude to one who had lifted the dark and smothering veil from my soul, I was ready and willing to do for him every little service possible. I dare say I was often officious. But I should have been very chary of good offices if I had had a guilty and unsought love to conceal.

I first discovered his error, when one day after a week's visit to us at my father's country-seat, he came to bid us good-bye. He was very dear to my father, who turned aside from expressing heartfelt regret at his guest's departure, to hide the easy tears of age.

My eyes were sympathetically affected, and my heart was running over with gratitude to one who so cheered my father's lonely days with his friendship. I stooped and kissed the kind hand which had just pressed his.

I was no sentimental Miss given to demonstrations of feeling. Such an act was unprecedented for me, and quite unexpected by him. I blushed at my rash impulsiveness, and trembled to think that I might have offended, by infringing the dignity of the man of God.

Ah, well—I suppose my emotion did look very like the tender passion which speaks usually only by tears, blushes, trembling, and kisses. My upward glance caught sight of a perplexed and pained look, and saw it melt into an expression of sorrowful reproof.

His thought came to me like a stab. For a moment I was indignant, and turned angrily away. That action, too, might be naturally

misunderstood. It looked like quick, girlish shame. There is but One who can read hearts aright.

How shall I undeceive him? was my absorbing thought for a week afterward: and then I came to the determination never to take means to convince him of his error. To be convinced by my direct act would cruelly mortify him. I would carefully conceal my knowledge of his suspicion, and the truth must surely manifest itself in time. I would not abate one expression of my loving reverence. He should learn to recognize it for what it really was. I could safely smile at him, and yet honor him.

And so the next time I met him, it was with the same impulsive abandon to the only feeling I had for him, which I knew to be a good and worthy one. I never set a watch upon my words or actions. "Truth will out," I said, "and the sooner, if I act naturally as my feelings dictate."

I forgot that a preconceived opinion may throw a glamour over the wisest eyes.

Believing as he did of me, how gently did he deal with me! He would have me cured by my own inward sense of right, and not by his harsh, outward act. So his manner to me was guarded and paternal, but tenderly considerate; mine to him was ever affectionately, zealously respectful, and I utterly ignored his secret suspicion.

This was wrong on both sides. He thought, "She is trembling on the brink of culpability, but so long as I steady her there, and she does not fall, I am blameless."

He should have led his sheep back to safe pastures, even by shame and terror.

I said, smiling inwardly, "He believes that he fills my heart—but he is self-deceived—I am blameless."

I should not have compromised my woman's dignity, nor laid my purity open to suspicion to spare his feelings. Our friendship was undermined by this mutual falseness. I wish he had bravely taken me to task, and I had roundly replied to him. Instead of that he simply tried by studied tone, and guarded word, and little chilling ways to ward off my affection, and I laughed at his taking these pains for nothing, and then mourned the last pleasure of confidence and frank intercourse.

Other evils followed. The same reliance in others which once led me to doubt all mankind against my better sense, now began to make me distrustful myself. "He is wiser than I," my fears said; "perhaps he reads me more clearly than I do myself:" and so I began to be conscious and awkward in the presence of our minister, who was almost a daily guest, now

that my father was ill again. I could no longer feel indifferent about his suspicion, nor amused at it. It weighed upon my mind, and made my eyelids prone to fall, and my color swift to rise in his presence.

Then came pangs of remorse for a fancied sin, and seasons when my reason indignantly repelled the thought of any wrong; in short, such a mud-dle of ideas that I was almost distracted. I had been careless of my dignity, I knew. Had I been careless of my rectitude? This tormenting question so pursued me that I had no peace nor rest.

I had been in the habit of walking past the States' Prison every morning since my return from Europe, but now I began to fear I had no right to give myself the indulgence of this sad pleasure. Was I good enough for the noble and wronged man who was wearing out his best days there? This thought caused my bitterest tears. What a strange hallucination I was under! Not from a sense of general unworthiness, for that I feel to this day, but of unworthiness in the particular of not loving Albert with my whole heart.

One day I found, upon my return home from this walk, that Mr. Phillips had come in a carriage to take me to some man who was dying, and wished to see me. My father was well enough to accompany us, and as I entered the miserable boarding-house chamber of the sick man leaning upon his arm, he at once recognized in the invalid the confidential clerk of the firm Albert had once belonged to.

"Be prepared and firm," he whispered to me; "that is Mr. —."

I guessed what was to come, and trembled so that I could not stand. Mr. Phillips gave me a chair by the bedside, and the sick man turned his eyes upon me.

"Are you the lady Albert Edwards hoped to marry? Miss W——?"

"I am Miss W——," I said, faintly.

"I wronged them all, and you most perhaps."

He blushed till the strange red seemed burning through that emaciated face: and after an effort went on, "Albert Edwards was my best friend. He let me into his closest confidence. He told me how hard he was working for your sake, Miss W——. I never could keep another's secret: and so the other fellows soon knew why he was so wild to get rich. That was why, when that—that check was sent back, he was suspected of being guilty of it." He paused, flushed deeper yet, and groaned. "I couldn't face the exposure—I always was a moral coward. I even helped to throw the blame on Edward. He has suffered in prison; and I have suffered unto death out of it; and you—well, I suppose I have

suffering of yours too on my conscience. I could not die without righting Edwards, of course, and I wanted to hear from her own lips that the only woman I ever wronged would forgive me. Yes, thank—— if I have cheated men, and played the deuce with myself by drink, I never injured any woman but yourself—for my mother's sake. If you say you forgive me, I am ready to make a confession before a magistrate, and die in peace."

My father instantly left to summon one, and, as well as I could for tears of joy for Albert's justification, and sorrow for the dying man, I comforted him by my earnest pardon. He asked me to shake hands with him, and extended such cold and wasted fingers, that for very pity I could but give them a warm and heartfelt clasp.

As I continued to hold his hand in both of mine, he seemed inexpressibly touched and wept unrestrainedly.

"I have regretted long," he sobbed, "but now I repent. Will God forgive me?"

Mr. Phillips took my place beside him, and soothed him with prayer and promise.

I returned home in the carriage alone; and some hours afterward my father and Mr. Phillips came in. They had been taking the necessary steps to set Albert free, and the next day were to go to the prison for him.

"I will go with you," I said, calmly and firmly.

I saw the dreaded struggle begin in my father's mind. Though Albert had suffered so wrongfully, and though I had been so near death at being parted from him, I saw that my father could hardly brook a man from the States' Prison as son-in-law, and would keep us apart if he could.

I awaited his speaking quietly. Looking into my face, he had no heart to say what he at last resolved upon, but evaded the direct question by demurring at my going to Albert, and not sitting patiently for him to come to me. As if he ever would have come after being warned off again, as he had been once before by my father!

"He may be pained by seeing you, when pride forbids his suing for your hand," he suggested.

"If I can grant it, he shall have the chance to sue if he wish it," I faltered. "Unless you forbid my seeing him, I will go to the prison to-morrow."

The next day we went, at the appointed hour, to end that long, unjust imprisonment. My father and I were posted at the door of the cell, to await a summons from Mr. Phillips, who was to prepare Mr. Edwards for joyful tidings.

I looked in at the slide used by the turnkey at inspection hours. I saw Albert at last, and alas! how old and grief-worn was that face which looked out of the past at me young and full of hope!

Mr. Phillips introduced himself, and instantly a deep, angry flush dyed Albert's face.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "I will be sincere: I can have no friendly intercourse with you."

"Will you—calmly—tell me why?" asked our dear and reverend friend.

"Because I have heard," began Albert, with the bitterest emotion, ("you see even these dead walls have ears,) that by virtue of your sacred office you have so impressed the imagination of ——: in short, that you have crowded me from the one heart I wanted to be my refuge from all the pain of this hard world."

"My friend," said Mr. Phillips, glancing up to me, and by a look claiming my attention, "I will confess that I myself did believe I engrossed that lady's regard. This humiliating admission is my just punishment, and I accept it."

"I have no desire to hear your confession, nor witness your humiliation," said Albert, sadly. "All I ask is to be left in quiet to dream of another world, for this has been no tender home, but literally a prison-house to me, and promises me nothing better in future."

"I have a secret satisfaction in owning up to my egregious blunder though, especially as it shows that I now see it clearly. I did not come to you, however, for this, but to announce a visitor, who can doubtless give you proof that you will admit, that it was not I who occupied her thoughts."

Albert grew pale, and set his lips firmly. "I have before refused to see her or her father until I am publicly proved an innocent man. That time *must* come at last."

"It has come now," said Mr. Phillips, laying his hand gently upon Albert's arm.

It took no second telling to convince the hearer of this news. It had been expected for years, and brought no surprise. But how his face lighted!

"Miss W—— and her father are here to explain all to you. May they enter?"

I listened breathlessly.

Albert sat down, and strove for composure. In two minutes, which seemed an hour, he had gained it, and Mr. Phillips opened the door for us.

My father's arm supported my faltering steps, and my face was quiet as Albert's. Our hands met and parted in a silence we neither dared to break by a word. Nothing could have pleased my father more than this avoidance of a scene. He looked long and anxiously at Albert; while Mr. Phillips was explaining the means of his complete exculpation, and as he saw the traces of bitter suffering in that manly, honest face,

his heart relented. He turned to me, and saw most earnest pleading in my eyes.

"We are waiting to take you away from here," continued Mr. Phillips.

"And home with me," added my father. "You will really gratify the strongest wish I have, by making part of my family for the present."

"I dare not do that," said Albert, with effort.

"Then Lois will fall ill again, I suppose, and be six or seven years recovering, as she was before!"

Albert looked at me earnestly. "I could not form part of your household, sir," he said,

slowly, "without feeling hopes which you would call ingratitude."

"I surmise the nature of those hopes, and (a heavy sigh) will not discourage them. Say no more about it now. Come home with me. My dear, old friend Phillips, give me your arm. Let the young folks follow."

I threw my arms about my father's neck, and he whispered a blessing. Before Mr. Phillips' hand had done clasping mine, I kissed it once again; but in Albert's face there was only incredulous joy.

CASTLE BUILDING.

BY LILIAS M——.

Oh, how stately, proud and fair
Is the "Castle in the Air,"
Built by us in youthful days!
Lofty turrets, sun-lit, blaze,
Battlements and portals shine,
Garlands round the columns twine;
Painted windows gleam with light,
Skies above are blue and bright,
Fair that castle to the sight!

Fairy forms flit through each room,
Banishing all dusk and gloom;
Hopes and joys—a witching throng—
Trip in mazy dance along;
Sweet-toned chimes ring out the hours,
Gardens bloom with bright-hued flowers;
Silvery spray cool fountains fling,
Gay birds 'mid the green boughs sing—
Fancy gathers all things fair,
Precious treasures rich and rare,
For the "Castle in the Air!"

If earth-scenes a shadow wear
To the "Castle in the Air,"
We, for refuge, quickly flee
In buoyant youth so blithe and free;
But, ere many years have sped,

Paler grows the radiance shed
O'er the Castle—till it seems
Dim and mocking, as our dreams;
One by one its beauties fade—
As burdens on the heart are laid
Low we bend, the weight to bear,
While the "Castle in the Air"
Scarce can win a look or thought,
Such the change stern life hath wrought!

Swift years speed—ere life be done
No airy towers woo the sun;
No fancied joys the worn heart thrill,
The pulse of age beats calm and still;
The Castle, reared in youth's glad day,
Is crumbling 'neath a slow decay;
Yet Memory's ivy-tendrils cling
Around the ruin—as to fling
A sheltering veil of living green
O'er all the changed and mouldering scene!
Sometimes like pilgrims, we may twine
Love's votive garlands o'er the shrine,
But oh! not oft—for o'er the soul
Far other visions gain control,
Sweet dreams of Heavenly mansions fair
Obscure all "Castles in the Air!"

MEMORY.

BY C. L. THOMPSON.

Blest be the bright and promised bow,
That sunny Memory paints on years,
(Like smiles that sweetly look through tears.)
And spans the shadowy "long ago."

This is the charm that binds the past,
With all its yellow fields of thought—
With pleasant golden fancies fraught,
And skies that never were o'ercast—

To all the mingled light and gloom,
That gives the hue to passing hours,
That colors all the way-side flowers,
And decks all earth with Eden's bloom.

Kind Memory in the rays she throws,
Upon the stage where years before
We played the joys of childhood o'er,
The past with mellow radiance glows.

It is the only light that dare
Stream through the present, and invade
The future's mystic colonnade,
And gild the shadows flitting there.

Be banished then all anxious fears—
God has been true in days before,
Nerved thus with hope, we doubt no more,
While Memory paints her bow on years.

MAGIC MUSIC.

BY MEHITABLE HOLYOKE.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, how absurd!" said Clara Wyncherley, "who'll listen now if I volunteer to read some Orphic sayings by a muse unknown?"

"I, if they are not long," a piquant young lady responded. "We, if so we need not be noticed or thought of," said the timid eyes of three shrinking, blushing girls on a sofa. "All who appreciate music," solemnly declared a sentimental widower.

Clara was seated in the parlor of a boarding-house at Pittsfield, a town toward which many strangers are attracted in summer, by its pure air and beautiful mountain scenery. It was a warm morning, breakfast just over, the plans for the day not formed; and ladies abounded like butterflies on a bed of August blossoms; but Clara, one could see at a glance, had the finest wings of them all. She was handsomely appareled, brilliant, commanding, with fine, regular features, and the air of one accustomed to lead in society, and yoke all lesser people to her car.

"See now what a famous world we should have if these scribblers arranged it for us!" and she read, in a voice of mocking music—"why always plot and plan? why go through life like spiders weaving webs across each path we tread, clues for ourselves, traps to impede all others? Why not rather descend to earth like gentle dews, awakening, renewing, purifying, careless of greed, willing to let our lot unfold from calm and healthy spiritual growth? Earth we may lose; but heaven is opened for the pure in heart."

"Cobwebs! I'd like to know what the author has done but spin cobwebs to confuse his reader's brains. What does it all mean?" asked the piquant young lady.

"It is transcendental folly: I cannot perceive any logical sequence in the sentences," said Mr. Mumford, who, besides being a widower, was a clergyman, and besides being a critic was weaving a web to ensnare Miss Wyncherley and her great possessions.

"Folly, yes," responded Clara, "folly to lay aside the prettiest game in all this weary world, the art of *finesse*. I for one enjoy it, believe in it. Give me no easy conquest!"

"Ah, Miss Clara, you will never meet with a hard one!" the widower said, lugubriously.

"Some conquests," laughed the piquant young lady, "grow hard for us after they are made: you cannot guess half the extent of our trials, Mr. Mumford!"

He bowed as if receiving a compliment; the bashful girl on the sofa blushed for him; the audience smiled; even the stranger seated at a window, apparently lost in his newspaper, smiled as he left the room, first pausing to pick up the offending magazine which lay in his path, and bowing slightly to Clara, placed it beside her on a table.

Miss Wyncherley's eyes met the eyes of the stranger. She had seen him already, for nothing escaped her generalship: she had read, that her voice might attract him, and was dreaming over the impression which might be made, and planning farther attacks, when he passed, and paused, and vanished.

"What eyes!" she said, aloud. "Who is this youth, pray—Apollo come down from the clouds? The face of a poet, the bearing of some glorious knight of old! We must admit him at once to our circle. Why have you not introduced him, Mr. Mumford?"

"I thought Miss Wyncherley rather exclusive in her choice of friends——"

"Oh, she is!" interposed the piquant young lady, and again the room smiled. Was *his* election a proof?

"This person has no particular position, is in indigent circumstances; a painter, I believe, a scribbler, and what not."

Clara's eyes flashed. "Mr. Mumford, you are mistaken, yes, though you could bring me a hundred parchment proofs, you are mistaken: beggar was never written in that man's face!"

"Did I call him a beggar?" asked the clergyman, growing red. "He is at least partially dependent upon his sister who came hither yesterday, who married a rich grocer of New York, one Spooner. Their house is on the Fifth Avenue, they are admitted by the fashionables of that city, but the society of such persons can give no distinction to Miss Clara Wyncherley."

"Distinction!" said Clara, indignantly. "If he were but some famous father's son, a thing

in delicate kid gloves and pretty moustache, posted in all the freaks of fashion and etiquette, he would deserve admission to our circle, I suppose, his acquaintance would confer distinction on Miss Clara Wyncherley. Oh, think, Mr. Mumford, if the shepherd cannot go through a needle's eye, what will become of his sheep?"

"It is impossible for a clergyman to please all classes of society," said Mr. Mumford, crushed, "and as I have before mentioned, Miss Clara, I think of resigning the pastoral charge."

"Pray do not, Mr. Mumford. You are such an original in your way, that no one looks to you as a type of your class, a modern edition of Paul and John."

As the piquant young lady consoled her clerical friend with this sally, Miss Wyncherley swept from the room.

At the doorway stood George Eveleth, the "indigent artist," handsome, serene—surely he had not listened to their unguarded conversation!

CHAPTER II.

"So, brother, we are in Berkshire, your American Switzerland! This Persimmon is a pretty town, charming drives, I hear—I have sent for the carriage and footman, one cannot travel about in a hack. We shall make a sensation. But oh, I feel like a girl once more beside you, George!" and Mrs. Spooner looked fondly in her brother's face.

"Be like a girl then, let these fopperies of fashion go; let us drive in an old open wagon as we used: or, what is better, walk along these shady roads and river banks, and climb these noble hills."

"Nonsense, romantic child! Such pleasures were well enough when we had not better; but do you not see that we have romance and elegance and ease combined?"

"In a carriage and livery servants?"

"No. In the advantage of wealth, position, acknowledged superiority. George, I have a scheme in my head."

"This little head is too full of schemes," and laying his hand on her forehead, George Eveleth turned upward his sister's fair, young face, "Laura, will you let this city spoil you?—dwindle to a woman of the world?"

"Dwindle! no. It is a good world, worth ruling; and I wish my brother to acquire a place in it worthy his talents and opportunities."

He looked down at her amused, and the lady continued,

"I am resolved to throw the dazzle of my wealth and rank about your splendid self, and thus you may step on to fame and fortune."

"Dear child, I care for neither of these."

"Oh, folly! I have heard you talk of a hut of hemlock boughs, bread and lentils, and heavenly art; but I have noticed you enjoy as much as myself the luxuries of our home, the pictures, library, the damask sofas, the fine, large rooms, with their look of English comfort and Italian grace."

He was thoughtful, silent, and she supposed him to be wavering.

"A few years abroad would complete your studies; you need tranquillity, leisure, wider connections, all for the sake of art. You have but to espouse some heiress, and lo! the path is open to Italy and the world."

"Destroy the Italy in my heart, for the sake of an Italy over the sea, purchase tranquillity by taking a showy, restless wife, a thousand dear, insipid friends, and the care of money? Dear little Laura, you women are assuredly the wisest, foolish things that were ever created."

"And you men the most unmanageable! Think over my advice: here is Miss Wyncherley at this very house—beautiful enough to please an artist, immeasurably rich."

"And with an unmeasured contempt for your humble servant. You should have heard the mocking tone in which she read aloud, in my very presence, my last contribution to the 'Age.'"

"Unconsciously, I am sure!"

"Oh, yes, but very sincerely."

"It meant nothing. She only wanted to hear—wanted you, perhaps, to hear her silver tones."

"I forgive her, let me forget! Did I hear you say you would join me for a ramble?"

"No, thank you! And one last word, George, do not waste all your time in scrambling over hills and watching beside the water-courses. I do not need your attention; but pray, oblige me by being civil to my friends, and amuse yourself too by some small flirtation. There is the little village girl you wrote about, your sweet 'St. Agnes,' with her heart of snow: melt that, it will put you in practice. There, don't look shocked."

"I had half forgotten Mary Wells: may the good God forget me when I trifle with a heart like hers! Go, your friends are beckoning."

"Will you not join our stroll through the village? Then promise not to start on any excursion without your shawl; you are not strong from the lung-fever yet."

"I promise. Thank you! And, Laura, if I think of your words, think of mine: do not allow the world to spoil your good heart."

"Perhaps, perhaps!" and Eveleth recalled, as she vanished, what "success" had been to her.

A husband whose presence made her home unhome-like, perverse and dull amid its splendors; a child uninteresting and unloved; a circle of flatterers hollow-hearted, alas! as she was growing. "Oh! treacherous, alluring world!" he said, "how can I save the poor girl from its grasp?" and went his way farther than ever from worldly ambitions, cares, and vanities.

And all this while there was, on his behalf, a commotion of which he little dreamed, in the apartments of Clara Wyncherley. Whatever the result might be, to captivate this glorious man, to see him at her feet, or in her train, watching for her smiles—on this the heiress was bent. In most charming toilet, in gayest spirits, she would join the morning's walk; and he, of course, would join—by noon he would be an acquaintance, by afternoon a friend, by evening a lover, and then—and Clara's eyes grew dreamy. What of the indigent circumstances? Had she not money enough for both?—were not talent and manliness—

"Yes, Susan, the blue tissue; but first undo this braid, I tell you 'tis wrong, it will be unbecoming."

Were not talent and manliness rare enough to be a prize worth winning?

Thus as her patient handmaiden unbraided and braided the heavy folds of her hair, did the heiress scheme and dream; far down the vista of the future she saw sweet visions of dignity, homage, respect which wealth could never bring. Sometimes it was in a tasteful city home—sometimes a fair Italian villa, but always he was there, fond and true as she would make him—beautiful as heaven had made him now!

"That will do!" as Susan, with a sigh of relief, finished the last braid. "Now bring the belt and ribbons—quick, I am late!"

"They are not in the box, ma'am."

"Stupid! Open the other boxes, the drawers, look in the other trunks, shake open those muslins—yes, throw them on the floor, anything, anything for haste! Will I wear these pale trimmings? No, of course not. Turn the trunk upside down. Oh, the misery of depending on servants!"

"The ladies have gone, ma'am. Do you see them on the side walk opposite?"

"Very well, I should have been in no spirits, all through your dullness. It's abominable."

"I did not pack the trunks, if you remember."

"Mary did, or some of you, all torments, all!" and taking a book, Miss Wyncherley seated herself by the window, while Susan replaced the scattered contents of trunks and boxes.

Those sweet dreams came between the heiress' eyes and the pages of her book. She could not read, she was thinking of all that might have been, and all that should be, must be—and thinking thus, was gazing from her window, when he passed, alone, the object of her visions!

Leaving Miss Wyncherley to her new vexation, and George Eveleth to his lonely walk, let us find what other threads Fate is spinning to finish the web of our little romance. Ah, these same threads are telegraph-wires from heart to heart, are harp-strings sounding with magic music that repels, or that calls us with sweetest invitation, if we have but senses fine enough to hear!

CHAPTER III.

"Oh! mother, the dear Lord will surely take care of us."

"If we take care of ourselves."

"No, if we only accept what He gives. Now come to the door, and tell me if ever a more splendid feast of beauty was set forth than shines in all this blessed earth! See that deep, quivering sky, these leaves all stirring, shining in the sun, this dew in the grass, this beaming sunshine, and over peaceful hearts. Come, mother, confess that you're happy."

"None of us know what is in the future."

"God is in the future, isn't he, as well as here?"

Were worldly wisdom and simple faith holding a tourney on earth that day, that here again they met and strove in the home of the widow and fatherless as well as the gay saloon?

Hard experience and a desponding temper had given Mrs Wells a habit of distrust. She was the widow of the village schoolmaster, her daughter Mary a sunbeam in the widow's home, was the St. Agnes of Eveleth's letters. Gentle, yet gay, refined, yet full of common sense, simple in tastes and habits, lovely as a dream.

"The Lord has given you good looks, good talents, and a very good position, child, you must employ the only portion he has granted to the fatherless!"

"Dear mother, do not let us plot and plan, I am willing to work, glad and proud to support you if need be. As for my husband, if he exists on earth, I think he will have wit enough to find me out, or else be no great loss. Now don't fret, I'm going away for a walk, I will bring you—oh, the divinest water-lilies!"

"You'll wear yourself out trudging through swamps, you are not strong enough for these long walks, Mary."

"They cost me no effort as they would you,

I'm so happy! The morning air is like wings to me, and beauty exhilarates like wine."

"Just as her father talked, and died a poor schoolmaster," sighed Mrs. Wells, as Mary departed, "the dear child will grow up a stiff old maid—if she does not get bitten by vipers in the swamp—and likely as not we shall both be buried from the alms-house!"

And had Mary heard her she would have asked, looking upward with her sweet face, "Is not that as near as any earthly dwelling to our Father's house, near as the palace of Dives?"

Out into the summer morning the young girl passed, and on through dewy fields and weedy river banks. "Oh, life, life," she murmured, "so full, so rich, such infinite joy all mine, such wide-spread, beautiful existence! My own spirit seems to bloom in the clover, to sparkle in the lake, to bend and wave in all the blessed trees; these butterflies, their wings are mine; the birds are singing my delight. Why is my heart so free, so glad, so rich?"

And angels above her were singing, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

"Ah, here is the bridge, and the railway, what copses of willow-weed, and golden-rod, and thistles—what a convention of butterflies! Keep your wings, little ones! I have as good at my heart." She descended the steep bank, "So I leave the dusty road—if I could avoid all dusty roads as easily!" She strolled on, pausing often to rejoice in some cluster of flowers growing in tangled, luxuriant beauty beside the track, to watch butterflies, bees, and birds, the distant river, the shadows of clouds on the grass, the clouds themselves, which were gathering ominously in the sky—they were not ominous to her.

Lilies, lilies, oh, most perfect things in all this summer morning! and she stood with clasped hands beside the lake.

CHAPTER IV.

"GOOD-BYE, proud world!" said George Eveleth, springing over a Virginia fence half buried in elder, golden-rod, and clematis, "now for nature and roofs of hemlock boughs! What to me are their interests, their moneys? Truly said Plato, 'It were a sin to pollute the divine ore by mixing it with the alloy of the mortal metal;' truly said his disciple, 'A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.' Behold I turn from my sister's ribboned, ruffled pets, and golden-mouthed philosophers and poets do follow me, giving their comment on all the landscape, their sanction to my thoughts! so I dare sing with brave Sir Galahad,

'All my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine,
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
The mightier transports move and thrill.'

What a quiet prospect is that below! The lake is like a sweet blue flower blooming alone amidst the greenery: doubtless water-lilies are hidden there, for something draws me like magic music."

Was it the lilies?

"Ha! I was right—bless their sweet faces! And here is a boat,

'Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float——'

The artist gazed on the lilies as he floated by: "crypt and shrine" they were, wherein he beheld the beauty of the Lord; he could not gather them to fade in his sister's hair. "Laura, Laura," he murmured, "could you but read these flowers like Mignon, 'so pure, so open should my heart be, then were I happy!' A noble pine is that yonder, I will make my way toward it and sketch from that point of the shore: the view of this solitude must be more quiet even than from the open lake."

Hardly was Eveleth seated at his task, when a low song reached his ear, and the form of Mary Wells emerged from beneath the trees. She stood awhile with folded hands, gazing out on the lake, or watching the little fish that gathered and played in her shadow as it fell across the water; then suddenly seeing the boat, she went toward it, started as she observed the wet oars, and glanced along the shore.

Eveleth held his breath, he neither wished to be disturbed at his task, nor to see this vision change into an earthly woman. He was gratified, the maiden saw him not; and then—strange inconsistency of human hearts!—he wished it had been otherwise, and watched with an eagerness he would not have acknowledged to himself, as—her straw hat thrown back, the sunshine falling on her sweet, calm face—she untied the knots by which he had fastened the boat to the shore, took the seat he had so lately left, took in her slight hands the rude paddles which he had cut from a hemlock bough—and again sailed forth the "magic bark," passing so near he could catch the twinkle and plash of the drops.

Near, and past him. Now is the element of life introduced into his picture. Finish thy sketch, oh, Sir Galahad!

The artist's pencil dropped from his unconscious hand. It was all a vision still, but he watched the young girl plying her oars as one accustomed to the work—leaning from her boat,

dipping her hands wrist-deep in the sparkling water to gather the lilies—standing in attitudes of careless grace to catch the play of sunlight in their cups, to weave their stems together, while the light boat rocked beneath her; and the ripples in the gathering wind swelled to waves, and the clouds hung heavy and portentous.

With a hurried look at the sky, Mary grasped her oars, as if perceiving her danger; but as she turned, her eye fell on an early cardinal flower glowing brilliantly on the opposite bank—it was worth some risk—fearlessly she rowed across the deep and darkening lake, captured her flower and essayed to return. The wind had risen against her, it came in heavy gusts that sent the slight boat back circling amidst the reeds and lily leaves along the shore. Against its force her slight wrists, her unwieldy oars could make but little progress, yet she struggled on apparently unafraid, for now and then a strain came floating on the wind, as though she were singing still.

Yes, Eveleth caught the very words, and they startled him from his reverie.

"The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as the eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she."

What if her song should prove prophetic! It took a sad tone, it was like a wail of spirits, mingling with sigh of wind and wave, that young, sweet voice! He bounded along the shore, and forced his way through the almost inaccessible, tangled, marshy ground which encircled the portion of the lake nearest Mary's boat.

The song ceased. Discerning a stranger, she called "Shipwreck! Cannot you help me? I have been waltzing among these reeds for half an hour."

"The reeds will help you. Have you strength enough to grasp them, and draw your boat toward me?"

"Strength? Yes—I had not the wit. Oh, this is admirable, mine enemies are turned my friends!"

"Now hand me an oar."

He was beside her, his strong arm easily freeing the boat from its entanglement, and guiding it safely against wind and tide. He looked at his companion with new interest—human, but not yet common-place! Unafraid as when he saw her first, a halo of fair hair floated above her head, a clearer light was in her eyes and on her brow, but the same calm smile.

"Are you a spirit come to rescue me?" she said.

"More human than yourself, I think. I am not yet above all the fear of the elements, my hand trembles: yours is firm."

"Oh! why should we be afraid in our Father's world? Does not He raise the storm? Can it sweep us beyond his reach? I feel too happy for fear this morning—feel as secure as the flies that float on these lily pads. But are you not glad to see me, Mr. Eveleth? Are we not old friends?"

"Most truly glad. How else would you be protected in this storm?"

"I could creep under a rock or bough, I suppose, as we must both do now. See the great drops of rain, and that black cloud; and the village two miles away!"

He could only look at her tranquil face. "I do believe you anticipate pleasure in the storm!"

"Do not you? Then you have never witnessed the floods and hurricanes we have here among the mountains. It is glorious to watch the strife of the clouds and wind, to see the rain descend in sheets, in solid pillars, and the woods bow beneath it; and feel the air astir with a wild, exhilarating music!"

"It lightens, how vividly!"

"What did you think when these great clouds rolled asunder?"

"Of a maiden in her shroud!"

"And I of a nun—my thought was not so far from yours. Can you recall those marvelous reveries of Tennyson's 'St. Agnes' and 'Sir Galahad?' they have run in my mind to-day.

"The flashes come and go,
All Heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,
And deepen on and up! the gates
Roll back——"

The magic music deepened through the storm!

"I know them well. But are you so impatient to climb the heavenly heights? Be contented here—it's a good world!"

"Good! while we are hiding from it under this tent of hemlock boughs."

"Hardly a drop of rain has found its way yet through our roof; but let me wrap you in my shawl."

"I am not cold. No, keep it for yourself, it might crush my lilies. Here we have these; beyond, pure lilies of eternal peace. Oh! what a lot is ours!"

Oh! what a radiant face was beaming on her as she spoke. Oh! how the magic music deepened through the storm!

She turned to him suddenly, "Am I dreaming? You, too, are in a maze, and many things

seem mystical and strange to-day. Are you Sir Galahad; or my old acquaintance, Mr. Eveleth?"

"Sir Galahad.

"The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes, and falls;
Then move the trees, the copses nod;
Wings flutter; voices hover clear—
Oh! just and faithful knight of God!"

As his full, rich voice rose amid the storm, the hills threw back the sound distinctly. She heard it as she listened.

"Oh! just and faithful knight of God!"

He heard it not—he caught the echo of its close,

"Ride on, the prize is near."

CHAPTER V.

THREE were seated by the widow's fireside: Mary, her mother, George Eveleth. It was a November evening, the wind wailed and shrieked without; the widow's heart was sad, but her fire burned brightly; her children were happy. She called George Eveleth her child now, sighing—a mere artist, a poor man, nothing, but brave and true, and splendid in the sight of God.

"My child, you will fatigue George with so much reading, and on this dismal evening, too. Put your book aside, let us converse."

"About what, dear mother?"

"What! there are topics enough. I am half distracted with thinking them over."

"Has anything happened, Mrs. Wells?"

"Oh! you children live in such blessed unconsciousness! Hear the wind wail. Think of all the ships at sea. Think of your illness, George, that long relapse of fever, heaven knows how it will end. Do wrap your shawl about you!"

"My dear friend, do not sigh for me; Adam in Paradise was not happier."

"Yes, happy; but what will become of you—of Mary?"

"You have the imagination of an artist, Mrs. Wells: as great a degree of manual skill would make your fortune. I do not doubt how you can see Mary with blue lips perishing with hunger; and I, dejected, hopeless, dragged away by Giant Despair."

"Oh! George, it is all love for us; and the dear soul cannot help her temperament. Look, mother!" Mary had been turning the leaves of a Bible which her mother had just laid aside. "These words you made me learn when I could hardly spell them out; how often I have repeated them to you: 'Consider the lilies how they

grow, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet, even Solomon——'"

"I know, I know. Your father made those pencil marks; but neither he nor I have ever been clad like Solomon."

"Think what garments of righteousness and peace his spirit wore! Now only allow us to finish these few pages of Ruskin; George and I were reveling in the calm of sun-bright Italy when you awoke us."

"That reminds me, Mrs. Wells, of a letter which I received to-day. Have you told your mother, Mary?"

"May I tell her?"

"Yes, since we have decided. Read the letter aloud. I am going abroad for a few years; I shall return for Mary and yourself, we hope; but read."

NEW YORK, Nov. 3rd.

"GEORGE, my excellent fellow! shall you find it convenient always to remain ill? Is the little nurse so bewitching? We are tired of waiting for your return. Come! in next month's steamer we start for the grand tour, a party of six, (the sixth Eveleth.) Wisdom, and wit, and worth we have; we want an artist's fine senses, instincts, all that. Be generous, give them to us. The little expense of your journey we can pay; these we cannot.

"What, think you, put this grand idea in my brain? An interview with Miss Clara Wynchereley: she would join us if an artist was to be of the party. It was quite indispensable; the rest of us were blind as dead men to half the glory, &c.: and there was my cousin, Mr. Eveleth, might not such a journey restore him to health? She would—it was a secret—cheerfully bear the expenses, and so on.

"Now, we do not want Miss Wynchereley; she is too accustomed to luxury, and too handsome, would have hangers-on. Come yourself—pity our blindness—come, come! Remember, the next steamer."

"G. M. K."

"Isn't it glorious, mother? and in his absence I'm to give music lessons among my own friends—there are opportunities enough; and the whole will end in a home in beautiful Italy!"

We judge with others' judgment. Was this young man so highly esteemed? And was mere art worth so much? Mrs. Wells smiled—consented to all the plans—promised to think of them all with pleasure—was happy in consequence for half a day.

Five years had passed. A party of Americans entered a thronged studio at Rome. Among

them was the piquant young lady leaning on Mr. Mumford's arm, a bride. Mr. Mumford had left the sacred desk for the successful manufacture of buttons in Mumfordsville; among them was Clara Wyncherley with the same magnificent toilet, the same imperious manner, the restless, manœuvring spirit of old.

They paused before two pictures, a glance at which revealed their subjects, "The Worldly," and "The Pure in Heart." "Have we seen them before?" asked Mr. Mumford, "this maiden with the water-lilies, and this beautiful, stern Lachesis, with such remorselessness and unrest in her eyes—have we not seen them before?"

"Hardly, except in your dreams," replied Clara, "they are new—do you not observe? the last toy of this easily-pleased throng."

He for whose ear her words were intended heard them, and, smiling, passed on. It was but the hilt of Miss Wyncherley's sword that wounded; the blade cut the air.

It was evening, the artist was in his home.

"George, all the world has looked into your studio to-day; let me look into your heart! What makes you absent, sad, when you should be wild with triumph?"

"Look, then; but you cannot disperse the clouds. You remember the lady to whom you directed my attention this afternoon?"

"One could never forget her: a woman-Lucifer, not yet disgraced!"

"It was to escape her charms that I walked to the pond, one memorable day, and found my water-lily. She was my sister's friend, and the sight of her brought poor Laura before me—lost in worldliness."

"Not quite lost. And the lady's name?"

"I have told you how Clara Wyncherley suggested my picture of worldliness."

"She is that Clara. Why did I not guess it? Yet, not one feature resembles her."

"The features of her spirit resemble it, line for line; but I meant no one to recognize the likeness."

"And?"

"She has, through an agent, purchased both these pictures."

"Oh! then you can live in peace for a year and never think of money."

"I can take a villa out of town."

"But you will not? Promise me! Let us spend this money all in peace of mind: that, you know, is the most needful of necessities, and the most luxurious of luxuries."

"Did your mother teach you this?"

"Indirectly. Dear mother! A dreadful piece of news came in my letter to-day: she has married old Solomon Hopkins."

"You are not in earnest?"

"But I am; and I sadly fear it is that his great possessions may descend to us."

"Good, mistaken woman! Not all the coin in all the banks can make such wealth as ours!"

MISERRIMUS.

BY LIBBIE D——.

Slowly, slowly drooping clouds

Gather in the sunny sky,

Blackening as they rise aloft.

Blackening as their van is nigh;

And the blackness shrouds the earth,

Darkens all the circling air,

Blots the sun from out the sky,

Leaving nothing bright or fair.

Wailing, wailing comes the wind,

Like a soul in bitter pain;

At the casement now it sighs

As it entrance sought in vain.

Like a troubled ghost it moans,

Moaning, wailing all the night,

Like a soul in wild remorse,

Like a spirit barred from light.

Slowly, slowly drooping clouds

Gather, gather o'er my heart,

Blackening as they linger there,

Darkening fast its better part.

Not a ray of light can pierce,

Not a beam of hope descend,

Blinded, darkened all my sky,

Father! when will come the end?

Wailing, wailing, memory sad

Dirges solemn round me chant,

Dirges for my wasted hours,

Sighing ever "Life is scant,

Scant and barren, void of cheer,

Never may thy spirit find

Hope, or joy, or love again,

Miserable, weak and blind!

Blinded to a better way,

Falling ever, weakly strive,

Naught but memories be thine,

Bitter thoughts thy soul to rive."

And I cried, "Ah! cruel voice,

Only prophesying woe,

Dawns there not a brighter day?"

Came the answer, "For thee? no!"

CARRYING THE MAIL.

BY M. S. MAITLAND.

A LISTLESS group was assembled in the parlor of a private boarding-house at R— Springs. It was one of those still summer mornings when the air is so sultry and oppressive, that we feel it wearisome to exert ourselves or even to think; while the unusual stillness of the air, and alternate clouds and sunshine seemed the precursor of a storm. It was nine o'clock, and our morning duties were over. We had made our accustomed pilgrimage to the spring, drank our usual allowance, and breakfasted; now the unexpressed thought was, "What shall we do this long summer day?" Some of the boarders were quietly ensconced in their rooms, while two young girls, daughters of our host, a young lady boarder and myself, formed the interesting group above mentioned.

Ellen and Louise stood by the window gazing absently into the street. Mary pretended to crochet, but her work rested idly in her hands; while I reclined on a sofa holding a book, which I did not read. At last Mary said,

"You are very entertaining this morning, girls—what may be the subject of your meditations?"

"I was just wishing," replied Ellen, "that some good fairy would come and take us away from this stupid place. You may look all day and see nothing but a few invalids taking their daily exercise. I wish the soldiers were stationed here again, then we would have gay times."

"I have a splendid idea," interrupted Louise, "I will be your good fairy to-day. Let us go and carry the mail to Monticello—Mr. Turner is just preparing to send it."

"Carry the mail!" echoed Mary and I, in great astonishment. A gay burst of laughter effectually banished our *ennui*.

"Why not?" said Louise, "I have been before. We have only to drive to the office, leave it, and return; we will have a pleasant ride, which will be much better than moping here. If you will all go, I will send over and ask Mr. Turner."

"Anything for a change," said we, and Louise departed.

Our establishment was soon at the door—not a very splendid equipage, I must admit; for it consisted of an ancient vehicle, dry and dusty,

whose springs creaked in a dismally rheumatic manner; and an old, grey horse, the fattest and meekest of quadrupeds in appearance.

"Are you sure the horse is gentle?" asked my cautious sister.

"Oh, perfectly!" and we smiled at the possibility of danger.

The girls sprang in, and I, being the smallest, was promoted to the uppermost seat, and the honorable post of driver. We started off quite briskly, unheeding the repeated injunctions to drive carefully, and get back to dinner.

We had not proceeded far, when the sun, emerging from its cloud curtains, poured its burning rays full upon our defenceless heads, reminding us forcibly of our negligence in leaving our parasols behind. I also began to have a faint suspicion that our "gallant grey" was not a very fast traveler, and regretted that no one had been considerate enough to provide me with a whip; for to his dull ear the human voice appeared to have no charms—at least it produced no effect.

Again the sun was clouded. "If it would only remain so," said we; but hardly was the wish uttered, when forth it beamed with renewed power. We had advanced about two miles, when we observed by the roadside a large oak, a magnificent tree of half a century's growth. Our horse, which had already shown signs of weariness, observed it too, and seemed inclined to rest in its shade. All my efforts to make him keep the road were useless; he was the strongest, and he knew it: and I was fain to submit and let him have his way. With a gentle *chasses* to the right, he brought us under the low, spreading branches, and looked around with an intelligent expression, as much as to say, "Don't you admire my taste?" We laughed merrily over our novel predicament, and tried to make the best of it. To amuse ourselves, we began to pull off the green branches, and deck the carriage with the spoils; then I sprang out and trimmed the horse in the same manner; in every accessible part of the harness I fastened the waving branches, till he resembled an animated arbor. A lucky thought then entered my head. I quickly pulled the leaves from a long branch, and, seating myself, held

the lines firmly and applied my rustic whip. Such a start and look of astonishment as he favored us with! A second application, and away he sped with more energy than we gave him credit for possessing.

Thanks to my invaluable whip, we arrived much sooner than we expected, and drove up to the post-office in tolerable style, amid the wondering gaze of the quiet villagers, who rushed to the doors and windows to admire our leafy equipage. The smiling clerk came out and received our dispatches, thanking us for our trouble. Then I prepared to execute a graceful turn after the most approved method; but my plan was frustrated by the superior instincts of the horse. He pressed perseveringly forward, and never stopped till he had made a circuit round the hotel, and brought us to the reservoir in the rear.

Here was a new subject for merriment, and we laughed heartily while he partook of his accustomed refreshment. Finally, he signified his readiness to return by shaking his plumed head, and turning abruptly to retrace his steps.

By this time the sun was entirely obscured by the lowering clouds, and there was a quivering in the air, and a sighing among the trees, that made us fear an approaching storm. We hurried on, but had not reached our resting-place, the oak, ere the rain descended in torrents. Our light summer clothing was instantaneously wet through, and we looked rather dolefully into each other's faces, for there was no house in sight. The thunder became louder and more frequent; the lightning flashed incessantly, while the meaning of the wind among the trees sounded like the wail of human agony.

It was a grand and terrific scene; but we were not in a mood to enjoy its terrible sublimity; for our horse became so frightened and restive, we could hardly control him. We passed a row of poplars, their tall and ghostly forms swayed to and fro in a weird-like manner, and our poor horse grew perfectly unmanageable and plunged madly forward. As we approached his favorite oak, he dashed unceremoniously under its friendly shelter, and stood panting and trembling.

There was a momentary lull in the storm; but the deadly stillness—the absence of all life and motion seemed, if possible, more frightful than the pealing thunder. The birds had fled to their leafy homes; and we, poor frightened things, seemed the only animate beings exposed to the roar of the elements. We looked around for aid, and saw with joy a man coming toward us from an adjoining field. "For mercy's sake, young

ladies, do not remain here!" he cried. "This tree has several times been scathed by lightning, and the storm is not yet over."

"What shall we do then?" we ruefully inquired, "there are no houses near here."

"There is a house behind that grove," he answered, "I will show you the way;" and seizing the bridle, he hurried us on.

There was a lane branching off from the main road that we had not noticed; and behind the grove was hidden a pretty farm house. Thankfully we entered the hospitable door just as the storm burst forth with renewed fury. The good lady lifted up both hands in wonder at our abrupt entrance and miserable plight; but she quickly understood the matter, and exerted herself to make us more comfortable. Calling her daughters, she bade them provide us with dry clothing immediately.

Now that we were in safety, we were ready to laugh at our ridiculous appearance. No one who had seen us in the morning would have recognized us then; for the dust and rain combined had effectually mingled all colors into one—that one was decidedly dirty.

Half an hour made a great change for the better in our appearance, and we descended to the cool parlor dressed in borrowed plumes, while our own drenched garments were hung up to dry. Unfortunately for me, both of the young ladies were very tall, and my tiny figure was arrayed in one of their dresses, which fell to the floor in a long and sweeping train. I was obliged to sustain it with both hands, while Louise mischievously pretended to help me.

It was nearly noon, and the rain still continued; but we passed the time agreeably, conversing with our kind entertainers, whom we found both sensible and intelligent. Soon we were summoned to dinner—and such a dinner as it was! It would be difficult to tell what was not on the table; for they seemed to think we must be famished in addition to our other misfortunes. After dinner we returned to the parlor. As I rested on the settee, I listened dreamily to the falling rain, and the quiet murmur of voices—soon everything grew indistinct, and I slept.

When I awoke, the sun was shining brightly, and the birds singing, while the fragrance of summer roses was wafted through the open window. Hearing voices in an adjoining room, I found my way there, and discovered the girls preparing to return. We were soon ready, and thanking our kind friends for their hospitality, started homeward.

The whole earth was radiant with beauty; the

rain-drops sparkled on every leaf and flower; and the birds seemed pouring forth a joyful thanksgiving, so full and glorious was their harmony. The storm had left some traces of its power. The hop-fields that we passed in the morning presented a very different appearance on our return. Then every pole stood erect, garlanded with its wealth of vines and leaves—they looked like brave and gallant soldiers drawn up in battle array. Now whole ranks were lying

low, as if leveled by an enemy's artillery; while the columns that remained standing, seemed broken and bent, as if ready to turn and flee.

We reached home at two o'clock, and found our friends surprised and somewhat alarmed at our delay. We had a merry time relating our adventures; but we never carried the mail again. After that we contented ourselves with excursions nearer home.

THE WELL REMEMBERED VOICE.

BY MAUD IRVING.

WHEN night's deep hush is round me,
And silence reigns supreme;
And the twinkling stars look on me
With feeble, flickering gleam—
When slumber from my eyelids
Has taken its sure flight,
And dreams come not to cheer me
With their images of light—
I hear a seraph music
Which biddeth me rejoice;
Oh! well I love the whisper
Of that well remembered voice!

It is with me in the morning
When the day begins to break.
And the birds within the forest boughs
The sleeping echos wake—
When the crickets in the brushwood
The notes of praise prolong;
And the squirrel joins in harmony
The universal song—
'Mid all the varied beauty,
Increasing all my joys,
It comes to me in melody—
That well remembered voice!

And at the sultry morning
When the blazing sun is high,
And not a single fleecy cloud
Floats in the azure sky—
When the lolling herds are resting
On the grass so soft and green,
And the snow-white geese are paddling
In the osier-bordered stream—
That well remembered voice
Is whispering in my ear,
And I feel that, though unseen,
A spirit hovers near.

And at the quiet evening
When the sun is getting low,
And rosy, golden shadows
Are moving to and fro—
When the breeze, with odors laden,
Comes softly o'er the hills,
And stirs the glassy lakelet
And breathes across the hills—
That well remembered voice
Is talking with my soul!
And o'er my happy being
Bright waves of rapture roll!

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY JOHNSTON M. STERRETT.

OH! for the rays of my youthful days—
The days of the olden time,
When with spirits gay I would trudge away
At the sound of the school-bell's chime—
When trouble and strife were unknown to my life,
And my heart was devoid of all care—
When the family band would unite heart and hand
In the blessed evening prayer.

I still view the spot where the moss-covered cot
Of my father so boldly stood,
And I hear the loud jar of the ocean afar
Keeping time with the leaves of the wood;
The hoarse humming mill at the foot of the hill
Chiming loudly its notes all day long,
As if its deep moan was the requisite tone
To murmur the bass of the song.

Methinks I behold the fields of bright gold
That enchanted me so with their sight,
Through which I would stray with my playmates away,
And gather the violets so bright;
And the rich apple trees, as they waved in the breeze,
Laden down with the fruit that they bore,
Oh! their hissing sound in my ears still resound
As they did in the bright days of yore.

But ah! these bright dreams of my youth only seem
To suggest to my soul with deep pain,
That the happy rays of my youthful days
Will ne'er shine on those scenes again;
But the finger of age only points to the stage
That has hurried me on in the road,
To the happy clime, and the endless time,
Of my Heavenly—last abode.

HELEN GRÆME.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two months had passed since the events related in the last chapter.

It was now the first of September, and Greenlawn, Mrs. Trevor's country-seat, was in the early glow of autumnal beauty. She had gone there with her son and Lucy Markham, immediately after her return from Millbrook Farm.

Ralph had been very ill from the effects of a fall from his horse, during the frantic ride he had taken after his parting with his mother. He had been stunned, and taken up for dead, but when he came to himself, he insisted upon continuing his journey; and it was not until he reached Greenlawn that he would admit that he was ill, nor allow a physician to be consulted.

For a month he was lost in the insanity of a brain fever, and when consciousness returned, he lay upon his bed unable to move or think, asking only to be left in perfect quiet, and with a strange sense of weariness, which made him vaguely conscious of a wish to turn upon his pillow and die without a sign.

Mrs. Trevor and Lucy had watched over him with affectionate care; that haughty woman loved her son with deep devotion, it was almost the only gentle feeling left in her heart, for a world of bitter memories struggled in that proud bosom, which had aided to render her the cold, unloveable being she appeared.

During that illness, Helen's image haunted Ralph incessantly. Very often he uttered her name in tones of wild entreaty; and when Lucy sought an explanation, Mrs. Trevor was forced to a system of deception, against which an open and generous nature would have revolted.

There came letters from Helen, but only one reached him, although after the fever was gone, his first inquiry each morning was in regard to them. As soon as he had strength enough he scrawled a few lines to cheer her anxiety, for he knew how that long silence must have agonized her, but he received no answer.

The girl's name never passed his mother's lips, not an allusion to his absence, or anything connected with it. When he was able to sit up she bade Lucy read to him, and indeed left him

much to her companionship. The poor child noted his changed manner and grieved over it, though she strove to think it but the result of his sickness.

So the days wore on. Ralph recovered his strength very slowly, for the strange lassitude which was upon him rendered him even unwilling to make the slightest exertion. At last, one bright afternoon, he was able to drive out for a short time, accompanied by his mother and Lucy, who was wild with delight at the prospect of his speedy recovery.

The time had now come for Mrs. Trevor to act. She knew that if she delayed a week longer, Ralph would be strong enough to oppose her with the new will, which the consciousness of danger to all that he held dear had given him.

The very next morning she entered his room with open letters in her hand, and wearing an expression of deep anxiety.

"My son," she said, "are you strong enough to talk a little while, I have some very important news?"

"Letters, are they from —" Then he checked himself, feeling the madness of the wild hope that had started up in his heart at her words.

"They are from our agent in New York," she continued. "The French house, in which so much of our fortune is invested, is on the eve of failure, and we are in danger of being ruined."

"My poor mother!" he said; "what is to be done?"

"Not only that; but you know I persuaded Lucy's aunt to invest a large portion of the poor child's property there also. Ralph, we shall be not only beggared, but disgraced."

"Good God!" he exclaimed, rising from his chair in strong excitement. "Give me the letters—advise me—what must we do? I cannot think, my head is so confused! Lucy in danger of being ruined—mother, this is terrible!"

"I hope it is not yet too late, Ralph! The steamer sails to-morrow for Havre, we must start in her. I received the letters early this morning, and telegraphed to Headley to secure passage for us."

"Start to-morrow? Mother, I cannot, I will not!"

"Then all is lost! I do not know, Ralph, what your reasons may be, but surely your honor, your mother's honor, are the first things to be considered."

"Go to Europe!" he repeated. "No, no, I cannot—it is impossible."

"Let everything alone," she replied; "sit passively down under this impending disgrace; but do not think I will bear it with you. No, I would die by my own hand first."

"Mother, for God's sake, do not torture me so!"

"And I? What do you think my feelings are? Will you help to save me from beggary, or will you leave me in my old age to the mercy of a heartless world? Answer, Ralph; I shall urge you no more!"

"I could join you there very soon, in a few weeks at farthest."

"For shame! Do not make me despise my son!"

"Mother, my honor compels me to remain here."

"Silence, Ralph; there is a subject which must not be named between us! Think for a moment; you can return before the winter is over, so short an absence can do you no harm. You call me harsh and exacting; make this sacrifice for me and see if your mother is ungrateful."

"Are you serious, mother?"

"My son, I love you better than my life; trust to that affection, it has never yet misled you. Will you go to Europe, Ralph?—will you keep our good name untarnished?"

"I will, mother; you have my promise."

"To-morrow, we must sail to-morrow—it will be too late else."

"When you will, I am indifferent."

He fell back upon his cushions, weak and dizzy from intense excitement, only conscious that he was endangering the happiness of his whole life, and that of the girl who so fondly loved him, yet seeing no means of escape, nothing but to follow in the path his mother's iron will had marked out, leading toward a goal visible only to her.

Mrs. Trevor left him to conclude the preparations which had secretly been going on for many days. It was true that their affairs required attention, but their man of business could have made the voyage and arranged everything equally well. It was at Mrs. Trevor's suggestion that he had written so urgently, for she knew that nothing less would have any influence upon Ralph.

That afternoon the young man wrote again to Helen, a long letter full of passionate tenderness, breathing new hope and promising a speedy reunion.

It was not until night that he knew Lucy was to accompany them. His mother mentioned it casually as an affair of no moment.

"I shall take Lucy to Paris and leave her with a friend," she said; "her aunt is going to Havann, and the poor child would die of loneliness if I left her behind."

Ralph made no reply. He felt no interest in the matter, and scarcely gave it a thought.

The next morning they took the boat down the river, a passage of only a few hours, and on reaching the city drove at once to the steamer.

Half an hour more and they were under way! Ralph Trevor sat on deck and saw the beautiful city disappear in the distance, racked with agonizing thoughts which drove him almost mad.

"I am so happy; it seems like a dream—does it not?"

It was Lucy's happy voice, and Ralph turned away with a shudder.

"You are cold," said the girl, "you shiver."

"Very cold," he muttered; "it is like the chill of death."

Lucy did not hear the response; but Mrs. Trevor's quick ear caught the dreary meaning.

"You had better go and lie down, Ralph; you are worn out."

"I am better here," he said, with the impatience of illness and suffering. "Leave me alone—I can't talk!"

Lucy looked wonderingly in his face, but Mrs. Trevor drew her away before she could speak.

"He is so tired," she whispered; "you must not mind his fretfulness; remember how ill he has been."

"I do not; poor Ralph, how changed he is!"

"The voyage will do him good. Come down stairs, dear, and look at our rooms."

They left Ralph on deck with the crowd of excited voyagers about him full of life and hope, while he sat there shuddering beneath the cloud which darkened his future.

CHAPTER IX.

Six months had elapsed since Helen Græme's marriage, and from the time of Ralph's departure she had received no tidings of him.

For weeks she waited in constant expectation of letters, but day after day dragged on its wretched length, until she counted his absence by months, and yet he neither wrote nor came. Doubt was slow to enter her mind; she loved

him so devotedly, had trusted so entirely in his honor and affection, that she could not believe herself deceived.

The hour came at last when she could no longer buoy up her soul with false hope. She sank down for a time utterly crushed beneath the terrible revelation that her husband had forsaken her, and that she was left not only to endure the misery of desertion, but in the world's eyes shame and dishonor which could never be retrieved.

Her first thought was for her father; that proud, old man who had loved her so well, and who was to be so mortally injured in every tender and holy feeling of his nature. From the first she had no hope; she knew his unyielding will, his stern pride so well that she felt any appeal would be wasted.

The days passed on; how Helen Græme lived through them was inexplicable. Many times thoughts of self-destruction haunted her, but she would not give way to the dreadful promptings. Night after night she lay prostrate on the floor of her chamber, praying God to spare her this last heavy blow, not so much for her own sake as that of her father. Could she die then and bury that fatal secret with her! She was willing to suffer the utmost to spare that old man; expiation here and atonement hereafter, only that the consequences of her fault might fall upon herself.

But still she lived. After the first week of mental and physical prostration, she rose from her bed apparently in good health, although the troubled eyes and weary mouth betrayed the restless soul within. She was more lovely than before; the singular clearness of her complexion, where a faint rose bloomed; the dreamy languor of her eyes, more beautiful even from their unquiet expression: all rendered her more lovely than in the early flush of girlish beauty.

Adam Græme noted it, and his heart yearned toward his child. There had been no confidence between them since the night of Ralph Trevor's departure. Helen had no courage to break the cloud that spread between their hearts; and the old man had not yet recovered from the shock of feeling that his child had not dealt openly with him, although no other suspicion had, for an instant, found a resting-place in his mind.

Helen went out but seldom. More and more often her seat at church was vacant; her place in the Sunday school occupied by another; and she was never seen at the little gatherings which the young people of the village had formerly delighted in, because her presence brought new life and interest into their narrow round of pleasures.

At last strange whispers went abroad concerning the girl who had been the pride and beauty of the whole parish. Those who had known her well indignantly denied the slander, but there were enough to credit the tale; and after a time even among those who had loved her, there grew a vague suspicion, to which they would give no name or credence.

But into Adam Græme's dwelling there came no doubt nor fear. There had not been one daring enough to brave the old man's anger, and Helen's chilling dignity gave no opportunity to offer consolation or advice.

It was winter now; the snow lay heavy and white upon the hills; the chill wind ran riot among the trees that surrounded the old farm house, and within its walls sat that silent girl week after week, watching her doom approach as a condemned criminal might count the days which were to elapse before his execution.

One bleak, cold day she was alone in the house. Her father had gone out, and the woman who had charge of the household duties was also absent.

Helen sat for a long time cowering over the fire, until her restlessness grew so intense that the quiet almost deprived her of reason. She rose from her seat, gathered her shawl around her, and went wandering about the house like a ghost visiting the haunts known and loved of yore.

She opened cabinets full of family relics, turning them sadly over and recalling reminiscences of her happy childhood; painful now from their very brightness. In an old closet were heaps of pamphlets and papers, that had been thrown there as useless.

She took those up, shook off the dust and tried to interest herself in the romances and scraps of poetry which they contained. In the pile was a daily paper dated three months before, which had apparently been wrapped around some package, and thrown carelessly down among the other rubbish.

She began turning the journal over. Her eye fell upon a list of passengers who had sailed by that day's steamer—in the list she read Ralph Trevor's name!

She clutched the paper tighter, peering at the fatal letters until they seemed written in characters of fire, and her brain swam in shuddering horror. She passed her hand over her eyes to shut out their sight, believing that it was a momentary madness which possessed her, but when she looked again the fatal announcement was there still.

She neither wept nor moaned; even insen-

sibility was denied her. She sat upon the floor staring vacantly at the paper and striving to reflect. All was over now. She had ceased long since to hope, but the reality of her desolation rushed upon her in its full force. There was one way left—she must go away! Whither she knew not, but her shame must not desecrate the dwelling where her mother had died.

After a time she went back to her chamber. The fire had died out, but she felt no chill; the fever in her heart spread through every vein, and left her incapable of any outward impression.

Mechanically she made the arrangements which she knew were necessary, although scarcely conscious of what she was doing. She touched nothing that she could do without; a few changes of raiment, the bits of sewing which of late she had embroidered in secret—her father's miniature, and the little sum of money left her by her mother, which her father on her last birth-day had placed in her hands to dispose of or invest as she saw fit.

The short winter day was almost at an end. The old clock in the kitchen had struck four, every stroke sounding on her heart like a knell of doom. The wind, which, during the afternoon had died away, sprang up again, sobbing against the casements, and lifting the snow in chill gusts from the tree branches with a dreary moan.

These strange preparations were at an end. The girl stood in the middle of her chamber, stunned and motionless. Suddenly there was a noise below; the outer door opened and closed with a heavy clang, and through the silence which followed an awful voice penetrated to the chamber, calling,

"Helen Græme, come here!"

She knew the tones, realized what they portended, but without a pause or a shudder passed down the staircase into the room below, and found herself face to face with her father.

That afternoon Adam Græme had been to the village, and for the first time some courageous friend had ventured to whisper the sad tale which had gone abroad concerning his child. With a white rage fearful to behold the old man had denied the charge, daring any to the proof; and through the wind and sleet had hastened home, frenzied by the doubts which a too faithful memory of the past few weeks brought before him.

Into the house he entered, calling sternly upon his daughter—the terrible voice which had roused her in her loneliness. He stood in the centre of the room when she went down pallid and fever-eyed, her arms hanging idly at her sides, her

disarranged hair and dress making her changed appearance even more striking.

For a moment Adam Græme looked at her in silence; then he started forward, caught her hands in a vice-like grasp, hissing out from between his shut teeth,

"What is this? Answer me! I thought they lied! Helen Græme, you dare not look in my face—off, I say!"

He flung her so violently from him, that she would have fallen on the floor had she not clutched at his heavy oak chair.

"Answer," he repeated, so stern and terrible that he was awful to look upon; "do not lie to me! Is what I have heard true? Have you disgraced this roof—the spot where your mother died?"

She looked at him almost without emotion; there was a leaden weight upon her brain which left her no consciousness for keen anguish.

"Your answer?" he reiterated.

"Send me away," was her only reply; "they will believe me guilty, and I have not a word to say."

"You acknowledge it—you stand there shameless and still? And that is my child—and I live and am not mad!"

He fell into a chair, his gaunt frame quivering in every limb, dry sobs heaving his heart, but not a tear, not a soft emotion to appease his agony.

On her bended knees the girl crept toward him, struggling to catch his hands and moaning, "Don't curse me, father—don't curse me!"

He writhed away from her, and stood upright like a hoary tree shaking in the blast.

"I will not curse you—but go—the same roof covers us two no longer! Ask for help and I will send it; seek refuge where you please, but this house is no more your home."

"I know it," she groaned, "I know it?"

"Long since I gave you warning—disgrace I will not bear! Go hence, my curse will never follow you."

He turned from her, but she wound her arms about his knees, prostrate at his feet.

"Hear me—only hear me!"

"A word—a look—and I will believe you," he cried; "yes, against all the world!"

Her arms released their hold, she sank down upon the floor hiding her face from his sight.

"God help me, I cannot speak!"

Without a word Adam Græme left the apartment, his heavy footfalls clanged through the passage, and the door closed behind him. The wretched girl heard the sound; she knew that he would return no more until she had left the house.

After a time she gathered strength to rise from the floor and went to her chamber. She took up the little packet she had made, wrapped a cloak about her, and again descended the stairs. She passed slowly from room to room, looking for the last time at the familiar objects, touching the books and chairs with sorrowful affection, then she too left the house.

She went down the lane which led to the road—the gate closed behind her—she was driven forth into the pitiless world to find shelter as best she might.

The snow was blowing heavily, and the wind shook the folds of her cloak, but she felt no chill, turning mechanically in the direction opposite the village.

There were ten weary miles to be passed before she reached any town, but she pressed on without a moan. Perhaps half the distance had been traversed when her strength gave way. She fell down upon the snow believing that the end had come, that God had taken pity on her misery and would allow her to die.

She even felt the apathy of slumber stealing over her, when there came a thought that brought back a force higher and nobler than the feverish strength which had before animated her. She must live for the sake of her unborn child! She had no right to die; her past errors were guilt enough to bear, she could not put that sin upon her soul.

Again she rose, and through the snow and sleet kept on her way until the lights from the village gleamed through the darkness, and she knew that a temporary haven was reached.

CHAPTER X.

It was a sunny winter day in Bordeaux, and the quiet of the stately old city was broken by some festival which filled the streets with a crowd full of eager enjoyment.

The life and merriment floated faintly up to the sombre apartment where Ralph Trevor was seated, leaning idly in the window seat, and watching the busy throng below with a weary thoughtfulness painful to behold.

His health was still far from restored, and a physician's mandate had seconded his mother's determination to keep him in Europe during the winter. He attended little to the business, sunk in a lethargy of weak despair, which left him no courage to rouse himself and shake off the shackles that bound him.

In all that time no news from Helen; no answer to his many letters. Had she received them, and did she mean by that silence to signify her intention of ignoring the past? Every doubt

which a jealous heart could prompt in turn suggested itself to his mind. She might be dead—that thought was so terrible he could not dwell upon it!

There was nothing left but to await the return of spring; with the first balmy breeze he would start for home, even though he lived only long enough to see Helen's face once more and to die in her arms.

Mrs. Trevor left him free to indulge his dark fancies, full always of affectionate thought and care, presenting Lucy to him in the most favorable light, and making him, notwithstanding all his unrest and anxiety, feel an interest in her.

The poor child loved him! In spite of the neglect with which he treated her, his mother's artful words kept alive the affection that had been so carefully fostered in her heart. She believed that it was his long illness which had made him so capricious and changed, that when his health returned she should find him the laughing, open-hearted Ralph of former days.

So she trusted and loved on, waiting with womanly patience, bearing all things with a sweet resignation, and cheered by that very devotion which was so totally disregarded by its object.

While Ralph Trevor sat that morning in his room the door opened gently, and his mother entered. He did not look toward her, nor give any sign which showed that he heeded her presence. She went up to him and laid her hand caressingly upon his shoulder; he submitted passively to her embrace, but made no effort to repay it even by a smile.

"My son," she said, "I have something painful to tell you."

He turned upon her with quick impatience, so unlike the respectful fondness of by-gone years.

"I cannot remember the time for months that you have had anything else to tell me."

"Ralph, have I deserved this? But I will not notice your harshness—my heart is full enough of sadness now."

"What news have you? You can threaten me with no misfortune greater than those I have endured."

"My son, my son!"

"Forgive me, mother; I am ill and fretful to-day. You mean for the best, I know you do! Go on—what have you to say?"

"Do you remember last summer, Ralph?"

"For God's sake stop! Remember, mother, a whole eternity would not teach me to forget! Leave that subject forever."

"I must speak! Ralph, I have had tidings from Millbrook——"

"You—you, mother, speak! Do not drive me mad! Are you struck dumb? can't you answer me?"

"My poor child—only be calm!"

"Calm, how can I be? Tell me at once."

"Ralph, Helen Græme is dead!"

He looked in her face with incredulous horror. Mrs. Trevor was startled by the singular expression.

"Ralph!" she exclaimed.

"Dead!" he repeated, "dead! No, mother, you are deceived—it is not true."

"My poor boy. I have positive news. I sent to inquire about her for I knew how you felt, but it was too late."

"Yes, too late," he cried, in a sudden frenzy. "You have done this, mother, you have killed her!"

"Ralph, my son——"

"Don't speak to me, don't come near me! We have murdered her! Helen, my poor Helen!"

"Ralph," she began again, but he broke in furiously,

"I will not hear a word, mother! Go away from me—I want to be alone."

"At least listen——"

"Not now—not a syllable!"

"I feel for your grief, Ralph, but you had known this girl so short a time——"

"Long enough to love her better than all the world!"

"And your mother—do you forget her?"

"No; but I remember what that poor girl was to me."

"What then?"

"She was——"

The long restrained secret trembled on his lips, and in the insanity of his grief he would have uttered it, but his feeble strength gave way, and he sank upon the carpet staining his mother's garments with the blood which streamed from his parted lips.

Mrs. Trevor's shrieks brought the whole household about her. They raised Ralph and laid him upon a bed. It was long before he recovered from that death-like insensibility; and when he did, he was unconscious of anything passing around him. Every energy of his soul seemed concentrated in that low moan which broke at intervals from his lips,

"Helen, Helen! They have killed her, my poor Helen!"

CHAPTER XI.

HELEN GRÆME had found a temporary abode in a bustling city of one of the middle states.

Excitement and a fatiguing journey had left

her very weak, and for many days she was unable to leave her bed. She had no fixed object in view; scarcely knew what impelled her to the place whither she had come.

The weeks passed slowly on. Helen was sunk in a state of mental and physical weakness to which she could have given no name. She felt no positive illness, but it was an effort even for her to rise in her chair. She did not sleep at night, but often toward morning she would fall into a heavy slumber from which she did not waken until mid-day; a dreamless sleep that left her more weary than before.

She never thought what was to come after; she did not think of death; she only sat there, day after day, hoping for nothing, beyond all fear; fate had done its worst already.

Toward the close of the winter her child was born—dead! Even the soothing influence of maternal affection was denied her.

Little by little her small resources wasted away, and a theft, committed during her illness, completed her distress. She was penniless. The physician's bill was yet to be paid, and there was a considerable balance due her landlady.

When Helen could sit up and talk she stated the case fairly to them; they were, neither of them, unkind persons; but she was a stranger. Her youth and entire loneliness were suspicious circumstances, and it was not singular that the woman was anxious to be rid of her at once.

There was nothing left but the alms-house; Adam Græme's daughter was to seek an asylum among the most poverty-stricken and degraded of her sex.

The landlady had left her alone, after plainly telling her what she must expect, to reflect as best she might upon the course to pursue. There was a low knock at the door, and, in answer to Helen's faint invitation, an elderly lady of prepossessing appearance entered the room.

Helen recognized her face as one of the boarders in the house, and she had a dim recollection of having been told that she was an actress.

"My dear lady," said the stranger, in a voice which went nearer to the poor girl's heart than any tones she had heard for months, "I hope you will pardon this intrusion, but I heard that you had been very ill, and I took the liberty of stepping in to inquire if I could be of service."

"You are very kind," Helen said, tremulously; "will you sit down?"

"If you will allow me to introduce myself—my name is Denvil: yours I know—Mrs. Græme."

The color came to Helen's cheek at the title, but she bowed her head in silence.

"May I say something to you, Mrs. Græme, which has been on my heart for several days?"

"Believe me I shall thank you."

"I know the unpleasant condition in which you are placed and can sympathize with you—I have known what it is to pass two days without food or shelter. I saw you on your arrival and felt a deep interest in you—please don't think me impertinent, but I have arranged your little affairs with our landlady, who is a good woman in the main, and you will have no farther trouble."

Helen could not speak. She did not weep easily; of late tears had been a blessing denied her, but now she sobbed like an infant.

"Don't, dear," said Mrs. Denvil, "this is very bad for you."

"I cannot speak, madam, but oh, may God bless you!"

"Now, not a word more or I shall run off. Will you look upon me as your friend? I don't know your history, of course, but I can read your soul in your face, and that is enough."

"I deserve little sympathy, madam."

"No matter; my child, my judgment is not that of the world around—do not fear."

"You mistake me," Helen said; "of sin or wrong doing I am innocent—I need blush for no action of my past life."

"Then let the world go! I should have told you before that I am an actress. Does my profession prejudice you against me?"

Helen smiled and held out her hand.

"That is right. Now I want you to go to bed and sleep; I must be off to a tiresome rehearsal, and when I get back, we will see if we cannot find a more palatable luncheon than that Ellen usually sends up to sick people. Now, don't talk; I must have my own way."

She settled her patient in bed with tender care, cheering her by her pleasant voice and words. Helen sank into a quiet slumber, and when she awoke Mrs. Denvil had returned.

From that day the lady was with her during every spare moment until the time of her recovery. Helen found her an educated and intellectual woman, proud of her profession, painstaking and conscientious in her duties.

After a time there came a discussion as to the course which it was necessary for the girl to pursue.

"I can work," Helen said; "I do not care how menial the situation—anything that I may feel I am earning my bread honestly."

"You are a brave girl! You are well enough

to go out this evening; it is one of my off nights, and we will go to the play together."

Helen had been several times to the theatre, but not for some years, and the piece that night affected her strangely. Mrs. Denvil watched her narrowly; she saw how her excitable nature took in and understood the deep truth of the drama, she knew by the sudden kindling of her face that the girl had been struck with the same thought as that which had occurred to her.

"Well?" she asked, when they were driving home.

"I understand you," Helen said. "Yes, I believe that I could be an actress."

"So do I! You remember my making you read an opposite part to me the other morning? I made my decision then."

"Do you believe that I could earn a living in that way?"

Mrs. Denvil smiled with proud admiration.

"I will not tell you what I believe, dear child, but this I will do. In a month I have a benefit; now Mr. Rich is anxious to keep me here, for I am a useful person—he will not refuse me a favor—do you know what it will be?"

"Tell me, please!"

"That you shall play that night. The piece is already chosen, but there was a difficulty about the heroine—you shall have the part—what say you?"

"But I am so ignorant."

"We have a month for preparation."

"Will you indeed trust me to do it?"

"My dear, I will make a great actress of you, or my name isn't Ann Denvil."

The next morning they read the play together, and Helen took her first lesson. After that she was kept so much engaged that she had little leisure to brood over her wretchedness.

She had so prayed that her babe might live, that she might at least have something to love and care for. Patiently she submitted to this last grief, accepting it as a portion of the atonement she ought to make.

She put from her mind as much as possible all thoughts of Ralph Trevor. She had loved him so truly—had given up all for his sake—and more bitter than the pangs of injured affection was the thought that he was unworthy of her love.

She studied hard, giving herself up as much as possible to the new sensations open to her. They read Shakspeare together, and from her friend Helen learned really to understand and appreciate.

The time passed on; Helen was astonished to find how quickly. She was strong again, and

though she looked much older than the innocent girl, who, less than a year before, had been so happy in her simple life, she was far more lovely.

The moment a motive was presented, Helen Græme was not the woman to sit still in passive misery. She crushed back the flood of memories which at times threatened to overwhelm her, barred her broken heart in the inmost recesses of her being and looked firmly forward. That the struggle was a fearful one who can doubt? but she would not sink by the wayside. She had never known the resources of her own nature; she marveled at the mental power which had grown out of suffering, though she had left far behind the trustfulness and sunshine of other years.

Between her and the past there was an impassable gulf; she would not seek to bridge it over by a single memory! She felt like one who had been transported to a new existence; with the old life she had nothing to do; she had passed as completely beyond it, as if the actors and scenes concerned therein had had their place and being in another world.

The day for the rehearsal came, and for the first time Helen went behind the scenes.

She was so pre-occupied that she did not heed the envious eyes fastened upon her, nor feel any of that timidity which under other circumstances would have troubled her. During one of her scenes she was startled by low murmurs of applause, instantly suppressed by the stage-manager, but they scarcely broke the spell which was upon her.

Mrs. Denvil led her home in triumph. The actors were astonished, and the manager had promised an engagement if the *debut* went off as successfully as the rehearsal had done.

"I could have had the part of leading lady for you," she said, "as Rich has quarreled with Miss Montgomery, but I am not so unwise. Actors don't jump into greatness, Helen, except in novels; you shall try the walking lady parts for a time at least, for beside the practice necessary you could not go through the amount of study it would require for the other."

"You were not disappointed in me?"

"Not after the first scenes; the comedy portion was not what I expected, we must go over it again, luckily after the second act that is done with."

The day of the performance came. Helen had studied and restudied the play-book until her memory appeared confused; but Mrs. Denvil took the volume resolutely from her hand, saying only,

"It will all come back to you to-night; don't think about it any more."

The day passed strangely to Helen Græme; for years after when she thought of it she seemed recalling the events of a dream. Mrs. Denvil left her little alone; she did not talk to her, but was there with her watchful kindness to see that she did not become depressed or fearful.

Helen walked slowly up and down the room, sometimes pausing to look at the rich dresses which lay upon the bed, marveling if they were indeed for her, if it could be true that she was about to widen the space that swept between her and her other life. She was not frightened nor hopeful; she felt like one under the influence of a too powerful narcotic, which kept her conscious of all that was passing around, yet unable to realize that she had any part in those proceedings.

There was no rehearsal; Mrs. Denvil had not thought it wise to subject her to the fatigue, so there was nothing to disturb the dream-like state into which she had fallen.

Their early dinner was over. The lamps were lighted, and still Helen kept her seat near the fire, gazing silently into the glowing embers, or watching her companion as she folded up the dresses and completed the last preparations.

"The carriage is here, Helen," she heard Mrs. Denvil say; "get on your shawl, it is time to go."

The girl rose absently as ever, and followed her down stairs.

When they entered the theatre, the noise and bustle around confused her more and more, but she made no remark, forgetting the sounds after the first moment.

"You see I have secured the star dressing-room, dear," Mrs. Denvil said, "we shall be all alone here. Now sit down and let me dress you."

Helen never spoke while the preparations were going on. When Mrs. Denvil had given the last touch to the shining hair and smoothed down the folds of the rich robe, she said,

"Now look in the glass."

Helen obeyed and started back—that brilliant-looking creature was a stranger to her. Rouge had given a rich color to her cheeks and an unnatural lustre to her eyes, and the closely-fitting robe displayed the full beauty of her form.

"Are you frightened, Helen?"

"I think not; I do not realize anything."

A bell rang violently below, and there was a loud tap at the door of the dressing-room.

"Don't be startled, dear, it is only the call boy. Come, we must go on to the stage."

She linked her arm through the girl's and led her down the narrow stairs. Helen was conscious that several persons spoke to her, and that she replied, but what they said or she answered, she could not have told.

She knew that some one had seated her upon the stage, that Mrs. Denvil was bending over her and whispering words of encouragement, but nothing was intelligible.

Suddenly the bell sounded again, the green curtain drew slowly up, revealing a blaze of light and a sea of heads. She heard the sounds of applause, knew that she bowed in response, then all was still.

Mrs. Denvil spoke, when she ceased Helen was to reply; she did so, scarcely from any volition of her own, and her voice was scarcely audible to herself. The scene passed, and she left the stage automaton-like as she had gone on.

"Helen, rouse yourself!" pleaded Mrs. Denvil. "You are making a complete failure—in heaven's name, what ails you?"

"I don't know, I can't tell! Let me go home!"

"You are mad, child! Wake up, you look like one in a dream."

"It is of no use, I can do nothing."

She sat down on a bench shivering in the shawl which Mrs. Denvil folded about her; entreaties and reproaches were alike in vain, she could not rouse herself.

The second act passed as wretchedly. Not a hand was raised, her lifelessness dispirited the other actors, and the piece seemed likely to end in a complete failure.

Helen was standing at the side scene waiting to go on, when she heard some one near her say,

"The girl is an idiot! This will ruin Mrs. Denvil with the public—what was she thinking of?"

The old defiant spirit started up in Helen Græme's breast! Like a flash of lightning came back the past; shame and dishonor were behind, she would endure no more disgrace.

She heard her cue and sprang forward upon the boards. The speech was the first passionate one she had had to deliver, and she did it with a power which brought down a hearty burst of applause. She was calm and collected again, going through the scene with a force and abandon which startled even Mrs. Denvil. She was called for loudly when the curtain fell, and her appearance received with loud acclamations.

"Saved, saved!" exclaimed Mrs. Denvil, when she again reached her side. "You are yourself again, thank heaven!"

"Let me alone, please," was her only answer; "don't let anybody come near me."

Mrs. Denvil obeyed her without a word, and during the pauses between the acts, Helen walked up and down behind the stage, burning with a sudden fever which the excitement had produced. Again she was before the crowd, and to the end of the piece there was no flagging, no break.

Again and again she was called out; flowers and wreaths fell at her feet; the actors crowded about her with hearty commendation; she heard Mrs. Denvil exclaim,

"My darling child, I am so proud, so happy!"

There was a quick whirl in her brain, a mist before her sight, and without warning she sank down in their midst like one smitten with a sudden palsy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TELL ME NOT OF THE BRINY DEEP.

BY MARY T. WILLIAMS.

Oh! tell me not of the briny deep,
Where the sea-birds cry and mermaids weep.
Of the proud ocean fields and dreamless bed
Of the shroudless slumbering, the silent dead.
Tell me not of Xanthe proud and fair,
Of her watery robes and silvery hair;
For she hath heard in her phantom flight
The sailor boy's death-cry in the hour of night;
And watched with a feeling of careless mirth
The ship's crew recline on a wave-washed berth.
Tell me not of the deep where the Nereids roam,
Of the trackless paths of their boundless home,
Where Neptune hath wrapped his fingers cold
With the sea-boy's curls of shining gold,
And the nymphs are wreathing their temples fair
With death-clad beauty's silken hair.

Oh! tell me not of the tossing main,
Of the melody sweet, of its endless strain,

For the dying moan, its harp-strings bear,
Of those who have perished we know not where.
But sing of the earth, where beauties dwell
In each eddying nook, in each haunted dell.
Where the Dryades lead me as they roam,
O'er the beauteous fields of their varied home;
And each day is rife with glowing scenes
Which wrap the future in pure, sweet dreams.
Where the rich green grass and the fair wild flower,
And the blooming rose from some cultured bower,
Are waving their charms o'er the lowly bed
Of those who are sleeping, the white-clad dead.

Sing of the earth where society reigns,
And friendship is chanting love-lit strains,
Where the loved ones may whisper a sad farewell
Ere they lay my form in some flowery dell,
And breathe o'er my tomb a note of love
When my spirit is wafted to realms above.

THICK WALLS v s. THIN WALLS.

BY LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

A BENISON on the good old times when paper walls and partitions were things unknown; when houses, instead of being "run up" in a few weeks or months, and their want of substantiality glossed over by the addition of "modern improvements," were built, solidly, laboriously, with a view to durability and comfort rather than show. 'Twas once my good fortune to spend a summer in one of those old time houses. How I loved its venerable, solid, dignified aspect! There were no gingerbread "decorations," nor "excellent imitations" about it—all was real, substantial, and appropriate. Its wide, lofty halls—its broad stairways with their massive balustrades—its spacious rooms with their oaken panelings, and huge fire-places suggestive of blazing, wholesome wood fires—all were in keeping—all was imposing and delightful to my fancy.

My room-mate, Nelly Bland, found it different. The house, she declared, was gloomy and desolate-looking, for all the world like a haunted house—and so lonesome.

"'Lonesome,' Nelly! Why there must be over a dozen people in this house."

"If there were a hundred," interrupted Nelly, "'twould be lonesome all the same. Just to think—this morning, when I wanted you to go with me to the orchard, I listened on the sitting-room stairs to know if you were down there with the family: but I couldn't hear a sound, all was still as the grave. Yet when I went down and opened the door, I found you all talking and laughing noisily enough; those horrid thick walls and doors smother every sound."

"So much the better, Nelly; no chance for eaves-droppers."

"No, nor for getting help if one needed it ever so badly."

This was said in such pitiful, woe-begone tones, that I could not help laughing heartily, but she went on.

"Now, don't you think it is awful to sleep in this room? Why we might both be murdered, and not a soul in the house know anything of it till the morning; for whatever outcry we might raise could not be overheard. Isn't it horrible to think of?"

And poor Nelly's eyes wandered around the large, shadowy apartment with an expression of

such real and ungovernable fear, that my merriment was checked by a feeling of compassion, and I willingly assented to her proposition that the candle should be left burning—though what protection it could afford against ghosts or murderers I could not conceive.

No need to tell of Nelly's innumerable frights and fears on that and two following nights. I pitied her sincerely, for her terrors were not affected; she was naturally timid and nervous, and though she had been enchanted at the prospect of spending some weeks at the fine, old country mansion, her unconquerable fears so far counter-balanced her pleasure that she returned in all haste to her city home; where, as she wrote me, she "could hear the sound of voices throughout the house, pleasantly reminding her that she was not 'out of humanity's reach,' as she had felt while in that dreadful old house."

Little recked Nelly then of the unfavorable influence her favorite thin walls would, one day, exercise on her destiny. It happened in this way.

Nelly and her widowed mother were inmates of Mrs. Stone's very select boarding-house. Among their fellow boarders it is only necessary to particularize three—Mrs. Thompson; her sister, Miss Caroline Simpson; and a Mr. Alfred Bell. Between Mr. Bell and Nelly a mutual attachment had sprung up at the first meeting, which every day became stronger; but as they were both bashful, reserved sort of persons, and Mrs. Bland was opposed to a formal engagement on such a short acquaintance, no one was aware of the "state of affairs" save the two ladies above mentioned, who had their own reasons for being particularly observant of the gentleman's deportment. Miss Simpson would have been well pleased to change her name for that of Bell; Mrs. Thompson was desirous of seeing her sister "well settled," and Mr. Bell was in good circumstances. In short, both ladies had set their minds upon the match, and were, therefore, jealously watchful of his attentions to Nelly. They were prudent and hopeful, however, as they silently bided their time, waiting a favorable opportunity to act; and the opportunity soon came.

Mr. Bell left the city on a business tour, which

would detain him some three or four months. He was very reluctant to leave Nelly for so long a time; but he drew all a lover's selfish consolation from the conviction that she would be equally miserable in his absence—would daily long and yearn for his return. And Nelly was, in truth, as lonely and sad-hearted as the most exacting lover could desire during the first week of Mr. Bell's absence; at the end of that time came one who quickly put her "low spirits" to flight.

This was her step-brother, Frank Hadley, who now after an absence of nearly ten years, returned to his native place. A wild, reckless, wayward boy, he had rebelled against the strict rule of his step-father, and at the age of thirteen ran off to sea. During all those long years no tidings had reached home of the wanderer. Many a sleepless night and sorrowful day had the mother spent thinking of her lost son; many a tear had Nelly shed for the well remembered companion of her earlier years; the promoter of her childish joys—the soother of her childish sorrows. And now, when mother and sister had long ceased to hope that he was yet a dweller upon earth, he returned—returned, as Mrs. Bland often smilingly remarked, to all intents and purposes the same as he had left them—as thoughtless, as provoking, as loving and lovable, too. Nelly soon found that her long-lost companion was, in truth, restored to her as much a boy, save for the change in outward appearance, as ever. As merry as two children they were together. Nelly found no leisure to indulge in sad or lonely musings; for the returned sailor "must see all that was to be seen during his holiday on shore," and his mother and sister must accompany him here and there, and everywhere, day after day, night after night, spite of their half laughing, half serious remonstrances.

Then there were arrangements to be made for going to housekeeping, for Frank wished to see his mother once more the mistress of a house, in which he could feel himself at home, when he returned after a voyage. Mrs. Bland had a moderate income, which, with the aid Frank could give, would be amply sufficient. So a pretty cottage was rented in a retired and pleasant part of the city, and the trio were soon comfortably settled in "the new home." Nelly had but one cause of regret. She wanted so much to tell her lover of all that had occurred, but he would not return for a month or more; she could but wait as patiently as was possible; happily unconscious of the plot which was being concerted for the overthrow of her hopes. To

relate this, I must go back to Mrs. Stone's boarding-house.

Much surprise had been caused there by the arrival of the young sailor, and his introduction as Mrs. Bland's son. No one in the house had ever heard of such a person; for, as may be easily conceived, there were sad memories connected with the wanderer, which made the mother and daughter reluctant to speak of him, even in conversation with each other. He soon rendered himself a favorite alike with landlady and boarders, and great regret was felt by all at the departure of the little family; by all, that is, except Mrs. Thompson and her sister, Miss Caroline, who saw in this an opportunity for furthering their own projects.

Mr. Bell's room was adjacent to Mrs. Thompson's, and she knew that the "paper wall" between allowed any conversation other than in whispers, to be distinctly heard. She therefore conceived a plan which was to be put into execution immediately on Mr. Bell's return, for which she and her sister watched and waited with exemplary perseverance. "He will not stay away as long as he said," remarked Mrs. Thompson; "he will think to give his lady-love a pleasant surprise by an earlier return."

Mrs. Thompson was right. Only two months had passed when Mr. Bell re-appeared. The conspirators saw him enter the house, heard him come quickly up to his room; and on a sign from her sister, Miss Caroline placed herself near the partition, and in a slightly raised tone said,

"What were you saying just now about Nelly Bland and Frank Hadley, sister? There is so much noise in the street one cannot hear."

"I asked you," answered Mrs. Thompson, "if you would ever have believed Mrs. Bland to be capable of so much cunning? To think that all the time she had been boarding in this house she never breathed a word to any one about this Frank."

"Nelly is a sly little puss, too," rejoined Miss Caroline. "In all our confidential little chats she never spoke of this favorite companion of her early years. She must have been grieving in secret about him, though, during his long absence, for she is quite another girl since his arrival, so gay, and lively, and animated."

"Yes, every one noticed the change at once, she used to be so reserved and pensive."

The conversation went on in this strain for some time, and had the desired effect. Mr. Bell (who, of course, listened attentively from the moment he heard Nelly's name,) was led to think that Frank Hadley was an old lover of Nelly's; and now that the old love had returned his

claims would be coolly set aside. This mortification he resolved to save himself. Packing up all his effects, he went out and engaged a porter; then returning sought Mrs. Stone, and announced his intention of giving up the room he had so long occupied. The landlady's surprise was great, but the only explanation she received was that he was about to leave the city for an indefinite time.

"I can't bear to see you leave us, Mr. Bell," said she, as he counted into her hand the sum due; "I could give you a better room, now, that Mrs. Bland's gone away. Oh, I have something to tell you about them—dear little Nelly has been like another person for some weeks past, for her——"

"Excuse me, madam; I have no time to stay, I must bid you good-bye."

And Mr. Bell hurried away. Ah, Mr. Bell!

quick impulses often cause repentance. Had you but waited to hear the next word, how great would be your joy in hearing *brother* instead of *lover*, which you jealously feared.

Nelly wondered and grieved as time went by, and brought not her beloved. But when in a few months she read of his marriage, (not to Miss Caroline Simpson, I am glad to say,) indignation and womanly pride checked her tears. Some time afterward she learned through a mutual friend the reason of his "strange conduct;" and from the same source he was made aware of the mistake under which he labored. He made no comment, but an involuntary sigh attested his regret for the haste with which he had acted, and often must that feeling be renewed, for very inferior, in every respect, is the bride to his once loved Nelly.

TWILIGHT VISIONS.

BY NELLA ROBERTS.

THERE are many things in my heart to-night;
Quick hurrying things, and slow.
Things dead and live, things dull and bright,
Are moving in the gloomy light,
Mournfully, to and fro.

A mother's blessing sounds in my ears,
A father's parting words;
On memory's waves float by-gone years,
The rock of the present is touched, and tears
Long sealed are by them stirred.

There's a fluttering sound as of many wings,
And a throng of visions come;
Visions and hopes that I thought were dead,
(For surely I stood by their dying bed,)
Are alive and coming home.

There are dreams of a future lot of bliss
I thought were crushed away.
What doeth their brightness 'mid gloom like this?
And why have they come from Time's abyss
Up, in this twilight grey?

They come and pass 'mid the shadows grim,
Trailing their robes of mist.
And afar o'er the hills of the future dim,
I hear an echoing choral hymn,
On the breeze their wings have kissed.

I thought my tree of life stood bare,
Casting its dead leaves down.
But now I know that if pruned with care,
In fervent hope and humble prayer,
It shall wear an emerald crown.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART.

BY SIDNEY CLARKE.

THERE is a silent language of the heart—
A language full of deep, mysterious power;
Its living echoes fill the inmost soul,
As sounds the curfew at the evening hour.

Love writes its volumes in the beaming eye
In tragic power and eloquence; and tears
Are but the mirror through which Sorrow shines,
As on we wander down the vale of years.

The heart is speaking in the sunny smile,
Of joy, of hope, of happiness within,
Where guardian angels of the human breast
Hold their sweet converse 'mid the proud world's din.

Contentment lingers on the placid brow,
Heart-words are wafted on the wings of love;
And yet, dark clouds are ever rolling o'er,
To dim the light which glimmers from above.

Heart-sighs are floating on the balmy breeze—
Unseen they mingle with the desert air,
They sing their requiem by the gurgling brook,
And raging torrents emblem their despair.

Heart-joys ring out in laughter's merry peal—
We trace their presence where'er mortals roam;
Oh! may they crown our happiness on earth,
And light our pathway to the dusky tomb.

THE GENIUS OF THE FAMILY.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN, AUTHOR OF "PEACE; OR, THE STOLEN WILL."

It is often the turn up of a die in the gambling freaks of fate, whether a natural genius turn out a great rogue or a great fool.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Mr. and Mrs. Capt. John Overbury were the parents of a half score of sons and daughters, some of whom had "grown up," and all had "waxed strong" under the broad, sheltering roof of the great Overbury farm house—but their sixth child, Andrew Jackson, or "Our Andy," as he was usually denominated—a bluff, hearty, good-natured rogue of fourteen precisely when we first caught sight of his rubicund, juvenile visage, one warm Sunday afternoon in his father's pew in the Greenmeadow meeting-house—"Our Andy" was considered by the doting parents as "the genius" *par excellence* of their multitudinous Overbury troupe.

There were John and Robert, both grown up, married, and owners of snug farms adjoining the old homestead; Sallie and Debbie, respectively wives of the village blacksmith and the store-keeper—and, by-the-way, it was thought that "Our Debbie" had made a "likely match" when Leonard Rice, proprietor of the "Variety store" at the corner, came a-courting to the Overbury farm; then there was tall, comely, rosy-cheeked Sue, a bright, smart girl of seventeen, who attended the academy, and recited astonishingly hard lessons in algebra and philosophy, and various sciences all Greek to her parents; but somehow, by some process of deduction known only to themselves, the parents had set it down that "Our Andy" was destined to take the lead of all their children, and to wear those laurels which had never yet descended on any scion of the Overburys.

John and Robert, and Sallie and Debbie, were well enough—they had all been good children in their way, and Mr. and Mrs. Overbury were glad they were so "well-to-do" in the world; Sue was pretty smart and "likely," but by-and-bye she'd marry off and settle down, too; it would be years before the younger troop would be grown up, and of whom, then, should the doting parents expect great things but the wonderful Andy—the white lamb of the flock?

It was certain that the lad would make something "uncommon;" an itinerant professor of phrenology had examined his head, and then detailed to the admiring group gathered in the farm house keeping-room the extraordinary

developments of certain "bumps," in consequence whereof it be an absolute fact that the boy was bound to "cut a figure in the world," as the captain expressed it; or as old aunt Hannah Miles, Andy's especial god-mother, related to Mrs. Squire Brief, "He'd make a great lawyer, or doctor, or minister, or suthing—for the freenology man felt it all out on his head; and 'twas a good deal better'n goin' up to Bostin' and havin' your *harryscope* taken—this freenology!"

And so, while the professor pocketed his dollar and walked away from the Overbury farm, chuckling at the success of his humbugging prediction, it was decided that "Our Andy" was destined to become the prodigy of the family—and, farther, it was decided to convene the family aforesaid, in order that they might determine what particular routine of education should be entered upon by the lad, preparatory to the profession in which he was bound to "cut a figure" in the world, thereby immortalizing the Overbury name through all coming generations. Therefore, one summer evening, all the family met in the great west room, and the consultation commenced.

John and Robert did not hesitate to express, as their belief, that it would be best to "put the boy right to work on the farm." "It's a sure way to get a living—a farmer's; Andy was strong, though they *did* think a little *lazy*; for *their* part, they never see anything uncommon in him—only he'd had more schoolin' than the rest of 'em—most *any* boy'd be a good scholar if 'twas drilled into 'em! Father never give *them* more'n three months at the district school a year in their lives. Andrew was no better to be educated than the *rest* of 'em!"

Sallie and Debbie followed next in turn—and, though quite "willing father and mother should do as they'd a mind to about Andy, yet, for their part, they didn't think they could do better than give him a good *trade*." Sallie thought he would make a grand blacksmith, and Debbie recommended a carpenter's or carriage builder's.

Then came rosy-cheeked Sue. "Oh! father, don't let Andy be a farmer or smutty blacksmith!" she commenced, with animation, quite regardless of the frowns and the "Well, really,

Miss!" of her brothers and elder sister. "It's a real *slave's* life to dig, dig, all the time on a farm, and never go anywhere or know anything beyond; for my part, I wish you would send Andy to the academy, and then to college up to Hanover, and after that let him study for a doctor! Oh, I do think it would be real nice to have *one* professional man in the family! And he could get rich, and own a great house, and drive round in his buggy like Dr. Reid——"

"Or get the sexton to call him out of church every Sunday on pretence of having a call, like that young popinjay, Dr. Swell, who has made but *one* visit since he came to Greenmeadow, to my certain knowledge—and that was when old, fat Mrs. Waddle sent for him to set her poodle dog's broken leg—hey, Miss Sue!" exclaimed brother Robert, with a malicious laugh.

Sue blushed and was silent, for very vividly to her mind rose a memory of her daily walks to the academy, past the office on whose door a large plate bore the letters, "Alphonso Swell, M. D.," and how her silly little heart was all in a flutter when the owner of that name, and the occupant of a leather chair in the office aforesaid gallantly kissed his fingers to the bright-eyed girl from the window.

Next in turn came aunt Hannah Miles, who, spreading her handkerchief over her lap, and resting thereon one hand containing a huge pinch of snuff between its thumb and forefinger, ventured her opinion that "When she saw Andrew Jackson standin' up in court and makin' a plea like Squire Brief's, *then* she should die contented!"

"Yes, Dick," whispered Billy, the rogue and wit of all the flock, to his twin brother, they two being next in the Overbury catalogue, "yes, Dick, I'll bet Andy'll make a first-rate lawyer, *he'll lie so!* 'cause I heard Mr. Clarke tell father, tother day, that lawyers had their consciences made of India-rubber, so they could stretch 'em!" and with this sally, little Billy dodged his head under the table to escape the clutch of his mother's hand who had overheard this apt remark.

"Well, aunt Hannah, I agree with you there," said Capt. Overbury, who, until now, had not expressed his own preference—"for myself, I'd rather 'prentice my son Andy to learn *law* than anything else; though mother, here," glancing at his wife, "*she'd* like to make a minister of him, I s'pose—hadn't you, Nancy?"

"Oh, my golly! ain't *that* rich?" shouted fat Billy, emerging his head from under the table like a turtle's from its shell—while little Emily, a fair-haired, dimpled, eight-year-old child,

lisp'd audibly, "Mother, Andy ain't *dood* enough for a minister—he *thweared* like *everything* the other day when the old turkey gobbled at him!"

"Sue, put those children to bed instantly!" said Capt. Overbury, authoritatively; and forthwith the command was obeyed, amid sundry struggling objections on the part of the juvenile offenders, who insisted that "mother said they might sit up till *nine*—so now!" But the paternal decree had gone forth, and order was restored.

"Yes, indeed, husband—I've always set my heart upon having one of our sons a minister; but then p'raps 'twould be as well to ask the boy himself what he'd like to be—Andy'll certainly have a choice. Stand up here, my son, and tell us which you'd rather be when you get to be a man—a lawyer, a doctor, or a minister?" and the fond mother turned to where the youthful prodigy sat very busily whittling on the hull of a boat he had that day been fashioning from a little model on the window-sill before him.

"Andrew Jackson, put up your jack-knife, and answer your mother!" commanded the captain.

"A lawyer—a doctor—a minister," repeated the boy, slowly, "I don't want to be *neither*, father! I'd a good deal rather be a *sailor*, and go to sea and help catch whales and porpusses, and fetch home sandal wood, and ivory, and cocoa-nuts, that it tells about in the g'ography. I wish you'd let me be a *sailor*, father!" and the bluff, red-faced boy looked, that moment, quite like the picture of the porpoise he daily scanned in Peter Parley's geography. "I want to be a sailor—I hate study, and I mean to go to sea!" he added, stoutly.

"But you can't *be* a sailor and you *shan't!* that's the end of it! And if I ever hear such stuff again, depend upon't, sir, you'll feel something on your jacket that'll take such notions out of you!" exclaimed the captain, with more of harshness than he had ever manifested before toward Andy—"so now answer your mother's questions quick, youngster! Who do you suppose is a goin' to pay out money for your eddication, and then have you round a drunken, vagabond sailor, like that Ben Weston? I'll forbid your speakin' to him agin, for he's allers puttin' such notions in your head! Hand me that boat you're making, sir! It'll do for kindling the fire to-morrow mornin'. You've jest got to study, and go to college, and *be somethin'*, and it'll be your own fault if you don't cut a figur' in the world when you're a man—hey, Andy!"

"Come, my son, your father don't mean to

seold you—but it's for your own good," interposed Mrs. Overbury, in mollifying accents. "You don't want to be naughty, I'm sure; come, tell us which you'd rather, a lawyer, doctor, or minister, Andy?"

Andy hung his head a moment, sore vexed at the defeat of a project which had grown in his brain ever since Ben Weston, a stout sailor who had come home from a three years' whaling cruise, had filled his head with glowing accounts of the great ocean and foreign lands—but only concluding that it would be politic to seem to acquiesce in his parents' plans, he replied,

"Well, I won't be a *minister, anyhow!* I guess it's hard enough to set and *hear* two long sermons every Sunday—and you know, father, *you* always get to sleep, and mother has to poke you with her fan to wake you up—it's hard enough to *hear* the sermons without *writin'* 'em—besides, Parson Cooke wears the meanest coat in all Greenmeadow. I won't be a minister, *nohow!*" and he emphatically snapped to the blade of the jack-knife with a jerk.

"Well, a *lawyer*, sonny, like Squire Brief?" said aunt Hannah, coaxingly, patting his arm.

"I *hate* Squire Brief!" replied Andy, energetically—for a memory of a descent on that worthy's peach orchard, in which our young trespasser received summary punishment from the hands of said squire, was very fresh in the lad's mind—"I hate *all* lawyers! I won't be a lawyer, aunt Hannah!"

"A *doctor*, then?" queried the father; whereat Sue's bright eyes sparkled, and she slyly telegraphed an approving nod to the lad.

"W—e—ll," drawled Andy, after a little pause, "that wouldn't be so bad, if 'twasn't for gettin' up nights, and ridin' when it's cold or stormy. Sue, I say," and he energetically snapped his fingers in her face, "does that beau o' yours get called up nights often, do you believe? 'Cause, you see, if I could take it easy, and not have to work too hard, I might be a doctor!"

"Don't be alarmed, boy!" said Robert, smiling maliciously toward Sue, "if you don't get called out nights oftener than that young chap, Dr. Swell, does, you won't have a chance of seeing how Greenmeadow looks by starlight very soon, I'm thinking! But I guess you'd better be a doctor, Andy; we'll all subscribe for a box of pills apiece round in the family, and that'll sort of set you up in practice, you see!"

Sue's, "Now, Rob, you ought to be ashamed—" was cut short by Andy,

"Yes, father, by hokey I'll be a doctor! I'll be jolly to have a horse and buggy of my own, and ride round, and jest look into sick folks'

rooms and leave 'em a little powder, or a bottle of stuff, or something, and then go away and charge 'em four-and-six a visit. And let's see! I'll invent some great medicine—and sell thousands of bottles of 'The Great Highfalutin' Overbury Cordial'—and look here, aunt Hannah! let me begin practice *now*, by telling you that *taking snuff* is very injurious to that appendage of the human face commonly called the nose, because it titillates, and inflames, and irritates, and tickleates, and elucidates, the inner membrane of your wonderful *oil factory* organ, unless it happens that the snuff-box chances to get rid of its contents *just so!*" and with a sudden jog of his elbow, followed by a spring for the door, the young scapegrace made his exit amid the laughter of the whole group—aunt Hannah swallowing her wrath at the loss of her Maccaboy, by consoling herself with the remembrance of the wonderful "*larned words*" the lad had used.

So it was decreed in the Overbury family that "Our Andy" should become a doctor, which fact was proclaimed by the juvenile prodigy himself, with a sly pinch of sister Sue's arm—though, that night, as he sought the dormitory where also slept the twin brothers, he awoke Billy from the pillow where he slumbered soundly, vowing stoutly that "Father *might* send him to the 'cademy and to college, for all he cared, but he'd promised Ben Weston to be a sailor, and he meant to *run away* to sea!"

And Billy only sleepily grunted an assent, and turned on his pillow into dreamland; and the family below broke up their consultation; and all that night, while bright-eyed Sue slumbered, the strangest antics played across her brain, in which she saw an immense pill-box on legs walking out of Greenmeadow church during service—and, farther, strange to relate, just as said pill-box reached the door, it turned, and resolved itself into a tall, handsome young man, who bore the likeness of "Alphonso Swell, M. D."

Ten years have gone by; and now let us look upon Greenmeadow and its inmates again. Perhaps, after glancing over the broad, thriving country town, whose fields and meadows seem more fertile than of old—after passing up the long, country highway, and lingering a moment in front of the cheery blacksmith's shop, where, all day, Warren Woodman, Sallie Overbury's husband, hammers away at his blazing forge, singing merrily the while—then entering the village, and observing the air of thrift about the many newly-erected dwelling houses, and the new brick hotel in the square—you drop in at the store at the corner, no longer bearing on its sign the words "Variety Store," but "Leonard

Rice, Dry-Goods' Dealer," in imposing gilt letters, which name Mrs. Leonard Rice is wont to read very often with a feeling akin to pride from the door of her handsome white house over the way. And then, after noting that the old-fashioned massive door-plate is missing from Dr. Reid's mansion, and a neat silver one is there instead, bearing the name, "A. Swell, M. D.," while in a large bow window is the word "Office," which office is handsomely furnished, and brightened sometimes by other visitors than patients in the shape of three rosy-cheeked children and their bright-eyed mother, a handsome woman, still on the sunny side of thirty, and strangely resembling our old friend, Sue Overbury, till, at the ring of some patient, they four—mother and children—hastily make their exit into the adjoining sitting-room—and, after leaving these precincts, you may, perchance, meet on the threshold a tall, handsome young man of twenty-two, whom the villagers familiarly call "Dr. Bill," informing you that he is Dr. Swell's brother-in-law and student: then you stroll down the street to meet, singularly enough, Dr. Bill's counterpart in the person of another tall, handsome young man of twenty-two, whom you watch as he enters Squire Brief's office, to be assured, if you make inquiry "who went in there" of some bystander,

"Oh! that was Dick Overbury."

After all this you will remember the old Overbury homestead, and naturally feel a desire to stray down thither, and fall to wondering about them all, and most about "Our Andy."

Well, here we are again! How little changed is everything! The elms that spread their arms protectingly over the ample, motherly roof, seem scarce a day older; but the moss is thicker on the roof; the same tufts of white clover and plantain leaves grow thick about the old well-curb, almost overtopping the wooden watering trough; the hollyhocks grow tall and stately in the front yard; the same hay-fields stretch away in the rear of the great barn to the river; and, as I live, there is Capt. John Overbury himself, looking scarce a day older than when we saw him last, "raking after" the great hay cart going into the new barn. And now, looking in at the back door, we catch a glimpse of Mrs. Capt. Overbury bustling about the long kitchen, transferring loaves of cake, golden custards and luscious blueberry pies, from the open-mouthed brick oven to the cooking-table under the win-

dow. And in the great "west room," where, by-the-bye, a new sofa, pretty carpet and graceful drapery curtains have displaced the old-time

hard wooden "settee," painted floor, and paper window-shades—very busy there, arranging flowers in a porcelain vase on the mantle, or the books on the little centre-table, stands sweet Emily Overbury, a blooming girl of eighteen; while up in the "spare chamber" above, dressing the old-fashioned high-posted bed in snowy linen, looping back the muslin curtains, then placing various little knickknacks on the toilet; very busy there is blue-eyed Nannie, the youngest of the ten children born under that farm house roof, and the fairest flower that ever blossomed there.

"There, mother, we have finished. Everything is ready up stairs, and Emmy's made the parlor look well enough for a queen. Didn't Andy write that Katie is very handsome, and rich Capt. Stanton's daughter? I hope she isn't *proud*, mother! I shan't like her one bit then!" and Nannie reached from the open, vine-draped kitchen window, close by the table where her mother stood testing a loaf of cake with a broom splinter, and plucked a scarlet honeysuckle blossom for her fair curls.

"Of course she's proud, if she's handsome and a rich sea captain's daughter!" replied Mrs. Overbury, wiping her perspiring face with her checked apron, "but I like to see a girl have some spirit, and I shan't like her the worse for that. But don't you fear, girls; if Andy can bring home a likelier wife than either of the Overbury girls will make, why I should like to see her! But hurry, Nan! And Em, too! Go dress yourselves, for it's eleven now, and they'll be here by dinner time, certain. I'll have the oven empty in a minute, and get my best cap and collar on. I've been behindhand all the mornin'—kind o' flustered like. But 'taint *every* family in Greenmeadow that's expectin' a son like our Andy—fust mate of the ship 'Kate Stanton'—home to visit 'em! Do hurry, girls!" and, with a smile of maternal pride on her lips, Mrs. Overbury turned to the brick oven.

"Avast there, my hearties! And, hey! what two handsome craft are these?" cried a deep, sonorous voice in the doorway where Emily and Nannie Overbury were making their exit, when they suddenly found themselves both imprisoned in a pair of strong arms, and a half dozen hearty kisses—or "salutes," as the sailor called them—rained alternately on their lips.

"What, hey! running down a man-o'-war full rigged, and a tight little clipper ship in my wake!" shouted gleefully the confronting figure whom they had no difficulty in making out as "brother Andy;" then he released them, and stepped aside to reveal in his wake said "clipper ship," which proved to be no less a "craft"

than a little bundle of smiles, blushes and curls, enveloped in the neatest of linen traveling-dresses, whom Andy gravely presented as "Mrs. Andy Overbury, and first mate of the fast sailing ship 'Kate Stanton,' which Capt. Stanton had very kindly presented his scapegrace son-in-law on his wedding day, as a reward for his taking Katie off his hands!"

And the smiling, blushing "first mate" came forward so sweetly and timidly to greet her new sisters with a kiss, that both Emmy and Nannie forgot their dread of rich Capt. Stanton's daughter; and Andy's mother, after her escape from the regular, old-fashioned "sailor kiss" to which Andy persisted in treating her—welcomed her new daughter with a warm, motherly embrace, and secretly took her into her ample heart as "one of the Overburys."

And five minutes after, Capt. John Overbury stood in the kitchen door, in his shirt sleeves, and extended his sun-burnt hand, which the young sailor persisted in calling "a flipper," as he gave it so heartily a grip as almost to bring tears to the old man's eyes.

And, early that summer's evening, old friends and neighbors dropped in; for it was known far and near through Greenmeadow how "young Andy Overbury had got home from sea, and brought his wife, a rich Boston sea cap'n's daughter, and 'the prettiest creeter alive,'" as old aunt Hannah Miles said, after scrutinizing the fresh young face through her spectacles; and such a family group as that was which gathered in the old west room, brothers and sisters, to grasp a returned brother and a new sister by the hand, and a host of others to welcome "uncle Andy and aunt Katie!"

There were John and Robert, both bronzed by their summer's toil, but well, and hearty, and "forehanded," as farmers have it; and Sallie followed, with her stalwart husband, who seemed the impersonation of the "village blacksmith" whom Longfellow describes, then came Debbie, "Mrs. Susan Rice," leaning on her merchant-

husband's arm; and, later in the evening—for "she had waited for the doctor to hasten home from a call"—came in our old friend Sue, accompanied by no less a personage than "A. Swell, M. D.," successor to Dr. Reid, and the physician of Greenmeadow.

Then, in a quiet corner, Emily kept up a cozy whispering with her *affiance*, young Prof. Leeds, Preceptor of the new Greenmeadow Academy; and in the wide, moonlighted, front entry Nannie proved one of a trio of pretty girls.

"Mother, I say it's too bad Nan can't have a beau, when everybody else is provided for!" exclaimed Andy, returning from the entry where he had been "to tease the girls," "I say it's a downright shame! I shall have to get Sydney Wells—my second mate, and as good a fellow as ever trod a quarter-deck—down here to make love to her! Hey! Nan, how'd you like to go a voyage with us? Look here! I've a splendid little sandal-wood fan in my trunk he sent 'that pretty little sister of mine' I've told him so much about!"

Of course little Nannie blushed, and pouted, and hid away in the shadows all that evening; and of course it would be placing too great a tax on the reader's imagination to ask him or her to look forward that day, three months, when, in very truth, sweet Nannie *did* sail from Boston harbor with her young husband in the good ship "Kate Stanton" bound for the Southern seas, while "Our Andy" and his own little "first mate" stood on the deck beside them!

"And, mother," Andy said, a smile and a tear struggling in his eye, "you have forgiven me, long ago, for running away that summer night to become a sailor? There is room enough in your heart yet, though I *wouldn't* be a minister, or lawyer, or doctor! Your other sons will bring professional honors into the family; I was born for a wild, rattling sailor, and I certainly never could conscientiously lay claim to the title—'the genius of the family!'"

THE GUIDE-STAR OF LIFE'S MORNING.

BY JAMES M. THOMPSON.

And when in youthful dreams of joy
We feel our spirits bounding,
And visions of unbounded wealth,
Or dreams of fame high sounding
Come through our brain, with swelling tones,
All aid and counsel scorning;
Oh! then let truth and virtue be
Our guide-star in life's morning.

And when old age comes slowly on,
Our locks to silver turning,
Oh! may it find within our hearts
The flame of truth still burning;
May still our spirits hate their sin,
And, still a falsehood scorning,
Look back and bless that priceless gem—
The guide-star of life's morning.

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XV.

GILLIAN and her father sat together in the library, a large room opening from the front vestibule, and forming one of a suit of apartments that might have befitted a palace, the ceilings were so high, and the fresco pictures upon them so exquisite as works of art.

Book-cases of dark wood, polished like jet, occupied all those spaces of the wall not broken by the tall windows on one side, and a broad bay which occupied a large portion of the front. These book-cases were surmounted by bronze busts of the great poets and statesmen that had left the best part of their lives, the thought which never perishes, in the richly bound volumes that gleamed through those crystal doors. The tall windows between were dressed to the floor with curtains of heavy crimson silk, which, drawn back or closed by thick cords and tassels, excluded, or let in the light, as the inmates of that room might desire cheerfulness or solitude. In the recess of the broad bay window stood an elaborately carved table, oblong and polished like a mirror; an easy-chair and a richly cushioned bench, which swept round the lower woodwork of the window, offering a luxurious seat to any one who loved the gorgeous twilight of the place; for, though the window itself was of pure plate glass, the inner sashes, gorgeously stained with amber, crimson and purple, gave an air of indescribable magnificence to the whole room whenever they were closed over the pure light which shone through the outer glass, which happened very frequently, for there were times when Mr. Bentley seemed to shrink from the broad day, and seek the gloom of that sumptuous library, as a wounded stag loves the deep hemlock shade.

Sometimes too, Gillian, the bright, happy Gillian, came like a bird of Paradise, and indulged her sweet reveries in this rich twilight. Now that her soul was brim full of love—when she knew that answering love flowed back upon her as honey-dew falls upon the leaves—she would gather herself into this silken nest and think over and over again the sweet words he had uttered—the glances that had made every nerve

in her frame thrill, and wonder, with pleasant egotism, if any human being was ever so happy before.

It was broad day out of doors, but a luxurious twilight reigned within. Gillian sat upon the silken cushions, dreaming over her sweet fancies; and Mr. Bentley leaned back in the easy-chair close by, reading, or seeming to read, for a leaf of the stained blind was folded back, and a stream of pure light fell over him and made a path far out on the carpet beyond.

He had forgotten that Gillian was in the room, his reverie was so deep—forgotten everything in the intense interest excited by the book, which began to tremble in his hand, while a haze crept over his eyes, and he found himself, all at once, unable to distinguish the print, which floated before him like the net-work of a cobweb.

The slow motion of one hand drawn across his eyes, and a heavy sigh aroused Gillian.

"What is it, father?" she said, sitting upright, and smiling upon him as an infant awakes in the morning. "What is it that makes you sigh so heavily, as if it were sorrow, not joy, that holds your breath?"

Bentley answered her look and her smile, but it was winter meeting spring. In Mr. Bentley's smile there was a quivering sadness that made the heart stand still; in hers, a joy that made it leap.

"Is it the book?" she said, rising and casting a glance over his shoulder. "Ah! I see, one of Mrs. Ransom's novels. No wonder you are sad, papa. I have cried myself ill over those very pages. What power, what passion she throws into everything, and yet her pathos is so tender, like her voice when she pleads for something! Oh! papa, I wish you could hear her talk."

"Like this? Does she talk like this?" said Bentley, laying his slender hand on the open page of the book.

"At times, when she is excited or sad; for I do believe this lady writes, as she talks, from unstudied impulse; but usually she is gay, almost joyful; I think she talks nonsense best of all. I never saw exactly such a woman."

"But you like her?"

"Oh! yes, so much! It seems to me as if I never really loved till she taught me how."

"Ah!" said Bentley, closing the book and looking searchingly into the glowing face that bent over him, "this intimacy has sprung into friendship very suddenly. It is not often that a girl of little more than seventeen seeks a companion so much her elder; for the author of this cannot be young—power and finish like this renders the idea impossible."

"Yes, papa, but you know I have been always with persons older than myself, and like them best. Young girls are so—so——"

"Well?"

"So full of themselves they will not take time to think of others. I never saw a person—a lady I mean—young or old, who comprehended all I wished or felt till Mrs. Ransom permitted me to visit her."

"Permitted! Why, Gillian, you are growing meek. It was but yesterday you spoke of visiting Mrs. Lawrence, one of the most distinguished ladies of the fashionable world, with something almost like contempt."

"Oh! papa, not that. I was only careless, impatient at the worst; but even so, Mrs. Lawrence is only a rich, fashionable woman, who thinks herself a good judge of tone, and talks eternally about her carriage horses, is delighted when she is mistaken for a Frenchwoman, and wonders why any nation can be so vulgar as to have 'Yankee Doodle' for a national air. Indeed, papa, I don't like that style of person at all."

"Well, well, I am not asking you to like her. She is rather too advanced for a companion to my Gillian. But is there no young lady?"

"None but cousin Hannah Hart that I care a rose-leaf for; she is honest as steel, and fresh as a violet. Indeed I do love cousin Hannah dearly. I intend that she shall make a dozen conquests at our party."

"But to go back where we began, Gillian; this lady author, have you invited her?"

"Yes, papa."

"And she comes, of course. I believe your first party is to be the rage, daughter, so we may depend on this lady."

"I don't know," answered Gillian, thoughtfully, "she promised at one time, but now rather shrinks from the throng that will be here."

A cloud came over the young girl's face—a look of hesitation and distress, which her father observed.

"Well, what is it, child? Is there anything more about this lady? She seems to have taken a strange hold on you."

Still Gillian blushed and trembled. Her eyes were downcast; her lips began to quiver.

Mr. Bentley grew anxious. Why should his child be so agitated? Had this authoress really obtained some subtle power over that high nature? Was there a secret which he did not know?

"Look at me, Gillian."

"Well, father, I do."

"With your eyes, not with your soul."

"With all my soul!" she answered, smiling bravely. "I was a coward, but it was only for a minute." She did not think how difficult it would prove. "Oh! father, the heart should have a language for itself, to be used only once or twice in a life time."

"And if you had this language at command, what would it reveal, Gillian?"

Gillian sunk slowly to her knees, took her father's hand and pressed her lips to the palm. The hand shook, a cloud of anxiety darkened Bentley's face.

"Gillian—Gillian, what have you done? What does this mean?"

She lifted her face, radiant and glistening with tears; her eyes were like wet periwinkles; her mouth a rose-bud shaken by rain-drops.

"Father, as my mother loved you, I—I——"

He snatched his hand away, and shook her off as if she had been a viper. His face was ashen white, and he shrunk together chilly and hoarse.

"Love as your mother loved me! Girl—girl, what demon put those words into your mouth?"

She staggered back clasping her hands.

"Father!"

He struggled with himself stoutly. You could see the veins swell on his forehead, and the great drops gather there.

"Speak on, Gillian, my child, I frightened you. Something you were ready to tell me."

"Father!" said Gillian, gently, and in a low voice, for she was still pale and frightened. "It is at her request, indeed at her command, that I tell you this with my own lips, rather than wait for a stranger to startle, perhaps offend you with the knowledge that she says you should have had long ago. The gentleman is a friend of hers."

"What gentleman, my child?"

His accents were mournful, his lips white.

"Mr. Woodworth."

For a moment there was silence; then Mr. Bentley spoke.

"And you love this man?"

"He is a good man, father."

"And you love him?"

"Forgive me, father—but I do."

"Entirely to the exclusion of every other love,

of every other thought, with the whole might of your being? Is this the love you mean?"

She was on her knees before him. He took her clasped hands between his and lifted them upward as if enforcing an oath.

"Father, I do love him even as you say—to the exclusion of every other love, of any other thought."

"Better than your father, your lonely, lonely father?"

"Differently; but not better."

"That is wrong, Gillian, very wrong. When a woman loves it should be with all her soul, no affection must stand before that love. No man should be content without the whole being of his wife—or is content without it."

"Oh! father, I dare not tell you how much I do love him; my heart is breaking to speak, but cannot."

How beautiful she was! how proudly modest there on her knees speaking of her love!

"But will it last? I do not ask who the man is—that for another time—but will this love hold out to the end? Is it pure gold ingrained into the soul, or snow ready to melt under a new smile?"

"Oh! father, remember I am your daughter!"

"And hers!"

No words can describe the passionate bitterness of these two syllables, they fell like heated shot from his lips—a fierce wrath broke over his face. Gillian stood up cold and white.

"You speak of my mother!"

He did not answer her, but dropping his face on the two hands which he had clasped on the table, shook like a leaf.

All the pride went out from Gillian's heart. She drew close to her father, and bending down kissed his hot forehead again and again, murmuring.

"Father, forgive me—oh! forgive me whatever my sin may be! It kills me to feel you tremble so: I never saw you weep before, father. What have I done?—what have I done?"

Bentley looked up and tried to smile, but with the heavy drops trembling on his face, the smile was like pale lightning after rain.

"Father!"

He looked at her, but did not speak.

"Father, does it pain you that I love this gentleman? He is noble, an honorable, great man; but I will die rather than see you unhappy."

Mr. Bentley drew her toward him, kissed her forehead, and said very tenderly, but with a sadness that went to her heart.

"Pain! No, Gillian, you never gave me pain in your life. I know something of this man, he

is both honorable and of great ability. Why should I grieve that you love him? it is such qualities that should win a Bentley."

"Oh! my father!"

She could say no more, grateful joy broke her voice. That moment she would have worshipped her father.

"Go, my child, go now. This is one of the moments that sweep over one like a hurricane. Half an hour ago you were my daughter—all mine. Now you belong to another—a stranger whom I have not seen half a dozen times in my life. You cannot pull up a wild flower by the roots without disturbing the ground; do not think thus to dislodge a child from her father's heart and leave no anguish behind."

Gillian did not speak, but obeying the motion of his hand, went out weeping bitterly.

Mr. Bentley walked the library, up and down at first wildly, and by degrees with steadiness, till his usual calm demeanor came back. He was neither a weak nor selfish man, but this declaration had come upon him so suddenly that the shock was overpowering.

He had scarcely seated himself in the chair again, when a servant announced Mr. Woodworth, and directly that gentleman entered the library. Actuated by an honorable wish to deal frankly with the father of Gillian, he had come at once to declare all that had passed between them, and henceforth retire from his suit, or urge it under the parental sanction.

No one to have seen Mr. Bentley, when he arose with grave courtesy to receive his visitor, would have believed in the storm of passion that had just swept over him. True, he was pale, and his eyes were heavy, but he had moved out of the clear light, and Woodworth saw nothing but a man of remarkable refinement, waiting to see his guest seated before he resumed his own position by the table.

Woodworth was a proud man—too proud for that undue estimate of Mr. Bentley's wealth, which might have embarrassed an ordinary suitor. Possessed of great talent, and a high position won by that talent, it never entered his mind to feel that any inequality existed between him and the millionaire. On the contrary, had he found Mr. Bentley of the ordinary stamp of rich men, insolent or purse-proud, it is just possible that the pride of genius might have recoiled at the connection. For genius can ill brook the presumption of wealth, and Woodworth knew his own powers well enough to be sure that they could win gold in the end, as they had already secured political position and literary fame.

But there was no reason for distrust here, Mr. Bentley was not a man to think of wealth when a separation from his child was the question. It was to him a matter of no importance whatever that Woodworth possessed no means of adding to his own broad possessions. Being neither mercenary nor capable of suspecting others of so mean a feeling without just cause, he waved the question of property altogether, just as his high-souled daughter had done. He did not make it important enough to feel self complacency that he was able to endow the man of genius with the wealth he neither despised or coveted. In this respect the two men were alike. It was the fair girl who sat in a tremor of expectation up stairs of which both thought, and for whom both acted.

Gillian had heard the footsteps of her lover in the vestibule, and listened breathlessly till the library door closed after him. She had no apprehension of the result of this visit to her father, but still her heart beat loud, and her cheek flushed. They were talking of her, for the first time her noble father and lover were standing face to face in their new relations. How would they like each other? How would the sensitive and retiring nature of her father meet the frank energy of the young man?

The interview was not long. She heard the library door open and close—a footstep, not his, for her heart did not leap to the sound, but stood still, expectant, sounded on the marble floor. It was her father who mounted the grand staircase and approached her own room. The same sad smile was on his lip—the same look of pain on his forehead. Gillian's heart began to ache as she saw him; for she was not one of those who could be happy while anything she loved was in sorrow. The smile with which he addressed her was indescribably sweet.

"Gillian, go down, some one is waiting for you in the library."

She arose and went up to him with that exquisite grace that springs from deep feeling.

"Father!" she pleaded, bowing her stately head like a white lily when it thirsts for night dew—"father, bless me before I go."

He laid one hand on her head and blessed her with tears in his eyes.

Gillian felt her own eyes fill. Never, in her life, had she seen her father weep before that day. It was thus with a swell of holy tenderness at her heart that she went down to meet her betrothed.

Woodworth stood within the dim room waiting. All his pride was gone, the tenderness of a great love reigned in its place. For the first

time his soul gave way to the ardor of its new passion; his eyes flashed; his lip curved with joyous smiles. She lost all other thoughts as her eyes met his and became radiant as the morning.

They could not speak, for deep love has no adequate language, but her hand was in his, a strong arm glided around her, and she felt the beating of his heart; his lips fell like a honey bee to the bloom of hers: and then they sat down together on the silken cushions of the great window, happy as the angels when they have secured a soul for heaven.

As they sat thus in the sumptuous twilight the library door opened, and Michael Hurst stood in the gloom closely regarding them. The pliant hinges in that house seldom made a noise, and it was some minutes before either Woodworth or Gillian saw the intruder; when they did look up, the cold sneer on Hurst's face made the young girl recoil. The serpent had entered their paradise.

"I beg pardon; but the servant informed me that I should find Miss Hart in the library," said Hurst, advancing to the window, and searching the two with his eyes.

Gillian only bowed, while Woodworth remained silent, annoyed by the intrusion, but unconscious that it had any importance.

"Shall I find her in the drawing-room?" persisted the insolent young man, still fixing his eyes on Gillian; "or may I expect her here?"

"I do not know where my aunt is," said Gillian, with a proud lift of the head; "but she seldom visits this room, it is my father's."

"The servant will be able to tell me, perhaps," said Hurst, bowing profoundly, and moving toward the door; "do not let me disturb you."

There was a sneer in his voice which Gillian felt keenly. Why was she compelled to see that man beneath her father's roof? What infatuation was it which gave him so much power over aunt Hetty? That sad, nervous woman, usually so still and yielding, had proved obstinate in receiving him at all hours, seasonable and unseasonable. Hannah Hart, too, had brought the force of her innocent will into the contest—for there had been one—and could not understand what Gillian could find against a young man so handsome, and who always had some charming thing to say, which was enough to make any woman like him. As for old Dinah, she was infatuated with the young man. He had given her a real Madras handkerchief, which she wore triumphantly as a turban, and always designated her as Miss Hart's maid, a distinction she was

resolute in maintaining with a high hand if that proved necessary.

Hurst found the elder and younger Miss Hart in a cosy little sitting-room up stairs, where he had known them to be all along; but the servant had told him that Miss Bentley was in the library with a gentleman, and he had gratified an audacious curiosity as we have related.

Hannah—really it is quite impossible to tell the changes that had come over pretty Hannah Hart since her retreat from the country. She was so pretty in her white muslin dress and cherry-colored ribbons; her round arms had grown so white; and her plump hands so daintily soft and dimpled, that she seemed more like a good-natured, happy child than a full-grown girl, as she really was. Fresh from her farm life, she enjoyed the luxury of her new existence like a bird when he finds the cherry trees laden with fruit, and enjoyed all the flattery bestowed on her comeliness with an appetite as keen as the little songster's.

Aunt Hetty and Dinah had been called to hold a consultation with regard to the costume in which Hannah was to appear at the great party now close at hand. A curious council it was Aunt Hetty, of course, had no opinion to give: she never had, poor thing! Hannah herself was very much in favor of appearing as a flower girl, with a basket of roses on her head. While Dinah impetuously expressed her preference of an Oriental costume, glittering with gold lace, and gorgeous with contrasting colors.

"Now, young Mis-es, what's the use of dem daisies and cowslips down here in York?—got nuff and plenty ob dem tings on de farm; jes yer put on dese garmins as some Queen ob Sheba hab worn afore yer, and stand up wid de best on 'em. What if Miss Gillian is a head taller than you is, an' walks proud as de peacock afore him fadders drop, haint yer got de same blood in yer veins, with eyes like black huckleberries, and a skin like curd now you've got de tan off. Jes yer let 'em see as der is more en one queen under dis horspental roof. Miss Gillian is a smart gal, but she ain't all er'ation no more den udder folks. Golly no!"

"Hush!" said aunt Hetty, nervously, "some one is coming;" and the old lady held her breath as the footsteps approached.

"Oh! golly, I'se satisfied. It's only Mister Hurst, and he's sartin ter gree to my 'pinion. We has de same taste, jes look at dis hankercher and see."

"Who is speaking of Mr. Hurst?" exclaimed the young man, entering the room; "not the lovely Hannah? I fear with so many admirers

she can hardly find a word to throw away on a poor fellow like me."

"Because you throw away so many on yourself," said Hannah, laughing as she arranged the artificial flowers in a little basket on her lap. "Wait till I put these red roses in against the white so. There, ain't I a pretty flower girl? and isn't this just the character for me?"

"It is perfection," cried the young man, as she coquettishly balanced the basket on her head, "one almost smells the new mown hay from which the flowers were gathered."

Hannah laughed till the basket trembled on her head.

"That's all you know of real flowers," she cried. "Why these are made of muslin, and moss, and ever so many things. Real flowers would wilt under the first chandelier that shone on them. No, no, real roses for the country, and artificial ones here. Don't laugh, I'm a great deal wiser than you think."

"Wiser? why there never was such a little philosopher. I am really half in love with your wisdom, and quite with yourself. What say you, Miss Hart, shall I propose at once to this pretty flower girl?"

"Propose! propose! what! you?" faltered the old lady, terrified as she always was by anything that led her thoughts into a new channel. "I never thought of the thing. Our Hannah and you! Is this in earnest? You should not say these dreadful things in joke, Michael. Mr. Hurst, it shocks one so."

"Well, then, suppose we change the lady, and say Miss Bentley instead of Miss Hart?" persisted the young man, with a glance in his eyes that sent the blood from aunt Hetty's face. "That would be one way of making restitution, don't you think so, madam?"

The blood that had retreated from aunt Hetty's face now fled her lips also, and, with a faint moan floating through them, she fell back in her chair, quite insensible.

Hurst regarded her with a triumphant smile, while Hannah flung the basket to the floor, crushing the flowers as she knelt before her aunt, and Dinah ran up to her chest for a camphor bottle, with which she soon appeared, pouring its contents into the palm of her hand as she hurried along.

"There, them's um. Dat camphor'll bring her too if anything on yearth will! 'Tain't none of yer York trash, but the genuine article 'solved in rum as id make yer mouth water temprance or no temprance! Dar now, don't yer see her eyelids are beginning ter flutter. Mighty powerful stuff dis 'ere camphor! Most raise de

dead if 'em hadn't lain too long. Dar now, how is yer, Miss Hetty? Lor, when a person is prepared aforehand wid means ob resurrection dese fits 'mount to nothin' no how."

"Are you better, dear lady?" said Hurst, bending over the helpless woman, as she shrunk together in her easy-chair.

She looked at him wistfully, almost in terror.

"What—what did you mean? Restitution! who talks of that?"

"No one talked of anything that should give you pain. It was a joke—what else should it be? Are you better? Why, how you tremble!"

"She always trembles when these fits come on," said Hannah, chafing the cold hands in hers. "The other day, when cousin Gillian spoke about you, she didn't get over shivering all night."

"Spoke about me? What did the young lady say, pretty Hannah?"

Dinah set her broad foot down on Hannah's little slipper with a force that made the unconscious girl cry out. When she looked up to expostulate, the old woman's face was gathered into a thousand warning wrinkles till it looked like a dried prune.

"What did she say? I was present on dat 'casion, Mas Hurst, and a more beautifuler complaisance never fell from lubly lips den she 'spressed 'garding yer. Ob course der wasn't no 'casion for Miss Hetty here ter go an' faint like a consarned ole fool, and she didn't do it no how."

Hurst said nothing, but he reasoned with himself.

"So I have been under discussion, and unpleasantly! Well, the sooner we open the war new the better. If I do not mistake the signs it is full time for action."

"There, now that aunt Hetty is better," said Hannah, rising from her knees, scarlet from Dinah's rebuke, "will you help me pick up my poor flowers! I have made up my mind, Dinah, the Queen of Sheba may go to Amsterdam; I'll be a flower girl and nothing else. With a basket on my head, wreaths over my shoulder, and a muslin apron running over with roses, red roses. Let them wilt—who cares? they are sweeter, a thousand times, when the bloom is gone than these pretty shams."

Dinah tossed her head and sniffed the air grandly.

"Der am pussons as kin 'commodeate demselves ter any sitewation; and them as can't do it no how. I don't want to make collusions, but every one understands her own compassity best. Now if any one was to say 'Dinah, am you com-

pacitated to be a Queen of Sheba, or any udder 'public?' I should say to once, 'Yes, I is—don't look further—Dinah's here.' But der am a difference 'tween folks and folks, no doubt 'bout dat. Dere was our Sarah, Miss Gillian's mudder, she was a born queen, dyed in de wool: couldn't a made her carry a basket ob roses no how. Wid one toss ob her head she'd a sent 'em flyin'; but den she was white folks."

"You remember Mrs. Bentley, then?" inquired Hurst, with sudden interest.

"Well I 'spect likely. Why not?" answered the old woman, with a shrewd gleam in her eyes.

"Did you live at Mr. Hart's at the time of her marriage?"

"'Spect likely," replied Dinah, suddenly becoming shy and laconic.

"And before, when the first Mr. Bentley was killed?"

"Ask agin. I 'spect it was afore dat. I fust went to live at de stun house, 'cause my nances-tors was born slaves under dat 'deutical roof, and none of their 'scendants would be born anywhere else on no 'count. Liz am de last sprout on de ancestrous tree, and her cradle stands in a garret, circumstantial evidence ob her bein' born in de hum ob dem honourous colored pussons as descended afore her."

"Then you have always lived with the Harts?"

"Them's um," answered Dinah, with a nod of the head.

"And you know the entire history of the family?"

"Mr. Hurst—Mr. Hurst—how can you?" cried Hannah, pointing to aunt Hetty, who had risen, and stood gazing on the young man, white as snow, and with her pale lips parted, as if she wished to speak but could not.

Hurst turned suddenly and stood mute, while aunt Hetty moved toward him like a ghost, and, touching his arm with her finger, said hoarsely,

"Young man, desist. In the name of the dead, desist!"

He stooped his head and whispered,

"I will, dear lady, when you tell me the whole truth."

She looked wildly around the room, as if searching for some means of escape; then her eyes turned to his with a fascinated stare, and she said, in the same hoarse voice,

"Come with me then."

He followed her out of the room toward her own chamber, and they disappeared through the door.

"Now dat consarned ole fool has gone full

jump down de young serpent's throat, jus' as I've seen a robin go jump inter de mout' ob a black snake, singin' all de time. Dinah! Dinah! if it wasn't for your 'scretion what would dey all come to?—corn shucks an' rye straw, nothing more 'stantial. Marcy Lord! hasn't I a time on it?"

Away Dinah went, leaving Hannah bewildered among her flowers; but she was just in time to see Miss Hart's door shut and the key turned in her face.

"Well," said she, with enforced philosophy, "when de debil gets de start ob Dinah look out for cinders! If dat darned ole maid wants to turn up Jack she'll do it now. Dat young feller has a good idea about de handkerchers as is becoming to de fair sex, but de ole serpent is in him, or I don't know de horns ob de debil when de poke out 'daciously. Now, ole nigger, be on yer guard, for der am troubles brewin', no mistake 'bout dat."

The old woman went to her own room, for she was handsomely accommodated in the upper story, where her chest formed a conspicuous amount of the room; but she was really too anxious for rest anywhere, and hovered for an hour about the door of Hetty Hart's chamber, really alarmed, and wondering what could be the subject of this long conference.

At last the door opened, and young Hurst came out. His face was flushed, and his eyes were dusky with passion, burning, fierce passion, that made you recoil, like the poisonous gasses in a well. He swept by the old negress without appearing to see her, but still, possessing presence of mind enough to slip softly, and leave the house without observation.

Dinah went into aunt Hetty's room, and found the poor lady prostrate on a couch, trembling so violently that everything around her shook. She must have wept violently, an unusual thing with her, for a cushion that had been thrust roughly under her head was wet, and the tears were still streaming down her face, which was white and contracted, as if an attack of cholera had left her prostrate.

"Miss Hetty, what hab you been and done? I 'plore ye tell yer ole servant all 'bout it! If trouble ob all kind falls on de Hart family, who kin bear it better den de old nigger woman as watched yer from yer cradle, and knows more 'en she'll eber talk 'bout?"

Hetty lifted one hand, with which she swept the tears from her eyes. The look which she cast on Dinah was heart-rending.

"What did you tell him, honey? Tell de ole woman or yer hart 'ill bust for sart'in, and de

Lord on'y kin help yer if she can't! Speak! honey, what did ye say ter him?"

"I don't know, Dinah."

"And he staid here a hull hour?"

"He was pleading—threat'ning—wounding me to death all the time. Old Dinah, my good Dinah, pity me, pity me; for I have no friend on earth, nothing but you; for you lived with us then, and for that, if nothing else, I love you, Dinah."

"Poor chile! poor honey! Jes as she was when I held her in dese arms a baby. She hain't been so nat'ral since that day. Look up, honey, Dinah 'ill take care of yer. Now jis try and 'member 'bout what ye told dat feller, for 'fore de Lord I 'spects him."

"Don't! oh! don't, Dinah! my heart is so sore from his cruelty! He would not believe me! He frightened the words out of my bosom, and then raved that they did not please him! What shall I do, Dinah? tell me what I can do?"

"What can you do! Why, jes dis: Till dat young rapscallion begs pardon—but dat 'ere is de word as come uppermost to my mout'—tell him to keep 'bout his business, and not come near yer ag'in. You've acted like a bird twitterin' to get out ob de way ob a snake ever since he came here so much. Miss Gillian loves him like p'ison, and my own young Misses will soon be getting skeery when he comes in. If it wasn't for you, Miss Hetty, 'fore de Lord I don't believe he'd come at all!"

"I know, I know!" moaned Hetty, writhing on the bed. "I wish they wouldn't feel so toward him: it only makes bitterness and works danger. Tell Hannah not to turn against him, for my sake—for Gillian's sake."

"Look a here!" exclaimed Dinah, sniffing the air after her old fashion when an unpleasant idea presented itself, "if yer means ter 'siniwate dat dis feller is wantin' to spark Miss Hannah, and I'se to look on widout 'spressin' my 'pinion on de suggest, 'tain't of no use. He's a mean specimin, and I'll tell her so."

"Oh! it isn't that. He doesn't want Hannah. It isn't for her sake he comes here. I wish it was."

"P'raps yer does; but I dusent. If yer wants to let a fox enter a brood ob young chickens, or hatch a rattlesnake in a hen's nest, try it, but Dinah won't help. He give me a handke'cher, and I'se grateful; but de young Misses is under my 'tection, and he shan't look at her over a pair six rail bars, if I can 'fend her from it."

Hetty was not listening: her eyes were fixed on the wall, and her hands clasped hard, as if she were trying to pray and could not.

Dinah began to speak again; but the poor woman motioned her off with a despairing movement, and closed her eyes wearily, as if they ached.

"So yer bound not ter tell what's on yer heart?" said the old negress, wiping her eyes. "Well, de Lord be wid yer; per'aps yer'll tell Him what 'tis dat 'stresses yer so. Nobody else can't do nothin' 'cause dere's no comprehension-izing de fust princ'pals ob de suggest."

So Dinah went forth, angry that all her eloquence had obtained no knowledge of a subject that had interested her so deeply, and grieved to the depths of her really kind heart to see her mistress so unhappy.

Dinah had scarcely left the chamber when aunt Hetty, pale as death, and with a strange look of the face, as if tears had washed all the light and color away, arose and tottered around her chamber, with one hand lifted to her forehead while she searched for a bonnet and shawl, which she put on with dreary slowness. Then she sat down on a bed, and fell to thinking, hour after hour, till the light faded, leaving her almost in darkness. At last she looked suddenly toward the window, gathered the shawl around her, and stole out by a dark staircase seldom used by any one except the servants.

Meantime Gillian had parted from her lover and gone to her own room, that sanctuary of a maiden's thoughts which should be, like the owner, pure as snow. This feeling had possessed Mr. Bentley when he took so much pains to combine simplicity with luxuriance in the arrangements of that suit of rooms appropriated exclusively to his daughter. Bright and fragrant was Gillian's chamber as she entered it; more fragrant than usual, for a basket of moss roses and heliotrope had reached her in the morning, so arranged that she had no doubt of the giver; and clusters of these lovely flowers were scattered about the room: you could see them through the delicate curtains of the bed, resting upon the pure linen pillows, and sending a pink glare up to the soft masses of embroidery which clung to the lace like snow-flakes. They were grouped in the tall vermilion glasses, exquisitely wrought, that stood upon the sculptured whiteness of the mantle-piece, just in quantities to send a joint fragrance through the room and no more.

The window draperies were of lace, like those of the bed, and floated over blinds of a blue so delicate, that they seemed patches of a warm sky breaking the edge of a summer cloud. A joint tinge of blue damask, with which the couch and easy-chairs were cushioned, stole out from

the fine linen covers; and clusters of white roses, tied by blue ribbons, formed a beautiful pattern to the blue and drab ground of the carpet.

Two doors opened from this chamber, opposite the entrance: one led to her dressing-room, which, with all its luxurious paraphernalia, was closed; and the other to her bath-room, which was cool and pure as a white marble floor, and slabs advancing a yard up the polished walls, could render it.

A marble bath, in the form of a huge conch shell, occupied one end of the room, the lip of the shell curving downward, and an inner lining of pale amber, flushing off to pink as it retreated to the heart of the shell, melted softly into its edges.

Above the bath, and forming a sort of cornice to the marble behind, was a lovely statuette, one of those generous purchases with which Mr. Bentley loved to encourage struggling genius. It was a female, softly falling to sleep, with her head resting on one arm, and her figure reclining on a bank. At her feet, the water lotus, with its broad leaves, suggested the neighborhood of water, which was artfully carried out by the liquid drops that gushed through them and fell raining into the bath.

The bell-like tinkle of these water drops was in harmony with Gillian's thoughts, and she lay down on a couch which commanded a view of the statuette, gazing dreamily on the sweet face, where a perpetual smile was frozen, which, after all, was but a shadow of her own warm, living joy.

There the young girl lay, with her head uplifted by the pillows of the couch, her hands softly folded over her heart, and her lips parted as sweet, unuttered words died away upon them in smiles.

You could have counted the beatings of her heart through the muslin folds of her dress; the rise and fall of the white hands clasped over it, and crushing out perfume from the spray of moss rose-buds which trembled to each thrill of happiness that stirred her bosom.

Then she turned her head upon the pillow, giving both glowing cheeks to the air. She gathered the roses from her bosom and pressed them to her lips with both hands, murmuring softly, as the water drops fell, "He loves me! He loves me!"

Deep feeling is poverty-stricken when it seeks for adequate expression. It was the gush and warmth of this tender whisper which would have told you how happy the young girl was.

Love is child-like in its simplicity—inexplicable to those who are incapable of feeling it,

and of that number are, perhaps, ninety-five people out of a hundred. Gillian was one of the happy few. Heart, mind and taste went with her affections. The pure romance of her nature was satisfied entirely with the man who had won her. Pride, high, womanly pride, which was her fault and her glory, crested itself on the choice she had made. She could look up to him for strength, and yet feel that she was his mate—that he had a right to be proud of her, as she was of him.

Then she thought of her father with a feeling that she had never loved him so thoroughly as then. In the breaking up of her heart a thousand precious feelings were found which she had never dreamed of before. In the glow of a great happiness, all her old affections took new vigor. To love and be beloved is to man or woman the crowning joy of existence, and such it was to Gillian.

Gillian felt this beautiful truth to the depths of her being, and it made a child of her. She kissed the roses he had given till their perfume glowed on her mouth. She kissed her own white hands because his lips had touched them last. She got up and surveyed herself in the tall mirror of her dressing-room, jealous that she was not beautiful enough, and greedy of more loveliness for his sake.

She let down her heavy, auburn hair, that it might ripple through her hands and over her arm while she exulted in its lustre. The glow and bloom of her beauty became precious to her for the first time, and all for his sake.

All at once she became more simple in her tastes, diamond and emerald rings were taken from her fingers and thrown into the pretty caskets. Such goods should not come in contact with the little circlet of gold which Woodworth had, that morning, placed upon her hand. Henceforth his taste should adorn her. She would value no ornament which he did not choose. He should be all the world to her—more than the world; for Gillian could have no idea of a happy eternity which he did not share.

When Gillian made this little sacrifice—for she longed to give up something for her lover—she went back to the couch again. Her hands stole up and clasped themselves over her heart—which beat more softly now—and, closing her eyes, she fell into a sweet dream. And all the time aunt Hetty lay in the agony of some great sorrow, moaning on her bed in the chamber above—perfect happiness and deep suffering within twenty feet of each other, without jarring or sympathy.

When Gillian fell to dreaming on her couch, aunt Hetty stole out from her chamber, and

crept, like a ghost, by the door which shut in so much joy. She did not feel it, but went on her own icy way, doubting if the world held anything but pain and sorrow.

Dinah sat in the upper hall, folding for herself a turban of colored gauze, which was intended for the great party. She saw the quiet lady stealing down the back staircase, and, hurriedly laying down her finery, snatched up a shawl and followed after, muttering to herself, "I wonder what secret she kin have dat ole Dinah hain't got a right ter know."

CHAPTER XVI.

"MARY NICHOLSON!"

Mrs. Nicholson came out of her little bedroom, looking very much frightened.

"Did you speak to me, Mrs. Frost?"

The old lady did not answer promptly, for she was busy counting some change in the palm of her hand with great eagerness, as the increased vibrations of her head testified.

"Ten, eleven, twelve—one shilling—three cents. Why, Mary Nicholson—Mary Nicholson! what does this mean? You've tampered with the change. I've suspected it for some time, now it's clear. Mary Nicholson, what have you done with three cents that ought to be here and isn't?"

"Three cents!" faltered Mrs. Nicholson. "It's there I—I'm sure. It's all right, ma'am."

Again the old woman counted the money in her hand, nodding, nodding, nodding over it with terrible eagerness.

"No, Mary Nicholson, it isn't right. I sent you to market believing that you could be trusted with untold gold. I gave you twenty-five cents to buy marketing with; according to orders you bring half a pound of liver, with a trifle thrown in for the cat, which I'm aware the man ought to give, considering he has all our custom; now the liver cost just five cents; there was a cent's worth of parsley, and—and——"

"Horseradish, ma'am; you forget the horseradish!"

"Horseradish, one cent."

"Two!" said Mrs. Nicholson, desperately, "two!"

"No, one. I say one cent for horseradish; one for parsley; five for liver—seven in all. Now, Mary Nicholson, don't be afraid; I don't mean to go to the extremity of the law with you; I'm willing to consider your youth and inexperience, but where is those three cents?"

Mrs. Nicholson was about to speak, and we grieve to say, about to insist on the horseradish,

but Mrs. Frost went off like a pendulum, and began nodding so vehemently that the culprit broke down, and penitently confessed that she had spent three cents for a little bunch of garden flowers to put in Mr. Hurst's room: she thought perhaps they might entice him to come home earlier.

Mrs. Frost reached forth her hand and took her staff from the corner. It was impossible to support the weight of her indignation without help.

"And you have done this—you spend my money to entice young men into noticing you with! Mary Nicholson, Mary Nicholson! flighty as you are I wouldn't have believed this of you. It goes beyond anything. But this isn't the first time: it's three weeks since I saw you take that wineglass with the gold sprig on it out of the cupboard. I suppose you've been robbing me and buying flowers ever since."

"No, ma'am, no. I changed the water twice a day, and cut off the stems to freshen 'em—one little bunch lasted two days, sometimes three."

"Three times seven are twenty-one—say once in three days, I don't want to be too severe on you, Mary Nicholson; but I say once in three days; the third of three is seven, and three times seven is twenty-one. Look, Mary Nicholson, if your flighty young mind can be brought to reflect—see of how much you have robbed me in three weeks: twenty-one cents. Why that ought to buy our marketing three days. What can I do about it? if you had any wages I'd stop it out of them."

"But I haven't, or you might and welcome," said Mrs. Nicholson, despondingly.

"No, there's the trouble—what am I to demand, then? You haven't got but that one dress that I know of."

"No, I haven't had a change this ten months. Don't you remember scolding about the noise I made washing it out after you went to bed?"

"Remember! I should think so—always at some flighty thing or another; but there's your shawl, but I haven't seen it this ever so long, that is, perhaps, worth the money you have stolen."

"Stolen! I didn't think of stealing—it's a hard word to give to a woman of my age, and I won't bear it from you or anybody else."

"Hoity, toity! so the young blood's up when one mentions a bit of finery; rather go to prison than part with that, I suppose. Very well."

"I—I haven't got the shawl, or you might take it and welcome," said the poor old lady, trembling at the name of a prison.

"Haven't got the shawl?" cried Mrs. Frost, and her head took a new leave of motion. "Not got your shawl?"

"No, it was getting warm weather, so I put it in pawn."

"Put it in pawn! What, a respectable member of my family running about and pawning things. But what did you do with the money?"

"You can have the ticket if you like," cried the poor creature, making a desperate effort to evade the question, "it's good security."

"But what did you do with the money? I want to know that, Mary Nicholson!"

"I—I bought a—strip of carpeting."

"Carpeting for what?"

"To put down before Mr. Hurst's bed. He's so delicate, you know, and I was sure the floor would be cold for his bare feet when he got up in the morning."

Mrs. Frost sat down, bowed both hands on the top of her cane, and laughed till you could see the single tooth in her under jaw, like a stump in a ploughed field.

"Mary Nicholson, I believe you're nothing worse than a fool all the time. Now just bring that strip of carpeting down and put it before my bed, and I'll overlook this."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary Nicholson, meekly, "I'll go at once."

She came down directly with a strip of bright new carpeting in her hand, submissive, but with tears in her eyes.

Mrs. Frost carried the fragment into her own bed-room, and spread it upon the faded carpet there, chuckling over her triumph. Then she came back to the sitting-room, planted the staff before her, and gave the poor culprit, who sat crying in a corner, the sediments of her wrath.

"Now, Mary Nicholson, I've got one thing to tell you. If I catch you setting your cap for Michael again in this scandalous way, trying to delude him into marrying you with flower traps and carpet traps, I won't answer for what I will do. I'd send you adrift this minute, but that I'm sure you'd get into mischief without me to take care of you. But, remember, if I forgive this, it's out of pure kindness."

"I know it is, and I'm grateful—only somehow my wicked heart won't feel kindness as it ought to. But one thing is certain, Mrs. Frost, if I did get these things for Mr. Hurst, it wasn't with any idea but of making him a little comfortable—I'm an old woman, you know, upward of seventy."

Here Mrs. Frost broke into a fit of sudden indignation, which set her head off in an effort at perpetual motion again with a vengeance.

"An old woman, and only seventy. What do you mean by that, you affected thing? I'm above ninety and not old yet, and shan't be

these fifteen years to come. Do you mean to insult me by calling yourself *old*?"

"No, I didn't think of you—only of myself. It seems to me as if I wasn't so young as I was, washing days, and when there is a good deal of going up and down stairs to do. But maybe it's only a fancy. I won't mention the thing again if you don't like it."

"Well, I don't, so there's an end on't. Now go down and cook the liver, and don't forget the cat, you've neglected her since Michael came home. There he is now, going up stairs, run and see what he wants."

Mrs. Nicholson went up stairs with a sinking heart. She dreaded that Hurst would miss the carpet and question her about it; almost hoped that he might see her flowers and forget the rest.

But Hurst passed by the glass full of humble blossoms without a glance, and tramped over the naked floor with equal indifference. His face was white with internal rage, his eyes smouldering over some evil purpose. They flashed eagerly when Mrs. Nicholson came in. He turned from an old "chest of drawers," before which he was standing, and demanded of her in a hoarse whisper, if she had any knowledge where the keys of that old rattle-trap were kept.

Yes, Mrs. Nicholson knew where the keys were kept, for they had grown rusty since she came to the house in an old-fashioned jar which stood on the sitting-room mantle-piece, but for the world she would not touch them. Besides, there was nothing in the "chest of drawers" but the minister's old papers, she had heard Mrs. Frost say so a thousand times.

"Oh! is that all?" said Hurst, turning away: "not worth thinking about. I thought all the old papers were kept in the open garret. What is the use of lumbering up this room with them?"

"Oh! don't speak a word about it to Mrs. Frost, I beg of you, she's like a child when any one mentions the minister. I don't suppose she ever really loved anything else in her life. It is quite heart breaking to hear her talk of him sometimes. If he'd lived, maybe her old age would have been pleasanter to herself and everybody else."

"Heaven knows it's crabbed enough now!" said Hurst, rudely. "I wonder she has not starved you into the grave long ago—but you are a fool to let her—she's got hoards of money somewhere, I'm sure of it."

"No—no. I don't believe it, for she told me once that if it hadn't been for a sum of money placed out at interest by some one who had been under great obligations to her husband, she would have been left with nothing but the house

to support herself with. I don't think she really can afford to live better than we do."

Here a quivering scream from the stairs made the gossiping old woman start for the door.

"Mary Nicholson. I say, Mary Nicholson, what keeps you talking so long? Don't you know it's almost dinner time?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm coming right off," and away she hurried, while Mrs. Frost again called out,

"Michael, was it you that came in, Michael?"

"Yes, grandmother," said the young man, appearing at the top of the stairs. "I thought you did not look quite well this morning, and so came in to inquire about you. Mrs. Nicholson says you are better, so I will come down and have a little chat with you before dinner."

The old woman smiled grimly and turned into her little parlor, looking back to see if Hurst was following.

He came down directly, with a smile on his mouth, but the same smouldering look about the eyes. The old lady was in her easy-chair near the fire-place; and he stood by her, leaning one elbow on the mantle-piece, on which stood the old china jar mentioned by Mrs. Nicholson. A slight noise disturbed the old lady.

"Take care, you will knock off my china jar with your arm," she said, "I heard the buttons on your sleeves jingle against it. Do come away, that jar was *his* first present. I can't bear any one to touch it."

"It's nothing," he answered, promptly, dropping one hand softly to his pocket, as he sauntered round her chair to the other side of the hearth. "I only like to get near you, grandmother, especially when anxious as I am still about your health."

"My health! why I'm well enough," cried the old woman, testily. "What on earth has set you thinking about my health, Michael?"

"Oh! you are getting ill-tempered with me now, and all because love makes me over anxious. I will go away."

"No—no, Michael."

"Yes, if my over anxiety offends you, it is better I should go."

"But you will be home this evening?"

"Of course, but not to intrude on you. Unless you come to my room I shall not think myself wanted."

"Why, Michael, you know well enough I cannot go up and down stairs like a girl. It's five years since I've been up those stairs."

"Indeed, I did not know that. Well, I will come back early and read to you awhile."

When the old woman turned her head to express the pleasure she felt, Hurst was gone.

The young man kept his word. Early in the evening he came in and read to the old woman till she grew sleepy and went to her room. It was yet very early in the evening, and Mrs. Nicholson seemed disposed to have a little social chat, but a peremptory voice from within ordered her to bed, and she went off reluctantly; while Hurst went to the outer door and placed it ajar, in case he should wish to go out again in the night, no unusual thing with him.

Then he mounted the stairs and went to his own chamber, secure of being uninterrupted.

With a light in his hand, he tried the keys which he took from his pocket in the locks of the old chest of drawers, and with difficulty shot the rusty bolts. A mass of papers met his search, nicely arranged and most of them labeled. These he turned over eagerly till he came to a

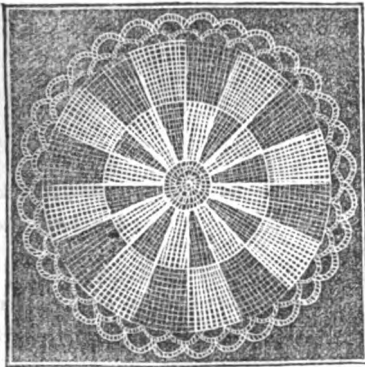
parcel of letters folded up more carefully than the others, which he sat down to read.

It was impossible to guess what those letters contained by the man's face, it was clouded when he sat down, fierce when he got up. He twisted the black ribbon which had bound the package around it again, and thrust the letters in his bosom. Then he hurriedly tossed over the contents of one of the drawers, as if searching for something which he had cast aside; and after a little, he found a little parcel of printed blanks yellow from age, which he secured together with a parcel of letters which the good clergyman had written to his wife.

With these he sat down at a table, studied the letters and blanks closely, and then began to write.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STAR DOYLEY.



MATERIALS — Two reels of crochet cotton, No. 10; $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ruby, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. aqua-marine beads, No. 2.

Thread the beads of one color on one reel, and of the other on another reel. Begin with the rubies. Make a chain of 4, close it into a round, and work 8 in it, with a bead on every stitch. Do three more rounds with a bead on every stitch, increasing 8 in every one, so that there are at last 32 altogether. Join on the other cotton, and work with both.

1st Pattern Round.—† 2 cotton on 1, 1 ruby, 2 cotton on one, 1 aqua, † 8 times.

2nd Round.—† 1 cotton, 3 rubies, the centre over 1, 1 cotton on same as last bead, 3 aquas, the centre on 1, † 8 times.

In future rounds it is understood that each kind of bead goes over the same kind of previous round.

3rd Round.—† 1 cotton on 1, 4 beads on 8, † 16 times.

4th Round.—† 1 cotton on cotton, 4 beads on 4, † 16 times.

5th Round.—† 2 cotton on 1, 4 beads on 4, † 16 times.

6th Round.—† 1 cotton, 1 bead on same as last cotton. 5 more beads, † 16 times.

7th Round.—† 2 cotton on 1, 6 beads on 6, † 16 times.

8th Round.—† 1 cotton, 7 beads, † 16 times

9th Round.—† 1 cotton, 9 beads over 7, † 16 times.

10th Round.—† 1 cotton, 9 beads, † 16 times.

Now reverse the colors, putting rubies over aqua-marines, and *vice versa*.

11th Round.—† 1 cotton, 10 beads over 9, † 16 times.

12th Round.—† 2 cotton on 1, 10 beads on 10, † 16 times.

13th Round.—† 1 cotton, 12 beads over 10, † 16 times.

14th Round.—† 1 cotton, 12 beads, † 16 times.

15th Round.—† 2 cotton on 1, 12 beads, † 16 times.

16th Round.—† 2 cotton, 12 beads, † 16 times.

17th Round.—† 1 cotton, 13 beads, † 16 times.

18th Round.—† 1 cotton, 13 beads, † 16 times.

19th Round.—† 2 cotton on 1, 13 beads, † 16 times

BORDER.—1st Round.—Rubies. † 7 chain, with a bead on every stitch, miss 5, 1 sc, † all round.

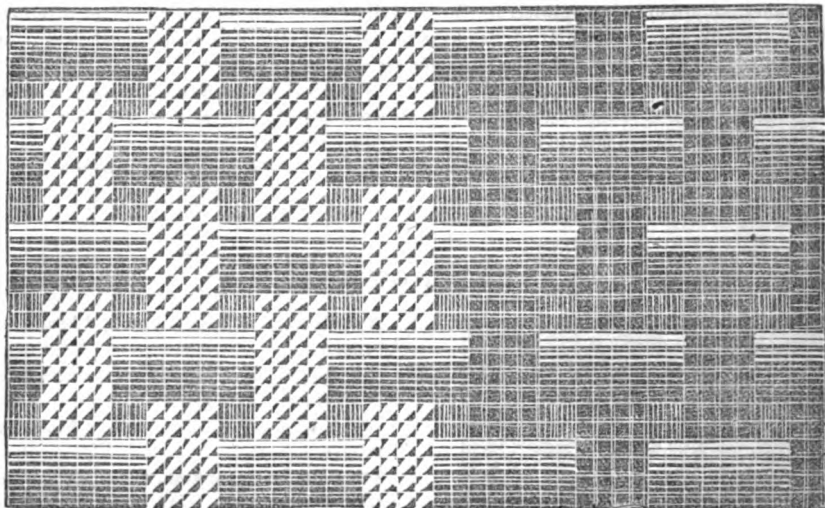
2nd Round.—No beads. 1 sc on 4th bead, † chain, dropping two beads on each stitch. We are indebted to an English publication, edited by Mrs. Pullan, for this pattern.

7 ch, sc on the 4th bead of next loop, † all round.

3rd Round.—Aqua-marines. 10 dc under every

DESIGN IN BUGLES AND WOOL FOR A TEA-URN STAND, OR FOR THE BORDER OF AN OTTOMAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—No. 20 cotton; four shades of scarlet wool, the third shade to be a bright military scarlet; one skein of bright blue wool; one oz. of short thick bugles, such that will lie evenly across a stitch of the canvas; Penelope canvas that will measure nine double threads to the inch.

Each cross stitch thread of the canvas will be termed a row, but the stitch in which it should be worked should be tent stitch, with wool doubled.

1st Row, with darkest or claret shade.* Work 8 stitches, slip the needle under the canvas, miss 4 stitches. Repeat from *.

2nd, 3rd, and 4th Rows.—The same with remaining shades of scarlet.

5th Row.—2 blue stitches, miss 4, 2 blue. Repeat.

6th Row.—The same again.

7th Row.—2 claret, * miss 4, 8 claret. Repeat from *.

8th, 9th, and 10th Rows.—The same, only using the remainder of shades in succession.

11th Row.—Work the 5th and 6th rows again. Now repeat the 8 claret as at first.

Now fill in the bugles by using a fine needle, and the No. 20 cotton doubled; let the bugles all lie in the same way as the wool is crossed, and as smoothly as possible. When the work is complete, it should be turned with the right side downward, slightly nailed to a deal board or table, then brushed over with gum water, taking care that the cotton stitches are well gummed. When dry it will be quite stiff, and the bugles will never wear off nor crack.

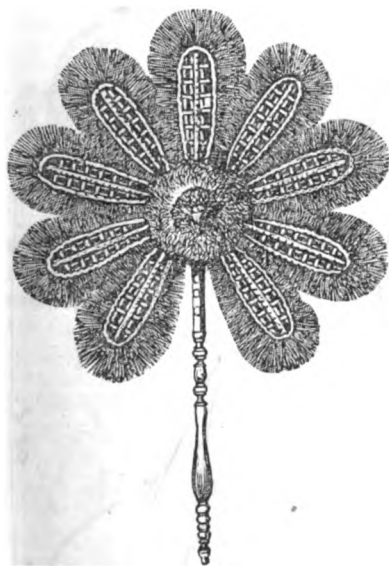
This design can be either mounted on card-board and trimmed round with a claret-colored cord, or may be fitted to the ordinary urn-stands.

SWISS WATCH-POCKET: IN STRAW.

In the front of the number, printed in blue. The pattern is given of the full size. This is a pattern for a Watch-Pocket, to be made of straw, and trimmed and lined with blue silk. made.

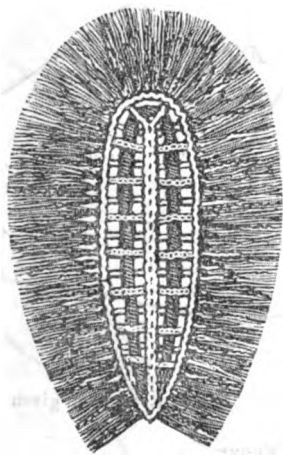
INDIAN SCREEN IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



INDIAN SCREEN.

THIS is a pretty gift which can be made and received with pleasure.

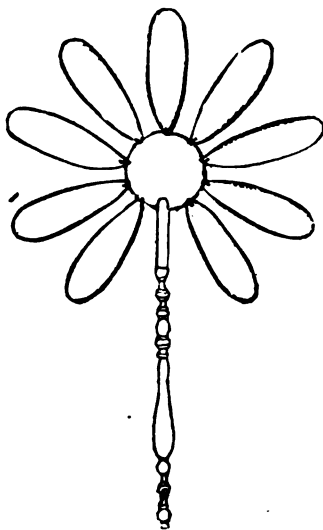


LEAF FOR SCREEN.

MATERIALS.—Fine brass wire, a skein of white thread mixed with silver, three skeins of light scarlet zephyr, and some garnet chenille.

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With the brass wire you begin by making a circle, leaving a stem of proper length to receive the handle. Then make nine leaves, which must be fastened around the circle, shortening a little those that approach near the stem, so that these latter have only the right height. Each of these leaves must be made separately in crochet, with mixed gold and white thread. Each leaf must be commenced with a row of chain-stitch, a little longer than the leaf of the outline, and in each stitch must be first made several stitches of plain crochet; then some half loops, and again loops, &c.



FRAME WORK FOR SCREEN.

You thus gradually arrive at the top of the leaf, when, turning it, you continue to use the same proportions for the other side. When the leaf is finished, ornament it with a fringe of combed wool, called thistle. You must make an ordinary fringe with red wool; cut it very regularly, and comb it, so as to render it very soft. Garnet chenille must be added to the leaves. You must pass silk twist between the crochet stitches—and in order to give them more firmness, you must also add some very fine wire ribbon, which must be hidden beneath the

chenille. When the leaves are completed, fix two tufts of wool, and two different colors, one them at the ends upon each leaf of the frame white, and the other red. In the centre of each work. The middle row must be finished with tuft, add some bows of garnet chenille.

CHILD'S DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

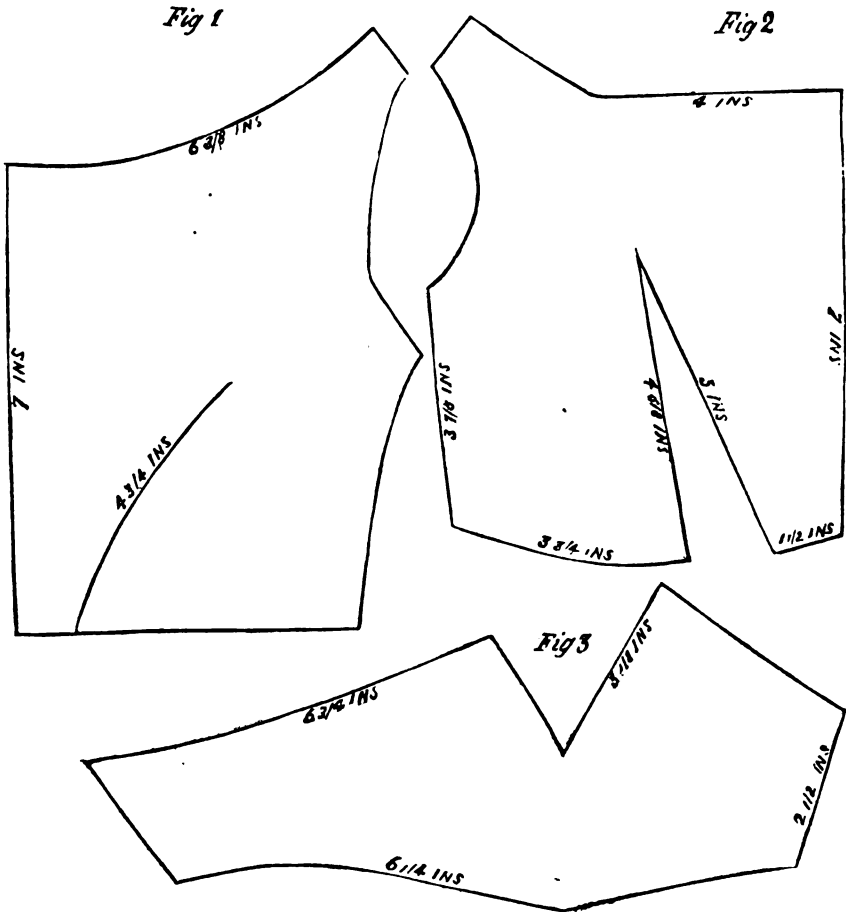


DIAGRAM FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

THIS is a new and pretty child's dress. It is half high, and round, and worn with a band and buckle, and is cut square back and front. The decoration consists of narrow velvet bands and buttons, arranged in the form indicated in the engravings in the front of the number. It will there be seen that it has a long, loose, hanging sleeve, with jockey: as there is something novel

in the cut of the jockey, we have given it in full above.

FIG. 1. FRONT.

FIG. 2. BACK.

FIG. 3. SLEEVE WITH JOCKEY.

A request for a pattern for a fichu will be complied with next month.

PIN-CUSHION IN APPLIQUE

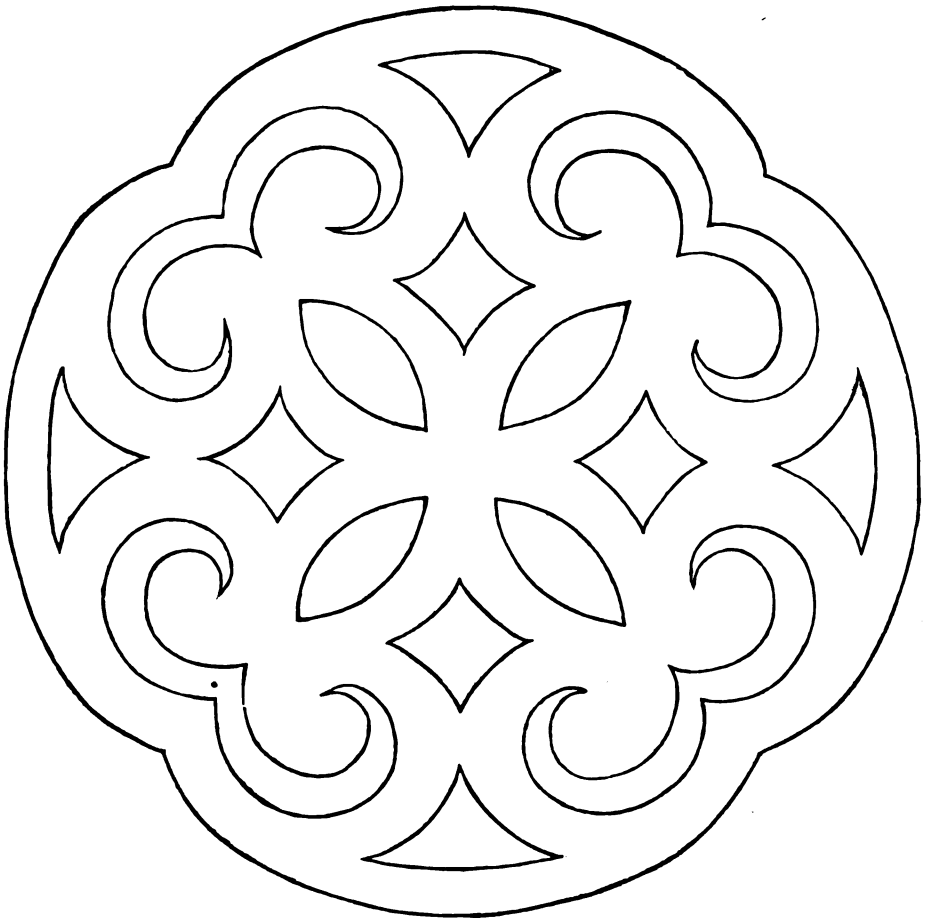
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here a very pretty pattern for a Pin-Cushion in applique. The first cut, which is above, represents the Pin-Cushion completed,

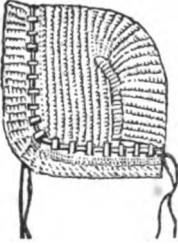
when embroidered, stuffed and finished. The second cut, which is below, represents the top of the Pin-Cushion, and is of the full size. The colors may be arranged according to the taste of the reader. If the body of the cushion is black, the figures should be in red, in which case the braiding above the fringe, as well as the fringe itself, should be red also. Or the cushion may be in blue and silver; or blue and white.

We have so often given instructions in applique, that we presume it is unnecessary to repeat them here.



NIGHT-CAP.

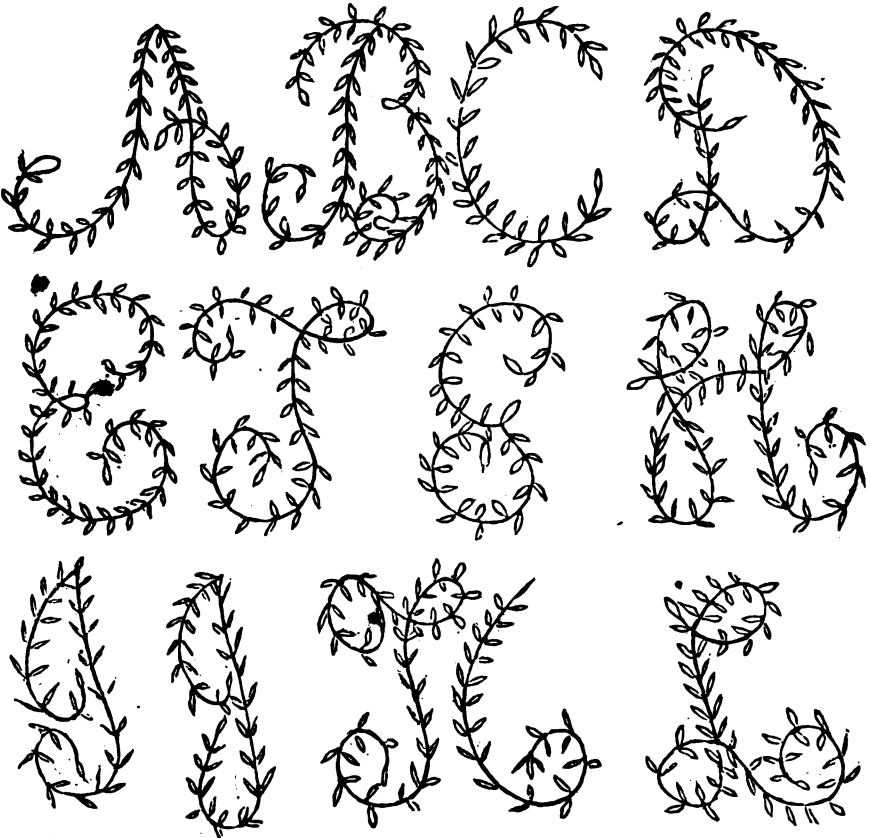
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS very simple cap has the advantage of remaining securely upon the head. It is gathered on each side upon a cord, or what is still better, upon a small band of double stitching. It is ornamented by three rows of embroidered bands, or those which are simply scalloped. The bands are shorter in the front of the cap.

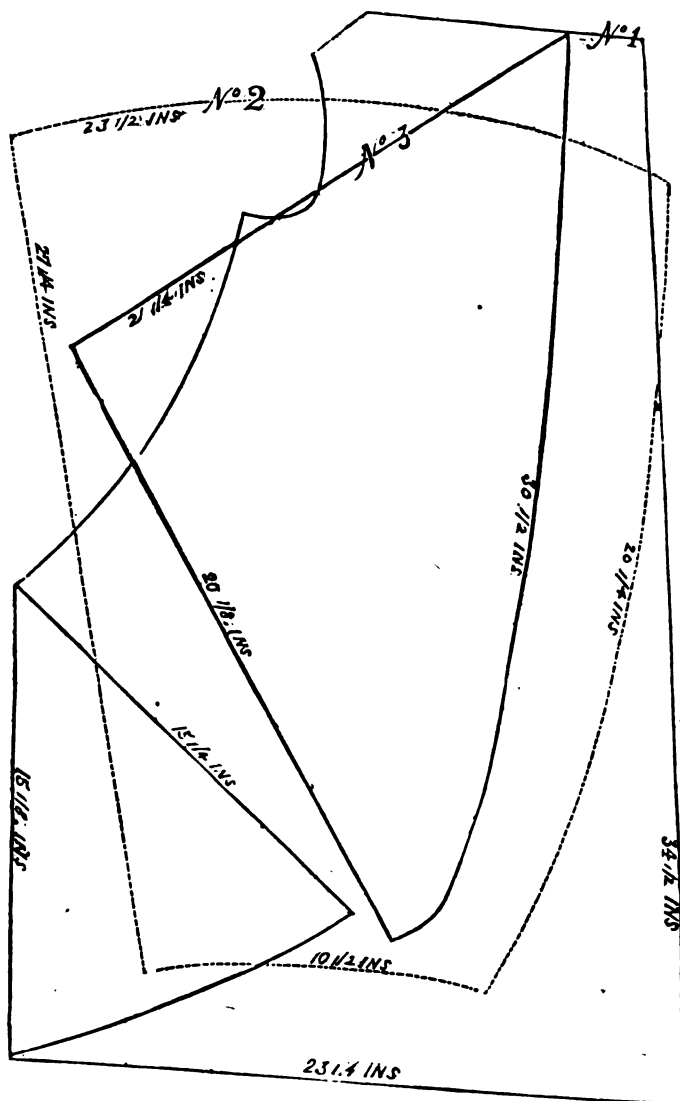
LETTERS FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE MILAN PELISSE.

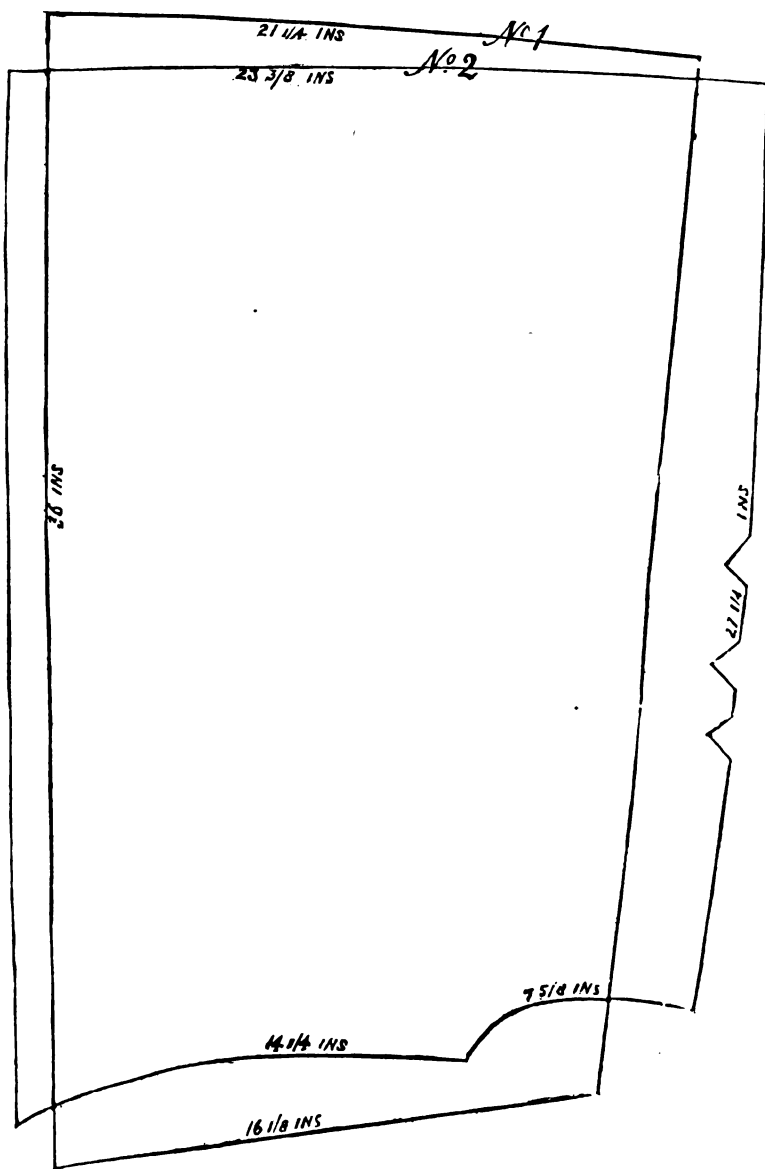
BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS Pelisse, which is destined to be all the rage for this fall, has been named, in Paris, "THE MILAN," after the capital of Lombardy. We give, in the front of the number, an engraving of it: and add, on this and the next page, diagrams by which to cut it out. The Pelisse is made of black silk trimmed all round with a chicory ruche, with the middle of colored silk. In the back there are three large, hollow plaits; in front two on each side: these plaits are slightly held in about the waist by a silk ribbon placed inside; the sleeve is trimmed with a chicory

ruche, has at top a jockey formed by five bias pieces, which are made with the pattern marked No. 8. Round the hollow part at the shoulders, a deep fringe with a guipure head or a wide lace may be added.

No. 1. Front of the Pelisse.
No. 2. Sleeve, sewed only in the upper part, the bottom being left open and loose.
No. 3. Piece of silk cut in bias, intended for the bias pieces of the jockey on the sleeve.



SECOND DIAGRAM.

No. 1. Top of the back of Pelisse.

No. 2. Bottom of the back. The sheet not being large enough, we have been compelled to cut the pattern in two. Our readers are re-

quested to join them along the line which is marked Z.

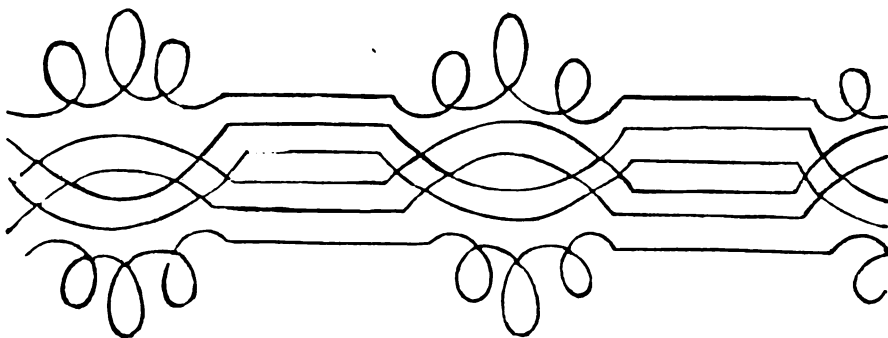
Of course, patterns are to be enlarged, as usual, to the size marked in inches in our diagram.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



INFANT'S CLOAK IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



FOR FLANNEL.

Goethe's Celebrated Wignon's Song.

MUSIC ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

Always with long expression.

Espressivo.

Know'st thou the land where bright the cit - ron blows? 'Mid foli - age dark the gold - en or - ange glows. A gen - tle

p e dolce.

The first system of the musical score is written for piano-forte. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody, which begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords. The tempo and expression markings 'Espressivo.' and 'e dolce.' are present.

breeze is wafted from the sky, There grows the myr - - tle and the lan - rel high. Know'st thou the land? Oh

Piu lento. *Colla parte.* *Piu lento.* *Ped. p **

The second system continues the musical score. It features similar notation with treble and bass staves. The tempo markings 'Piu lento.' and 'Colla parte.' are used to indicate changes in the music's pace and performance style. The system concludes with a 'Ped. p' marking, likely indicating the end of a phrase or a change in pedaling.

In tempo.

Piu lento.

Colla parte.

In tempo.

there! oh there! Would I with thee; oh my beloved one, flee.

In tempo.

land? Oh there! oh there! Would I with thee;

*Ped. p * Ped. p * Ped. p **

these, oh my be-lov'd one, flee.

In tempo.

Legato.

rf p

2.

Know'st thou the house? its roof on pillars tall,
The rooms shine bright, and brilliantly the hall,
And marble statues stand and gaze on me:
What have they done, my poor child, unto thee?
Know'st thou the house? Oh there! oh there!
Would I with thee; oh, my protector, flee,
Know'st thou, etc.

3.

Know'st thou the mount whose top the clouds embrace?
Where through the mist the mule his path must trace;
In caverns dwell the ancient dragon's brood,
The crags rush down, and over them the flood.
Know'st thou the mount? Oh there! oh there!
There points our way; oh, Father, let us flee.
Know'st thou, etc.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SIMPLICITY.—Many people confound the word simplicity with silliness. If an expression is called simple, they fancy it is shallow. They do not see that true simplicity of language is at the same time the most beautiful and convincing. "And God said, let there be light! and there was light." Find another record of equal sublimity if you can! None dare to touch its purity—to emulate its grandeur; it stands alone. Not all the glowing eloquence of past ages has produced its equal. It covers heaven and earth as with a burst of glory; it shows us the whole created world in an instant of time. It is the matchless brevity of inspiration—the word-painting of Deity.

Simplicity is the clear glass through which all objects may be seen with delicate distinctness. Magniloquence is the cut glass, presenting to the eye a thousand varied shapes and colors, but so blended and intermixed that only a beautiful confusion is apparent. In reading, or listening to the one, the mind is convinced and the heart is touched—the other leaves but a fragmentary pleasure, a prismatic bewilderment.

Why cannot people be simple? simple in language, dress, habitation and hospitality? A habit of simple expression carries with it a conviction of singleness of heart. Some people are telling falsehoods from morning till night because of their lack of simplicity. They are "plagued to death" with this or that—they would "give the world" for certain things; they are "ready to die," with a little fatigue—they are "almost killed" for the merest trifle, thus exaggerating the most trite and common-place matters into undue importance, and saying things that reason, in her capacity of judge, must look upon with a condemning eye.

Simplicity of dress is by no means the prevailing fashion, but instead, a tawdry taste distinguishes the multitude, and the eye is only occasionally refreshed by a street or home toilet that surpasses all the ingenuity of the dress-maker, adds a new charm to beauty, and makes even plainness attractive. Dressing for hotel receptions, changing for hotel dinners, filling the sidewalks with a mass of colors, in which no regard is paid to harmony, wearing green with blue, and purple with pink, and crowding all the hues of the rainbow into one jumbled whole—our women are neither delicate in their suggestions, nor proper in their selections. Is it the fashion? If so, long and short, lean and fat, round and angular, light and heavy, blondes and brunettes—handsome and ugly must heap on whatever color or style is considered the prevailing mode, and make our promenades, sometimes, long avenues of scarecrows.

To dress simply does not necessitate one to choose cheap or unfashionable materials; it is merely a clear, harmonious blending of shades and but few decided colors—whereas the majority of people seem to think the more extravagant the color and the pattern, the better they look.

Simplicity in the arrangements and adornments of home, is much to be commended. What are some of the parlors of our rich men but a brave show of upholstery? Who would not as soon go into the rooms of a furniture store? The carpets are alike gorgeous in coloring all over the house—a tropical running to waste of red, yellow, and green; the curtains and the ornaments would set up a fancy shop. Is it not refreshing, after such a view, to enter the home of the humblest mechanic, whose wife is blessed with a pure taste, and a quick, keen sense of the fitness of things? The neat fawn and brown carpet—the clear, white curtains, the unstudied arrangements of the simple furniture, the one, really valuable picture, and the few old heir-

looms handed down from generations gone, fill the eye with the poetry of combination, and the senses are refreshed as with an ideal bath. We rest in such a room. We speak low, and gently, and musically, as if our voice and manner must be in keeping with the surroundings. And though our hostess wear only a shilling calico, it has no pretence of awkward flounces, as if to apologize for its cheapness. And though she wear a collar, knit with her own hands, its modest value is not derogated from by rows of cotton lace.

If people, both men and women, would but cultivate simplicity, there would be fewer failures, fewer unhappy unions, and better men and women in prospect.

"Be your tastes simple and your pleasures few,
And God and Heaven will own and prosper you."

LATE PARIS MODES.—A correspondent, writing from Paris, says:—"I see that many ladies are having their crape or China shawls dyed black, and trimmed with two rows (or even one) of lace, which makes them have quite the same effect as the garment that 'Dienelafait' and other of our noted shops are selling for three hundred francs. So if any of my readers have these shawls, let them be taken to the dyers immediately; for it is considered very *mauvais genre* to wear the shawl in its original color (white) at present. A sprinkling of jet beads with the embroidery gives a rich effect. In the absence of lace, deep fringe may be used, but the fringe of the shawl itself looks poor and thin after dyeing. The rage for gored skirts still continues, and many of the leaders of fashion are making their appearance (whenver the weather will allow them) *sans* crinoline. I need not say that these ladies were the first to adopt the above much-abused article of lady's apparel, and are now the first to leave it off—and leave it off in the fullest sense of the expression—without even the stiffened *jupons* which were used before the advent of crinoline. Perhaps it was because the ladies were particularly graceful, perhaps of the novelty of the thing; but I must confess (albeit a crinoline-wearer) that the heavy folds of the robe which fell naturally as the lady walked, quite made me think that the crinoline was not such an improvement after all. Be this as it may, I observe that her Majesty the Empress Regent still clings to the crinoline, and no one will deny *her* having a graceful appearance."

SEGARS AND THE GIRLS.—The Canajoharie (N. Y.) *Radix* says, sensibly, of the July number:—"It is full of useful and ornamental patterns, that makes it better even than having a live milliner in the house. Just think of it, young men, who smoke away the cost of many a Magazine in segars. Peterson will send it all the year round to 'that dear girl,' for a couple of dollars."

ECONOMY FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.—The Grayville (Ill.) Independent says:—"Peterson's Magazine is on our table, filled as usual with interesting matter. The patterns for cutting are worth double the subscription price to any family. Send for it."

MOUNT VERNON.—J. H. Byram, No. 112 South Third street, Philadelphia, has just published a very beautiful colored print of Mount Vernon. The size is 18 inches by 20. He will send it, post-paid, to any part of the United States, for fifty cents.

"THE YOUNG PLOUGHMAN."—We give, for our steel plate, an exquisite illustration, "The Young Ploughman." The engraving tells its own story.

A ROYAL DRAWING-ROOM.—A fair correspondent asks us what is meant when it is said, "the Queen held a drawing-room." We reply that it is a levee, held by Queen Victoria, to receive the nobility and gentry. The ceremonies are as follows. On the arrival of the Queen at St. James's Palace, she is received by the Lord Chamberlain, &c., and proceeds to the royal closet, where special presentations take place. When these are over, the Queen passes from the closet to the throne-room, attended by the ladies-in-waiting, cabinet ministers, &c. When her majesty is seated, the doors are thrown open, and the company from the ante-rooms advance. On the occasion of a lady (not a peeress) being presented, she comes to the door of the throne-room, takes off her right glove, and lets down her train, which, until that moment, she had carried over her arm; then, upon her name being called, she walks up to the sovereign, kneels on her right knee, and kisses her majesty's hand. She then rises and walks away, facing her majesty as long as she can, and makes her exit by a different door to that at which she entered.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The French Revolution. By J. S. C. Abbott. Illustrated with engravings. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It is the fashion, with certain critics, to decry Abbott's histories. We cannot join in this condemnation. Mr. Abbott does not write for the highly educated few, but for the masses; and he substantially succeeds, we think, in effecting what he proposes to do. For example, the present history gives, on the whole, as fair an account of the causes of the French Revolution and its progress, as we know of; and embodies it in a compass far smaller than any preceding work of equal merit. It is, therefore, just the book for the many. There are nearly a hundred wood engravings in the volume. A steel engraving, after de la Roche, representing Marie Antoinette before the Revolutionary Tribunal, is the frontispiece.

The History of the Republic of the United States. By J. C. Hamilton. 8 vo., vol. IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—It is a difficult task for a son to write an impartial biography of a father. The most successful attempt, we know of, is that of Professor Parsons, whose memoir of Chief Justice Parsons we lately noticed; the worst, by all odds, is the one before us. Mr. Hamilton's work, however, contains much valuable information, and, therefore, will be an acquisition to those who can sift the true from the false.

Memoirs of Vidocq. Written by Himself. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Vidocq was, for many years, the principal agent of the French police, and, perhaps, the most skillful man in his profession that ever lived. These memoirs, written by himself, have all the interest of a "sensational" novel; and are, besides, a narrative of real events. The book will, doubtless, have an immense sale. It is illustrated with numerous engravings, chiefly after Cruikshank.

Memoirs of the Empress Catharine the Second. Written by herself. With a Preface by A. Herzen. Translated from the French. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The subject of this memoir is the famous Catharine of Russia, mother of the Emperor Paul, and great-grandmother of the present emperor. There is reason to believe that the book is what it purports to be, and not a forgery, as too many similar ones have been.

Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers and Farming. By Henry Ward Beecher. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Derby & Jackson.—Full of instruction to those who love flowers, fruits, farms, fine stock, &c., &c. It is, however, a mere compilation, and has none of Mr. Beecher's individuality.

The Home Melodist. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.—This is a collection of songs and ballads for the voice. We find it an excellent work.

Popular Tales from the Norse. By G. N. Desant. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We have long had an English edition of this book in our library, and have wondered why no American publisher reprinted it. There is a freshness about these sketches which is perfectly delightful. We have read many stories, illustrating how everything would go wrong if the sexes were to change pursuits, but never any one equal to that in this volume. A vein of humor, thoroughly Scandinavian in character, runs through the tales. Talking of reprints, why do not the Appletons, or Harpers, republish Anthony Trollope's "Barchester Towers," one of his very best novels, and having besides the merit of describing a phase of English life never before so successfully attempted?

Personal Recollections of the American Revolution. A Private Journal. Edited by Sidney Barclay. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—This interesting volume has been prepared, it is said, from authentic domestic records. It abounds with reminiscences of Washington and Lafayette. The style in which the book is got up will make it a favorite with all good bibliomaniacs.

Richardson's New Method for the Piano Forte. By Martha Richardson. 1 vol., 4 to. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.—This professes to be an improvement upon all other instruction books in adaptation, classification, progression and facility of comprehension. It is founded on a new plan, and illustrated by a series of plates, showing the position of the hands and fingers. The rudiments of harmony and thorough-bass are added.

Lectures for the People. By the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. First Series. With a biographical introduction by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. G. Evans.—The author of these really superior discourses is a Baptist clergyman, living in Liverpool, England. The biography, by Dr. Mackenzie, is capitally done. A portrait of the Rev. Mr. Brown embellishes the volume.

Tent and Harem. Notes of an Oriental Trip. By Caroline Prime. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Some of the best books on the Orient, lately written, have come from the pens of ladies. The present is not merely a readable book, but one of very great interest. It is published in the usually neat style of the Appletons.

Elementary Grammar. By William C. Fowler. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an abridgment of the larger work by the same author. It is full of merit, and we recommend it to teachers and parents, as the best elementary grammar in the language.

Hartley Norman. A Tale of the Times. By Allen Hampden. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—We received this book just as we were sending the September number to press, and are, therefore, unable to speak of its merits. It is neatly printed. Our daily cotemporaries praise it highly.

The Queens of Scotland. By Agnes Strickland. 12 mo., vol. VIII. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This concludes this admirable series of biographies. The subjects of the present volume are Elizabeth of Bohemia, and Sophia, electress of Hanover.

Walter Thornley; or, A Peep at the Past. By the author of "Allen Prescott." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A fiction of superior merit, which will be quite welcome to novel-readers, these sultry August days.

One Hundred Songs of Ireland. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.—The music as well as the words of these, a hundred of the best Irish songs, are given in the neat volume before us.

Cicero de Officiis. By C. Anthon, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another volume of this excellent series of the classics. It is neatly bound in sheep.

OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.

DINNER PARTIES.

THE prevailing fashion of the day dictates the interval which should elapse between the issuing of cards for a dinner party, and the occasion itself. A remark has somewhere been made that a dinner party should never be less in number than the graces, nor more than the muses; but certainly more than ten or twelve in number is not desirable. Conversation, witticisms, &c., cannot be gracefully sustained when the table is too long. The selection of the guests is a point requiring peculiar attention. Such persons should only be invited to meet each other as are similar in tastes and habits of life. The entire pleasure of a dinner party may be marred by the introduction of one guest who is somewhat at variance with another member of the company. There should be an equal number of ladies and gentlemen. The host and hostess should always be alive to the condition of the company, supporting, or rousing the conversation, and changing it when a topic is approached known by them to be disagreeable to any individual present. Conversation should turn into channels of general interest.

The proper arrangement of the table is a matter of considerable importance. This, in a great degree, must be guided by the prevailing mode. At present the centre of the table is occupied by a pyramid of flowers. A soup and dinner plate must be placed for each guest, together with knife, fork, napkin, water-goblet, finger-bowl, and three glasses for different kinds of wine. Four or six castors must be distributed about the table, with an equal number of salts. A side table must contain extra plates, knives and forks, spoons, broken ice, &c. The wines must be properly decanted and cooled. The courses must be served separately, the *entrées* being placed upon the table in connection with the meats, game, &c. Punctuality should be particularly observed, and the dinner should be announced precisely at the hour designated upon the card of invitation.

When the dinner is announced, the gentleman of the house should select the lady distinguished by age, or as being the greatest stranger in the party; he should lead her to the dining-room, and place her beside him. If the husband of the lady be present, he should extend the same courtesy toward the lady of the house; the remainder of the guests should follow in couples, with as little form as possible.

A question may arise as to whether a lady may properly refuse a gentleman's request to take wine with him. This may doubtless be done, "provided the manner in which it is done be so tempered by politeness, as to avoid the unpleasantness of offending." By a dignified and judicious refusal, a lady may be even made the means of real benefit to some one present who may not previously have possessed sufficient courage to refuse a glass of wine, and which may have been in their case an unhealthy, seducing stimulus.

It may not be improper to urge upon the attention of housekeepers the art of carving, as one which it is desirable for every lady to obtain some knowledge of.

The absence of the husband or son may oblige the lady at the house to officiate at her own table, even in the presence of guests, and it is certainly desirable that she should know how to carve without awkwardness, and be able to distribute

properly the delicate portions of the dish placed before her. The following rules extracted from our author previously alluded to, may prove, in some degree, useful:

In the first place: the carving-knife should be light and sharp; and it should be firmly grasped; although in using it, strength is not as essential as skill, particularly if the butcher has properly divided the bones of such joints as the neck, loin, and breast of veal or of mutton.

The dish should not be far from the carver, for when it is too distant, by occasioning the arms to be too much extended, it gives an awkward appearance to the person, and renders the task more difficult.

In carving fish, care should be taken not to break the flakes, and this is best avoided by the use of a fish trowel, which not being sharp, divides it better than a steel knife. In dividing a cod fish, the first place should be taken off at the back or thick part of the fish, and the rest in successive order. A small part of the sound should be given with each slice, and will be found close to the back-bone, by raising the thin flaps. Almost every part of a cod's head is considered good; the palate, the tongue, the jelly, and the firm parts. Upon and immediately around the jaw-bones of the head, are considered as delicate eating by many persons.

Of a turbot the thickest part is considered the best; but the fins are regarded as delicacies, and a small portion of them should be offered to every one to whom the fish is sent.

Of salmon, a portion both of the thin and thick part should be given.

The middle part of a trout, and similar fish, is considered the preferable part, but the tail end is the best part of the mackerel. A part of the roe should be distributed to each plate; and in helping flaky fish, care should be taken to lift the flakes from the bone without breaking them.

A boiled and roasted fowl are both carved in the same manner. The wings are first taken off. Your knife must divide the joint, but afterward you have only to take firm hold of the pinion with your fork, draw the wing toward the legs, and you will find the muscles separate better than if you cut them with your knife. Slip your knife between the leg and the body, and cut to the bone, then with the fork turn the leg back, and if the fowl be not a very old one, the joints will give away. After the fore-quarters are thus removed, enter the knife at the breast, and you will separate the merry thought from the breast-bone; and by pressing your knife under it, lift it up, pressing it backward on the dish, and you will easily remove that bone. The collar-bones lie on each side at the merry thought, and are to be lifted up at the broad end by the knife, and forced toward the breast-bone, till the part which is fastened to it breaks off. The breast is next to be separated from the carcass, by cutting through the ribs on each side, from one end of the fowl to the other. The back is then laid upward, and the knife laid firmly across it, near the middle, while the fork lifts up the other end. The side bones are lastly to be separated, to do which turn the back from you, and on each side of the back-bone you will find a joint, which you must separate, and the cutting up of the fowl will be complete.

Ducks and partridges are to be cut up in the same manner; in the latter, however, the merry thought is seldom separated from the breast, unless the birds are very large.

Turkeys and geese have slices cut on each side of the breast-bone; and by beginning to cut from the wings upward to the breast-bone, many more slices may be obtained than if you cut from the breast-bone to the wings.

A ham is generally cut down to the bone, and through the prime part of the ham. Another way is to cut a hole in the middle of the ham, and enlarge it by cutting circular pieces out of it; this method brings you to the best part of the ham directly, and has an advantage over the other in keeping in the gravy.

A leg of mutton should be carved thus: The first slice should be taken out between the knuckle and the thick end; and the subsequent slices should be cut in this direction, until you are stopped by the cramp bone; then turn it up, and take the remaining slices from the back, in a longitudinal direction. When the leg is rather lean, help some fat from the broad end with each slice. If the joint is to be brought again to table, it has a neater and more respectable appearance if it be helped, altogether, from the knuckle end when it is hot.

A saddle of mutton is cut from the tail to the end on each side the back-bone, continuing downward to the edge, until it becomes too fat. The slices should be cut thin, the fat will be found on the sides.

In a breast of veal, the best slices are to be had from the brisket; in a leg of lamb, from the middle, between the knuckle and the thick end. In a calf's-head, the fleshy, glandular portion near the neck is the best; whilst the eye, neatly taken out with the point of the carving-knife, and the palate, are the most delicate parts.

The breasts, the wings, and the merry thoughts of all kinds of poultry and feathered game, are the most esteemed, with the exception of the woodcock, the legs of which are preferred to any other part. The tip of the wing of the partridge is a morsel highly prized by the epicure in eating.

Glass should be always washed in cold water, and after being thoroughly dried, it should be nicely polished with fine linen cloth. "Decanters, in which wine has stood for some time, may be cleaned by putting a few drops of muriatic acid into them—afterward washing them well with cold water. Egg-shells pounded small and put with some water into decanters, will have the same effect."

PASTRIES.

Paste for Tarts.—Take one pound of fine flour, beat the white of an egg to a strong froth, mix it with as much water as will make three-quarters of a pound of flour into a pretty stiff paste; roll it out very thin; lay on it the third part of half a pound of butter in thin pieces; dredge it with part of the quarter of your flour left out for that purpose; roll it up tight, then with your paste-pin roll it out again, and do so until your half pound of butter and flour is used. Cut the paste into small pieces, and make your tarts. It requires a quicker oven than crisp paste.

Chicken Pie.—Cut up your chickens into nice pieces, season with beaten mace, nutmeg, pepper and salt. Lay a thin paste round the rim and bottom of a suitable dish. Cut a small, round piece out of the bottom of the crust. Lay in the pieces of chicken, add a piece of butter, with half a spoonful of flour worked into it, and a small quantity of water; add some oysters, and six yolks of hard boiled eggs. Lay a good puff-paste over it. Bake it one hour and a quarter. A veal pie may be made in the same way, leaving out the oysters.

Cocoa-Nut Pudding—with Paste.—Ingredients: One quarter of a pound of grated cocoa-nut, the same quantity of powdered loaf sugar, three ounces and a half of good butter, the whites of six eggs, half a glass of wine and brandy mixed, a teaspoonful of orange, and the same of rose, water. Mix all together, pour it into a good pie paste, and bake it.

Beef-Steak Pie.—Beat five or six rump steaks until they become very tender; season them well with pepper and salt, lay a nice puff-paste round a dish, put a little water in the bottom, then lay the steaks in with a lump of butter upon every steak, and put on the lid. Cut some paste into whatever form you please, and lay it on.

Corn Fritters.—To one dozen ears of sugar corn, grated, add one cup of good milk, three yolks and the whites of four eggs, beaten separately; one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of flour, a little nutmeg. Drop the mixture—by the tablespoonful—into boiling lard.

Pippin Tarts.—Pare two oranges quite thin, boil the peel until it becomes tender, and then shred it fine. Pare and core twenty pippins, and stew them in as little water as possible. When half done, add half a pound of sugar, the orange peel and juice. Boil it till it is tolerably thick. When cold put it on puffs.

Puff Paste.—Take half a pound of flour, and divide it into two parts on your pie-board. Then cut one pound of butter into four parts. Put one quarter in the flour with a little water; roll it; then put in another quarter, and so on until your butter is all used.

Cream Pancakes.—Take the yolks of two eggs, mix them with half a pint of good cream, and two ounces of sugar; rub a pan with lard, and fry them as thin as possible. Grate sugar over them, and serve them up hot.

Bell Fritters.—Stir into a pint of flour a pint of boiling water until it becomes smooth. When the mixture is cool, beat into it seven eggs and a little salt. Have ready some boiling lard, and fry the batter, a spoonful at a time.

Clam Fritters.—Open your clams; chop them very fine, rejecting the hearts. Take the juice and mix some batter, with flour and pepper, making it rather stiffer than for other fritters.

MADE DISHES.

Celery—Stewed.—Take the outside and green ends of some heads of celery, and boil them in water until they become tender; add a slice of lemon, a little crushed mace, and thicken with a good lump of butter and some flour; boil it a little; beat the yolks of two eggs, grate in half a nutmeg, mix them with a teaspoonful of good cream, put it in your gravy, shake it over the fire till it be of a fine thickness—but do not let it boil. Serve it up hot.

Mushrooms—Fricassee.—Peel and scrape the inside of the mushrooms, throw them into salt and water, take them out and boil them with fresh salt and water; when they are tender, add a little shred parsley, an onion, and a few cloves. Toss them up with a good sized lump of butter rolled in flour; you may also add three spoonfuls of thick cream, and some nutmeg, but be careful to take out the nutmeg and onion before you serve the mushrooms.

Mushrooms—Stewed.—Put some mushrooms in salt and water—wipe them with a flannel, put them again in salt and water, then throw them into a saucepan by themselves, and let them boil as quickly as possible; then add a little pepper, some mace—let them stew a quarter of an hour, and then put in a teaspoonful of cream, with a little flour, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Serve them as soon as they are cooked.

Egg Plant.—Slice your egg plant thin, and lay them in water from breakfast until it is time to cook them for dinner. Then beat up two or more eggs, dip the slices of egg plant in the eggs, and then into some pounded cracker or stale bread crumbs, seasoned with pepper and salt. Have ready a pan with some hot melted lard or butter in it, and fry the slices of egg plant till they become nicely browned.

Maccaroni with Cheese.—Procure a quarter of a pound of maccaroni, and soak it in cold water; put it on to boil in cold water; unless the water boils off, pour part of it off, and add one teaspoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of mustard, a small piece of butter, some pepper and salt. Boil the whole about three-quarters of an hour. Grate cheese over the top of the maccaroni before serving it up.

Asparagus.—Scrape your asparagus, tie them up in small bunches, and boil them in a pot of water with some salt in it. Before you dish them up, toast some nice slices of bread, lay the asparagus on the toast, and pour rich drawn butter over them.

Cucumbers—Fried.—Pare off the rind—cut the cucumbers in slices, lengthwise, dust both sides with flour, adding pepper and salt to your liking, and fry them brown.

Broccoli.—Boiled.—Take the side shoots of broccoli, strip off the leaves, and cut off all the out rind up to the heads; tie them in bunches, put them in salt and water; have ready a pan of boiling water, with a handful of salt in it, and boil them ten minutes; lay them in bunches, and pour drawn butter over them.

Mock Oysters.—Take six ears of new corn, and grate and scrape them well. Beat one egg very light, and add to it, beating all well together, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of cream, and a little pepper and salt. Then mix all together, and fry them in lard or butter.

Green Peas.—Boiled.—Shell your peas just before you cook them; put them into boiling water with a little salt; when they begin to dent they are done enough. Put a good sized lump of butter among them, and serve them hot. Boil Lima beans as you do peas.

Cabbage.—Boiled.—Cut off the outside leaves, cut the head in quarters, pick it well and wash it clean, and boil it in a large quantity of water with plenty of salt in it. When it is tender, lay it on a sieve to drain. Dish it up with some rich melted butter.

Grits.—Fried.—Boil your grits three or four hours in water, with a pinch of salt; let it grow cold, cut it in slices, and fry it like mush. To be eaten with sugar or molasses.

Cauliflower.—Wash and clean your cauliflower, and boil it in water, with some salt in it, till it becomes tender. Serve it with rich drawn butter poured over it.

PUDDINGS.

Green Corn Pudding.—Take twelve ears of corn, fully ripe, and grate them. Have ready a quart of rich milk, and stir into it, by degrees, a quarter pound of butter, a quarter pound of sugar; beat four eggs till quite light, stir them into the milk with the grated corn alternately, a little at a time. Put the whole into a buttered dish, and bake it four hours. For sauce take butter, sugar, and nutmeg. If you choose you can boil the corn and then cut it from the cob, and it will then take but two hours to bake.

Hunting Pudding.—Beat eight eggs, and mix them with a pint of good cream, and a pound of flour; beat them well together, and add to them a pound of beef suet chopped very fine; a pound of currants well cleaned; half a pound of raisins stoned and chopped small; a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, two ounces of candied citron, the same of candied orange cut small; grate a large nutmeg, and mix all well together, with half a gill of brandy; put it in a cloth, and tie it up close. It will take four hours to boil.

Orange Pudding.—Boil the peel of a fresh orange until it becomes soft, changing the water three times; then pound it in a mortar until it becomes perfectly smooth. Take a quarter of a pound of butter, and half a pound of fine sugar, and beat them well together, adding seven eggs, beaten to a froth, one glass of brandy, wine, and rose water; then mix in the orange peel with the juice of the orange.

New York Pudding.—Boil one quart of milk, sweeten and flavor it; then add four heaped tablespoonfuls of rice flour, to thicken it; when cool, add four eggs, well beaten. Bake it, and when cool, ice it, by beating up two eggs with eight tablespoonfuls of sugar, spreading it over the top of the pudding. Dry it in a cool oven for a few moments. To be eaten cold, with cream.

OUR GARDEN FOR SEPTEMBER.

In this month those flowers to be found in the fields, swamps and woods, and which it is wished should be transplanted to the garden, should be taken up and treated as directed in a former number.

Tuberous-Rooted Flowering-Plants of various kinds, such as peonias, spiraea, flag irises, winter aconite, &c., &c., now be propagated by slippings, or parting their roots. The

latter should have its roots planted in small clusters; for small solitary flowers, scattered about the borders, are scarcely seen at a distance; but when these, with snow-drops, crocuses, and dwarf Persian irises, are alternately planted in clusters, the effect is very fine, as they are nearly of the same size, and flower about the same time.

All kinds of *Bulbs* that do not do well with being kept long out of the ground, should now be planted, if possible, for although these roots may be kept up much longer if preserved from the air, in dry sand, saw dust, dry chaff or the like, yet they would not flower near so well next season as if planted in due time.

Common tulips, hyacinths, narcissus, &c., may now be planted in the borders in small clumps of four or five in a place, covering the roots about four inches deep if the soil be dry and light; if stiff and heavy, three inches will be sufficient; but the latter kind of soil should not be chosen for this purpose if possible: where the borders are naturally inclined to clay, proper earth should be brought and holes made in the spots where you intend planting about a foot in diameter, and at least the same in depth, which fill with the good soil and plant the roots therein, covering as above.

Van Thol and other early tulips may now be planted in a warm soil and exposure for an early spring bloom.

Plants in the House.—In the Eastern states, between the fifteenth and latter end of this month, according to local situations, the nights will be getting cold, and consequently the tenderer kinds of green-house plants must be housed before they change their color by too much cold, leaving the hardy kinds out as long as there is no danger of their being attacked by frost.

In the middle and other states where frosts do not frequently appear before the middle of October, the plants are to be taken care of as directed in the preceding months; observing to decrease the usual supply of water in proportion to the moistness and coldness of the weather, for the administering of it too copiously when there is not a necessity, would be very injurious. And let it be particularly observed, that as soon as the cold nights set in, which may be about the middle of this month or sooner, the water must be given to the plants in the morning, for if given late in the afternoon as in the preceding months, the chill occasioned by it and the coldness of the nights, would change the color of the foliage from a fine green to a yellowish cast, whereby much of their beauty would be lost, as well as the plants themselves in some degree injured.

If any are in want of larger pots or tubs, they may be shifted in the beginning of this month, but on no account defer it later, that the plants may have time to strike fresh roots before winter. And if, in consequence of a bad state of health, any had been planted in the borders, they must, early in this month, be taken up and repotted; observing to take them up carefully, to trim off the wide extended roots, and plant them with the entire balls in the pots or tubs destined for their reception; after which give them water and place them in some shady, warm situation, till the time for housing them.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

EYE SIGHT.—Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life, by the too frequent use of the eye sight in reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or of a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on first waking, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eye sight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tint, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them; but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world—then wash your eyes and face in warm water.

ART RECREATIONS.

FOR GRECIAN PAINTING.—J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, publish the following fine and desirable engravings, which they send by mail, *post-paid*, on receipt of price.

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Hiwatha's Wooing,	14 by 18	1.50
The Farm Yard,	13 by 19	1.50
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Jean D'Arc,	12 by 16	1.00
Lee Orpheline,	9 by 11	1.00
The Jewsharp Lesson,	9 by 11	.60
The Little Bird,	9 by 11	.60
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MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Fragrant Oil.—Collect a quantity of the leaves of any flowers that have an agreeable fragrance; card thin layers of cotton, and dip into the finest sweet oil; sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers, and lay first a layer of cotton and then a layer of flowers, until an earthenware vessel, or a wide-mouthed glass bottle, is full. Tie the top well over with a bladder, then place the vessel in a southern aspect, so that it may have the heat of the sun; and in fifteen days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away from the whole mass.

The Skeletons of Leaves, &c.—The following is a simple method of obtaining the skeleton of leaves, flowers, &c. The leaves or flowers are to be placed in a small quantity of water, until they are completely decomposed. (Warm weather is to be preferred.) They are then to be taken out of the water and laid upon a marble slab, or flat surface. Clear water (some recommend it to be boiling) is then gently poured in a small stream over them, and thus the decayed particles are washed away, leaving behind only a series of woody fibres, or sap vessels, which constitute a beautiful net-work, particularly in small leaves. This operation being performed, they should be placed in the sun; and when dry, they may be fixed with glue or gum on a background of black velvet, and placed in a glazed frame, or glass case, as taste may direct. A beginner should commence the experiments with the largest leaves, as with them failure is less likely than with the more delicate.

Clotted Cream.—String four blades of mace on a string, put them to a gill of new milk, and six spoonfuls of rose-water, simmer a few minutes, then by degrees stir this liquor, strained into yolks of two eggs, well beaten, stir the whole into a quart of good cream, set it over the fire and stir till hot, but not boiling, then pour it into a deep dish, and let it stand four and twenty hours; serve it in a cream dish; to eat with fruit, some persons prefer it without any taste but cream, in which case use a quart of new milk, or do it like the Devonshire cream scalded; when done enough, a round mark will appear on the surface of the cream, the size of the bottom of the pan it is done in, which in the country they call the ring, and when that is seen, remove the pan from the fire.

Arrowroot Pudding.—Take two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, and two quarts of fresh milk; mix the arrowroot with a small portion of the milk, and when the remaining part of the milk has boiled, add it to the former, when nearly cold, add the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, three ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, and a little grated nutmeg. Stir the ingredients well together, turn them into a buttered dish, and bake for a quarter of an hour.

Snow Pudding.—Dissolve half of a sixpenny package of gelatine (Cox's we find the best) in half a pint of water; add a pound of ground white sugar, the juice of four lemons, and the whites of two eggs. Beat up all till very light and spongy, then pour into a mould. When wanted, turn into a crystal dish, and serve with a custard round it made of the yolks of two eggs.

Castor Oil Pomade.—Castor oil, eight ounces; best lard, four ounces; white wax, four drachms; bergamot, four drachms; oil of lavender, forty drops. Melt the lard down in a pipkin, and on cooling add the castor oil, stirring the whole well; then add the bergamot and oil of lavender. You can increase or decrease the above in equal proportions at pleasure.

Odoriferous Water.—Take essence of ambergris, one drachm; essence of musk, one drachm; essence of bergamot, two drachms; oil of cloves, twenty drops; spirits of wine, six ounces; orange-flower water, four ounces; distilled water, four ounces. Mix all together, and let them digest for a few days, at least a week, frequently shaking; then filter for use.

An Excellent Gargle for Sore Throat.—Half a pint of rose-leaf tea, a wine-glassful of good vinegar, honey enough to sweeten it, and a very little Cayenne pepper, all well mixed together, and simmered in a close vessel; gargle the throat with a little of it at bed time, or oftener if the throat is very sore.

Icing for a Plum Cake.—Take the white of an egg, a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a teaspoonful of gum dragon, melted. Mix them into a paste, and lay it on the cake.

Lemonade.—Very fine lemonade may be made by slicing four good lemons, adding four ounces of lump sugar, and one quart of boiling water. Cover up close till cold.

Eve's Pudding.—Take six ounces of currants, six ounces of bread crumbs, six ounces of sugar, six large apples, chopped fine, eight eggs, well beaten. Boil them in a mould two hours; serve with brandy sauce, or half a pound of sugar, half a pint of white wine boiled to a syrup.

A Plain Pudding.—Six ounces of bread, six ounces of currants, six ounces of apples, six ounces of sugar, six ounces of suet, six ounces of raisins, stoned and cut fine, six spoonfuls of brandy, six eggs, and a little nutmeg. Boil three hours.

Chapped Hands.—Borax, two scruples; glycerine, half an ounce: mix in three-quarters of a pint of boiling water, and use morning and evening.

To Kill Flies.—Two drachms of extract of quassia, dissolve in half pint of boiling water. Sweeten with a little brown sugar, and pour on plates.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF PINK CRAPE WITH A PUFFED SKIRT.—The body is in the Grecian style. Trimming of black velvet, put on like the order of the garter over the left shoulder, and fastening on the right side at the waist. On the left side six bows of velvet loop up the upper puffs. A bow of black velvet is on the right shoulder. Head-dress, a wreath of pink roses and bows of black velvet ribbon.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF DARK GREEN SILK.—The under skirt is striped with black, and trimmed around the bottom with a double puffing of silk. The upper is cut in deep vandykes, and edged with a puffing of silk. A second puffing is put on in vandykes about a quarter of a yard above the other. Body high and round at the waist, where there is a bow and ends of silk. Sleeves of an entirely new style, nearly tight to the arm at the lower part, with two full puffs at the upper part of the arm. Bonnet of white silk, with a green heron plume on one side.

FIG. III.—A PEARL COLORED SILK, WITH ONE DEEP FLOUNCE. which is surmounted by a quilling of silk. Head-dress of black lace, tied under the chin.

FIG. IV.—MANTILLA of a shawl shape, of black silk richly embroidered.

FIG. V.—MANTILLA of an entirely new style. It is made of rich black silk, trimmed with gimp and a ruffle of black silk.

FIG. VI.—SLEEVE FOR AN EVENING DRESS, made of white tarlatan. Two puffs of tarlatan and a row of lace are put on the edge of the sleeve, which is open nearly to the top. This sleeve is put into a deep puff at the shoulder, and is ornamented with bows of scarlet velvet ribbon.

We give also engravings of a Watteau Cap, a new style Head-Dress, a black lace Cape, &c.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The season still continues so warm, that as yet but little change has appeared in the dresses and mantles of our fashionables. As many of the bonnets have become shabby from summer use, several of straw have been renovated, or even new ones purchased for autumn wear. Many of these are of grey or brown straw, and are frequently trimmed with dark blue, green, crimson, scarlet or black velvet. Leghorn bonnets are trimmed with rich dark ribbon or flowers; or they may be ornamented with a white or Leghorn-color ostrich feather, when intended for a superior style of costume. A bonnet of plain white straw, of very fine quality, has been effectively trimmed with black velvet and roses. The edge is finished with a band of black velvet. The curtain is composed of black silk, and the strings are of black ribbon figured with small wheat-ears in straw-color. A strip of the same ribbon as that which forms the strings, crosses the top of the bonnet. On the right side there is a bouquet composed of three full-blown roses without leaves, surrounded with black and straw-color wheat-ears, intermingled with grass. The in-

side trimming is ornamented with a rose and wheat-ears in black and straw-color. Across the forehead there is a bandeau of black silk.

MANTILLAS continue to be made quite large, as will be seen by our illustrations, which are in the newest styles.

DOUBLE SKIRTS and two flounces no longer hold the sway which they have done, though even yet many of them are worn. Four, five, or any number of narrow flounces may be worn, and they sometimes even number ten. These are very beautiful if the dress is of a thin material, or even of a light quality of silk; but for heavier silks, three or four narrow flounces, reaching only to about the knee, are the most fashionable and the most appropriate. Sometimes one deep flounce is surmounted by two or three narrow ones; sometimes the flounces are put on in a wavy style around the skirt. In fact, the manner of trimming is left very much to the taste of the wearer, provided only that the narrow flounces preponderate.

DRESSES made high in the neck and fastened in front still maintain their sway, but are nearly always made without basques, but with a point before and at the back, or else a round waist, to be worn with a belt or ribbon. The bodies of many of the dresses are now trimmed with bows of ribbon. Sleeves are of every variety of style; but as the cold weather advances, we have no doubt but the tight coat sleeve, cut to fit the arm, will be the most popular for ordinary wear. Some of the most elegant silks, for dinner dresses, or evening dresses, for elderly ladies, are made of rich antique taffetas, the ground of which is of a bright Indian blue, has a pattern of wheat-ears, embroidered in straw-color silk. Several beautiful silks of the same kind are destined for similar dresses. One is of silver grey taffety, embroidered with thistles. Another has a mauve ground, covered with small violets. One of the most beautiful dresses for the coming season is made of jonquil-colored crape, with very narrow plaited flounces trimmed along the bottom with small tufts of coreopsis, the same flower being also used for the breast and shoulder bouquets as well as the head-dress.

For young ladies, evening dresses of worked muslin are much in favor. One or two have lately been made with double skirts, and they are worn over silk slips of some bright hue; as pink, blue, mauve, &c. The corsages are in folds, and not unfrequently the Empress scarf is worn with a dress of this description. The scarf should be of the same color as the slip.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF FOUR OR FIVE YEARS OF AGE.—It is composed of dark blue cashmere, cut square on the neck, and ornamented with a row of buttons and band of velvet. A broad blue ribbon, fringed at the ends, passes over the right shoulder, and is tied at the waist. Short sleeves with cambric under-sleeves and skirt. Cap of blue velvet.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A BOY OF EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—The pantaloons are short and full. The blouse is of black velvet, buttons down the front, and is confined at the waist by a broad, black belt. Sleeves nearly close to the arm, sufficiently short to show the white shirt sleeve, and with a turned-up cuff. Black cloth cap, with a gay plaid band.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS OF CRIMSON DELAINE.—Coat of black silk, with a plain, tight body. Very large, loose sleeve, with the seam on the outside of the arm and ornamented with buttons, and several rows of narrow gimp or fringe.

We also give a child's dress, front and back view, with diagrams by which to cut it out.

There is nothing new in the way of material for children's dresses.



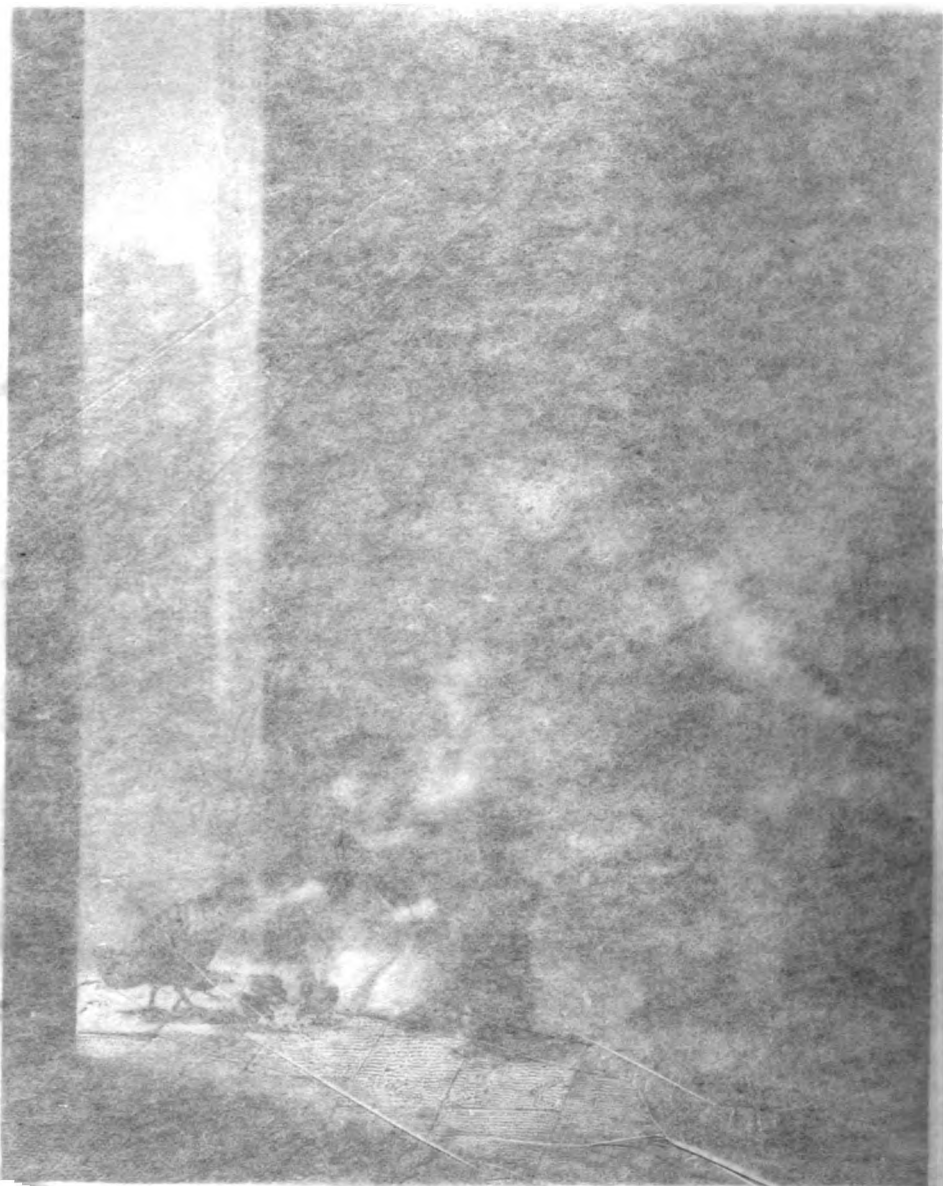
CHICKEN FEEDING

Engraved Expressly for Beeton's Magazine.



LES MODES PARISIENNES.

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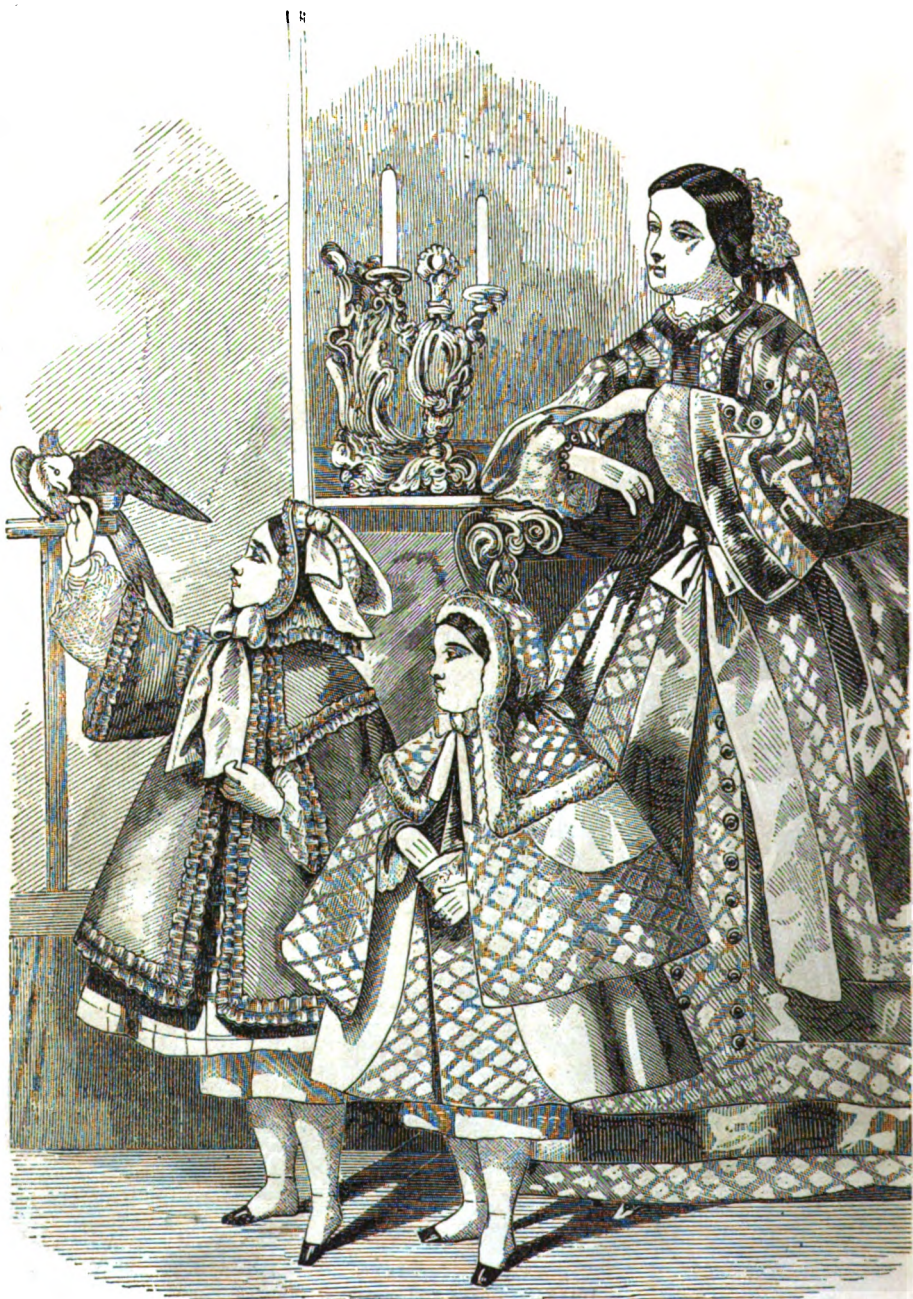
HANDKERCHIEF BORDERS: IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.



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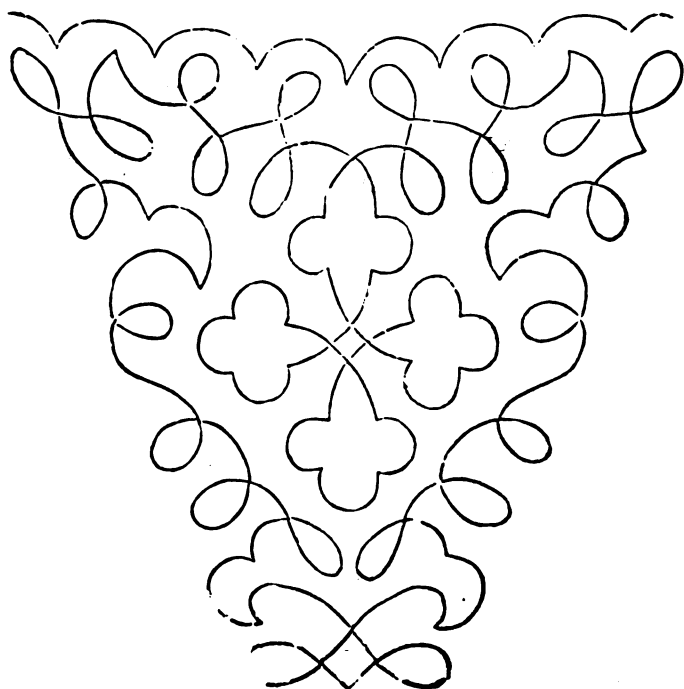
WALKING DRESS FOR OCTOBER.



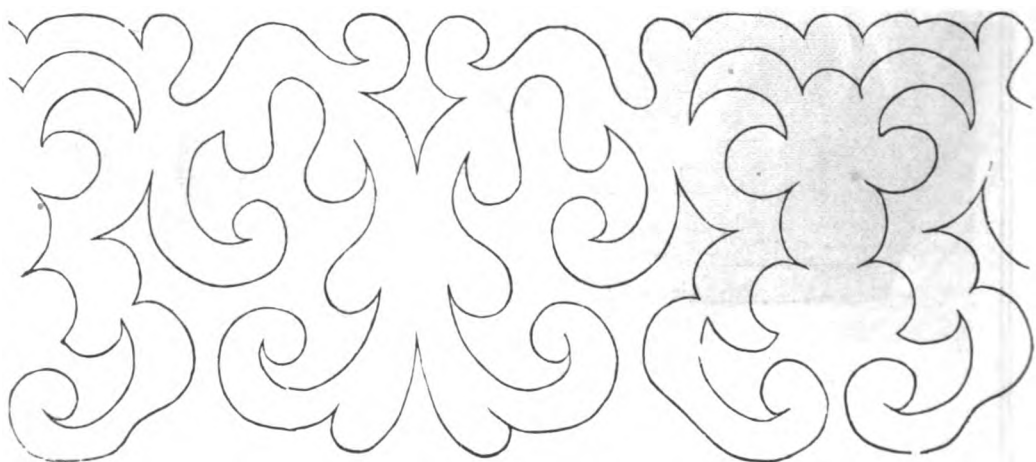
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS: LADY'S HOME DRESS.



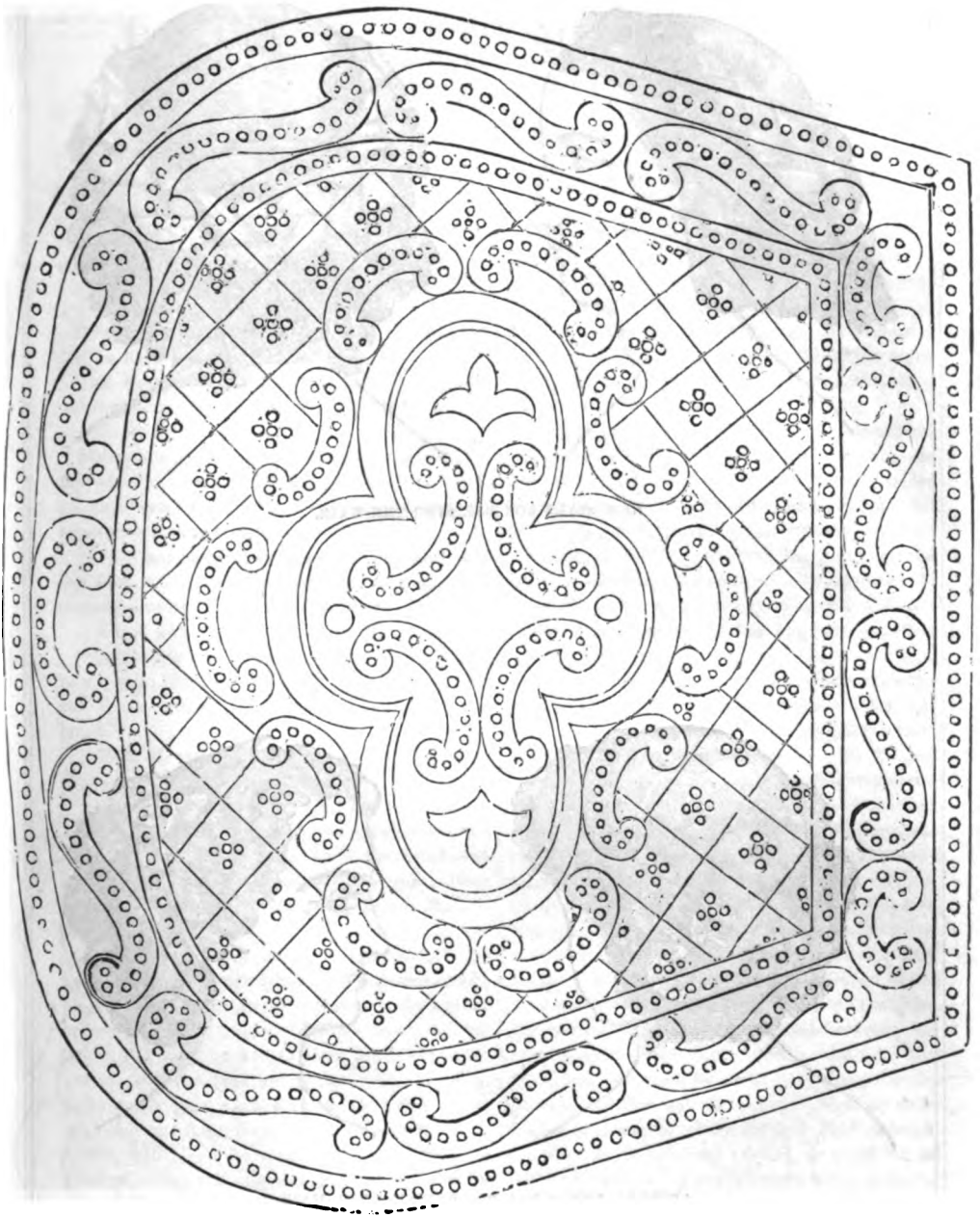
EQUESTRIAN COSTUME.



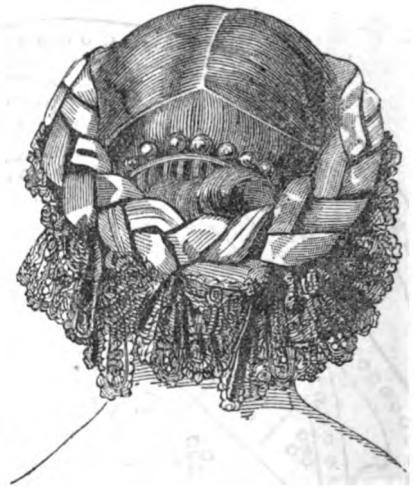
BRAIDING PATTERN FOR SLIPPER: TOE.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR SLIPPER: SIDE.



PATTERN FOR BEAD AND BRAIDED RETICULE.



NEW STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.



ANOTHER NEW STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1859.

No. 4

MY COUSIN HORACE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"SHE is a woman, that is enough to make me dislike her."

The words fell upon my ear, as I lay just waking from my afternoon nap, upon my sofa.

"Horace!"

My aunt's gentle voice uttered the word in a reproachful tone, and I knew that her son, whom we had been expecting home from his European trip for some days, had arrived.

"I did not mean to grieve you, mother," said the first voice, "I do love you, if you are a woman, but oh! mother, if you knew!"

"Knew what, Horace?"

"I wrote to you about Amy, how I loved her, how gentle, true and fair she seemed, and how she made me believe I was the only one she loved."

"Well, Horace, you wrote that she had promised to be your wife, next year."

"She was married to another one week before I left England; and she had deceived me. She loved him all the time, but they quarreled, and while they were estranged she met me. They met again, were reconciled, and I—— Well, it is over!"

I sprang up from the sofa, ashamed of the part of eaves-dropper I had been unintentionally playing, and began to dress for tea. As I stood before the glass, I mentally drew a contrast between the Amy he had so often described in his letters, and the face before me. She had fair, light curls, blue eyes, and blonde complexion, with a tiny, fairy-like figure. I was tall, full figure, with jetty hair and eyes, a gipsy complexion, and dark crimson roses on my cheeks. Cousin Horace was tall, too, not very handsome, but manly, strong, and talented, with an erect, free carriage, and flashing eyes, rugged features, and a loud, ringing voice; all this I knew from his mother, for we had not met since we were children.

"So he has determined to hate me because I am a woman," I thought, as I braided the black hair, and looped it near my cheek. "Well, it won't break my heart, I guess."

I came into the parlor with quiet self-possession, and was introduced to my cousin. He started to find the little girl he remembered a tall woman, but I think felt relieved that I did not, in any way, resemble the lost Amy.

Coldly, distantly polite was his greeting, and mine matched it. We chatted on indifferent subjects till tea time, and I took the earliest opportunity to retire and leave the long-parted mother and son together.

We were in a pleasant country house on the banks of the Delaware, passing the summer, but we knew none of the neighbors, and Horace and I were forced to become friends. We walked and rode together, but always chatted on general subjects, and with the formality of perfect strangers. It was exceedingly tiresome! All my other cousins, when I had visited them, had treated me like a sister, and I enjoyed it; but this iceberg of a man talked in his stately, composed way, as if we were entire strangers meeting in a crowded saloon. And yet—strange as it may seem—I looked forward with impatience to our walks or evening chats, longed, wished for them. My cousin was talented, and had traveled, not returning to prate idly of the wonders he had seen, but to profit by them, and improve the great mind God had given him. Hour by hour he could converse of all he had read or seen, without one egotistical remark or anecdote of his own powers. I could listen, losing little by little my heart to one who, I reflected bitterly, cared nothing for it. I would pace my room, my heart swelling almost to bursting with the mingled love and mortification, resolving to go home; and yet his voice, the fall of his foot upon the stairs, calmed me, and I hastened down to

listen to him, and return more miserable than before.

He never referred to Amy; but sometimes, when speaking of his stay in England, a bitter smile would flit over his face, as if the reminiscences he spoke of were connected with others buried deep in his own breast.

One morning, while we were at breakfast, a car drove up, and from it was hoisted a large box containing a piano.

"Cousin," said Horace, "you were lamenting the absence of a piano last week: will you use this one?"

The delight and gratitude I felt at his kind thoughtfulness were chilled, crushed by the cold, business-like tone of his voice. I bowed, tried to speak, and finally ran up stairs and cried. I could not tell why; it was very kind for him to indulge me in my favorite pleasure, but he evidently hated me all the while, else why that chilling tone? It was a merely polite attention offered by a gentleman to a lady, nothing more.

"He has no heart, no feeling!" I thought, as I dried my eyes; but before night I changed my opinion.

We were seated in the parlor, with no light but that given by the moon as it poured in at the open windows, and I opened the piano. It had a fine, deep tone, and after my fingers once lighted upon it I forgot everything else. Horace and my aunt were silent. I played for some time, when a deep, bitter sigh made me look up. Auntie was gone; my cousin sat upon the sofa, his head bowed down, and his face buried in the cushion.

"Are you ill?" I asked, crossing the room.

"No, no. But music, such music as yours recalls many things. You are a fine performer, cousin, but that is nothing compared to the soul music you pour out. I could be a better man if I heard such often."

My heart bounded high at this, his first compliment.

"I love music!" I said, gently

"I love it too! Cousin, I have sat for hours listening to a harp played by——"

He paused; I knew what he meant, and, my heart full of sympathy, I softly laid my hand upon his thick curls. The action, slight as it was, recalled him.

"It is getting late! I will close the piano; and then good night, cousin."

Cold, distant, stately he rose, letting my hand fall from his head, never heeding it.

I went up stairs. It was the drop too much

in my cup, and humiliated by the thought that I had given my love unsought, uncared for, I passed the night in sleepless, tearful agony.

The next morning I resolved to return home, and was more determined by hearing one phrase which fell from Horace's lips just as I entered the breakfast-room. It was,

"Never, mother! I can never trust another woman!"

I turned from the room, and went out into the air. I was choking, stifling. All unheeding where I strayed, I went on toward the bank of the river. I thought of the loving, kind attention toward his mother, his gentlemanly bearing to our few visitors, his kind, unostentatious benevolence to the poor with whom he came in contact, and contrasted it with his cold indifference to myself till I grew nearly frantic. Then my thoughts turned to that silly girl whom he had loved, false, deceitful as she was, and I hated myself that I had no power to efface her image from his heart. I, dark and tall, disgusted him when her angel face rose before his mind's eye. I was handsome, and did not want admirers to tell me so. My heart, full of bitterness and sorrow, I dashed on, hearing the waves of the river kiss the shore fifty feet below me; and sometimes looking down the steep bank, half tempted to end my misery like Sappho.

I was standing, exhausted with my passionate haste, leaning against a tree, when a deep, manly voice called loudly,

"Kate! Kate! where are you?"

I started, lost my balance, and fell down the steep bank. There was a rushing sound in my ears, and then I lost consciousness. I was lying on the sofa when I recovered my senses. I felt strong arms around me as I lay there, too bewildered to open my eyes. I felt, too, hot tears dropping on my face, and I heard, oh, music! a deep, rich voice, broken with sobs, saying,

"Kate! darling! my own Kate, speak to me. Do not lie so still, like death. Kate!" and then, "Oh! she is dead! I shall never be happy now."

I opened my eyes, and then, as of old, afraid to trust his own heart's choice, he started to draw back, but I nestled close to the broad chest, and clasped the hand that drew back.

"Horace!" I whispered, "love me!—trust me!"

Well, I can't write any more, because I am employed in twisting orange flowers into the most becoming shape for a wreath; and to-morrow my cousin Horace becomes somebody else—to me.

MENDING THE WORLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

WE once heard a man say that he was born a reformer. Our own observation of the individual led us to the conclusion that he was born an egotist and lover of notoriety. Andrew Cassell, the personage of whose doings we are about to give a brief history, belonged to this class; but he was more of a fanatic than an egotist. He saw, from the beginning, that is, from the very dawning of reason, that the world was governed badly. The unequal distribution of wealth was always an annoying problem, and puzzled his brain sorely. He learned, early, to pity the poor and almost hate the rich. To look upon the former as suffering a social wrong, and upon the latter as wrong doers, and responsible for the vast amount of social evil under which the world was groaning.

At twenty-two, he entered the ranks of that great army of religious enthusiasts, who influence society by declamation more than by reason. With the poor he sympathized, and preached to them patience and submission as a Christian virtue; yet failed to soften their feelings toward the rich, who were for the most part held up to them as self-indulgent, cruel, and oppressive, and living in perpetual danger of the fire that is never quenched. "How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven!" With this denunciation of the rich, he was wont to comfort the poor in their poverty.

To the rich, he preached the mortification of the flesh; and magnified the crime of dressing in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. "Sell all that ye have and give unto the poor, and ye shall have treasure in heaven!" Thus he cried unto them, and he meant almost literally what he said.

Everywhere he found the world wrong—in all grades of society, from the highest to the lowest—and he was constantly seeking to thrust his hand in among the multitudinous wheels amid wheels of the social movement, and correct the errors that were as glaring in his eyes as the sun at noonday. If not with his lips, certainly in his heart, he blamed the great Ruler of the world for partial action, neglect, or indifference; and morning, noon and night prayed to Him to come in sudden power and glory, and break up the present social fabric of the world, that it might

be rearranged in new and truer forms. Very impatient was he often at the slow progression of good, and what he saw as the rapid march of evil. He often despaired of the world, and often threatened his great Master—in heart, not with the lips—that if he did not come to his help, he would abandon the cause of mercy. "What power is there in my feeble arm?" he would cry. "The enemy is too strong for me."

Cassell was honest, as far as he knew himself. The burden of the poor and the afflicted weighed heavily upon his soul; and if he could have reached the coffers of the rich, he would have scattered their golden treasures to the needy.

It happened, once, in the course of Andrew Cassell's life, that he came to live in a small village where the few rich and the many poor dwelt as in the rest of the world, in conditions far removed from each other. The contrast was closer, because the people came into a nearer relation. Our reformer was grieved at what he saw; and troubled for the souls of his rich neighbors.

There was in the village a poor, industrious cabinet-maker and upholsterer, who had a large family of children, entirely dependent upon his daily labor for food, home, and raiment. He was a good workman, but the plain articles of household furniture required by his poor neighbors, paid him so small a rate of profit, that, but for the finer, more ornamental, and consequently more profitable orders occasionally received from the wealthier people, he would have failed to meet the common needs of his family. It was in helping to sustain the more luxurious wants of the rich, that his own wants were supplied; and not only his natural wants, but he came, always, into a more cheerful and interested state of mind when he was bringing taste and a higher skill into his work—thus his higher or mental wants received their aliment, and he felt that he was a better and truer man. He did not envy his rich neighbor the luxurious sofa, elegant wardrobe, or tasteful etagiere, that he wrought out for him with skillful hands; but was thankful for the privilege of doing his work, and proud of the result.

This poor, industrious man, whose name was Artemas, had the misfortune to wound his foot,

while at his work, one day, and this so badly, that he was disabled for several weeks; and when, at last, he went back to his shop, he was not competent, for some weeks longer, to perform his usual amount of labor. Cassell visited him frequently, during his season of trouble, and gave him all the consolation in his power to offer. He pitied him most sincerely.

There was, also, in the village, a man of wealth, named Baldwin. He owned a large manufactory, and in the business of adding to his own riches, gave employment to many poor men, who, in working for him, were able to provide homes for their families.

Now, this Mr. Baldwin had built himself a handsome house, and was preparing to furnish it in a style of great elegance. Artemas had made several pieces of furniture for him, and he liked them so well, that he determined to give him an order for the whole work. So he called to see the cabinet-maker just as he had recovered from the wound in his foot sufficiently to be in his shop again, and talked the matter over with him. Artemas received the proposal with an eager pleasure, but said the order was so large that he could not possibly get it ready in time.

"With your own hands you cannot, of course, do the work," replied Mr. Baldwin. "But you must get journeymen from New York. I will advance the money needed to go there, procure materials, patterns, and so forth; and when we settle for the furniture, it shall be at New York prices for articles of similar quality."

Artemas was delighted. The sky which had been for some time dark was cloudless again. He went with Mr. Baldwin to his new house: took the dimensions of all the rooms, discussed with him and his wife questions of taste, and showed so much accurate knowledge of effects in furnishing, that Mr. Baldwin determined to give into his hands the whole business of attiring his elegant mansion; the profit from which would be three or four times as much as on ordinary work.

A few days after Mr. Baldwin's interview with the cabinet-maker, and while he was engaged in perfecting his plans, Cassell called upon him with a view to interesting his mind in general works of benevolence. Cassell was a preacher of great declamatory force, and by his natural eloquence captivated most people who heard him. Mr. Baldwin was an attendant at the church where he preached; and Cassell, who visited him often, was gradually gaining an undue influence over him. A kind-hearted and just man was Mr. Baldwin, and one who understood the art of money-making in his business to which he

had been thoroughly educated. But he was no deep thinker; and little skilled in ethics.

On the occasion of Mr. Cassell's visit, as just mentioned, Mr. Baldwin, whose mind was running on his new house and its equipment, mentioned the fact that he was about ordering furniture in keeping with the style and elegance of the building.

The preacher sighed and looked grave, but made no answer.

"It will be the handsomest house, and best attired of any in the county," said Mr. Baldwin, a little proudly.

"You will have a handsomer house than this one, I hope," remarked the preacher.

Baldwin looked at him with a glance of inquiry.

"A house not made with hands—eternal in the heavens."

Cassell spoke almost solemnly.

The countenance of his auditor changed.

"Forgive me," said the preacher, "for what may seem unkind and out of place, but my high regard for you, and my duty as a minister, forbid me from keeping silence on a subject that so deeply affects your eternal welfare. Your furniture," and Cassell glanced around the room, "is rich and costly now, compared with the furniture of millions of your fellow men, who stand, in the sight of God, as all men stand, your equal and mine. Why then waste hundreds of dollars—it may be thousands for ought I know—in useless luxuries, when the souls of myriads of God's creatures are perishing for lack of knowledge, or suffering from poverty, wrong, or cruel oppression? I verily believe, in my heart, that your heavenly Father is now trying you with this temptation, and that Satan is standing by, desiring to have you that he may sift you as wheat. Pause, hesitate, reflect, my dear, dying fellow mortal! Do not take another step in this direction until you have examined well the ground, and are certain that it is not filled with nets, and gins, and pitfalls to entrap the soul to eternal perdition. 'Sell all that thou hast and give it unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven,' was not idly spoken by the blessed Master; nor those other fearful words, 'How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven!' Dives had his good things upon the earth, and Lazarus his evil things. But how was their relation changed in the other life! Riches are a snare, my dear Mr. Baldwin!—a snare to the soul."

There was a strong, impressive enthusiasm about the preacher, that wrought powerfully with his auditor, who felt an inward failing and

trembling, as if the warning had been spoken from heaven.

"How much," asked Cassell, "did you propose to expend in new furniture?"

"From two to three thousand dollars," was replied.

"Three thousand dollars! Think how many Bibles this sum would distribute. How much missionary labor it would provide. How many hungry ones it would feed—how many naked ones clothe! If they who can give only a cup of cold water lose not their reward, how great are the blessings in store for you, if you will but call them down upon your head? Ah, sir! let my words sink deeply into your heart; for I come as a messenger from the Lord."

The wife of Mr. Baldwin was present during a part of this interview, and was affected thereby, more than her husband.

"I think Mr. Cassell is right," she said. "We have plenty of good furniture, and I can arrange it in the new house to look handsome enough to suit my ambition. Three thousand dollars can be put to a better use, I am sure."

"God will bless you for such noble self-denial, madam!" exclaimed the preacher, with overflowing enthusiasm. "May He water your soul with the dews of heavenly grace! Yes; three thousand dollars can be put to a better use. Lay it up in the treasury of heaven. It will pay you a hundred fold to eternity. You have taken one good step; why not take another? Invest the whole of this money in celestial stock. Set it aside for pious uses. What say you?"

The husband and wife looked at each other.

"Do it," said the latter.

"I will!"

"God bless you both!" The preacher's voice trembled with emotion. "There is joy, for this, among the angels. Already a messenger has borne the news upward on lightning pinions!"

"And now," said Mr. Baldwin, as his mind grew calmer, "since, through your benevolent suggestion, we have resolved to give three thousand dollars in pious uses, let us still be guided by the same judgment. Far better than we, can you determine where the sum is most needed; for your intelligence reaches wider than ours over the moral world."

A little while Mr. Cassell sat in thoughtful attitude. Then looking up, he spoke,

"Thank you for this new proof of confidence. But I will only suggest."

"You shall be our Almoner," said Mr. Baldwin, earnestly.

"Let me suggest first. And to begin. I will mention that there is now at my house, a good

brother who brought me an earnest letter from one of our excellent bishops. His visit is in special reference to the raising of a fund to purchase libraries for Sabbath Schools throughout the West."

"I like that," said Mrs. Baldwin. "Anything for the children meets my warm approval."

"Suppose we give a thousand dollars to this fund?" said Mr. Baldwin.

"Just what I was going to suggest," remarked the preacher.

"It shall be done. What next?" Mr. Baldwin seemed anxious to have the matter settled and off of his mind. It was, as he felt it, a kind of a necessary soul-saving operation—a little painful—and the natural impulse was to have it over as quickly as possible.

"The good brother, of whom I spoke," answered Mr. Cassell, "is secretary of a New South Sea Island Missionary Society. It is yet in its infancy, and much in need of funds. A young missionary and his wife have been waiting, for several months, the orders of the society, and are only kept back from an important field of labor through lack of money."

"Shall we give a thousand dollars there?" inquired the rich man.

"If it is in your heart to do so. It is the Lord's work."

"You say the society is young?"

"Only two years' old, but it has done much already for the glory of God. The isles of the sea are beginning to smile in the brightness of His rising. The ends of the earth will praise Him."

What difference did it make to Mr. Baldwin where the money went, so that it was disbursed for pious uses? He had determined to deny himself the luxury of fine furniture, and to put the sum this furniture would have cost him, out to interest in the bank of heaven. Why delay in the investment? Or make any close questionings as to the particular way in which the funds would be applied by the directors?

"Put the other two thousand there," said he, "it is the Lord's work."

"Yes, blessed be His holy name! It is His work, brother Baldwin. And you will not lose your reward. The Lord will not forget you and sister Baldwin, when he comes to make up the jewels for his sparkling crown."

Mr. Baldwin was a prompt acting, as well as an impulsive man. He had, within an hour, an interview with the "good brother," from New York, who brought such an earnest letter from the excellent bishop, and talked over matters with him. He was not altogether prepossessed

in his favor; but things had gone too far to leave any space for retreat; and, besides, the man was only an agent of the associations he represented. On the next day, this "good brother" left for New York, with the sum of three thousand dollars in his pocket—two thousand for the South Sea Islanders, and one thousand for the Western Sunday School children.

All through that day Mr. Baldwin experienced an elevation of feeling quite above his ordinary state of mind. He had denied himself a natural good for the sake of spiritual uses; and his thought went forward to the coming reward—to the hundred fold return upon this treasure laid up in heaven.

"Mr. Artemas wishes to see you?" It was early on the morning after the "good brother" had carried off Mr. Baldwin's furniture money to distribute through the great West, and scatter among the South Sea Islanders.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin looked at each other in silence; and then the latter went out upon the piazza where the cabinet-maker awaited him.

"Good morning," said Artemas.

"Good morning." There was a great change in Mr. Baldwin's manner.

"I have arranged all my matters, and will be ready to start for New York day after to-morrow," said the cabinet-maker.

"He-m-m!" A slight flush came into the face of Mr. Baldwin. Two or three times he cleared his throat before he could say,

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Artemas; but, on consideration, my wife and myself have concluded that our furniture is quite good enough for the new house, and that, to throw it aside, and spend two or three thousand dollars for new furniture, would be a simple piece of extravagance. We believe that we can do a great deal more good with the money."

The cabinet-maker grew pale, and his knees smote suddenly together. He turned his face partly away, so that its expression could not be seen.

"It will be all the same to you, as if I had not purposed giving you this order. Your attention will be given to other work. I shall need assistance in moving, altering, and refitting, and must have your services, of course."

Oh, no, Mr. Baldwin, it was not "all the same" to the cabinet-maker; for only the day before he had sent off a letter to a poor widowed sister who lived, with her four children, about fifty miles away. A part of this letter ran thus:

"Sell off all your things except your beds and clothing, and come on at once. This order will

take at least six months to complete, and as you and Jane are first-rate at all kinds of upholstering work, your services will be invaluable to me. John and William can go into the shop and earn enough to pay for board and clothing; and Kitty can go to school with our Willy and Mag. How suddenly everything has brightened up! The darkest hour, it has been well said, is just before the break of day. This building and refurnishing by Mr. Baldwin is the beginning of a better day for more than one family in our neighborhood. I know two or three rich people, who, when they see the elegant furniture I shall make for Mr. Baldwin, will look back upon their own old-fashioned articles with a desire to see them replaced by newer and better styles. I shall have my hands full of profitable work for at least two or three years to come; and in that time hope to save enough to build a little home of my own; and, dear sister! there shall be room in it for you and yours! Come then, and without an hour's delay. I am one of the happiest men living!"

The cabinet-maker went home, and sat down to recall his invitation to the widowed sister. But he could not write it. He laid down his pen, sadly, and went to his shop; but he could not work. What was to be done? As things had been, all his earnings were barely sufficient to meet the wants of his own family. The burden of his sister's family would not fail to crush him down. He felt this; and yet he could not find it in his heart to withdraw the invitation.

In less than two weeks, the sister and her children were added to the poor man's household. As warm a welcome as could be given, under the circumstances, was extended; but Artemas saw the inevitable consequences, and his spirits broke rapidly. All the true manhood in him seemed to give way. He worked on without hope or ambition; blindly at times; always inadequately; never to the entire satisfaction of his customers.

The preacher soon missed him from his accustomed place at church, and made him a visit of admonition. It was not very well received. Artemas was, he thought, in a strange state of mind. He called again, a week later; but did not find him in his shop. On returning home, he met him coming out of a tavern.

"Ah, friend Artemas," he said, soberly, "this is not the right place."

"It doesn't matter much," replied the other, in a dogged kind of way. "One place is about as good as another for me, seeing that I haven't half enough work to keep me busy; and what I

have, doesn't pay sufficiently to buy salt for our porridge."

"If your earnings are so small, you can't afford to spend them at the tavern," said the preacher, a little severely. "Bread money should not go for liquors."

"I drink to make me forget," replied Artemas. "Without it I would have no heart to work at all—working on to ruin as I am, and only waiting for the inevitable day."

"What do you mean?" Cassell looked concerned.

The cabinet-maker told his story with a feeling that carried it to the heart of his auditor; dwelling particularly on the case of his poor sister and her children, with whom he was so ready to share the good fortune which had come almost into his hands. A flood of misgiving came rushing into the preacher's heart, and he went home sober and reflective. He found a letter awaiting him. It was from the bishop to whom he had written about the liberal supply of funds which had been placed in the "good brother's" hands; and contained an explicit declaration that the "good brother" had received no credentials from him, and was, of course, an impostor. "The funds," added the bishop, "would have been much better applied if they had been thrown into the depths of the sea. As to the South Sea Island Mission, I know nothing of it in connection with our church; and were a movement toward such a thing to be started, would most emphatically discourage it. The "Greeks," as John Randolph once said, are at our own doors. Let us meet and overcome the fearful evils that are desolating society in all our large cities, and sweeping in lesser circles into every town and neighborhood. Here it is where missionary labor can do its most effective work. As to the outside savages, whether of Asia, Africa, or the Sea Islands, I have no hope for them, until after civilization, with its arts and sciences, shall have restored the natural life to some degree of order, and the rational to sufficient power to discriminate between moral right and wrong. Until then you have no ground in which to sow spiritual truth. The seed will not take root. In the meantime there is work enough at our own doors; and if we do that faithfully, we do all that God requires of us. As to the heathen, they are in His hands, and we must be content to wait His good time. He is wiser than we, and far more merciful. They are His children, and He will not leave them to perish. Having no light, they are a light unto themselves. I am in no trouble about them, for I am quite willing to believe that more will go to heaven

from heathen than from Christian lands—for the heathen live in closer obedience to their light than we Christians do to ours.

"And now," he added, "in remarking on another portion of your letter, brother Cassell, let me admonish you not to be so impatient with the slow progress of things, as you call it. You seem to forget that God is the ruler and governor of the world, and that He is wise, just, and merciful. You seem to forget that there are laws of permission as well as ordination, and that the evil you may be impatient to destroy at a single blow, He may be permitting for the correction and destruction of some other more direful evil, which but for this would gain a superhuman power. You have always been too eager to mend the world, brother Cassell—to change the natural course of events—to break up the existing order of things—to turn the social vessel out of her course; forgetful, all the while, that One whose essential nature is goodness and wisdom, has all things at all times in direct aspect. Don't forget, my brother, that you are a teacher of spiritual wisdom, and that this relates to the soul and its springs of action. Teach men those spiritual truths, which, when received into the heart, will correct the motives; feeling sure that when the heart is right, the life will be right also. As to men's general action in the world, don't meddle with it if they make no open violations of the commandments. Preach to them the laws of righteousness, and these will arrange the external. Refrain from trying to influence men to do this or that; for, in most cases, if they follow your advice they will do harm rather than good. God has given to each man his own measure of reason and judgment, and he must be left to its free exercise, or he never can be regenerated."

The preacher was smitten down as if by a heavy blow. The bishop's admonition came just in the right time to work conviction; but too late to mend the evil he had done in one of his efforts to mend the world. And now came to him sore temptations—fiery trials; showing his quality, but not purifying him. The natural man was stronger than the spiritual. The first dictate of reason—the first law in the code of right action was the undoing, as far as in his power lay, of the wrong he had been instrumental in effecting. But he had not the courage for this. He could not go to Mr. Baldwin and tell him that the good brother who had received his money was an impostor and a robber; nor could he tell him the cabinet-maker's story, for this would be a confession, that, in advising not to have the furniture made, but to give the money it would cost

for "Christian" purposes, he had led the other into wrong. How terribly was he afflicted in mind! Almost daily he saw Artemas going to the tavern, but never saw his face at church any more. If he talked with him, he only received, in return, a kind of wild beast growling, defiant despair. Toward Mr. Baldwin Artemas was particularly bitter. He had heard something of the cause of his withdrawal of the order for furniture, and this half maddened him.

Cassell could not help thinking of the cabinet-maker all the while; and he never lost sight of him. His eyes seemed ever to turn toward him and his affairs, as if drawn by some painful fascination. At last he ventured to speak of him to Mr. Baldwin.

"Don't name him," said the rich man, angrily.

"I am afraid he is going to ruin; and something ought to be done to save him," urged the preacher. "Why do you feel so bitterly against him?"

"Because he has slandered me," replied Baldwin.

"What has he said?"

"That I broke an honorable contract with him, to his damage; and that I am a hypocrite! A hypocrite! He couldn't have said a worse thing. A hypocrite! I may be bad enough; but I am no hypocrite!"

"It was a great disappointment to the poor man. No doubt he had built largely upon it," said the preacher, mildly.

"Oblige me, brother Cassell, by not mentioning his name again in my hearing. You will offend me seriously if you do."

Mr. Baldwin spoke like a man in earnest. And there the matter was closed. Bowed down in spirit, sad and perplexed, the preacher went home. On his way, passing the tavern, he met the cabinet-maker at the door. He looked an admonition, but had no heart to utter a word.

With what swift feet did Artemas hurry onward in the road to ruin. In less than two years he died, an idle, drunken, useless vagabond, and his wife followed him in a few weeks after to the grave. His little children were scattered among strangers; and his sister and her family, removed from the home where they might have held together, were separated likewise, and never again knew the blessing of one fireside circle! All this passed under the preacher's eyes. There was only one way in which he could have stayed the course of ruin; but he had not the courage to act. If he had related to Mr. Baldwin all he knew, and with the power to move the feelings which he possessed, that really generous-minded person, seeing how blindly he had given, and how much in this blind giving he had disturbed the orderly progression of uses around him, would have instantly put forth his hand to correct the evil he had done. But he still believed his money to be working good among the South Sea Islanders, and was satisfied with the accumulating interest of his investment in the bank of heaven. He had denied himself the luxury of fine furniture; and he felt that he was entitled to some reward for that also. Mr. Baldwin was right enough with himself.

And so the preacher, lacking the bravery to tell the whole truth, suffered the work of destruction to go on until the ruin was complete! So much for this attempt at mending the world. Let eager reformers take a hint from the story, and content themselves with trying to make the head wiser and the heart better. As to their actions, men must be left in freedom so long as they break no moral law. Each one is responsible for himself alone. God is the world's governor, and we must wait patiently until His hand restores the broken harmonies.

LOVE'S SECRET SORROW.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I do not seek the lonely grave
To scatter flowers there,
Though they fit emblems are of thee
Most beautiful and fair;
But when the night winds wildly rave,
I seek thy narrow bed;
And wish myself in bitterness
To be as thou art—dead.

As steals the wounded hart in some
Dark, lonesome shades to die,
That none may gaze upon his wounds
With eager, curious eye,

So seek I out thy lonely grave,
That not one soul shall see
The bitter tears of agony
I shed, dear one, for thee.

I will not seek thy sculptured tomb.
In the broad glare of day
That idle ones may mark the grief
That makes my soul its prey:
But in the solemn, sombre night,
I'll bend before thy shrine;
And while I pray, devoutly wish
Thy fate was also mine.

AUNT HANNAH'S PECULIARITY.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

My good aunt Hannah, like many other good people, had "peculiar ways of her own," of which, at the present writing, I will mention only one: a habit of giving utterance to any thought that came into her mind, no matter how inappropriate to the subject of conversation. Many were the misunderstandings and heart-burnings of which the old lady was thus the innocent cause. One might suppose that the perplexities and explanations it frequently occasioned would have cured her of this troublesome "way;" but she was incorrigible. Once, indeed, on an occasion of more than usual importance, there were strong hopes of her amendment.

Some visitors were conversing with my mother about the new minister—that never-ending theme of discussion in rural communities. Our minister had been but lately called to the parish, and, of course, there was a variety of opinions concerning him: some thought he was pious, devoted, &c.; others insisted that he was vain, affected, and frivolous; while some were sure that he was partial to the wealthy and influential members of his congregation—most terrible charge of all that can be brought against a pastor. The ladies above mentioned were ardent defenders of the Rev. Mr. B——, and had, as they said, actually talked themselves hoarse in replying to the charges and insinuations against him, they had heard during their calls that day.

My mother, who always managed to have as few words as possible to say on such exciting subjects, quietly replied that there was, indeed, too much talk about the parson, as Hannah and she were remarking the evening before.

"There's always too much said, and too little done," said aunt Hannah, lifting her eyes from the newspaper she had been reading. "'Tis shameful how they try to gloss over such things; if he had his deserts he would be in the penitentiary this day, and I, for one, would be glad to hear of it."

"Why, sister Hannah!" exclaimed my mother, in amaze.

But "sister Hannah," having said her say, betook herself to her newspaper once more, quite regardless of the indignation of the visitors. Of course they lost no time in reporting

the "slanderous insinuation," (zealous champions of the slandered gentleman though they were,) and for days after little else was talked of among the gossips of the village. It was in vain that my mother took pains to set the matter right: telling every one that her sister had not thought of the minister in making the offensive remark; that she had just read of the acquittal of a noted counterfeiter on some legal pretence, and that it was of said counterfeiter alone that she spoke. The simple, matter-of-fact statement was listened to incredulously, and made little impression on her hearers. Aunt Hannah was much distressed. She really liked the new minister, and to be thus forced into the ranks of his enemies, caused her both grief and indignation. For a few months she was so guarded in speech, that her friends hoped she had taken the lesson to heart, and would profit by it. But "habit is second nature," and aunt Hannah's habit was of too long continuance to be easily conquered, so she speedily relapsed into her old way.

When I returned home from college I often derived amusement from this "little peculiarity," as the family were wont to term it. On one occasion, however, I found it not so amusing.

We were sitting alone in the parlor, my aunt and I: she diverting herself alternately with looking out of the front window and talking to me; I was busily occupied in examining sundry rolls of papers and letters, relics of college days, yet paying due heed to my companion. Suddenly she startled me with the words,

"Ally Sanders was here yesterday. I guess you were out at the time and missed seeing her."

Now be it known to you, kind reader, that Ally Sanders was "the queen of my heart," though, being rather a bashful fellow, I could never muster courage to pay her marked attentions. In fact, whenever I was in her presence, my anxiety to make myself particularly agreeable to her only had the effect of making me silent, awkward and embarrassed; and I always parted from her with the pleasant conviction that she must deem me an intolerable booby. This being the state of affairs, no wonder that, on hearing her "dear name," I dropped letters

and papers in some trepidation, while I listened intently.

"Yes, she was here yesterday afternoon. It seems she is going away next——"

"Going away!" I repeated, in astonishment and alarm. "Why I never heard of it. When, where is she going?"

"She is going with her brother's family to Philadelphia. It seems that he has been thinking, for some time past, that he could do better by moving there; but it was only night before last he made up his mind to go, and told his wife and Ally that they must get ready to move."

"When do they go?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Next week, Ally says," answered my aunt, after a momentary pause, during which she had been gazing intently up the street. "What a vain, forward creature she is to be sure!" I started with an angry frown, but aunt Hannah was too much absorbed in her subject to heed me. "They *do* say that she will marry Joe Nelson. If she does, her pride will soon come down, I reckon, for every one can see that he is getting to be a dissipated young man; however, she'll have her own way about marrying him, I suppose."

I did not wait to hear more; but, seizing my hat, rushed from the house. Anger at aunt Hannah's disparaging remarks concerning Ally was lost in the feeling of dismay with which I imagined her the destined wife of Joseph Nelson. Ally Sanders—sweet, lovely, child-like Ally—wedded to such a man as "rowdy Joe," for by this cognomen young Nelson was generally known! I strove to banish the idea as one too absurd to be entertained for a moment; but I felt constrained to admit that as strange things had happened—were every day happening in this queer world of ours. Joe, as the only son and heir of old Judge Nelson, was a welcome guest in "the first circles;" and his fine person, elegant manners, and proficiency in the accomplishments of a "ladies' man," rendered him as popular with the village belles, as his position and prospects made him with papas and mammas. Often had I observed his attentions to Ally with a sick feeling of jealousy, almost of despair, as I felt how vast was the contrast between his "power of pleasing" and mine. Yet sometimes I had thought that she treated him coldly, that she turned from him at the first opportunity with an air of relief.

Absorbed in these reflections, I hurried along the street, taking no thought of the distance I was going, nor in what direction, until I unexpectedly found myself in front of Ally's cottage

home. Halting, unconsciously almost, at the garden gate, I beheld the object of my thoughts moving among the clustering shrubbery with one of her little nieces. I joined them, of course; and, being too intent on one subject to speak of anything else, in a few moments I poured forth my regret at her intended departure from the village, and learned from her that she deeply lamented the necessity of going; that no place could ever be so dear to her as her early home. Her tearful eyes and faltering tones inspired me with so much sympathy that I felt none of the awkward constraint I had generally experienced in her presence, so that I pursued the subject with earnestness, and even ventured to ask if Mr. Nelson knew that she was going away—if he was willing to have her go.

She "did not know," she replied, looking up in some surprise. I stammered out an apology for the question, adding something about having heard that they were engaged, or, at least, about to be. Ally's color deepened a little; but she answered, calmly, that I was misinformed; there was no engagement between them—never would be, she answered hesitatingly.

"Oh! Ally, bless you for those words!" I cried, joyfully, seizing her little hand in both mine, with more ardor than gentleness I fear. Ally's cheek and brow flushed scarlet. I thought she was offended; but she did not withdraw her hand, so I "took heart of grace," and——

But what I said, and what she replied, is no particular concern of yours, reader mine; suffice it to say, that Ally's intended journey was given up; her brother and sister were soon to be deprived of her sweet society, but their loss would be my gain.

"Aunt Hannah," said I, at a late hour that evening, "how could you speak so disparagingly of Ally Sanders this afternoon?"

"I! You must be dreaming, Dick; I never said a word against little Ally since she was born."

"Why aunt, did you not call her a vain, forward creature?"

"Bless me!" interrupted the old lady, "the boy is gone crazy. I wasn't talking of Ally Sanders, but of Emma Wood."

"But it was of Ally you had been speaking, aunt."

"Was ever such a tiresome boy? I tel' you Emma was coming up the street just at that moment, and 'twas of her I spoke. Call Ally Sanders vain or forward, indeed!"

I saw how it was—only another instance of aunt Hannah's "peculiarity." Very vexatious

to others has this same "peculiarity" proved; but I have often blessed the good old lady for it, since the varied feelings it excited gave me courage, I might else have never summoned, to make "the proposal" which has secured for my life companion my own sweet Ally.

WHERE SHE SAT A-DREAMING.

BY ANNA S. TRAFFARN.

SHIFTING rays of sunset fair
Gleam upon her ebon hair—
Give her robe a golden sheen—
Patch with light the grasses green—
Mingle even with her dream,
As she sits a-dreaming.

And the elm's low drooping bough
Stoops to press her pale, fair brow;
At her feet the mosses grow
To the water's edge below;
On them rests her hand of snow,
As she sits a-dreaming.

Floating in the deep blue sky,
Gay dressed clouds go slowly by,
Ever changing, pass away,
Like the hurrying hours of day;
Fear, joy, nor sorrow will not stay,
As she sits a-dreaming.

And there come before her sight
All her memories dark and light;
All her life of thoughts, and days,
With its cloud-like, changing ways,
And its few bright gleaming rays,
As she sits a-dreaming.

Like the varying stars at night,
In her eyes the brilliant light;
Steals a silent, dewy tear:
One lone mourner at the bier
Of the perished hopes that were,
As she sits a-dreaming.

And the twilight steals apace
From her day-time resting-place;
Dim and grey the shadows fall,
As fell the sunlight over all,
Seem they like a closing wall,
As she sits a-dreaming.

Even thus in childhood's eve,
Ere its light her life might leave;
Or the starry hopes of youth
Lighten up from love and truth,
Came dark shadows without ruth,
As she sat a-dreaming.

For a cold world's jealous tongue
Spared not even one so young—
One so beautiful and pure,
Lest that beauty might allure,
Colder grew the friends, and fewer,
As she sat a-dreaming.

But she saw without a sigh,
For a lover's form drew nigh;
Earth and Heaven seemed more fair;
O'er her heart there stole a care
Sweet as springtime's fragrant air,
As she sat a-dreaming.

He is gone, she knows not where—
He has left her without care,
Perhaps to him a worldling's sneers
Are greater than her bitter tears,
And thus she's yielded to her fears,
As she sits a-dreaming.

When a step there came, all still,
Following close beside the rill,
Where the emerald mosses grew,
And a form comes into view,
Red lips kissed the tear of dew,
As she sits a-dreaming.

And for all the twilight hour,
In the elm tree's shaded bower
Lingers still a golden light,
All youth's starry hopes are bright,
For maid and lover meet to-night
Where she sat a-dreaming.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY MARY N. ROCKWELL.

WHERE have ye been, oh! sisters,
This Indian Summer day?
Say where have ye been whiling
The long, bright hours away?

We've wandered in the woodland,
Where the brooklet steals along,
And many quaint old ballads
We mingled with its song.

The "battled pines" majestic,
And beechen trees so bright,

Seemed like a grand old picture
Shown in the mellow light.

We have sought out emerald mosses,
And the acorn's fairy cup;
And richly tinted Autumn leaves
There have we treasured up.

Oh! wondrous are the woodlands,
And sweet the song of trees,
And gaily sings the brooklet
To the twinkling Autumn leaves.

"WHY DID SHE NOT MARRY?"

BY ENNA DUVAL.

IN the summer of 185— I was staying at the fine *Vevay Hotel de Trois Couronnes*. Among the stationary occupants of the hotel was an English family consisting of a mother and two daughters, with another lady, whom I at first took for the governess, or companion: I do not know why, except from her very simple style of dress, unobtrusive ways, and almost solitary habits. While her companions, Mrs. and the Misses Evian, were stylish, gay people, and only seen at the full dress hour of the day, Miss Grisel Hall was just the opposite; she rose early, took long walks, visited the hotel parlor rarely, and was seldom seen in what might be called full dress.

We met so often in our walks, that we were on pleasant terms of sociability, amounting almost to friendship, some time before the arrival of mutual friends made me acquainted with Mrs. Evian and her daughters in due form. Through these friends, who staid only a few days, I learned that Miss Grisel was a person of easy means, and so far from holding an humble position with the Evians, her being with them enabled them to have many more luxuries, and travel in a much better style than they could have done alone.

"And not married!" I said, musingly, as I stood leaning out of the balcony windows of the bed room of my friend, who was giving me the information.

Just beneath the window was the beautiful garden of the hotel, which overhangs the lake, and commands such a charming view of mountain, ravine and valley, from Jura to the Rhone gorge. Miss Grisel Hall was standing on the boat terrace of the garden, looking at the gorgeous sunset: and her fine, tall figure, well shaped head and graceful air, made me wonder why so attractive a person should have arrived at the age of forty-five unmarried.

"Oh!" said my friend, a pretty young wife on her wedding tour, "she had some unfortunate love affair—some romance, of course: all women have, married or unmarried."

"Do you know her history? Pray tell me why she did not marry years ago?" I asked, as I continued gazing down on the fine-looking Englishwoman, admiring the effect produced by

the gold and violet atmosphere that hung around her, and danced in the folds of her *feuille morte* satin robe. I thought how gentle and loving she was, and elegant and appreciative, in every way calculated to make some good husband happy.

My friend, who had been twisting and arranging, in the most coquettish manner, her fascinating golden curls before a mirror, did not answer my question; and as she remained silent for some time, I turned to see the cause, and found her seated on her husband's knee, most selfishly engaged in talking to him, and receiving his caresses with the most unblushing familiarity.

"Disgusting," I said, with an embarrassed laugh, as I ran out of the room. "Now I am glad Miss Grisel is not married. I can fancy how my heroine would suffer, in my opinion, if I should see her in such an undignified position."

"Wait!" cried the husband, "I will tell you why Miss Hall did not marry."

"I assure you I feel no more curiosity about it," I replied, and hurried down into the garden, followed by good-natured peals of laughter from my amused friends.

But notwithstanding I said I should feel no curiosity about it, I did: and I could not help imagining and weaving, during my intercourse with her that summer, all sorts of love tales possible and impossible. There was nothing morbid or melancholy about her; nothing that told of sorrowful disappointments; no sad bitterness in her remarks that betrayed a memory of past injuries. Her mind was healthy and cheerful¹, and at times she could be as gay as a young girl. To my surprise she often spoke of marriage as the most natural and happiest condition, especially for our sex, and described the happiness of home life and domestic love with all the tenderness and gentle enthusiasm of the softest hearted woman. That noble poem, "*Aurora Leigh*," came out that season, and I never remember being so touched as I was with her fine reading of those passages relating to the loneliness of unwedded women. She had that rich, deep tone, and varied modulation in her voice, heard more often in the voices of cultured Englishwomen than in ours; not the genteel-comedy

accent, so indistinct and slipshod, of the common run of English, and which is as offensive to the ear as our monotonous nasal tone, but a mellow, varied flow of sound—any one who has ever heard the superb, thrilling voice of Mrs. Kemble will recognize what I mean.

During that pleasant summer we made many excursions together: from Geneva to Villeneuve we explored both sides of this beautiful lake, whose shores are so rich in historical and poetical associations. I found my new friend a charming companion; she had traveled much, read a great deal, and her knowledge was more exact than mine. She cleared away many misty clouds hanging over my memory of historical incidents, and was a charming encyclopædia of reference to me in the history of the lake, from the legendary epoch of Count Wala down to the gay, poetical day of Byron and Shelley. One day, after visiting the old chateau at Latour, just out of Vevey, built by Pierre, of Savoie, in 1239, she asked me if I had ever seen the Chateau de Vuillens, at Morges. This is a chateau which was built by "Queen Bertha of pious memory," in the tenth century, and is the best specimen of a chateau of the *Moyen Age* in that part of Suisse. I had not seen it, except at a distance when passing Morges in the lake boat. Upon hearing this, she proposed that we should take the Geneva steamer the next morning and visit this fine old chateau.

The next morning's sun rose brightly, and at eight o'clock we were walking to and fro on the quay, opposite the *Maison Couvreu*, waiting for the boat from Villeneuve. The day was glorious, and, as we were a full half hour too soon, we walked into the fine *jardin Anglaise* of the Couvreu house, and imagined ourselves on the other side of both Alps and Appenines; for the large orange and lemon trees, planted in huge tubs, were placed out on the terrace in front of the house, and their snowy blossoms filled the air with fragrance, and our thoughts with sweet memories of Southern Italy. The steamer came puffing along, and held up its little steam steed in front of the port of Vevey, while a small row-boat carried us to the steps of the steamer.

Tourists of every grade and nation thronged the deck. An English party soon attracted my attention, and, at first, Miss Grisel seemed interested and amused with them, as well as myself; but the arrival from the cabin below of some other English persons caused a faint flush to pass over her serene face. She turned away, saying, in a quiet voice which trembled a little, I fancied,

"I know of these people; let us go to the

other side of the boat, I do not wish to meet them."

We walked to the left side of the steamer, and looked out on the rugged Savoy shore. The first party we had noticed were a family, consisting of father, mother, son, and five daughters. The parents seemed to be persons of easy means, and settled position. The father and son seemed to be quiet, self-possessed Englishmen, not remarkable for anything but cleanliness and a cold indifference. They looked at the Alps as if it was their business to be there, and no credit to them if people gazed at them. They had all been to Chamouni, but the gentlemen evidently considered the expedition a bore, which they could not have endured without their fine appointments of traveling-bags, knapsacks, and portmanteaus, of the newest style. The young ladies of the party seemed to be acting, each one, a character; they were the working members of the family, while their brother, from being the eldest and only son, had nothing to do but enjoy the goods the gods had provided him with; they, on the contrary, had to hunt up husbands and establishments. One was a naturalist and botanist: she was a stout, sturdy girl, with a touch of Bloomer in her costume; short skirts, strong boots, a sort of pea-jacket body, and a green tin box slung over her shoulders to hold her flowers, &c. Another was an artist, and had her sketching book, and every doubling of the beautiful shores of the lake made her cover the innocent paper of this book with broken-backed lines and spasmodic curves. A third was evidently literary and poetical: she also carried tablets, with a gold pencil hanging from the ring on her dainty little finger. A fourth was very pretty: she was decidedly the pride and hope of her family. The youngest was excessively plain, and her *role* was domestic, to show which, she sat by her mother, knitting industriously some sort of ugly lace.

The manner in which these peculiarities displayed themselves amused us exceedingly; for, although we loved nature, and old historic legend, and could amuse and occupy ourselves with *things*, we had a strong dash of the real woman in us, which made us enjoy, once in awhile, a little gossip and innocent satire on *people*, which we were adroit enough to call "studying human nature."

The new-comers, who drove Miss Grisel away, were a gentleman and lady, friends, evidently, of the party who had attracted our attention, as the lady's appearance was hailed rapturously in every variety of tone, by the different members, from the father and mother down to the youngest

and plainest daughter. She was a languid, gaily-dressed young woman, attended by a smart French maid, and submissive female companion: the first carrying a dressing-case and salts bottle, the other a traveling satchel of books. Behind her was the gentleman, who was a very fine-looking man, of thirty-five or forty. The lady, with her attendants, joined the party, above alluded to, who were eager in finding pleasant accommodations for "Mrs. Courland," as they called her; and they would have done the same for "Col. Courland," as they addressed him, but he received their greetings with cold courtesy, and turned leisurely to our side of the boat, where he walked up and down the deck, as if thinking, and wishing to enjoy his meditations undisturbed.

He was, as I have said, very handsome: tall, well made, with an erect military gait, and had a fine head and face, clearly cut features, a high nose and straight brows, which, with the expression of his mouth, and close setting of his calm, blue eyes, gave an assurance of a firm and well-poised character.

I stood by Miss Grisel, but looked more at Col. Courland than at the Savoy Alps, which I could do under pretence of preferring the Vaudois shore. He noticed no one, did not look at the scenery, and seemed even oblivious of his languid, affected wife, who had her dressing-case opened, orgeat prepared, sal volatile mixed for her, and kept her own two attendants and the mother and five daughters all busy in answering her caprices.

At Lausanne the whole set left the boat; but just as the servants and boat hands were arranging the luggage, I do not know what happened to make Miss Grisel change her position—some noise, some slight cause, brought her suddenly and unexpectedly face to face with Mr. Courland. The two stood for an instant, as if stunned; the cold, self-possessed man grew colder; he seemed suddenly turned to steel. Miss Grisel was the first to act: with frank cordiality she extended her hand, and said, in her rich measured tones and clear pronunciation,

"I am glad to see you again."

He took her hand mechanically, bowed, and, after a slight hesitation, he dropped it. Just then his servant stepped up, and, touching his hat, told him the luggage and Mrs. Courland were ready. In a few moments more, and our steamer had swept out of the port of Ouchy, leaving the gentleman and the whole party standing on the pier. I did not like to look at Miss Grisel; somehow, I knew, instinctively, I suppose, that she was suffering some annoyance,

or unhappiness, from the unexpected meeting, and I did not wish to intrude on her feelings, or confidence. We said little to each other during the rest of the journey. Not long after, the boat stopped at Morges, and there we landed.

It is a neat little town, and has a lively, active look. We visited the Arsenal, which had been originally a chateau, built by Pierre, of Savoy, on the foundation of one built by the bear-killing Berchtold, of Zoehringen, the founder of Berne. Then we looked on the outside of the handsome new church; if it had been a Catholic church we should have gone in to see some old pictures of

"Angels standing in the gold and blue,
With great palm branches slanting in their hands,"

and maybe murmured a prayer for a distant friend, or asked help for some present need before an altar, whose quaint old picture of a saint or angel might have touched the child-like dependent chord in our hearts, and led us, in the midst of every day worldly thoughts, to rest on God. So I thought, and should have said, only I knew that Miss Grisel was a staunch English Church-woman; but she carefully avoided every remark that could disturb the sweet intercourse our many corresponding tastes and sympathies had created between us, and I was quite willing to imitate so well-bred an example.

We then went to the Hotel la Couronne, and, while a carriage was preparing for us, lunched; after that drove to the Chateau de Vuefflens. The drive was delicious, and we found the road so tempting at last that we got out and walked. Everything was pulsating with loving life: on the banks and under the trees the violets shed their throbbing blue hue against the golden spires of the ground moss; the tender ivy threw lovingly little soft clinging branches over the low vineyard walls; and the scarlet bindweed and dark, velvety stone moss softened down all rough edges; while clear over the lake and savage Savoy Alps, we could see through a mountain gorge, as we ascended the hill, Mt. Blanc and his court of ice peers cleaving the blue heavens with their peaks. The vineyards were full of peasants, who nodded courteously to us. Presently a turn in the road brought us in full view of the chateau from base to top, whose tall, four square white donjon or keep, one hundred and seventy English feet high, we had seen from the lake. This donjon swept grandly up into the air campanile-like, but it had no cheerful bells, like the campanile tower, to ring out the peaceful call to prayer; and the little belfry which surrounded the peaked roof, had been

put there to shelter the grim old bell whose thundering peal had rolled over those hills in mediæval days, telling of war, and violence, and bloodshed to the trembling peasantry. The top of the keep frowned down like a fiercely knit brow, and from under its stern projection looked out, like little keen savage eyes, the small arched windows. Four towers stood grimly grouped around the old warrior donjon; on its right was the dwelling part of the chateau, fiercely protected by four other towers, and all were bordered and guarded by those murderous-looking machicolations which suggested straightway to the memory the showers of melted lead and stones poured down on their enemies by those fierce old Moyen Age Chatelains, who argued like "generous Rob,"

"All kinds and creatures stand and fall,
By strength of prowess or of wit,
'Tis God's appointment, who must sway,
And who is to submit."

But, after all, so far as human tyranny is concerned, is there a great deal of difference between those days and these? Although we live in what are called enlightened times, and men talk of equality and justice, I fancy pretty generally

"The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can."

We entered the court-yard, which was lumbered up in the usual untidy Swiss style with a variety of things, among which were earthen pipes, used by the present proprietor of Vuefflens for irrigating the vineyards and fields of his well kept estate. We ascended the outside staircase, which led to the second floor of the keep, for to these old castles the only entrance was by a light flight of steps to this second *etage*, the lower part of the building being reached by inside steps, so that, in time of war, if the enemy broke down the court-yard gates and wall, the outside steps being drawn up, the Chatelain and his force could still stand siege inside the castle. We clambered over piles of stones, groped up and down old stone stairways, to the rooms below and halls above; ascended to the *salle des chevaliers*; hunted up old stone and wood carvings on the chimneys and wainscotings, and in every *escutcheon* tried to make use of the little knowledge of Swiss blazonry we had picked up in our rambles through Swiss chateaux, and in mediæval reading during the summer, in tracing out in the armorial quarterings the various old Burgundian, and other crests and shields, carved in the stone and oak. Turrets of Antioch, bezants and knights of Rhodes combating with dragons,

were there, telling of crusading ancestry. But there were other crests and devices which carried us back to more ancient times: there were the eagle wings of Halluy, and the rose of Rapperchuy, showing what grand old blood had mingled their rich currents together in the family of Vuefflen; and even the lion of Altenburg could be found, which made us think of the Gontrams, Lancelins and Radbods, who, in those tenth century days, seized boldly on lands and peasantry, and raised "*living walls*" around their little castle of Habs-Abiaticus, building up, by slow but sure means, a house whose power and greatness did afterward overshadow all other European houses and powers.

And this lion of Habsbourg blood, even in that day, was blended with blood royal: for the great Hugh, who founded that third dynasty of French kings—whose line stretches far, far beyond even mediæval times, (the oldest reigning blood in Europe,) gave for a bride to a grim warrior of this Altenburg Habsbourg family, a gentle, pious niece, the beautiful Ida Capet, who, trembling at the fierce acts of her husband and his forefathers, did all manner of pious deeds, alms-giving and convent building, to make reparation. We recalled all these old historic stories, as we leaned on the stone coping of one of the narrow-arched windows at the summit of the keep, while we gazed over the beautiful country whose rich vineyards swept up and down terraced hills, and then over the forests on to the gracious mountain outlines, that stood out against the sapphire sky as if chiseled.

"It is as Ruskin says," observed Miss Grisel, as we turned to descend leisurely the turret staircase, and lingered on the battlements that extended from tower to tower, "we may live without Architecture, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her. How cold is all history—how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the uncorrupted stone bears! It is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld all the days of their life.* All hail to Memory the great Sixth Lamp of Architecture!"

Then as we stood on the ruined battlements, where the sentries used to pace their tedious round, and where enough soil has rested, and enough time has passed over, to enable graceful trees to grow in among these ruins, and wave their peaceful branches to and fro in the place of warlike banners, and dark tree stems instead

* Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture, pp. 147-8.

of pikes and lances. We talked of pious Queen Bertha, who had built this chateau, and whose regency had been such a golden era, that its shining light gleams out brightly in the dark, distant, legendary past, clear down on to our days. Miss Grisel had seen her tomb at Payerne, Canton Vaud, which place she visited on her road once from Freyburg to Lausanne.

"And a beautiful road it is," she said, "one I would advise you to take some time, though it is a little round about like Robin Hood's barn, which was everywhere, you know, my dear. I saw also at Payerne, in the parish church, her mediæval majesty's saddle. One would think from its shape that the model queen of that day rode *en cavalier*. On the pommel is the place for her distaff, for this marvelous regent never wasted any time. During her periodical visits throughout her domains she span as she rode, thus setting an example of industry to her subjects, while she examined into and corrected abuses, and encouraged thrift and well doing."

"Fancy a queen now-a-days, however—your own gracious Majesty Victoria, *par exemple*, riding about with a sewing-machine, in front of her, whizzing away," I said.

But the romantic history of Queen Bertha's beautiful daughter seemed to interest this Miss Grisel more than that of the excellent mother.

"It is such a real romance of chivalry," she said, "that of the beautiful widow, Queen of Italy, Adelaide, who was rescued from the persecutions of her fierce admirers by the chivalric Otho I., of Germany, himself a gallant widower. He swam rivers and scaled fortresses, and performed all manner of knightly deeds and prowess; and then the lovely queen did as all beautiful women do in fairy tales and tales of chivalry, bestowed

"Her little lily white hand,
After gracious demand,
Upon her warrior lover."

As the afternoon seemed advancing fast toward sundown, we unwillingly left the chateau—after gathering some ferns and moss off of the old walls, and weaving them into little wreaths as memories of our visit to the place—and drove back to the hotel at Morges, where we found a nice dinner waiting for us; just as we had finished our cup of coffee and fresh figs, the afternoon steamer sailed into the port, which is one of the best on the lake; it is said a hundred barks can ride at anchor in it.

The sunset was just over, covering the Jura with golden light, and a young crescent moon was sending down little silver rays, as it peeped coyly over the piny edges of the mountains, when

we stepped on board the boat. There were only two or three first class passengers, and we sat quite alone at the end of the boat, where we remained a little while in a sweet silence, enjoying the tranquil beauty of the scene. Miss Grisel looked dreamily over the waters. I turned my eyes from the lovely landscape into her face, and imagined I observed a change. She looked ten years younger; her fine eyes were dewy and soft; her beautiful mouth was trembling and loving in its expression; and her breath went and came in gentle little sighs. A memory of a past love I was sure had swept its purple wing over her, and lighted up for awhile the grey ashen embers.

The twilight darkened, and the pretty young moon rode out hopefully into the clear heavens, as if unconscious of the existence of a cloud. A sweet west wind blew softly around us, and played in the blonde curls of my companion. I grew sentimental and quoted poetry. "Owen Meredith's" beautiful sea side song seemed *apropos*, and it led to a talk about this young poet whom she knew, and she told me many interesting things about him.

"He writes like a woman," she said; and she quoted a passage from Elayne le Blanc, to show how feminine was his touch and expression.

"Then those that brood above the fallen sun,
Or lean from lonely casements to the moon,
Turn round, and miss the touching of a hand;
Then sad thoughts seem to be more sweet than gay ones;
Then old songs have a sound as pitiful
As dead friends' voices sometimes heard in dreams;
The while the pensive Past with mock, pale palms
Crost (where a child should lie) on her cold breast,
And wistful eyes forlorn stand mutely by,
Reproaching life with some unuttered loss."

"This, however," she continued, "he calls, with all the ignorance of youth, 'the sweet season on the April verge of womanhood:' it is more like the calm season in the autumn of our lives. At this quiet autumn the present is content, the future has nothing—that is, this world's future—for the past holds all its treasures as well as its losses; and the little joys that spring up like amaranths, or branch out like a crimson frost-tinged spray of leaves, are keenly appreciated because they are the last. Nor does the heart pine or sorrow; the heart is asleep and at rest, it has finished its glorious passions and deep sorrows, and the air is already golden with the rich gorgeous light of a setting sun."

I looked around in the most cowardly manner, to be sure that no noun of the masculine gender stood near to laugh at two sentimental ladies of our uncertain age, before I added my quota to this delicious talk. Seeing that we were all alone, I ventured to recall the little poem on "Changes," as another evidence of his feminine feeling. She repeated over a little pensively,

"Whom first we love, you know we seldom wed;
Time rules us all, and life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead—
And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep;
God help us all! who need indeed His care—
And yet I know the Shepherd loves His sheep."

Her voice trembled, and she remained silent; then with a little half laugh of embarrassment she said,

"I think, my dear, I will tell you a love story, it will keep me from sentimental reveries, and lay a tormenting little demon who is disturbing the sweet, quiet sleep of my heart. When I was a young girl, I lived with a middle-aged bachelor uncle and grandmother, for I was an orphan. My life was a solitary, desolate one. I was surrounded with luxurious appointments, but heavy responsibilities and cares were placed on my young shoulders. The memory of that part of my life is too disagreeable to dwell on, therefore I shall not trouble you, nor pain myself by recalling its sad details. A neighbor of ours was a Mrs. Courland, she was an elderly lady, a widow with one son. She became very fond of me when I was quite a young girl, and my principal pleasures and even studies I owed to her. Her son never visited Daleford; when she expected him home from his vacations, she always went to a distant country where his own estate was, and received him there.

"When I was far past twenty her health failed, and she had to go to the south of Europe to live. How she wished me to accompany her! But my grandmother's infirm health and my uncle's daily requirements made it impossible to think of. That was the first great sorrow of my womanhood. Two or three years passed, and one bright summer day I met in the Dale forest Dale Courland, her son. I knew him instantly by his likeness to her, and, strange to say, he knew me from a picture his mother had taken of me by some traveling artist, and which always hung in her sitting saloon.

"I had no one to control my outgoings and incomings, the daily requirements at stated hours once attended to, I was free to go and come as I pleased, so I met Dale frequently those sweet summer and autumn months. We rambled the forest down by the ford, and on evenings and grey days lingered in the library at Daleford, where I sang him old ballads and listened to him while he read,

'Alond the poems

Made by Tuscan flutes, or instruments more various of our own.'

"He had come to Daleford to make some arrangements that his mother's long absence rendered necessary. He had just been visiting

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her in Italy; expected to go to India with his regiment in a few months, for he had entered the army, and had come so fondly recommended to my attention by his mother, that I fancied I was fulfilling a duty when I yielded myself up to the sweet fascination of his society. Moreover, he was younger than I by some years, just standing on the sill of manhood. Knowing myself to be older, I did not see any danger in our intercourse: and I also remembered that his mother and family wished him to marry a second cousin who was a rich heiress, and owned the greater part of the ancient Courland estates. I had never thought of love, my life had been too filled with steady succeeding duties to leave any time for such sweet thoughts; then in my isolated position I had little opportunity of meeting with my like. Oh, my dear, it was a sweet dream I had on those four summer and autumn months.

"We were both frank and cordial in our manners like brother and sister. He played with my curls; I freely rested my hand on the thick masses of his beautiful hair; I even kissed his forehead as I would that of a young brother, and allowed him to hold my hand in his by the hour, while I listened to the 'subtle interflowings found in Petrarch's sonnets.' Indeed, my dear, I was 'many fathom deep in love' before I knew it; and how I loved him I cannot tell you. As I have said, I did not know I loved him, and denied it when he told me of his own love and mine, one brilliant October morning, as we rambled through the forest. It was a playful, merry love-making: but I grew sad as the knowledge of the obstacles that lay between us came to my memory. They piled up mountain high as I thought of them—the disparity in our ages, the cousin heiress, and my own dependent position. But he swept them all aside with the strong, hopeful tide of his own brave, young love, and for awhile I gave myself up to the delicious rapture of loving and being loved. It was a happiness so new to me. Happy young girls whose lives have been free from care, and who love and marry early, cannot know half the bliss there is in love to a woman whose life, lonely like mine, had been clouded and borne down by heavy anxieties and cares. Mrs. Courland I had loved deeply as a daughter should love a mother; now upon her son I poured out all the rich flood of my

'Passion put to use in my old griefs.'

"At last we parted, looking forward to a sweet future. In one thing I was wrong; I would not let him tell his mother of our love. Some months after his departure, my old grandmother died and left me all her property, which made me as

rich as the cousin heiress. How happy the news made me! My bounding heart rose to my head and made me dizzy with delight, as I looked forward with real hope to a future that should be blended with Dale Courland's. But clouds gathered thickly around me. My uncle, whose whole life had been—but I will let him rest. He is now dead, and I have no more to do with him. He darkened my early life, took away my youth, and deprived even my womanhood of its last blossom—God will judge between us. This uncle was enraged at my grandmother's will. He contested it, and, of course, succeeded, for rarely the law of man protects the feeble against the strong—God's law alone does that, and that is for hereafter. I lost all, and was forced to go out into the world to earn my living. This season of my trouble were years of great infirmity to Mrs. Courland. She heard of my reverses, and sent me immediately an urgent request to come and live with her; and when I refused, she found me a pleasant situation as governess in the family of a friend.

"About the time I lost my property, I being morbid fancied that Dale Courland's letters were cold, and I wrote resentfully to him breaking off our engagement and our love. When a woman is in despair, my dear, she invariably does some reckless thing. His answer to my letter was unjust and unkind—he had heard of my change of fortune, and to my supposed wealth attributed my change of feeling. And so I let it rest, for when I received his letter I was established in my governess lot, and I felt too proud to be his wife, poor and dependent as I was. Two or three years passed, and the next news I had of him was his marriage with his cousin.

"A year or two more went by, and then came news of Mrs. Courland's death. At that time I received a letter from her solicitor, enclosing one from my kind old friend; the lawyer's letter told me that she had left me, by will, all her own private property, which made me again a prosperous person. Her letter explained why she did so. She knew all—her son had told her a few weeks before her death, and in the natural

explanation that followed from her as to my troubles and position, he could not but see the reason of my conduct and do me justice in his heart, though not so freely and generously as did his mother. In her letter she blamed me gently for my want of confidence in her, and my self-sacrifice in regard to her son, but acknowledged that if she had been placed in the same position she would have acted in like manner.

"So far as means are concerned, my love," she wrote, "I can make amends for the mistakes of the past. You shall inherit all I have, as if you were indeed my own daughter, but nothing I can do, Grisel, can ever give to you and Dale what you have taken away. I do not, cannot blame you, however deeply I may regret it."

"Ten years will have passed this coming October since I bade Dale Courland good-bye, and this morning we met for the first, and I trust the last time in our lives."

"Mesdames, the passengers have all left," said a boat hand. "You go off at Vevay, do you not?"

We had been so absorbed that we had not noticed our arrival. We hurried up, scrambled down the boat steps, and were soon seated in the little dancing row-boat. We landed in silence.

Some years, not many, have passed since that sweet evening confidence. I wish I could tell my reader that poetical justice had been done to my heroine, that the heiress bride had died, and Miss Grisel had married her first love; but I cannot. It is only in fiction such happiness comes. Life to some humans is like what Gillfillan says of religion, "It implies struggle, doubt, and sorrow, and these are indeed the main constituents of its grandeur."

I have since that first summer of our acquaintance visited Miss Grisel in her quiet, English country home, Daleford; and sorrowed with her when the news of the death of Col. Courland arrived in the sad bulletin of the Indian tragedy. This last sorrow has made her look very old, her once blonde ringlets are silver grey, and her graceful, full form is growing thin and a little bent; but her grief does not even now make her bitter, nor morbid, nor melancholy.

STANZAS.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

At my chamber window a bird was singing,
With the earliest blush of the dawning day,
And the grove and the garden were sweetly ringing
With the musical notes of his roundelay.

I was bidden to hope when I heard his song,
And never to sink in the "slough of despond,"

But to look, if the present seemed troubled or wrong,
For a lovelier life in the far beyond.

My hopes grew bright when the song was the sweetest,
And a token of promise appeared overhead,
But when the sweet song and my hopes were completest,
The fluttering bird at my feet fell dead!

A GOSSIP ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY H. J. VERNON.

Of all nations, the ancient Greeks were, perhaps, the most passionately fond of flowers, and associated them most constantly with their lives. Nothing in Greece could be done without flowers. Typical leaves and plants and trees accompanied every rite, and gave a special character to every event. No child could be born, no maiden wooed, no bride taken home, and no sick man die, without flowers; while every religious festival had its distinctive object denoted, and its special character preserved, in the chaplets and garlands and flowers by which it was accompanied.

But it was at their private feasts that the ancient Greeks reveled most in flowers. Chaplets and garlands for the guests and the flute players, the dancers and the tumblers; garlands for the cups, and the high-standing vases filled with Chian and Samian wine; the rose dedicated by Love to Harpocrates, the god of silence, placed on or above the table, as a significant hint that whatever was heard there was not to be repeated; flowers, or, in their stead, odoriferous fruits held in the hand—the whole atmosphere impregnated with their odors, as the whole scene was brightened and beautified by their loveliness—this was the foremost place of the flower world: it was at these feasts, these *symposia*, to which nothing in modern time can be compared, that they were most luxuriant and most passionately prized—that they best typified the Greek life, and best embodied the Greek mind.

How many mystic trees and flowers the Greeks had! There must have been some remote physical cause, at present hidden, for all the strange myths which they hung round their woods and gardens. Why should they have ever said that the laurel was once poor Daphne, the river-god's hunted child? And why did they give such tragical antecedents to the cypress trees as to make them the daughters of Eteocles, punished by this transformation for dancing more gracefully than the goddesses? Another legend has it, that it was a youth, who, having killed a favorite stag of Apollo's, for grief pined away into a cypress tree. And why were poplars Phæthon's sister? And why must the pan-pipes have been necessarily made out of the transformed members of poor Syrinx? Then there was Narcissus, whose

fate and flower every one knows; and Hyacinthus, killed by a quoit, and made forthwith into a hyacinth, bearing an eternal Ai Ai on his flowery heart; and the myrtle who was once, they say, an Attic maiden, so beautiful, brave, and patient, that the youth of her city slew her for envy; and Myrrha, also once an unhappy mortal girl, transmuted to myrrh leaves for her sins. The pine was, in the flesh, the tall and graceful lover of Pan and Boreas, as the mint was that of Pluto, changed from maid to flagrant garden herb by the jealousy of Proserpine; the rose-campion sprang from the bath of Venus; the cabbage-rose from the tears of Lycurgus, enemy to Bacchus (raw cabbage was eaten as an antidote to drunkenness, which somewhat explains this myth); the anemone was the wind-flower; and the pheasant's-eye Adonis came from the blood of the unlucky boy when killed by the boar. Lettuces also were devoted to Adonis, as being the bed on which he was laid by Venus after his fatal hurt. They were grown in those strange "Adonis' gardens"—the shells filled with earth and quick-growing green herbs, which were carried about Athens during the Adoneia, the solemnities commemorative of his untimely death—and which gave rise to the proverb, "fleeing as an Adonis' garden," to express all things beautiful and transient. But why should cummin have been sown with curses? What did it do, or what was it supposed to have done? And surely rue made but a bad bordering for flower-beds! Our neat, trim box does better. But rue was so universally used as a border trimming that the saying, "You have not advanced beyond the rue," came to mean everything superficial and ignorant. Rue was held to be good against headaches, and kept in pots during winter for that purpose. Southern-wood, too, or "old-man's-beard," was also grown in pots, as was the basil-gentle. The basil was a great favorite with the Greeks, who had some original ideas respecting its culture. For instance, they always watered it at noonday, though every other plant was watered in the morning and evening. The rhododendron, or rose-red tree, was also a great favorite of theirs; so were roses, white and red, mossed and smooth: and so were violets. Chief and prime of all were violets; most essentially

Greek of all flowers; owning in Athens a market to themselves, and sellers specially denoted—the charm and delight of all the youth of Athens, and as dangerous as they were lovely. The violet was among flowers what the grasshopper was among insects; or rather what the golden grasshopper worn in the hair was meant to express; the sign and emblem of Greek autochthoneity, embodying the sentiment of nationality more than any other plant or tree might; in fact, what the rose is to England and the shamrock to Ireland—the national flower, more thoroughly Greek than all the rest. But we must leave that most magical “morning-land,” and we shall find a great many “pretty prattles” about flowers, not generally much regarded; and if we were to take only that one point, why certain common flowers have received certain significant names, we might fill a longer paper than would be justified by the space at our command. To glance at a few only. Why clematis has received the name of “traveler’s-joy” is, because it decks and adorns “waies and hedges where people travel.” Its other name, virgin’s-bower is simple enough; for what could be more appropriate, to the young, gentle, dreamy girl, who haunts “bowers,” than that chaste and most elegant, purest and most fragrant flower, the clematis? We need not go very far, then, to find the meaning of this. And so of many others. The French have a pretty name for our daisy—our eye of day. They call her *Marguerite*, which meaneth pearl as well as “rare pale Margaret.” They have named the common marigold by a less inviting name; it is synonymous with care, both being the same, *souci*. With us it means Mary’s gold—our Lady’s gold. The Marsh-marigolds are yellow golds, formerly the brave bassinets; and the *mignonnette*, French again, is but the little darling; as the dandelion is a corruption of lion’s tooth—in French, *dent de lion*. The primrose, or *primula*, is the *prima rosa*—the first rose, or firstling of the spring; and the evening primrose was named for us by our friends, the ancient Greeks, who called it *xenothera*, or catching the flavor of wine. This was on account of its “fruity” smell, as well as because its roots were eaten after those *symposia* we have spoken of, as olives are eaten to-day, to heighten the flavor of, and increase the desire for, wine.

No flower has more titles than the pansy. First, it is a *viola*, then it is a pansy, a corruption of *pensee*, thought; then it is “heart’s-ease,” “jump up and kiss me,” “call me to you,” “kiss me behind the garden-gate,” and, worst of all, “step-mother and daughters.” The cruel step-mother is the gaudy, richly-drest, lowest petal,

and sits in an arm-chair, as one may see who turns the flower round and examines the calyx, pulling the step-mother out of her place. The two yellow or variegated petals, dressed like the step-mother, are her daughters, and they have a chair apiece—*vide* calyx—while the uppermost two petals, in self-colors, but most beautiful in their neglected sobriety, are the ill-used traditional step-daughters, who have only a stool between them. The columbine is from *columba*, because like a nest of doves in the concrete; pluck away all but two, with their bills joined, and you will see two doves kissing. It is also *aquilegia*, or eagle-like; the petals, which some soft fancies take for doves, others, ruder and rougher, translating into eagles’ claws. But the animal world has given many names to flowers. The geranium is only a crane’s bill, and the pelargonium nothing but a stork’s beak. We have mouse’ tails and cat’s tails, mare’s tails, fox tails, dog’s tails, and horse’ tails; a cock’s foot, and a goose’ foot, a crow’s foot and a bird’s foot, which last, as a trefoil, is also called shoes-and-stockings; hare’s ears, cat’s ears, mouse’ ears; bird’s eyes and ox’ eyes; cow’s lips and ox’ lips; an adder’s tongue, a hart’s tongue, a hound’s tongue, and an ox’ tongue; a dog’s tooth, as well as a bear’s foot and a bear’s ear; a goat’s beard and a hawk’s beard; a cock’s comb, a weasel’s snout, and an adder’s head; lark’ spurs and cock’ spurs; and a pheasant’s eye; while the creeping buttercup is Meg-of-many-toes, though of what race or nation tradition is silent. The ribwort-plantain is cocks-and-hens, and the double daisy is hen-and-chickens.

The champions are lamps (*lychnis*), because of the brilliancy of their colors; they are also all robins. The rose or red campion is the red robin, the white is the white robin, and the wild William, or meadow-pink—he with his crimson petals torn and streaming like a warrior’s banners or a wild Indian’s plume—is ragged robin. He is a different creature to that stately silver glory, the white convolvulus or bindweed, robin-run-in-the-hedge. And here let us quietly remark, that people in general sadly confound the bindweed and the woodbine, at least in name. The first is the wild convolvulus before mentioned, the bindweed—a weed among wild plants and shrubs; the second is the honeysuckle, the “bindwood”—a wood like the tree it climbs. Also between worts and weeds people make sad confusion. Worts, called, since in the aggregate, herbs, are all the useful and medicinal plants, such as liverwort, held good in diseases of the liver: spleen-wort, against diseases of the spleen; lung-wort, a specific against consump-

tion; wound-wort, a famous styptic; milk-wort, to increase milk in cows and other mothers; flea-bane, to first drive off the offending insect, and flea-wort and bug-wort, to heal the bites of both sponsorial monsters. So on to a long catalogue. The distinction is not a fanciful one, and ought to be borne in mind.

Other flowers have more questionable properties. The celadine, or swallow-wort, is the herb which the swallow finds and uses to cure the blindness of her young. Hence the celadine is good for blindness. The fumitory is a marvelous agent in exorcisms. It was called fumitory from *fumus*, smoke, because, when burnt, its smoke expelled evil spirits. The flix-weed (a hedge mustard) was called *sophia chirogorum*, the wisdom of surgeons, and could do all that anica and wet compresses are assumed now-a-days to accomplish in the way of healing and soothing; and fern-seed rendered the wearer invisible. The quicken, or rowan, or witch-ash, or mountain-ash—for it has many aliases—can avert the deadliest spells which the wickedest of old witches ever laid on innocent humanity. The witch-elm is held to do the like. But as its present name is only a corruption of its former Saxon epithet of wych or village elm, we will not insist on its anti-witchcraft virtues. The garlic treacle-mustard—what an epitome of gastronomy!—has two names eminently significant of character and action—sauce-all-alone and Jack-by-the-hedge. What a scrambling, thriftless, and not specially odoriferous plant! John-go-to-bed-at-noon—quite a respectable person, if not a sluggard—is the yellow goat's-beard, and Good King Henry is a goose-foot. The poor man has a weather-glass in the scarlet pimpernel; codlings-and-cream in the willow-herb; cheeses in mallow-seeds; a purse in the *capsella bursa pastoris*, and wealth to stock it with in the trailing money-wort. St. Patrick is supposed to have finished off his supper of "ten hundred thousand vipers blue," with a dish of London-pride, or none-so-pretty—at all events, it is called St. Patrick's cabbage. St. Barbara, too, gave her name to the water-cress; St. John has a whole family of worts to himself; and St. Dabec, whoever he might be, took full possession of a certain heath. The ladies have been well cared for. They have mantles, and slippers, and bed-straws, and a garment which we are too polite now to mention. They gave their tresses and their fingers to certain flowers, and the soft maiden gave her hair to name the daintiest little fern alive. Venus has a comb, and a looking-glass, and slippers; otherwise she is not well represented in her toilet. Bachelors

have buttons, which is more than they deserve, and old men have beards, in the flower-garden. The blue-bottle, blue-ball, blue-blow, hurt-sickle, corn-flower, and blue-bonnets, otherwise *centaurea*, is one of the old-man's-beards growing up from the earth; southernwood is another; while *senecio*, or groundsel, is the old man himself.

If you want a true lover's knot, find the four-leaved herb Paris; if you want to see a Prince's feather, or how Love looks when he lies a-bleeding, seek out the blood-red amaranth; the spider-wort will show you Love in a mist, or the devil in a bush, as you may fancy; and you are never without aristocratic society if you are in the presence of the arums, for are they not lords and ladies, as well as cuckoo-pints, and wake-robins? The nasturtium comes from *nasus tortus*, a twisted nose, because it is pungent, and affects that feature in the graphic manner described by its name; a more heroic sound is that of *trapæolum*, by which it is now the fashion to call it, for this means trophy, the flower figures the empty helmet, and the leaf the buckler. The pasque-flower is only the Easter-flower prettily disguised, as the gilly-flower is the July flower. The carnation is the "fleshy" flower; the hellebore is "death's food;" the fritillary is only a chess-board; the *dulcamara*, or bitter-sweet, is literally the sweet-bitter; Eastern giants resolve themselves into the snake-weed, or bistort; the ranunculus is a little frog; and the saintfoin, irreverently called after donkies, was once a holy grass.

But what noble names some of the exotics have! Fancy a tribe of *chrysobalanacææ*, or golden-acorned trees! Why, the very name carries us back to Homer, with his wealth of epithets—his rosy-fingered Eos and far-darting Phoebos, his silver-ankled Thetis and laughter-loving Aphrodite. And who could not find beauty in the *chrysophialia*, or golden goblets? And does not the golden flower, the *chrysanthemum*, owe half its honor to its stately name? *Kolosanthus*, beautiful flower, must perforce be among the loveliest of its kind; and if Chryseis, captive of Agamemnon, king of men, has given her golden name to that unpronounceable *eschscholtzia*, ought we not to be grateful? And do we not find even greater beauty in those golden cups? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, it is true; but there is something in a name after all; and so any one would find who should attempt a poem on the beauties of the "puzzle-monkey" tree, or on the charms of the *schizanthus* or the *schizopetalon*, on a macaw-tree, a monkey-flower, or a spider-wort. It has been a great mistake to call new flowers after human

names. Some certainly run well enough, and have even a grand sound. We have no fault to find with magnolia, and bignonia may pass—we might find meaner sounds; the *lonicera* is not so bad, though the honeysuckle is better; and use has reconciled us to the pæony, the *kalmia*, the dahlia, and the fuchsia, all of which are botanized human names. But when we come to *Collinsias*, *Wisterias*, and that awful *Eschscholtzia*—when some of our loveliest flowers are catalogued as *Walkerii* of Walker, *Hookerii* of Hooker; when we have a *Jenkinsii*, and a *Gibsonii*—when a *Thunbergia*, of itself bad enough, is still more vilified by being cut off into a subgroup of *Hactayneana*—when a pretty little chrysanthemum-like flower is dwarfed into a zinnia—so very like a zany—we cannot say that greenhouse nomenclature is of no consequence, or that flowers, with all these crabbed, mean, and meaningless names, are as dear to us as if they had been worthily and nobly called. Fancy a garden of snow-flakes and gold-leaves, of silver-weeds, meadow-sweets, wind-flowers, and goldy-locks, of sweet-gales and meadow-queens, maiden's-hair and satin-flowers, bonny blue-bells and forget-me-nots, of the bee-orchis and the butterfly, sweet-Cicelys, sensitive-plants, golden-

rods, and Bethlehem stars, of sundews and of white-beams, of star-thistles, and of purple loosestrifes. What a collection of poetic images this list calls up! What a chord of sweetest sounds—what a mosaic of loveliest forms! Each word has its idea and image with it; but what do we get of picture or impression when we read of a *Swartzia*, or a *Petiveria*, a *Gartnera* or a *Funkia*? Floriculture may be more scientific now than of old, and it is certainly more interesting; but it has a less poetic vocabulary, and a far less poetic application. If we could have called up one of the old Greek poets from those fields of Asphodel, where he is supposed to walk, and give him our new importations to catalogue, what a rich index we should have had to all our flower-books! How the old Greek poetry would have condensed itself into a phrase, and the old Greek heart have spoken in the names! But, alas! we have only prosaic nineteenth century men to write our herbals now-a-days; and they think to do good service to the world by calling flowers by names which no one can properly pronounce, and which, when pronounced, have neither meaning nor dignity, neither use nor beauty.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

'Tis many a weary year since I
First bent above this sod,
That hides her form whose spirit now
Reposes with its God.

Yes, many a Summer's sun has rolled
Above this lowly bed,
And many a Winter's snow has o'er
This little mound been spread.

And oh! how often I have come
And knelt in silence here,
To weep in secret and alone
The orphan's bitter tear.

Dear mother! when by this loved mound
I thoughtfully recline,
I love to think that thou art near,
And that thy spirit answers mine.

I love at the dim twilight hour
To lean against this stone,
And, gazing on some distant star,
To weep and muse alone.

Her voice in fancy then I hear
In accents low and mild,
Her soft, dark eyes, her loving smile,
As erst beam on her child.

I feel upon my throbbing brow
The hand that with such care, =

Used in my happy childhood's hours
To smooth my flowing hair.

And what a calming, soothing spell
That mother's memory throws,
O'er this wild, wayward heart of mine
That seldom knows repose.

For she, of all on earth I've known
Alone could read me right,
See the deep feelings of my soul,
And comprehend their might.

She never called me soulless, cold,
Nor said for fell deceit,
With senseless vanity and pride,
My heart was dwelling meet.

My feelings from my mother's eyes
I ne'er was forced to hide,
For fear that scathing ridicule
Should check their gushing tide.

Now, those who call themselves my friends,
I see on every hand,
But my nature cannot make them know,
Nor my feelings understand.

And what a weight of loneliness
Rests ever on the heart,
That cannot waken sympathy,
But dwells from all apart.

HELEN GRÆME.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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CHAPTER XII.

It was Lucy Markham's bridal day. Mrs. Trevor's plans had succeeded: Ralph was to make the young girl his wife.

A long year had passed since the tidings of Helen Græme's death reached him, and from that time his mother had never wavered in the determination which ended in an engagement between the pair who were now to be united.

Several months Ralph had spent in the East, not from any interest he took in the journey, but constant change distracted his mind from the harrowing reflections that preyed upon him. Anything connected with his native land had grown inexpressibly painful; his American letters were scarcely ever opened; he would shudder and grow pale at the sight of the post-mark, and, from his persevering silence, his correspondents, one by one, dropped off, until almost the only communication he held with his old home came through his mother.

He had grown grave and silent, looking much older than formerly, and wearing an air of ghastly composure which rendered his resemblance to his mother more apparent. When he returned from Egypt, he found Lucy Markham still under Mrs. Trevor's charge. They had left France and settled in a villa near Rome. Lucy's unfeigned delight at his arrival pleased him, and, lonely and dispirited as he was, her playful ways and conversation had a new charm.

How it came about, Ralph could scarcely have told. After a time he noticed that Lucy grew pale and sad, nor did his mother scruple to hint that her affection for him was the cause. Ralph had little left to love; an estrangement had grown up between his mother and himself which nothing could ever wholly remove; Lucy's presence was now almost the only link that kept them together, and it was natural enough that a gradual interest for the girl should have rooted itself in his mind.

Still he had no idea of marriage; the very idea was abhorrent to him, but his mother was there with her artful ways and unyielding will. When all else failed, she told him that the world believed him engaged to Lucy; if he did not

make her his wife her reputation would be injured, and then Ralph consented.

Their courtship was a very brief one. Mrs. Trevor was too wise not to hasten the marriage as much as possible. To Lucy the short weeks were one glowing dream of delight; to Ralph a mocking contrast to another period, from which all happiness dated and had had an end.

Now the morning had arrived, and Lucy Markham sat in her room, dressed for her marriage. The day was deliciously warm, and through the thin curtains a flood of sunlight swept in, encircling the young girl like a halo. Lucy was full of serene and trusting happiness, smiling and glad, as vision after vision of unalloyed delight passed through her mind. The door opened gently, and she started up, blushing and shy, as Mrs. Trevor entered the room.

"My little bird looks as if she had been dreaming," she said, with a gentleness she rarely showed to any other.

"I cannot believe it real," she replied, lifting her blue eyes, moist with holy emotions, "it seems to me I shall wake and find everything changed."

"Ralph will be here presently; perhaps his presence will convince you. Are you happy, Lucy?"

"Very happy, mother!"

"My daughter! Always love me as you do now, be the bond of union between Ralph's heart and mine; for you are very dear to me, Lucy. I know you will make Ralph a good wife, and however quiet and silent he may be, you know that he loves you."

"I was quite afraid of him once," she said, smiling gayly; "but now he is so gentle, humoring me like a child."

Poor creature! in her innocence she little dreamed that the words she had uttered were the surest proof that she was not loved. Ralph Trevor was passionate, jealous and exacting, where the deep emotions of his heart were concerned; with her he could be unvaryingly kind, for the calm affection which he felt for her had nothing of passion in it.

There was a step without, which sent the blood

to Lucy's heart in a torrent. Mrs. Trevor folded her arms about her, and drew her toward the door, as Ralph entered, pale and quiet as usual. The haughty mother joined their hands, and pressed her lips upon the brow of each.

"Take her, Ralph—he kind to her; she has been my child in affection for many years."

She went out and left them together, Lucy trembling from excess of happiness and timidity, and the man by her side looking stern in his silent suffering.

"It is time to go," he said, abruptly; "are you ready, Lucy?"

"Quite; you are pale, Ralph—are you not well?"

"When am I otherwise?"

"Ralph, will you be patient with all my follies?" she said, with her child-like simplicity.

"I know I am a foolish little thing, but I will try to be worthy of you."

"Good Lucy," he answered, touched by her humility, "it is I who must ask for forbearance; but I will do all in my power to make you happy."

They were summoned away, and there was no more time for Ralph Trevor to feel the remorse which had stricken him at the sight of that poor girl's trusting fondness.

When they stood before the altar of the old church, Ralph was composed as ever; but oh! what a tide of troubled memories seethed across his soul!

The contrast to his former marriage; the pomp and ceremony which were so loathsome; and then the picture of that lonely old house where he had taken those vows so illy kept. The memory of that spot rushed so keenly upon him that he grew dizzy. The very air seemed heavy with the fragrance of the flowers he had gathered for Helen; Conner's solemn voice rang in his ear and shut out the measured tones of the bishop before whom they knelt.

He seemed living two lives at once: he was back in the old garden as distinctly as when he last stood there, yet he saw the throng about him, the blushing girl by his side, and felt the full reality of all that he was taking upon himself.

A strange chill came over him—a premonition of some terrible event which must grow out of that day's sacrifice. Even when the ceremony was over, and the brilliant crowd gathered about them with smiles and congratulations, the same inexplicable feeling was upon him. His young wife clung timidly to his arm, and, when he felt the light pressure of her hand, he prayed God that no evil might darken her life through his errors.

They drove back to the villa, and that afternoon they set out for Naples.

"The dearest wish of my heart is accomplished," Mrs. Trevor said, as she embraced her son, on bidding him farewell.

"I am glad that you are satisfied," he replied, coldly.

Mrs. Trevor sighed heavily; her punishment had begun; her child's affection was partially estranged from her.

"You will join us in a week, mamma dearest?" Lucy said, clinging about her neck. "How happy we shall be to see you!"

"Thank you, my child. Ah! at least I can trust to your love."

She glanced at Ralph, but he made no reply to the implied reproach, and again her heart felt the want of the free confidence of other days.

"You will write to me during the journey, Ralph?"

"Certainly, madam, at the earliest opportunity."

"You, too, Lucy. Good-bye, my children—God bless you!"

They were gone, and Mrs. Trevor was left to her solitude, and the bitter consciousness that, although she had, as usual, carried her point, her influence over her son had been weakened by the very sacrifice he had made in obedience to her will.

CHAPTER XIII.

"You see, Helen, I was a true prophetess; look where you are now, and tell me if you were not fulfilling your destiny in becoming an actress?"

"It is you whom I may thank for it. But for your instructions and tender care where should I have been?"

"You were not the woman to fail; you were sure to work out a glorious future; you are not one of those weak souls whom suffering can crush."

"It seems impossible that it is only two years since I first met you, Mrs. Denvil."

"No wonder; you have done work enough for ten years, and achieved a position which even I did not think you would attain in half the time it has taken you. Well, well, things turn out so strangely! Who would have thought, when I first caught sight of your face, pale and troubled it looked, too, that to-day we should be sitting here together."

"My poor baby! Oh! if it had only lived! You cannot dream, Ann, how much I think about it of late. I have grown cold and hard, but even that memory has made me better, and

I feel that if I had only my child to love, my whole nature would have softened."

"Better as it is; you have told me enough of your life for me to know that the loss of your child has saved you from much grief, and the slander of evil tongues."

"What could I dread? Hush! Ann; in the hearts where a good name was of price to me I am cast forth, believed degraded and abandoned—nothing could pain me now."

There was a subdued hopelessness about her, so much unlike the passionate recklessness of two years before, that Mrs. Denvil could make no answer.

"Your engagement here is likely to be a long one," she said, after a pause; "the house is more crowded each night: and as for the papers—have you looked at them this morning?"

"Not now—please don't show them to me now! All that praise seems such a bitter mockery."

"Helen! Helen! you must rouse yourself from this terrible state of despondency."

"It is better than to feel so hard and bitter as I do sometimes. It is useless to struggle; after all, my life seems of no use."

"Do not say that! Think of the good you have done—the misery you have alleviated—the ennobling influence you will have upon our profession. Oh! Helen, do not say that your life is useless!"

"I was wrong to pain you. I know it is weak and wicked; but oh! Ann, Ann!"

She hid her face for a moment; there were no tears, but the dry sob which choked her utterance was far more painful than the most violent burst of weeping.

"Never mind now," she said, raising her head and smiling faintly; "let us talk of something else. It does me good to find myself near you once more."

"And me. I was wild with delight when I found that you were coming to New York. I am sure I have never played so well in my life—you are quite an inspiration to me."

"Dear, good Ann! You at least love me; whatever the world may say you will not turn from me."

"Never, Helen; at least you can trust me!"

"You can never know what your affection has been to me; without it I should have become so misanthropical that life would have been a burthen too great to bear. I should like a little rest, Ann, it would do me good. After this engagement the weather will be warm; we will go to some place on the sea shore and be quiet—do you like the sea?"

"Oh! so much. I should enjoy any place if you were there."

"You have a peculiar faculty for making yourself contented."

"Ah! child, you have not lived and endured as many years as I! There is the clock—eleven—there is no time to grow sentimental, for we must be off for rehearsal. Sit still and I will bring your cloak"

"After all, work is good for body and soul," said Helen, as they left the room; "the best discipline and the greatest blessing one can have."

"You are right, Helen, and every year you live you will feel it more. How handsome you are to-day! One thing is certain, you will look Adrienne to-night, at all events. Come, dear, we are late!"

They went away to the business of the morning, and Helen returned, quieted by the very fatigue she had undergone.

During the past two years she had greatly changed. All the girlishness had left her face; she looked young still, but there was that in her appearance which betrayed the woman who had endured the deepest grief, and from that misery obtained the strength which only suffering can give.

She had toiled faithfully during those two long years, at first under many difficulties and discouragements; but she had gone bravely through all. The illness of another actress had given her an opportunity to display her powers in a part fully suited to her genius, and from that time she had gone steadily on, gaining favor, until, after playing numerous engagements in different leading cities, she had obtained an opening in New York.

Her appearance had been most successful. She possessed true genius, and the hard labor of the past two years had stood her instead of long drilling.

Helen Græme—for from the first she had used her own name—was on the high road to fame and fortune, but the wretchedness of the past had so embittered her life, that there was no pure fount whereat her soul might drink. Much of the stern, rigid pride of her father's nature had developed itself in her, and there was every danger that, in time, she would grow equally hard and unforgiving—harder and more pitiless to herself than others.

Her heart was tortured with remorse at the wrong she had done her parent, indignant at her own weakness at having loved a man so false as she was forced to believe Ralph Trevor; and yet, in spite of it all, there were moments when she would have borne again the anguish

and disgrace but to hear his voice, or catch a single glance of his face. Much as she despised herself for those feelings, they, perhaps, served to keep her more womanly; and the memory of the child, whose eyes never opened to the light, prevented her thoroughly hating the man who had brought all this woe upon her, and driven her forth into the world a homeless outcast.

She allowed herself little time for thought: when not occupied with the duties of her profession, she studied faithfully to complete the education which had been well advanced in her girlish days. She was passionately fond of music, and it was her great solace during lonely hours.

The life she had chosen was the one best adapted to her excitable nature. Upon the stage she could allow every passion of her soul full sway; and the intense feeling she threw into her conceptions possessed a magnetic influence over her audience. In wild and stormy passion she was grand, but there was a pathos in her voice, and a mournful loveliness in her eyes, which made her even more affecting in tender and womanly parts.

CHAPTER XIV.

An ocean steamer was slowly approaching the wharf. Among the throng which crowded the deck stood a group of three persons aloof from the rest, and regarding the busy city they had almost reached.

"Home at last!" exclaimed Lucy, joyfully, turning toward Mrs. Trevor, who was leaning upon her arm. "Three years since we went away—does it seem possible, Ralph?"

Her husband did not hear. His eyes were regarding abstractedly the scene before him, but he wore that pre-occupied air which had grown so customary with him, and which annoyed his mother beyond measure.

"Lucy is speaking to you," she said, sharply, touching his shoulder.

Ralph turned quickly round.

"I beg pardon. What were you saying?"

"That the time has flown so rapidly, I cannot realize that we have been so long absent—can you?"

"Perhaps not."

He turned abruptly away; with him the years had dragged so heavily along, half a life time might have elapsed since his departure. This return was hateful to him; he felt like one coming back to visit a grave—he was the grave of every bright hope which had made his youth beautiful! He had postponed the voyage until

it was absolutely necessary that they should return. His mother had urged it for months, but he would not listen to her advice; and when she encouraged Lucy to persuade him, the wife did it so timidly, that he heard only the echo of his mother's logic, and silenced her by a single cold look.

The poor girl's first year of married life had not been all sunshine. Not that Ralph was ever otherwise than kind, but he left her much to herself, and when in her company he was usually occupied with his books or lost in thought.

Mrs. Trevor's presence was indeed a consolation to Lucy; the two were more fondly attached than ever—their love for Ralph was a meeting point upon which both their hearts centred. The mother kept the wife from ever perceiving that her affection for her husband was not fully returned. She explained his wayward moods, excused his coldness, and by her watchful care kept aloof the clouds which were gathering over the young creature's happiness.

"How pleasant it is to know that we shall find the house all in order, mamma!" Lucy said; "it will seem as if we had not been away. Are you not glad to get home again, Ralph?"

"Did you speak, Lucy?"

She repeated her question less joyfully than before.

"If you are pleased," he replied, kindly.

Lucy smiled, crossed over to where he stood, and placed her little hand on his arm.

"Any place is home to Ralph where you are," Mrs. Trevor said.

"And you," added Lucy.

Ralph could scarcely restrain the groan which rose to his lips. It required a powerful effort to keep from breaking away, and getting beyond the sound of their cheerful voices and pleasant looks.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Lucy. "Come, Ralph, do let us go on shore at once, I do so long to get my feet on the ground again."

They were among the first to quit the steamer, and leaving their baggage to the care of a trusty servant, drove at once to their home. The house-keeper had been apprised of their arrival, and everything was ready for their reception. Lucy was wild with delight, forcing Mrs. Trevor to accompany her from room to room, while Ralph seated himself by the window, and sat looking drearily out into the sunny square. He heard Lucy's laugh echo through the hall, and the joyous sound only increased his gloom.

He could not listen to her pleasant conversation and bear with her affectionate ways. He complained of headache and retired to his

chamber, from whence he did not descend until dinner was announced. He tried to talk at table; and Lucy was grateful for his kindness, pitying his poor head, and overwhelming him with attentions; but his mother understood his feelings, and was angry with his weakness.

In the evening he rose to go out. Lucy looked up timidly, but did not venture to speak.

"You are not going out?" Mrs. Trevor said, angrily.

"For a time," he replied.

"I should think this first evening you might spend at home."

"Perhaps there is some one he wishes to see," Lucy said, gently; "he must be tired of confinement."

"No doubt," replied Mrs. Trevor, satirically; "it would be a pity to deprive him of the slightest enjoyment."

Ralph paid no attention to either. He was accustomed to those speeches, and did not even listen.

"You will be in early, won't you, Ralph?" Lucy whispered, going up to him and putting her arm about his neck.

"Yes, of course," he answered, in the same tone; "but I am tired and want to walk."

Lucy was satisfied, and allowed him to go without a murmur; but Mrs. Trevor was seriously offended, although she would not say a word, and endeavored to hide her feelings from her daughter.

It was a relief to Ralph to escape from the confinement of the house, and the watchful eyes which were constantly upon him. He walked for some time in the retired streets: then feeling the need of life and excitement turned into Broadway.

A crowd about one of the principal theatres delayed his progress. He glanced carelessly up at a large bill in front of the entrance, and read the name of the actress who was the attraction of the night—Helen Græme.

He started back as if he had suddenly received a blow, then reflecting that it was only the similarity of names which had struck him, strove to recover from the deathly faintness which had come over him and walked on. He entered a reading-room that he had been wont to frequent, but there were no familiar faces present, and taking up an evening paper he began to read.

The first paragraph which caught his eye was a criticism of the new actress, and a description of her appearance. Again that icy hand seemed clutching Ralph Trevor's heart, and he leaned back in his chair, faint and white. Then his mad folly startled him; Helen was dead—three

years had passed since a belief in his treachery had driven her to the grave.

He tried to sit still and read, but that name haunted him so that he could not rest. He seized his hat and darted out of the room; he must see the woman whose name had moved him thus: nothing but the sight of her face would drive away that insanity.

All the way to the theatre, and even after he had entered, he was trying to laugh at his own folly, but the oppression in his throat, and the tempest in his heart gave the lie to his own sophistries.

The house was crowded, but he forced his way near to the stage, and stood waiting for the music to cease. The curtain rose at length upon the second act of *Tisbe*, the sleeping chamber of the innocent wife, upon whom the infuriated actress has intruded to avenge herself for her lover's perfidy.

The house was still as death, when suddenly the draperies were flung aside, and a tall woman darted noiselessly forward, seizing the extinguished taper upon the table and turned slowly toward the audience, uttering her exclamation in a terrible whisper. Bursts of applause shook the very house, while the actress stood apparently lost in her part; and in front of her, leaning back against the wall, stood Ralph Trevor, gazing upon her face with a fixed and insane gaze.

For a time he knew nothing, saw nothing; the earth had opened at his feet, the grave had given up its dead! Then consciousness came back; he caught at the back of a seat as her voice rang out, stern and clear in fearful denunciations. It was the same face, changed and hardened, but it was Helen Græme still. The girlish grace and softness had given way to womanly majesty, and the part which she played showed the fiery passion of her nature in its most appalling form.

Ralph Trevor stood there until some one rose from a seat near; he sank into it and sat still during the whole play. For his life he could not have moved, although each moment heightened the madness which was upon him.

Helen Græme alive—they had lied to him! No thought of Lucy crossed his mind; there was his wife, his injured wife, all that he had ever loved—she would be his still.

When the curtain fell upon the last act, he rushed from the theatre with the frantic determination of seeing her, when there came a thought of the poor girl at home pining for his return.

Lost and disgraced—turn either way dishonor stared him in the face. He could not seek Helen;

much as he loved her, he could not murder Lucy. Then the woman's terrible wrath and hate rose before him—if she had hardened into a demon like that! No, that could not be—but what to do? He clenched his nails into his breast as if he would have torn his very heart out, and fled through the streets, unconscious of the direction, feeling only that that frantic flight would preserve his reason.

Late in the night he found himself near his home; then he remembered that his mother could explain—he it was who had deceived him. From his heart he cursed her—she should tell him all, and then they would part forever—the same continent could not contain them both.

The door opened in answer to his imperious summons, and he dashed past the astonished servant, up the stairs and flung open the door of his mother's dressing-room. A lamp was burning upon the table, and the door was open into her bed chamber.

"Mother!" he called, in a wild voice.

Mrs. Trevor was not sleeping, and roused herself at the sound.

"Is that you, Ralph?" she asked, startled at the imperious cry.

"It is I; come out here."

She threw a dressing-gown about her and went out: but when her eyes fell upon the excited man standing before her, she started back with a cry of dismay.

"Good heavens! Ralph, what is the matter?"

He closed the hall door, walked directly up to her, and clutching her hand in his iron grasp, said in a low voice,

"You have lied to me! You have dishonored your son!"

"In God's name, Ralph, are you mad?"

"Helen Græme is living!"

"Impossible! Pearson wrote me of her death three years since—you remember it."

"That was the lie you coined to make me marry that other poor girl. Do you know what you have done? You have made your son a criminal—disgraced her whom you call your daughter."

"It was no lie, Ralph! Hear me—I told you the truth."

"I will never see your face again," he continued; "I am no longer your child."

"Ralph, my son!" she cried, all her pride gone, falling at his knees, a suppliant where she had formerly commanded. "Unsay those words—I am your mother. I did not deceive you—God is my witness that I did not! The letters she wrote I burnt without reading them—I took you to Europe to get away from her—

but as I trust in heaven, the news of her death was no fabrication."

"Remember!"

"I swear it! I wrote to Pearson to learn everything about her, and that was the answer he sent back. Do believe me—oh! Ralph, this is too much!"

He raised her and seated her in a chair, but he put her away when she tried to embrace him.

"I will not doubt you, but I will see Pearson this night."

"Not now; it is almost morning."

"Do you want time to warn him?"

"Oh! Ralph, do trust me! I will not leave this room, nor speak a word, nor write a line till you have seen him! But do not leave me—think of Lucy—for her sake!"

"I will wait!" He paused; he would not tell her the terrible secret. "If Lucy dies of shame it will not be my fault! Go to bed, mother; forgive me as I forgive the wrong you have done me—I believe you innocent of this last great sin."

A little of the old pride flamed up in the woman's breast; she hated herself for being thus humbled.

"You are a bad, unnatural son," she exclaimed. "Some dreadful judgment will overtake you!"

"No more," he said, imperiously; "I will not hear a word."

He left the room before she could answer, and she cowered back to her bed, overpowered by rage and grief, and the fear of some terrible evil which menaced her.

Ralph went to his chamber, but the tempest in his soul forbade all thought of slumber. He opened the door which opened into Lucy's room and looked in. She was sleeping quietly, her lips parted in a smile, and a soft glow upon her cheek. She murmured a name—it was his! He hurried out with a smothered groan; he could not look again upon that innocent face and remember the misery which, perhaps, another day might bring forth.

He extinguished his lamp, and, throwing open his window, leaned out in the cold night striving to think.

As reason came back, one thought dawned distinctly upon his mind. Lucy must be saved—his duty was clear. Helen had suffered only from the pangs of deserted affection: but this poor girl would be dishonored forever. He would see Helen—she should know all—if she desired revenge it was in her power. Then he cursed himself for the thought—she was too proud to seek it! She would go on her way, cold and hard, spurning him aside in scorn.

And he? Oh! God, the life which stretched out before him—years and years of silence and deception! He was young still—the poor girl who believed herself his wife must go on to old age with him, nor ever dream of the abyss over which she so unconsciously gathered the flowers of her happiness.

It was on him that the suffering must fall—expiation for his mother's sin. He hated himself for the words he had spoken—it was weak, unmanly, but in his frenzy he had thought of nothing.

The next morning he went early to Mr. Pearson, and learned that, at Mrs. Trevor's request, a messenger had been sent to Millbrook to inquire concerning Helen Græme; that he had heard a confused tale of her disgrace and flight, and when some one ventured to question the old man, her father, he had only replied, "My daughter is dead."

During the day Ralph sought Helen's lodgings, but she had left town, the night before had been the last one of her engagement. She had gone no one knew where; she was not to play until the next season, and was somewhere in the country with a friend.

Matters went on sadly enough with the Trevors. Lucy suspected that something was wrong, but no explanations were made her, and her mother and husband treated her with their usual kindness. The parent and son were again on friendly terms, although a breach like the last could never be healed, however carefully it might be concealed from view.

Although it was still early in the season, they decided to go out of town, as Lucy's health was very delicate. The girl begged for quiet, so Mrs. Trevor took her to a lonely old village on the sea-shore, which she had known in former years, and Ralph was to follow as soon as he had concluded some important business which required his presence.

CHAPTER XV.

Lucy had been two days in the retreat they had chosen, well enough content with the quiet, after the life of change she had led for the past three years.

They had taken a pretty cottage which stood in the hotel grounds with the sea stretching in front, and were as much retired as though their little dwelling were entirely separated from the rest of the world. There seemed but few visitors at the hotel: indeed, the only persons Lucy saw were two ladies who often walked on the beach, and in the evening the younger would

spend hours in pacing up and down the long colonnade.

Lucy was irresistibly attracted by the stranger; a tall, sad-eyed woman, not older, perhaps, than herself, but with a strength and majesty in her appearance very unlike her own frail loveliness.

One evening, toward sunset, she went down upon the beach, and while watching the swell of the tide, the stranger whom she had remarked paused near her. Lucy looked curiously at her, but the lady was so lost in thought that she was unconscious of the scrutiny.

As Lucy turned to go, she dropped a book which she held in her hand—the noise roused the stranger—she turned round, picked up the volume which had rolled to her feet and restored it with a graceful gesture. Lucy thanked her with her pleasant smile and lingered near, feeling a singular desire to enter into conversation with her, great as was her dislike in general to conversing with strangers.

"How very quiet it is here!" she said.

"To me the sea is never so," replied the lady; "it is for that I like it—the motion and change are its greatest charm."

"How pretty the white foam looks dashing on!—one might almost pity it for being forced out into the black waters."

"It will soon be washed away—it is like watching a great hope rush from you."

Lucy looked at her in surprise. The lady caught the glance and smiled as if at the folly of her own words.

"This spot makes one fanciful," she said, while a dreary expression settled over her features like a shadow cast from the gloom of the evening.

With a farewell gesture she walked on, leaving Lucy saddened by her words and manner: but she had not long to indulge in her lonesome fancies, for Mrs. Trevor sent in search of her as the evening air had grown chill.

That night Lucy sought her chamber early, and was soon lost in happy visions; but Helen Græme sat in her lonely room looking out on the still moonlight, neither dreaming of their close proximity—those two who had been so fatal to each other's peace.

As Helen sat looking absently at the little cottage, a heavy column of smoke burst suddenly from an open window of the house, and the odor of burning wood was distinctly perceptible. With her usual presence of mind she ran down stairs and roused the hotel, but she was herself first to reach the spot.

The servants were roused by the time she

gained the cottage, rushing wildly hither and thither; and as Helen entered, Mrs. Trevor hurried out of her bed room, crying,

"Lucy, Lucy—my child, where are you?"

Helen recognized her at a glance, but this was no time for the thoughts to which the sight of her gave rise.

"The staircase is on fire!" exclaimed one of the servants. "Is young Mrs. Trevor still there?"

The crowd from the hotel poured into the dwelling, but before Mrs. Trevor could do more than appeal frantically to them to save her child, Helen Græme had rushed up the staircase and gained the hall. She threw open the first door and saw Lucy lying on the bed still asleep.

That was Ralph Trevor's wife—she realized everything in the momentary glance she took. Springing forward she caught her from the bed, just as the noise below had awakened her.

"What has happened?" shrieked Lucy. "Is it you, mother?"

"The house is on fire," said Helen, quietly; "your mother is safe—wrap this dressing-gown round you."

"On fire—oh! save me! Where shall we go?"

She was so bewildered by the sudden waking that she did not know which way to turn. Helen caught her in her arms and carried her out into the hall. A burst of smoke from the burning staircase drove them back, and the cries showed that those below were aware of their danger.

"We are lost!" cried Lucy. "Oh! my poor husband—Ralph, Ralph!"

"Not a word more as you value your life!" cried the actress, sternly. "I will save you for him."

She tore a blanket from the bed, enveloped Lucy in it, and, lifting her in her arms, dashed down the stairs and out upon the lawn with her burthen.

Lucy was uninjured, but her preserver's hands and arms were burned fearfully, and her dress in several places on fire.

Some one quenched the flame, and Helen stood by while Mrs. Trevor caught the girl in her arms.

"My child, thank God! Let everything go—you are safe."

The crowd were so busy endeavoring to put out the fire that they stood alone.

"This lady saved me," said Lucy; "thank her, mother."

"Indeed I will!" exclaimed Mrs. Trevor. "Oh! madam——"

Helen Græme turned so that the red firelight streamed full on her countenance. A dim memory of that face checked Mrs. Trevor's words.

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"Helen Græme, the actress," she replied, coldly.

Mrs. Trevor shrank back, clasping Lucy in her arms as if to screen her from harm.

"Go away!" she cried, wildly. "Not here—you shall not come here!"

"Mother!" exclaimed Lucy. "Excuse her, lady, the sudden fright has startled her."

Helen made no answer; she was looking full in Lucy's face with a strange expression.

"Come away, Lucy," whispered Mrs. Trevor; "come."

"Thank her, then, mother—she saved my life."

"There is no need," said Helen. "Madam, I will intrude no longer."

"Don't go," cried Lucy, catching her hand. "Ralph, my husband, will be so grateful to you."

"Lucy!" exclaimed Mrs. Trevor, "come to the hotel—see, the fire is extinguished—you will take cold. We can thank the lady another time."

Helen took Mrs. Trevor's hand and drew her away from Lucy.

"Tell your son," she said, in a hard voice, "that Helen Græme saved his wife."

Without a word she moved quickly away, leaving the two there alone. Mrs. Trevor would not remain another hour. The horses were ordered, and with such of their baggage as was saved, they drove to a town several miles distant, where they spent the night, and the next morning were on their way back to the city.

CHAPTER XVI.

THREE years had old Adam Græme lived alone in the dwelling from whence, in the stern pride of his heart, he had thrust forth his only child. The anguish and remorse which had kept him company were plainly visible in his whole appearance; he looked full ten years older, a white-haired man bent and feeble with age.

He could no longer work upon his farm, nor do little else than sit on the porch in the summer time in his easy-chair dreaming restlessly of the past. On a Sunday he was still to be seen in his accustomed seat in the village church, but his presence saddened the old friends for whom he had once always a warm greeting, but from whom he now shrunk, as if fearful that each glance which met his own was striving to probe the wound that ached so deeply in his heart.

The early summer had brightened again over the old house, and Adam Græme sat one pleasant sunset in his favorite place, gazing absently upon the pretty scene spread out before him.

He could see the Millbrook Farm house, and his mind was full of bitter reflections of all the wrong that proud family had done him and his. For many days workmen had been busy within it, and there had been a rumor in the village that Mrs. Trevor was coming there to pass the summer.

A strange desire seized the old man to visit it once more. He took his hat and walking-stick, and followed the path he had not trod since the night he went in search of his child.

The house door was open, and some of the servants who had arrived, were arranging the furniture in the different rooms. Mr. Græme knew the woman who had charge of the preparations, and passed on unquestioned.

"We have everything about in order," she said, "except the two rooms in the left wing; Mr. Ralph Trevor sent word for them not to be touched on any account—such a state as they are in!"

Adam Græme walked quickly on; he could not endure the mention of that name which roused every evil feeling in his nature. He passed through a winding passage to the rooms the woman had indicated, threw open the door and entered.

The apartment had not been changed since Ralph and Helen used to meet in it. The very flowers that had been gathered on their wedding day were still black and withered; the dust had gathered more heavily upon everything, and the walls and ceiling had begun to fall into decay.

Adam Græme sat down on a broken chair and looked around. He had not entered that room since he was a young man—the last time was, when, deluded by her coquetry, he had ventured to tell Isabel Owen that he loved her, and been laughed to scorn in the insolence of her youthful pride.

Old as he was, that memory moved Adam Græme still; the woman had been so unyielding in her hate, her family so fatal to those who had been dearest to his heart, it was no marvel that his chilled blood grew hot at the thought.

Under the table near him lay a heap of rubbish, and absently the old man began thrusting the masses of papers and engravings asunder with his stick. A torn paper fluttered to his feet—he picked it up—read his daughter's name and that of Ralph Trevor. He was out of his chair in a moment, down on his knees, and gathering up other bits of paper which had evidently been torn from the fragment he held in his hand.

He joined them together and spread them out upon a chair. His hands shook so that he could

scarcely control them, and there was a blur upon his sight which almost blinded him. He wiped the moisture from his glasses and tried to read. Thrice he spelled out the half obliterated writing, and then he fell down upon the floor with a low crying, weeping and praying, calling upon his child and asking God for pardon.

He had found the certificate of his daughter's marriage, in the place where she had thrown it on her wedding night.

"I can die now," he murmured, "my child is innocent! Oh! my God, let me see her once more and ask her forgiveness."

He struggled and prayed there until it was almost evening. A noise from without roused him—he rose, flung open the door, and found himself face to face with Mrs. Trevor.

Before she could speak he caught her hand, crying fiercely,

"It is my turn now! Isabel Owen, this disgrace which you have heaped upon me and mine shall now fall upon your own head."

"Let me pass," she said, trying to wrench her hand from his grasp. "What right have you to come here? You are mad, I think!"

"Not mad, I thank God! But I have learned the truth—God has been very good—my child is not lost to me."

"I do not know what you mean, nor how the matter concerns me. If you wish your daughter, search for her among the painted puppets of the theatre, she is there."

"Ay, where you drove her, you and your son!"

"We have nothing to do with her nor the life she leads—her own evil instincts forced her into the life she has chosen."

"Stop, woman! You insult your son's wife!"

"My son's wife is a pure and innocent girl, who would be degraded by contact with one like your daughter."

"Her name?" he gasped; "tell me what her name was?"

"Lucy Markham."

"When were they married? Where?"

"Two years since in Europe! Are you satisfied now? if so, you had best retire."

"Two years since—in Europe—and you did this?"

"I did, but my son loved her."

"Then God forgive you, for you have brought disgrace upon an innocent girl, and made your son a criminal."

"You rave," she said, coldly; "let me go."

"Not till you have heard the truth! A year before, your son married Helen Græme, my daughter."

"I will not listen to this folly—let me pass, I say."

"It is the truth—I have found the certificate."

"Forged it, you mean!"

"It is here—we shall see if your son will deny it! Isabel Trevor, I can send your son to prison to-morrow. I see it all, my poor girl sacrificed herself to save that black-hearted wretch, but all shall be cleared up now—my child, oh! my child!"

"Are you crazy, old man, or do you want money? Name the sum and leave me in peace."

"I want justice, and I will have it! For half a life time you and yours have trampled me down, desecrated my house, tortured those dear to me—what I seek now is not revenge but retribution!"

"Your proofs?" she cried, as a thousand wild words her son had uttered rushed across her mind; "your proofs?"

"Here—the certificate—signed by Charles Conner."

"He is dead," she muttered.

"But his writing lasts—I have it here."

"Let me look at it."

"I would not trust you, woman! Stand off—read it here."

She did read, paling and shaking at the sight; but when she heard the old man's exulting laugh she recovered herself.

"I do not believe it," she said; "it is a plot made up by you and your girl, but it will not succeed."

"The law shall decide that! Farewell, Isabel Owen!"

"You shall not go," she exclaimed, catching a fierce hold of him.

"Give me that paper, old man."

"Never—stand off, I say! Send for your son—look in his face and bid him deny it if he can."

He wrenched himself free and strode out of the house. A new strength and vigor had returned to him; he stood upright and walked more firmly than he had done for years.

Mrs. Trevor hastened to her room; she heard Lucy's voice and dared not meet her. She tried to write to her son, but her hand shook so that she could not frame a syllable. She strove to convince herself that the whole thing was indeed a plot and forgery, but a thousand convincing proofs recurred to her, and she could only crouch down in blind despair at the thought of the misery and disgrace she had brought upon all of her name.

Adam Græme reached his house and went in. Some mad hope had made him feel that he should meet his daughter there, and he called aloud,

"Helen, daughter!"

There was no answer! He toiled up the stairs, for his limbs began to shake and weaken, and entered the chamber that had been hers—it was empty—everything as when she left it in her hurried flight.

"Helen," he cried again, but his voice had grown faint and tremulous; "Helen. child!"

The sharp agony of his appeal might have won a response from the dead, but all was still as before. A third time his voice broke, in that gasping cry,

"Helen, oh! Helen!"

He reeled and tottered—threw out his arms blindly to recover himself, and fell upon the floor stiff and paralyzed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE'S TREASURES.

BY JULIA A. BARBER

Jays and hopes have faded from me,
Golden ventures on life's sea,
One by one I've seen them vanish,
Till so few are left to me;
Do ye wonder that I clasp them
Closer, closer to my heart,
These that linger of the many
I have seen with tears depart?

While life's rosy morning lingers,
Sorrow's hand is linked with mine,
And the clangor of her footsteps
Drowns the voice of memory's chime.
Only years of weary waiting—
Only days and nights of pain—
Only tears for the lost blessings
That will ne'er return again.

Why should I with long endeavor
Banish sorrows of to-day,
Ever seeking 'mid the shadows
For the roses in my way?
Is it love whose hand has chastened?
When this pilgrimage is past,
Will the blessings earth has taken
Then with joy be mine at last?

Will regret be lost in praises
Life was not a Summer dream?
Present ills prove love's disguises,
Tho' they now so fearful seem!
Then, whate'er the future bringeth,
Till the crown at last be won,
May my heart in every sorrow
Say "Thy will, oh! God, be done."

AUNT KEZIAH SMALL VISITS THE STATE FAIR.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"Did you ever go to a fair? No? Well now that's curis. Most everybody goes, some time or other, and each one, when he gits back, has more to tell than anybody that's been afore him. Strange how everybody allers sees the most. Now there's Tom Salter's wife—she knows more than the eoriginal Injuns, and the President, and all his bobinet. You'd think Socratatus hisself had come on and made ye a visit. You can't mention a single thing on this spear but she's hurd of it, and knows every little perticular. She can tell you all the ferlosophy of the Atlantic paragraph, and the whole 'casion of the thing's not talking as they expected 'twould.

"Jest name the Bible to her, and land sake! Moses hisself would be struck with the Spanish mildew to hear her exploterate! Clean from Geneseret to Revolutions she knows the entire story. Parson Grimshaw can't hold a candle to her. She uses the biggest words, too, that ever anybody thought of, you ought to have a dictator rite in your pocket to understand her. I was in there the other day, and I declare if I could keep from laffin' rite in her face to hear her talk to her children.

"'Washington Napoleon,' sez she, 'distinguish that fire immejiately. It is too recessively warm, with the mercury at ninety digits, to remit of a blaze in the grater. Syrena Jennie, lie that book on the side, and go and inform your pa that the noonday repast is on the board. Mrs. Small, do remove your bonnet and shawl, and dinner with us.'

"'Thank you,' sez I, 'I've dinnere.'

"It's not only one day, but she's jest so high-flown all the time; and poor Salter looks as if he'd been drawed through a knot-hole. Last fall the agriculturals had a fair to Dover, and Mrs. Salter detarmined to go. She sent Washington over to know if I wouldn't 'company her. I called Ichabod in and asked him if he'd go with us to squart us; for, ye sec, Mrs. Salter said, only the day afore, that it wasn't properous for any unpurtected woman to go anywhere without a biped of the *gatus homo* to her heels. I asked her what she meant by that, and she said a man. To tell you the truth, I thought she meant a bag of hominy. Salter's folks are great hands for

it, and I didn't know but she thought anybody'd ought to kerry some with 'em all the time.

"Wall, Ichabod said he didn't know but he'd go; would if he thought he could git the barn took keer of time enuff to go to the kears. After awhile he said he would go anyhow, and I sent word back to Mrs. Salter that I'd meet her the next day at the dyepot.

"The 'pinted day cum—jest as fair and handsome a one as ever you seed. 'Twas in October; and if I was a poet I could tell you a sight about the gold skies, and the emerel grass, and the camphire clouds; but as I ain't, I'd better let it alone. Mrs. Salter was fixed up the moster. She's a powerful critter for dress, and she fairly expelled herself this time. Sich a rainbow as she was—all furbelows and flummaddies. I felt kinder mean beside her, with my gray gown and my green sun-bunnit. Ichabod he was spunked up in his go-to-meetingables: gray troweerloons, black coat and red velvet waistcoat. He paraded us into the kears, and give our tickets to the productor. Ichabod is tight after Miss Salter's Syrena, but he shan't have her if I can help it. I don't want a darter of mine to do nothin' but read novels and drink hop beer. Syrena's up to that the hull time.

"Ichabod, the ongrateful boy, paid as much ag'in' tention to Mrs. Salter as he did to me, tryin' to git her good will, ye sec. He helped her on with her shawl, and kerried her snatchel-bag for her, as easy and keerful as if it had been a hen's nest. There was an orful jam in the kears—everybody was rushin' to git the best place. A red-headed man, with a big bosom-pin in his shirt, got his elbow shot rite through winder, and I got my gown ripped a half a yard, by a poke from an old woman's ambireller. I give her a knock to pay for it, and sent her bouncin' rite into the face and eyes of old Dr. Pratt. The doctor's specks was all stove to smash, and one of the woman's criinnerlines run clean through the top of his stove-pipe hat. I thought he said, 'Tarnation take the women!' but he vowed he didn't; it was, 'Accidents will happen,' he pertended. The doctor's a perlite pairson, and don't want to put nobody out.

"We 'rived all safe at Dover, and Ichabod went off to git a kerredge to kerry us up to where the

fair was. It was as much as three mile, and he said it was too far for any female woman to travel afoot. Mrs. Salter told him to be shure and git a stylish establishment, and I charged him to ask if the horses was stiddy. I'm kinder 'fraid of horses.

"Bye-bye he got back, and a splendoriferous consarn he'd got for us to ride in, I can tell you. It was nothin' on airth but an old soap-cart, with boards laid 'cross the top to set on. I ain't naterally stuck up, but I did feel kinder sheepish ridin' in that soap-cart. Mrs. Salter felt so decomposed that she drawed her veil and shut up her eyes. We got to the fair arter awhile, and Ichabod and the driver histed us out of the cart. 'Twan't no small job to git us out, for the cart was as high as the top of our wood-shed.

"Oh! sich a place as that fair was! Acres and acres of ground fenced in with boards, and all strung over with white tents, and red flags, and sheep pens, and men in regimentals, and women in flounced petticoats. The wind blowed like all git out, and there was dust enuff to plant beans in. We got some pices of yaller paper—give twenty-five cents apiece for 'em—and three pieces of ribbon, to pin to our shawls, that said we might gwin, and, with Ichabod atween us, in we went. If it weren't the shal-lerest consarn in there that ever was, then I'll give up. The fust thing I seed was a leetle teeny box, with two hens and a crower in it. Next cum a pair of turkeys, and my goodness! if the next wasn't a goose, and the next two little skairt-to-death-lookin' piggins.

"Well if ever!" sez I. "Who ever heerd tell of givin' a quarter to see a goose?"

"Hush!" sez Mrs. Salter, 'that's the way of these agriculturous fairs. They bring specimens of their feathered animals to repeat for the premiums!'

"There was horses, and sheepses, and cows, and oxen, and sights of all kinds of critters. Ichabod and Mrs. Salter went off a little ways to see a colt, and I went up to a pen where there was a big red cow, and a man to take keer of her. I looked at her a spell, but I didn't see nothin' wonderful: and I asked the man what there was curis about her. He was a shy-lookin' chap, with a large yellow calash on his upper lip, and a kind of a knowin' wink in his eyes. He looked up when I spoke, and sez he, privacy like,

"Marm, I ain't in the habit of tellin' any-thing about that annermil to common folks; but when a handsome gal, like you, asks me about her I can't help ansuring."

"I blushed red enuff, I can tell you, for it

sorter frustrated me to be flattered so by a stranger, and sez I,

"Land sake! squire, you don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do," sez he, 'I'm reddy to swear it.'

"No, don't," sez I, 'it's wicked to swear. I don't doubt but you're in ainess.'

"Airnest! to be sure I am," sez he, 'and now, to convins you, I'll tell you the story of that cow. She is one of the two that Noah kerried into the ark!'

"My gracious deliverance!" sez I, 'it can't be!'

"Marm," sez he, lookin' ter'ble hurt, 'if you don't believe me I'll permit myself to silence.'

"No! herings!" sez I, 'don't do nothin' in a hurry. I believe all you say.'

"Wall," sez he, 'that cow was in the ark, and, when she cum out, Noah give her to the Duke of Devonshire. The duke was one of my father's pertickerler cronies, and he give the cow to him. My father let me trot her out to the fair jest for the notion of it. She'll make seventy-five pound of butter in a week, besides milk enuff for my children—fourteen of 'em. My wife milked five hundred pound of curd from her last summer—made cappertal cheese—all it needed was puttin' into the hoop and pressin' a little.'

"Laws!" sez I, 'if I don't think that's a whopper!'

"Yes," sez he, 'she is the whoppinest cow you ever seed. And you can think jest as you're a mind to—this is a free country,' and with that he winked at another feller that had jest cum into the pen. I jest turned away and left 'em. I was indignified, for I felt eggactly as though I'd been resulted.

"I hadn't gone but a few steps afore I met Ichabod and Mrs. Salter. They was agwine to see the hosses race. I thought I might as well go, too. Out by the racing place there was two or three boards set up on blocks. I felt kinder fatigayed, and, thinks I, I'll jest set down a minnit or so. So I made motions to set; but a man grabbed me by the arm, and yelled out,

"Not by two chalks! you don't set here 'thout payin' nino; ence!"

"Keich me payin' for settin'! I'd stand to all everlastin' fust!" and I went rite off.

"Wall, the hosses raced, and I couldn't tell for the life of me which beat. I didn't much keer, I was crowded and jammed up so. It was enuff to kill anybody. By the time they'd done that performuns, we'd all got putty considerable hungry, and Ichabod sed we'd better rejoin to the tent and git somethin' to eat. I

give fifty cents for two pieces of pie and a dough-nut, and Ichabod paid a quarter to smell of the wing of a chicken. Mrs. Salter had a bag of turnovers, and some cheese, and we sot down on the ground and eat altogether. Arter our dinner was done, we hunted up the other curis things. The funniest of 'em was a little thing that they called a blowin' masheen: you gwoup to it, and give a man a cent, and you had a right to blow into a pipe; you could blow out all yer breath and find if yer lungs and other appartitions was good or not. I laid out one cent in tryin' of it. The man sed I blowed two quarts.

"Two quarts of what?" sez I.

"Two quarts of carbonic acid and high-gin," sez he.

"What?" sez I, 'I ain't a drunkard, and ain't got no gin about me.'

"Folks round there laffed, and Ichabod and Mrs. Salter pulled me off into the tent, where the needle-work was stuck up. Oh! sich a heap of counterpins, and kiverlids, and rugs, and pincushions, and bunnits, and things, you never sot your eyes on! There was baby fixin's, and ploughs, and harrers, and renervators, and hay-choppers, and sewin' machines, and contrivances that nobody on airth knowed what they was.

"Well, next we went round and seed 'em plough, and drive hosses, and ride; and byme-bye somebody made a speech, and everybody hoorayed and clapped their hands like crazytics; I waved my handkercher, and Mrs. Salter said the speech was one of the splendidest catastrophes to agriculture that ever was heern. As soon as the speech was over, everybody started

for the Fact'ry Field, the place where there was a balloon to gwoup. I asked Mrs. Salter what a balloon was, and she sed it was a big bag with a man sailin' off in it. I felt powerful curis about it, I can tell ye, and I squeezed down jest as nigh to it as I could for my life. Good grand-father! it was as big as our barn, and as yeller as a pumpkin, and it was tied fast to the airth with ropes to keep it from runnin' away. A man and boy got into a leetle tenty contrivance fastened to one end of it, and, at the same instant, somebody ontied the strings, and the hull consarn popped rite up into the air, with the man and boy hangin' to it.

"Stop it! do!" sez I, 'they'll go clean off to nowhere, and break their necks, and kill themselves! Goodness! where's Ichabod? Do jump and ketch the strings!'

"I was nigh about beside myself, and everybody was a laffin'. I hollered after the balloon folks as long as I could see 'em; but they didn't mind me a mite, and I concluded 'twas best to let 'em go. I was tired eanamost to death, and Ichabod sed we'd better streak it for the kears, or all the seats would be full. So we made for the dyepot, and forchewately got a place to stand in the kears. We got home alive, or I shouldn't a been here tellin' this story. And my gracious! if there ain't old Polly Downin' a comin' with that everlastin' blue ambirell. I'd as good wrap up my tongue in a rag the rest of the afternoon, for you can't git a word in edgewise where she is. Git your ears prepared to bear it!"

OH! EARTH IS FULL OF BEAUTY!

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE

Oh! Earth is full of beauty—

Oh! Earth is full of light;
There's loveliness attends her day,
And majesty her night.

There's beauty in the dark, green woods—
There's beauty in the streams—
There's beauty in the swelling floods,
And magic in their gleams.

There's beauty where the river lies,
And where the column rears,
And where the ivy, dark and bright,
Has over-run for years.

There's beauty on old ocean's breast—
There's beauty on her strand—
There's beauty on the mountain's crest,
So deep, sublime, and grand.

There's beauty in the leafy Spring,
When vernal hours are bright,
And sportive sprites are here again
To dance within her light.

There's beauty in the Summer day,
When May has gone apace,
And Spring is here with vernal ray,
And sweetly smiling face.

There's beauty in the Autumn time
In every grove and glen;
And in the Winter, dark and chill,
There's beauty for me then.

Oh! Earth is full of beauty—
Oh! Earth is full of light;
There's loveliness attends her day,
And majesty her night.

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XVII.

WOODWORTH was now Gillian's accepted lover. After a generous struggle with himself, Mr. Bentley had given a cordial consent to this engagement, and to the tumult of doubt came the heaven of a confirmed and perfect love. No bird ever seemed more quiet brooding in its nest, than Gillian appeared as she moved about that spacious house, or sat in her luxurious boudoir, wondering how any one could think this world a place of trouble. To her it was bright as paradise. If the sight of Michael Hurst gliding toward her aunt's room with a soft step and a strange look in the face, disturbed her repose for a single moment, it was followed by a proud curve of the lip, and a feeling of self-disdain that anything so insignificant could intrude on her great happiness. How dared this small man lift his eyes to the woman whom Woodworth had exalted by his love?

These thoughts were arrogant, perhaps, but Gillian was not only proud in her own spirit, but imperial in her pride where her love was concerned. There is no equal on earth to the man a woman loves with her whole heart, and thus Gillian, our bright, beautiful Gillian, loved the man to whom her faith was pledged. It was the homage of pure appreciation to genius—the romance and passion of youth crowned this devotion with a glory.

Thus Gillian felt as if some ill-omened bird were flitting through her paradise, when Hurst passed her with his half sarcastic face and mocking indifference. But what had she to fear from him in her position, accustomed to wealth from her childhood as she had been to the atmosphere, young, beautiful, and beloved, what had she to dread from Michael Hurst's presence in her aunt's room? Surely nothing! And yet Gillian's heart would recoil at the sound of his footstep, and a thrill of disgust would pass through her frame if his voice reached her, which made her angry; a creature so insignificant had no right to disturb her thus.

On the night of her party, Gillian's engagement to Woodworth was to be admitted, if not

proclaimed; and directly after that it was settled that her marriage should take place.

There was to be no change in the household. Bentley would not give up his daughter, but welcomed a son into his own dwelling—a son that might, in some degree, enliven the solitude which surrounded him; for though in the world, Bentley lived a man apart, and was in reality as little acquainted with the gossip scandal and trifles of social life as a hermit. The dignity of character which kept him aloof from these things imposed solitude upon him, for, after all, the interests of social life are made up of trifles which sensitive men like him reject.

Bentley had seen young Hurst more than once, but he was not aware how frequently he visited the house, or that he had presumed to lift his eyes to Gillian; looking upon the young man as an acquaintance of Miss Hart's, he scarcely gave his presence or absence from the house a moment's thought. Something about the young gentleman he did not like, but the feeling was so vague that he was hardly conscious of it.

After Hurst's presumption in Mrs. Ransom's grounds that day, Gillian had made a faint effort to persuade her aunt to exclude him from the house; but aunt Hetty, usually so shrinking and mild, fired up on the instant, offered to leave the house herself, but absolutely refused to be restricted in her own movements, or the company she might receive.

Gillian was far too proud for explanations, which so completely compromised her delicacy, and forbore to press the matter, so Hurst came as usual, but the air which he had assumed then grew haughtier every day, and there was a look of subtle triumph in his eyes, which became annoying as it was inexplicable.

On the morning before the great party, Hurst was in aunt Hetty's room. The door was closed, and the two sat in the farthest distance, looking away from each other like persons who had been talking on a subject which was annoying to one and painful to the other.

Aunt Hetty had not been crying, but there was a white stillness in her face which gave it

a deathly look, and through her frame came short, nervous spasms, which at Hurst's angry command she was striving in vain to suppress.

"You are sure that he has consented?"

Aunt Hetty bowed, and from her white lips came a faint, "Yes."

"And that the engagement will be known to every one to-morrow night?"

"She told me so herself."

"And the marriage! How soon is that to come off?"

Hurst spoke bitterly and with a sneer.

"I don't know," said the old lady; "very soon, I think. Hannah knows, I heard her talking yesterday about being bridesmaid."

"No matter what their plans are," said Hurst, fiercely, "I will thwart them long before they are settled."

The old lady started up and clasped her little hands, that shook and trembled like dead leaves before him.

"Oh! Michael, Michael, give that up—in the name of God give it up, I cannot stand by you—the bare thought is killing me. It is fraud, infamy, wicked—wicked infamy; the judgment of heaven would fall on us both."

Hurst arose and bent his fierce white face over the trembling creature.

"Woman, would you have me curse you?"

"You—you. No, father of mercies, no—that would be more terrible yet."

"Hate you?" persisted the fiend, growing hoarse with rage.

"Hate me! you—you! Oh! my God, my God, hear what he says!"

"To abandon you forever?"

The poor woman writhed in her chair, moaning with impatient pain.

"For her sake—oh! Sarah, my sister, that it should have come to this. Can you hear?—do you know——"

Now two great tears came swelling up to her wild eyes, and dropped heavily as if turned to lead by the pain that sent them forth.

"Once for all," said the young man, grasping both her hands, and crushing them together till the pain flickered up to her face. "Once for all, let us understand each other. I will go on steadily, resolutely, unrelenting, and you shall help me."

"I cannot—I cannot," she cried.

He took no notice of that plaintive wail, but went on,

"Be firm, and I cannot fail—be firm, and I am more than a thousand nephews, more than a thousand sons to you. No angel was ever loved

as I will love you. No queen was ever obeyed as I will obey you."

A look of troubled affection came into that pale face, a wistful, yearning fondness, that would have touched a wild animal.

He saw it, and, dropping to one knee, threw his arms around her neck, and laid his cheek against her shoulder.

"I will be obedient like a little boy—kind, oh! so kind—there, there, don't sob, but listen. Remember this is my right—ask yourself if it is not—I but claim what is before God my own. He has had it now almost a quarter of a century—has lived in luxury—pampered that proud girl till she thinks herself a goddess. Besides, I do not mean to dispossess him, nor to force the question into court; be firm as I will, and all is arranged without trouble. Promise me—promise me!"

He looked at her amid his pleading with a tenderness so real that her tears fell like dew.

"I think if you asked me to kill myself I should do it," she said, timidly returning his look.

"But I do not ask that, heaven forbid. I only wish you to remember the years in which I have planned, and worked, and suffered, to earn a decent living, while these persons have been feasting and pampering themselves on the property to which I have a right. Who, except yourself and the Bloomingdale woman over yonder, has ever thought or cared for me?"

"But old Mrs. Frost was good to you. I am sure she ought to have been, for Sarah did everything for her."

"Oh! yes, I do not complain. But what was an old woman like that to a child that pined as I did for a father to guide, and a mother to love me? I have suffered enough—more than enough—for anything they cared I might have been in States' Prison now. But their time is coming. Let them stand cringing on the steps of this great house as I have done—let them meet cold looks as I did not an hour ago, and feel the Bentley blood boiling in their veins as it burns in mine; you know how they have insulted me."

"Yes, I know that; it was only this week Gillian came with that queenly air of hers, and asked me to forbid your coming here, as if I would."

"And for these people, who treat you, at best, like an upper servant, you would keep me a beggar."

"No, no, not a beggar, Michael. You don't know how poor Sarah saved and pinched for the money Mrs. Frost had for bringing you up. I never could have done it like her. Oh!

Michael, if she were only here now with her quick way of seeing things—but—but I should not dare look her in the face. Is not Gillian her daughter?"

"But she is not daughter to the man who owned all this wealth, nor shall she keep it! It never was hers by right. Why can't you see this as I do?"

"But the law gave it to him!"

"The law is a tyrant. Besides, the question was never contested. How do we know what the courts would have decided, had all the knowledge we possess been laid before them?"

The poor, nervous woman was yielding thought by thought to the strong will that oppressed her. Her heart was always in the right place, but the intellect which should have supported it wavered under the pleadings, and the sophistry which was so much like truth. Her own heart, too, spoke loud in the young man's behalf: all her ambition—a childish feeling at best—rose up to second his arguments. Sure enough, why should Gillian Bentley have the right to sweep Michael Hurst so disdainfully from her path, as if he were a beggar and she an empress?

With these thoughts undermining the sense of right which was growing weaker and weaker each moment—with his pleading voice in her ears, the lone woman sunk quietly away from her integrity, and promised all that the young man asked of her.

Then he arose to go as a child, who, having taken the first step, fears to walk alone; she followed him holding out her hands.

"Michael!"

He paused and came back, questioning her with his eyes, for he had no heart to understand the yearning tenderness that spoke in the word.

"Michael!"

His intellect was quick, and he comprehended that there was some weakness which he was expected to humor.

"Well," he said, smiling, "you see I have come back like a good boy: what is it?"

"Michael, kiss me for the first time on earth before you go."

The young man was visibly touched. He bent down, and as he kissed her he murmured a single word that sent a bloom into her face, and made every nerve in her frame vibrate. Truly she had bought that one moment of happiness with a great price.

She did not kiss him back, but received the touch of his lips with timid humility, sighing under the full contentment of her wishes.

"You will never speak of cursing me again?"

she said, wistfully, "the word hurts me like a knife."

"Never! Only be faithful to your promise, and we have neither of us anything to fear."

He went away after this; aunt Hetty locked the door and drew down the curtains with eager haste. When quite alone, and safe from observation, she sat down and pressed the two hands, which he had clasped, to her lips with fervor, as a devotee kisses the feet of his idol. She took up the cushion he had leaned against and smoothed it with caressing softness, laid her cheek against it, and muttered soft, sweet words over it, as if the embroidered silk knew all that she felt, and would grow brighter from sharing her joy.

Then she heard a step at the door, and a clear, young voice called out,

"Aunt Hetty, are you here? May I come in?"

It was Gillian's voice. The cushion dropped from aunt Hetty's clasp, and, holding her breath with sudden terror, the poor creature sunk with it to the floor afraid to speak.

Then came a repetition of the words which broke into snatches of music at the end, and Gillian's light footstep died away in the hall; but the sound of her voice came back like the song of a nightingale when the rose season is at its full.

The young girl was very, very happy that day; Woodworth had just left her, and like the bird we speak of, she carried her joy and her song everywhere she went. With her all was sunshine; but darkness had fallen upon the poor woman who sat upon the floor of that closed room, trembling under the light vibrations of her song.

"It is Sarah's child—it is Sarah's child," she muttered, rocking to and fro, with both hands clasped over her knees, "and I have promised to destroy her."

Thus all that day she sat upon the floor bewailing herself, without the courage to do right or wrong.

The next day aunt Hetty was ill—so ill that she refused to leave her room, though the house was all in a tumult of preparation, and the gay world in a storm of excitement, for this was undoubtedly the grand ball of the season: persons would be present who seldom appeared on such occasions; and to the usual crowd which composes a fashionable assemblage, the Bentleys would add many celebrities which no one else could command. Indoors the commotion was intense. Gillian, with her fine artistic taste, was busy as a bee turning the stately mansion into a bower of cedar for that one night.

Clothed in her morning wrapper, which floated around her like a cloud, Gillian was in fifty places at once, smiling and radiant, giving gleams of new beauty to everything she touched. While Hannah tried on her dress at least half a dozen times; and Dinah, to use her own words, made dem city niggers from de confectionariums stand 'bout, while she gave an opinion of everything which was brought into the supper rooms.

Now and then Mr. Bentley was called from his books to give an opinion where some statue was to be moved, or a picture lighted up; but of all the household aunt Hetty never appeared. She had no courage to meet her sister's child face to face.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE house was lighted up from roof to casement, the windows were one blaze of gold, of ruby, or azure, as the silken draperies through which the rays passed chanced to be tinted. A fine, weeping elm that drooped its branches at one end of the house seemed bathed in sunshine, so rich was the flood of light that poured through the painted glass of the bay windows. The marble vases that lined the broad steps to the front entrance, gleamed out like snow beneath the contrast of the trailing leaves and gorgeous blossoms that crowded them, for the folding-doors were constantly open, and a broad pavement of light descended into the street, where a curious crowd was gathered to watch the guests as they descended from their carriages.

Within all was equally brilliant. The library and Gillian's boudoir, which opened from it, were thrown together in rich contrast, like two grand pictures of the ancient and modern schools, a Rembrandt and a Guido. The one, so rich in shadows, that a world of light seemed absorbed in revealing it; the other, so fresh and fairy-like, that it seemed as if Aurora herself must have prepared it for her train.

In the library, bronzes and dark carvings gave depth and richness to harmonize with its crimson draperies. In the boudoir, statues and statuettes of pure white marble grouped their snowy limbs under clouds of azure and lace drapery, looped back from the windows by garlands of natural roses, that sent their breath in among the heavy books, and played with the golden light of the chandeliers in the library. In one window a Hebe vase of alabaster, classic and stately, was tinted by the blossoms of a fuchsia that drooped over it. The curtains of another were held away from the window by a laughing Bacchante, who seemed to have entangled the lace among the strong clusters of grapes which he grasped

triumphantly in his uplifted hands. In a little recess, which opened upon a balcony, a marble Cupid lay asleep literally on a bed of roses, for fresh blossoms breathed all around him on his snowy couch and over his delicate limbs, blending their pink light with his smiles, till he seemed to laugh in his dreams. The carpet was soft and fleecy, like a bed of soft snow, over which the Cupids, from the exquisitely frescoed ceiling overhead, had been pelting fresh flowers all the day long.

Everything in this room was cloud-like and vapory. The floating lace, the sleeping statues, and the roguish Cupids overhead seemed pervaded in a silvery mist, for the light which came to this room penetrated a partition of plate-glass, that alone shut it out from a conservatory beyond.

Through this translucent partition glowed sheets of azalaes, rhododendrons, and golden leaved acacias, with other rare tropical plants all in full flower, over which globes of ground glass shed their soft moonlight, which penetrated to the boudoir, revealing it like a dream.

Into this room Gillian came alone, to meet her lover, one happy moment before the company poured in. Down she glided along the broad staircase pure as snow and bright as a sunbeam; fold upon fold—fold upon fold of delicate lace enveloped her. Silvery tulle over net, and above that the gossamer richness of Brussels point, with traceries that seemed like frost-work forming as she moved, gleamed and floated around her. From the coronet of hair that circled her queenly head fell a triple veil of tulle, like mist tinted through and through by the prism; azure, white, rose-color, and pale violet fell over her dress as the morning tints a cloud, and through this her face shone out resplendent in its loveliness, for the thought of meeting him had scattered rose-leaves on her cheek, and filled her eyes with love-light. She was indeed what her dress proclaimed her, "Queen of the Morning!"

Woodworth was in the boudoir waiting. He saw her enter the library and glide through. She approached the boudoir, not with her usual self-possession, but like a child who longs to be admired, and is yet ashamed of the desire. That night Gillian panted to be beautiful, but love made her diffident, so she came in blushing and half abashed. Woodworth held his breath, she seemed so much like one of those creations of Guido which never seem quite of earth, that he stood lost in pleasant surprise. She came close to him wondering why he did not speak.

One little hand stole out from under the cloud of her veil and touched his arm. He prisoned

the white hand in his, and thus they stood together in the moonlight that beamed from the conservatory, smiling on each other, but silent, perfect love has no language, and requires none. With those eyes upon her face, Gillian felt that she was becoming more and more beautiful every moment. She felt like an angel; he thought that she looked like one.

A few words were murmured after this, fragmentary nothings, I dare say, but very sweet and musical to them, before it could become conversation. The unwelcome sound of footsteps in the vestibule made them draw apart, and directly a lady, who seemed to have glided out of Louis the Fifteenth's court, came into the library and moved slowly toward them.

Gillian looked upon the intruder with surprise, for she seemed a perfect stranger. In all her list of friends she remembered no one so queenly in her presence, so impressed with an air of command.

The dress was a perfect brocade robe of apple green and silvery white, looped up with ribbons from an under skirt of rose-colored silk, was of regal richness; the tall head-dress, powdered, puffed, and woven in with jewels; the plume of snowy feathers on one side, and the fall of a glowing rose back from the left temple were gorgeous, but subdued by powder; while the neck and arms gleamed whitely through a profusion of yellow old lace, and the stomacher blazed with jewels.

"Who can it be?" whispered Gillian, gazing upon the lady whose face seemed to possess scarcely a familiar line. "One would think she had stepped out of a picture but for these bright eyes. Who can she be?"

"Hush! she is in search of us. I know her, and yet cannot imagine who she is," whispered Woodworth, drawing Gillian back to his side. "She is evidently searching for some one."

The lady entered, saw Gillian, and came forward.

"My dear Miss Bentley, and you also my friend," she said, with cheerfulness, evidently forced, for her voice was husky.

Gillian gave a little start, and then broke into a bird-like laugh.

"Mrs. Ransom, oh! my dear Mrs. Ransom, I am so glad you have come. I waited and waited up stairs, thinking that you might want help about your dress; but it is perfect, I never saw such a change—who on earth would recognize you? I shall have to introduce you twice over to papa, he will never get the least idea of you in this splendid costume."

"So you would not have known me?" said

Mrs. Ransom, drawing a heavy breath. "Well, I am glad of it, one does not bring every day life into a scene like this. If I do no discredit to 'this fair morning' it is enough."

"But your dress is so brilliant, and your face so pale," cried Gillian. "Is it these pretty patches, or are you nervous? I never saw you so white before."

Mrs. Ransom laughed rather hoarsely.

"Oh! that is a trick of the toilet which Ruby will explain when you ask her; but let me look at you both. Indeed is it so?—can such happiness exist and endure? God bless you both!"

"Why how you tremble! how cold your hand is!" cried Gillian, warming the chilled hand with her kisses.

"It is the new sensation of coming into a crowd, don't mind it; but tell me if Mr. Bentley has consented?"

"Generously, nobly," said Woodworth. "Oh! Mrs. Ransom, he is a prince among men."

"He is—he is——"

Mrs. Ransom uttered these words so impressively, that Gillian and Woodworth looked at each other. Mrs. Ransom saw the glance, and went on catching her breath as she spoke.

"Every one says that. It is a beautiful thing to be so respected, so thoroughly beloved; your father should be a very happy man, Gillian."

She spoke feverishly, and her eyes kindled.

"My father is too sensitive, too solitary in his habits for happiness, but he is good, wise, and generous, and these things are great blessings. To-night he has promised to be very, very happy—but I saddened him only a few minutes since. It seemed as if I never wanted a mother so much in my whole life as I do this evening; I told him so, and it brought tears into his eyes. I tried to caress him into cheerfulness again, but he shrunk away from me, so I was a little mournful for the time, but he is here, and you have come, what more can I want? There, there is papa now looking for us. One moment, Mrs. Ransom!"

Gillian hurried forward into the library and met her father half way. Mrs. Ransom took Woodworth's arm, leaning heavily upon it. She saw Gillian coming forward dimly like a cloud followed by a dark shadow.

"Mrs. Ransom—my father, Mr. Bentley."

Julia heard the words, and moved forward under a chandelier in the library. Bentley saw a fine woman glittering with jewels. Her eyes shone upon him like stars reflected deep in a lake; but she seemed too pale for a woman of robust health, which was evident from the round fullness of her person. The unnatural contrast

of her face and her person struck him with a sort of chill. But he could not remove his eyes from her gaze. She had fascinated him by a look, as she had thousands and thousands by her genius. Though a recluse in many respects, Mr. Bentley had seen too much of society not to feel that some words of hospitality were expected from him; but he could not speak them; the very presence of this woman enthralled his senses.

She did not seem embarrassed, but excited and eager; her lips parted, her hands trembled visibly. She looked down at them and seemed terrified by her own agitation.

"You see how society affects me," she said, turning desperately to Woodworth. "Bring me a glass of water—I pray you bring me a glass of water."

She was evidently faint; her parted lips were white as snow; the lids trembled over her eyes. She staggered—Bentley threw his arms around her or she would have fallen. As it was, a shudder passed through her person, and she was sinking from his arm to the floor.

Gillian caught her with both arms, for her father seemed paralyzed.

"Help me lift her, papa; she is quite gone, her cheek is cold as death."

This plea aroused Bentley, his eyes kindled, he grew strong.

"Give her to me entirely," he said, bearing her to a sofa; "she is evidently, like me, oppressed by the idea of this crowd."

He laid her softly on the sofa, while Gillian arranged the cushions, and knelt down, listening for a breath from those cold lips.

"Oh! father, is she dead?" cried Gillian, startled by the strangeness of his face.

"I do not know," he said, vaguely; "but it seemed just now as if some one had died a second time. Have you any strange feeling of ob bereavement, Gillian?"

"I had, an hour ago, while thinking of my mother; but now I tremble with anxiety to see this dear lady look up."

"Your mother!" cried Bentley, starting up with a gesture of sudden pain. "Gillian, a moment since this woman lay upon my bosom. It was your mother's place till—till—girl, how dare you ask me to lift that form in these arms!"

"I thought she was dying, papa."

"And so she is, perhaps," answered Bentley, with sudden gentleness. "We are cruel to bring old regrets here. Why does not Woodworth come with the water?"

"He is here! he is here!" cried Gillian,

meeting Woodworth and taking the goblet from his hand. "Now, papa, if you would leave the room and get a little more calm."

"Calm, child! I am calm!"

"It is frightful to see any one so close to death," said Woodworth, lifting Julia's head, and attempting to force the water through her lips, "and she the most noble of human beings, this paleness frightens me."

Bentley took one of the hands that fell downward toward the carpet, a pulse leaped into the wrist as he touched it, and the palm grew warm against his.

"She is better," he said, unconsciously clasping the hand, "much better. Speak, dear lady, and tell me if I am right."

She did not answer; but he felt her fingers tighten around his, while a tremor passed over her mouth.

"Yes, I am better. Oh! if this were death now!"

She whispered this, faintly struggling, as it were, not to grow strong or entirely conscious.

That instant the voice of aunt Dinah penetrated to the library, and the sound of her feet, patting across the floor of the vestibule, gave a promise of vigorous help.

"Where am she, I says? What am all dis touse 'bout, takin' off der glasses from der tables afore meal-time, and raisin' ole scratch gin'rally? What lady am it as guvs up afore der fun begins? I'm amost out o' breath climbing to dat chist. Den der lock got obstrop'rous and wouldn't work, and I got mad—bang! open it flew, and here's a bottle ob der best camfire dat ebber cum under dis ruff, I certifies to dat, any how, I does. Miss Gillian, where am der indervideral? jist p'int her out."

Before any one could speak, Dinah saw Mrs. Ransom lying on the sofa, and darted toward her the more vigorously, as a carriage that moment rolled up to the door. Without pause or caution she gathered the palm of her withered hand into a hollow, filled it from the flask, and dashed it into Mrs. Ransom's face with a suddenness that made the poor lady gasp painfully.

"Bring her to in no time!" cried Dinah, triumphantly, filling her palm again. "Jes see der color come ter er mout'; but den dis yer camfire is strong 'nough to stand 'lone. None ob yer city potticary stuff dat yer. Hab ter cork up tight ter keep alive, but sharp as horseradish and stinging as mustard. Am yer 'viving, marm? Der ye feel dis yer camfire burning from der crown ob yer head ter de soles ob yer feet? 'cause if yer don't I'se on hand for t'odder dose."

"Foolish old Dinah, I am better," murmured Mrs. Ransom, dreamily; "don't disturb me again; I want to sleep. You are always calling me up before sunrise."

"What? how? Foolish ole Dinah! foolish ole Dinah! Now dis indervederal hasn't had der honor of a 'duction, an' she calls me old Dinah: dat's manners mung white folks, I 'spose."

Dinah was so exasperated that she gave her head a vigorous toss, and handed her camphor bottle to Woodworth, with the air of a Marshal of France resigning his baton in disgust.

"I 'spect when Miss Gillian twisted dis turban round my head, and vested me with dis silk gown, she wasn't 'specting ter see de owner 'sulted; but I'll detire till dis yer lady comes ter a sense ob her 'sition an' mine. Ole Dinah! wonder what she calls ole—ugh!"

Mrs. Ransom smiled as one laughs in a dream; but when Mr. Bentley quietly rebuked Dinah and sent her from the room, she seemed to recover her faculties with a start, and sat up looking earnestly around.

"Have I been ill?" she said, turning her eyes on Gillian—"ill and troublesome?"

"Ill, dear lady, but not troublesome."

She looked eagerly around.

"There was some one else here—or am I mistaken?"

"An old colored woman, whom we all spoil terribly, went out a moment since, after half smothering you with camphor, that is all!"

"An old colored woman. I wish she had staid a moment longer."

"Shall we call her?" said Woodworth.

"No—no; hark! carriages—another, and I detaining you all here. It is unpardonable!"

She started up, and arranged her dress with haste, keeping her eyes averted from the little group of friends.

"Now," she said, smoothing the lace over her elbows and arranging the folds of her dress, "shall we go back to the pretty room yonder? I shall not faint again, depend on it. Hark, the first group is coming. Let us go!"

Mr. Bentley offered his arm. Mrs. Ransom scarcely touched it as she appeared to lean upon him. She was self-sustained now either by fever or excitement, for her cheeks were red as tea-roses, and her eyes took the glance of an eagle. She looked younger by ten years than when she entered the room.

And now the crowd came pouring in through the brilliant library, into the moonlight of the boudoir, chatting, laughing, and treading time to imaginary music—charmed by the beauty of the young hostess, wondering that a woman who

wrote such books could live, talk, and move like other people, they passed on through the blooming labyrinths of the conservatory, and into the great drawing-room, where the floors were elaborately ornamented for dancing: and a temporary gallery was occupied by the band whose music soon rang through the building.

And now the house was filled. Brilliant groups passed every moment from their silken lined carriages to the dressing-rooms overhead, and down the noble staircase again, chatting, gliding, and full of sweet noises, like tropical birds when the forests are in bloom. The murmur and hum of enjoyment ran from room to room, for everywhere the gay revelers might be found: among the flowers of the conservatory—in the moonlight of the boudoir, or the stronger brilliancy of the library: everywhere that night pleasure reigned triumphant; but happiest of all was the fair mistress of the revel, and most brilliant of all was her friend, Mrs. Ransom, who, shaking off her temporary indisposition, gave out the brightness of her genius like a star, scattering wit and courteous sayings around her, as the German prince cast jewels from his vestments, reckless where the bright things fell. Wherever she was, a cloud of rustling silks, vapory laces, and waving feathers was sure to collect, for Gillian was sure to be near, and like two genii they reigned together, the one by her brightness and her beauty, the other by a power of genius that was irresistible.

Hannah Hart, too, fitted through the rooms like a bird. With a dainty basket of flowers poised on her head, and a muslin apron gathered up in one hand, through which came the red glowing of roses, she went from group to group bargaining for her flowers, and full of wholesome glee and wit, not the less poignant that it was a little saucy. In the distance, always in the distance, and fluttering on the outskirts of the crowd, was a little, pale woman, looking wildly from face to face as if in search of some one. Sometimes she spoke furtively to the flower girl, who always answered with a careless laugh.

"Has he come, aunt? Indeed I do not know. Why should you or I trouble ourselves about him?" Then she would begin to hum,

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the Summer dews are sweet,"

and take wing again.

"Will you dance with me?" said a soft voice at her elbow.

"Will I dance with you, Mr. Hurst? Of course; but it is a waltz, or a something that I never danced except alone with Gillian; but she is

standing up too. Yes—yes, I'll be ready in a moment."

She darted off in search of aunt Hannah, and found her on an iron seat in the conservatory, at an angle that commanded a view of the boudoir and drawing-room. She looked wild and anxious as Hannah came up.

"Have you found him?" she asked.

"Yes—yes, and we are going to dance."

"Dance! What, he dance to-night?"

"Yes—yes, do make haste and unfasten the basket from my head; there, undo the ribbons; all right; now hold it till I come back, or, if you get tired, put it on the seat; I can find it again. Now give me a pin, I want to fasten up my apron so that the roses cannot spill out. Now I'm off."

"Stop—stop. Are you going to dance with him—with Michael Hurst?"

"Dance! that isn't the word, aunt. I'm going to waltz, to whirl around in this fashion, do you see?" She bent her left arm, pressed the hand to her side, and gave a whirl that sent her muslin robe dashing against the glowing shrubs that rained a storm of petals over her. As the bright leaves fluttered in the folds of her dress, she darted away calling out,

"Take care of my basket, aunt Hetty, or leave it, if you like, and come see us dance."

Yes, aunt Hetty had no reason for sitting there behind the plants any longer. Hurst was in the crowd, she would search for him there—she would do anything to shake off the harassing anxiety that was almost killing her. In her dark dress she might pass for a nun or a sister of charity, and so speak with him and no one observe it.

She left Hannah's pretty basket on the chair, and wandered off lonely as if she had been in a wilderness.

The waltz was at its height, and the crowd in a whirl of excitement. Here a Cleopatra swam by in the arms of a Roman senator; fair Greeks whirled past supported by Turkish Pashas; and sons of the war-path flirted with novices of the white veil.

Aunt Hetty was bewildered and shocked. To her the people seemed going mad: she was crowded to the wall, and leaned against it out of breath and frightened. Among the whirl of dancers she could distinguish no one; and her heart was bent on speaking to Hurst; she could endure that torture of apprehension no longer.

A lady came and stood beside her—a tall, stately woman in the prime of mid age, but who looked grand and youthful compared to her. The flash of jewels on her bosom, as the light

struck aslant on them, made aunt Hetty shut her eyes; the gorgeous brightness pained them. The lady, as if unconsciously, rested one hand on aunt Hetty's shoulder, she seemed weary and heavy-hearted. Notwithstanding all her splendor, there was something to pity in that sad face.

"Are you tired?—would you like a seat, madam?" said the little woman, shrinking beneath the touch of that strange hand as if it pained her.

The lady dropped her hand slowly, and looked down at the speaker. What a wild, troubled face it was that she looked upon! The hair parted so smoothly beneath her cap seemed scattered with ashes. Alas! when grey hairs appear before their time, they usually spring from the ashes of dead hopes, the bitterest kind known to humanity.

Mrs. Ransom could not turn her eyes from aunt Hetty's face, something in the expression smote her to the heart. She noticed the little feet moving restlessly on the floor—the hands clapping and unclapping themselves under the black lace scarf. The arm, with its hair bracelet, from which a locket fell, containing the mingled tresses of two females fair and dark curling together. At last the lady spoke, but there was anguish in her voice.

"Yes, I am tired—ill I fear. Is there no place in which I can rest a moment? No private room where I should not be an intruder?"

"I—I will go with you up to my own chamber, that is always quiet; but excuse me if I do not stay, I must be here; oh! they are coming now! Mr. Hurst—Mr. Hurst, one moment!"

She darted forward as Hurst and Hannah Hart went circling by among the dancers, and made a grasp at the young girl's dress. The apron gave way; all the roses it contained fell to the floor, and were scattered abroad by a sweeping whirl of the next couple.

"Oh! aunt, how could you?" cried Hannah, panting for breath, as she retreated from the circle. "See my poor roses, and my torn apron, it's too bad."

Aunt Hetty did not heed her—did not even know the mischief she had done.

"Hurst—Hurst, I must speak to you," she said, with desperate resolution.

"Well, be quick then, or we lose our place in the ring. Oh! Mrs. Ransom, more beautiful than ever! This is a splendid affair. I enjoy myself with a zest—how is it with you?"

"I am beyond the age when gayety enchants," she said, gravely; "but this lady desires to speak with you, she has been very anxious. Go with her."

The words were softly spoken, but they seemed like a command.

Hurst whispered a few words to Hannah, and followed aunt Hetty to the conservatory. Gillian and Woodworth whirled by him as he went down the room. He started back as a rattlesnake coils for a spring, and the hate that shot from his eyes was like venom.

Mrs. Ransom was watching him. She saw the look, but thought that the dancers had, perhaps, trod on him as they whirled by, and knowing his evil temper, this was enough to explain his evident wrath.

After a little time, the two came back. Hurst was excited; his cheek burned like fire, and he cast stern glances at the little woman, which made her shrink like a threatened child.

"Come," he said, seizing Hannah almost rudely by the waist, "let us see who will be crowded from the track."

He gave the young creature a fierce whirl, and dashed in among the dancers like a storm.

A humble, heart-broken look had settled on aunt Hetty; she was nervous no longer, but all the strength had left her limbs. Mrs. Ransom put one arm around her, and all the beauty of her countenance shone forth.

"Has he been unkind?" she whispered.

"He!—who?" said aunt Hetty, with a wild look.

"Oh! I had forgotten that we are strangers," said Mrs. Ransom, with a sigh; "but you seemed troubled, and one sometimes forgets proprieties where sympathy is strong."

"Troubled, I? Who said that? I am naturally a still person—a poor, nervous creature, they call me; but as for trouble, what trouble can a woman have who is so much alone?"

Mrs. Ransom felt the frail form shrink and tremble against her arm. She tightened its clasp a little and whispered,

"But I am both weary and ill; where is the room you promised?"

Aunt Hetty aroused herself.

"Yes, I can stay with you now, it is all over; when one is too weak for a struggle rest ought to come. Follow me through the supper-room, it is the shortest way."

She seemed glad to cast the protecting arm away, and moved through the crowd to a side door which she opened cautiously. Mrs. Ransom glided after her, and in a moment they stood in the supper-room, over which Dinah was presiding in her gorgeous turban and flaming gown, Oriental in her despotism as in her dress.

"So yer hab come ter take a look afore dey tousele ebbertying up," she said, marching toward

them with patronage in every gesture. "Jes serve dat pyramid all ob sugar candy, an' dat heap ob cake white as a tub ob curd—an' der glass, twinkling like ice, an' de silver baskets a running over wid strawberries, an' grapes, an' tings dat de Lord never 'tended to grow ter-gether, an' that never would if it hadn't been for them hot-houses. Serve them wines in the 'canters, an' the regiment ob glasses, red, yaller, green. Golly, ain't it a show? I wonders what dem ornary folks at de corner 'll say when I tells 'em 'bout it?"

But Dinah's eloquence was exhausted in vain. Mrs. Ransom scarcely gave a glance at the tables, glittering with cut glass, silver, and china, all laden, and tinted with fruits, wines, and rich masses of flowers, growing out from a ground-work of snow. She was too deeply occupied by her own thoughts to heed the picture, beautiful as it was.

"Humph!" muttered Dinah, as the two women glided through her domain, "der am something in dat ar passage of Scripter as tells 'bout feeding pigs wid pearls, and t'ings ob dat sort."

As she consoled herself with a glass of wine, which she called three waiters to pour out for her, taking plenty of time, as they stood in obsequious attendance, on the color of glass which should be honored by an approach to her lips.

Mrs. Ransom followed Hetty Hart into her room. She looked around, with interest, as if searching among the objects the chamber contained for some idea of its inmate. Nothing was there which bespoke individuality. Furniture, rich in itself but evidently uncared for, occupied such places as the chambermaid appropriated to it. There was no home look, and seemed to be no home feeling in the room. It was a place in which Hetty Hart sometimes shut herself up, and that was all.

"There is a bed," said aunt Hetty, wearily, "if you wish to lie down; and easy-chairs, if you like them better. Excuse me, but I am unable to talk. This night has almost killed me."

Aunt Hetty sunk to a couch, as she spoke, and held her head between both hands. Mrs. Ransom looked at her a moment with strange interest, and at last sat down on the couch.

"It is no common distress that makes you so weak," she said, very compassionately. "I have experience, and some power; if any one on earth can help you, confide in me. I am to be trusted, believe me."

Aunt Hetty dropped her hands, and looked around eagerly, as if about to open her heart; but her countenance contracted again, and she turned moodily away without speaking.

"And you will not trust me! According to your own account, this nervousness—this vague terror which comes and goes on your face—unfits you for a struggle with real difficulties. Why not take council then? Why not take help? Both are offered in good faith."

Mrs. Ransom paused; but aunt Hetty only made a faint negative movement of the head.

"If money is wanting," she went on to say. But aunt Hetty gave that same mournful wave of the head. Like all weak persons she was obstinate in a negative, and in refusing to do anything could be firm enough.

Mrs. Ransom was greatly troubled. She saw that some previous anxiety preyed upon the helpless creature at her side; and full of kindness, ardent in her benevolence, she felt certain of the power to sweep this evil aside, could she but learn its nature.

"Then you will not speak?" she said.

Aunt Hetty became impatient. Of late fits of fretful irritability would seize upon her, and she, the quietest of human beings, would repulse kindness almost with insult.

"I have nothing to tell—nothing to say. Cannot a poor woman have a headache, or be a little vexed, without the whole world forcing itself upon her? I don't know you, ma'am. God help me! I scarcely know any one. In the whole world there never was such a born creature. They call me an 'old maid,'" she added, with a weak laugh, "and you know what fretful creatures they always are."

Mrs. Ransom arose and walked the floor. What could she effect with a character like that? With all her genius she had no power to overcome that inert obstinacy which fear makes strong. Still she could not abandon the poor creature, whose sole wish was to conceal that

she suffered. She sat down again, but aunt Hetty moved on the couch to avoid her.

"Who are you?" she said, impatiently. "I ask you here, because you look tired, but you will neither lie down yourself nor let me rest."

"I am a lone woman, like yourself."

"Like me! Like me!"

"Worse! for I cannot be resigned. I struggle and suffer; you bow to the storm; I brave it."

"That is the way Sarah used to talk."

"And who was Sarah?"

"My sister. Oh! my God! my God! why did I mention her! What if she were here now! tell me; for they pretend that you know everything! Tell me if spirits do come back? If they ever know what we are doing here? Oh! don't look at me with those great eyes. I have no secret for you to search out. Only tell me this one thing."

"I have no knowledge beyond this life—no means of knowledge which the Bible does not give to you as well."

"The Bible! I will not search that. I have not touched the Bible since—almost since I came here."

"Read it then."

"No! no!"

"Let me read it for you: it will tranquilize us both."

"While the house is shaken with dancers, and wine is running like water in the rooms below! This is no place or time for the Bible. Hark! they are laughing loud now!"

Mrs. Ransom started up.

"No! that was a shriek—a cry of anguish! Great heavens! it comes again! Something has happened!" She opened the door and fled down the long passages; but Hetty Hart fell upon the couch, and began to moan.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MADELINE.

BY MISS MARY A. LATHBURY.

MAIDEN of the golden tresses,
Which the fair moon gently blesses
With pale fringes lying lightly
On thy fair head, gleaming whitely;
'Mong the curls and wavelets straying
Like the fairies out a-Maying;
O'er thy white face gleaming stilly
Like the moonlight on a lily;
What dost thou, oh! Madeline!
By the lake of Pontchartrain?

Why hast thou so fleetly flown
Through the moonlight all alone,

Down the walk, and o'er the lawn,
Like a startled, bounding fawn?
Why dost gaze, all trembling still,
At the mansion on the hill?
 standing on the shore-sands bare,
Listening—hark! now bend thine ear
A dipping oar, oh! Madeline!
On the lake of Pontchartrain!

Morn is breaking now again
O'er the lake of Pontchartrain;
While the light is lying still
Upon the lake, upon the hill,

Where the mansion, quaint and grand,
Frowns above the pebbled strand,
Feet are hurrying to and fro;
Faces white with stifled woe;
Father, why dost call that name?
"Madeline, oh! Madeline!"

Where's the maid with sunny hair?
In her room? Ah! no, not there!
In the garden, 'mong her flowers,
Where she spends the morning hours?

Naught came for answer back,
Naught fell upon the ear,
But the cry of "Madeline!"
And the answer, "She is not here."
Has the doveling left its nest
Ne'er to return again?
Or will it return with folded wings,
To its home by the Pontchartrain?

The sunset sky had thrown a smile
O'er Cuba's bright and beauteous isle;
And, whispering through the orange grove,
The south wind told a tale of love;
And many a bird of plumage rare
Fanned with bright wing the scented air;
While o'er the bright, sky-tinted sea
The white sailed boats were bounding free.

From out a latticed colonnade,
Where, 'midst the sunlight and the shade,
The blossoms hung in clusters bright,
Half hidden 'midst the vines from sight,
The trembling notes of a guitar
Fell sweetly on the sunset air.
Sweetly it fell, but full of woe
The plaintive voice sang soft and low;
Till sadder, lower grew the strain,
Then ended in a bright refrain,
Which, sparkling like a diamond chain
With joyous fancies, ceased the lay,
Which ended thus to drive away
Sad thoughts, which still would come again.

A white hand parts a drooping vine
Which round a marble pillar twines,
And seel a maiden, young and fair,
Leans o'er the lattice; and her hair
By one white hand is backward thrown,
As if each sunny curl alone
In that wild toss had changed its form
Beneath the magic of a charm.
But a sadness lay on the fair face now,
And a cloud rested on the beautiful brow,
For a zephyr, wandering far and free,

Whispered a message from over the sea;
"Madeline, oh! Madeline!
There's grief in the house by the Pontchartrain."

Against a vine-wreathed column leaned
Her sunny head, while on it beamed
The glowing sunset's softened gold,
That like a gleam of memory told
The tale of love, the secret flight,
When on that sad, yet happy night,
The young May moon, with saintly brow,
Blessed her bowed head just as the vow
Passed her white lips—

"My Madeline!"
She starts as from a dream of pain,
And sees those eyes, whose magic light
Has, like a beacon star of night,
Guided her young and erring feet
Away from home.

"What! tears, my sweet?
This the reward of all my love?
Nay, no reproach I meant; I strove
To dry that cheek, and smooth that brow
That looks so sadly on me now."
Oh! full of love and passing fair,
Graced with a high and regal air,
Was the proud face, whose earnest eyes
With fond inquiry and surprise,
Gazed in her own. The blue-eyed maid
Looked up and sighed, and softly said,
"Oh! I sigh for the orange groves again,
That bloom by the lake of Pontchartrain."

Through a high arched window stealing
Came the slanting sunset light,
Falling on two figures kneeling
By a couch all draped in white.
O'er the bedside sadly falling,
Where before those curls had lain,
Lay the long and shining tresses
Of the darling Madeline.
And "Thy blessing, oh! my father!"
Rose in sobbing accents wild;
"Bless me, and oh! bless him also,
For the dear sake of thy child!"
Trembling fell the old man's blessing,
And the eyes with death-dimmed light
Rested on the youth low kneeling
In the slanting sunset light.
"For thy sake, oh! Madeline!"
Backward fell the weary head;
And the erring, yet forgiven,
Knelt alone beside the dead.

UNSATISFIED.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Ah! woman's heart must mask it well,
The love she is too proud to tell—
And the cold world will smile and say
She has no heart to give away;
And so her weary feet must tread,
Paths where her sisters' feet have bled,
Till the soft grave shall rest upon
The restless bosom it hath won.

Oh! woman's heart! oh! woman's strife!
Oh! restless sea of human life!

Oh! woman's love, and woman's woe,
Whose surging life-tides come and go,
What, what shall whisper, "Peace! be still!"
While bearing crosses up life's hill!

Oh! mother! Mary! Christ divine!
Fill up life's chalices with wine,
Such as the martyrs long ago
Drank to assuage their human woe—
And give to woman's heart the love
That blooms eternally above.

BEAD AND BRAIDED RETICULE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here an engraving of a braided reticule, as it appears when finished. In the front of the number, we print an enlarged pattern of the side of the reticule, so that there can be no difficulty in it, even for a beginner. The material may be velvet, or cloth, at the option of the maker. When braided, the reticule is to be lined with silk, the color to follow the fancy of the intended owner: and the whole is to be finished with a clasp and chain, as seen in the annexed cut. Very beautiful steel clasps and chains may be purchased, ready made: or a silver-smith can make one of silver, according to any design you may wish. Silver, however, is too expensive a metal for an article so soon worn out as a reticule, and the fashion of which changes every year or two; and we would not, therefore, advise its use, for, under such circumstances, it would look ostentatious.

GREEK CASAQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS is a new and fashionable article, just come out in Paris, of which we give a diagram on the next page.

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. BACK.

No. 3. SLEEVE.

The braiding may follow the pattern we give, or any other that may be preferred.

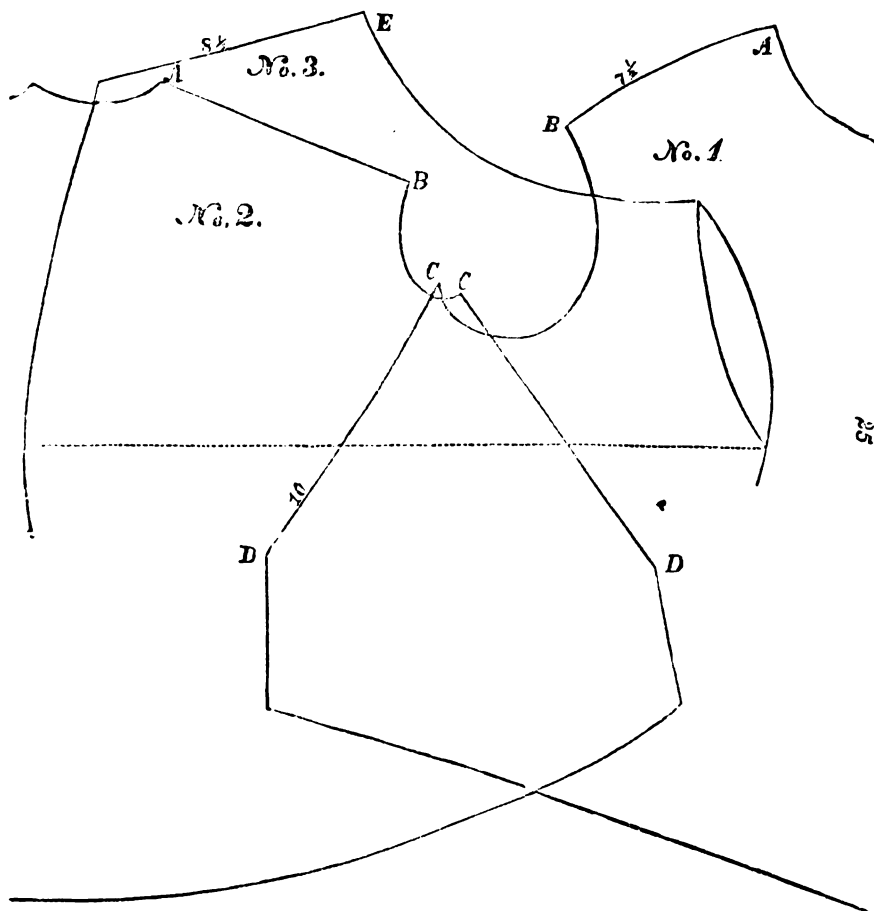
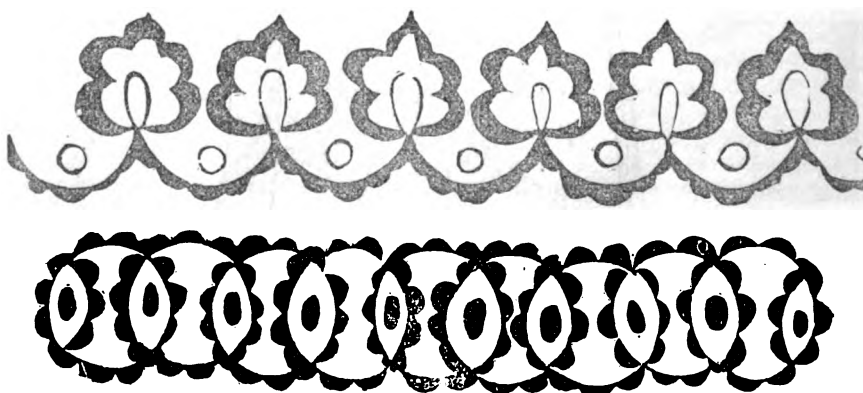


DIAGRAM OF GREEK CASAQUE.

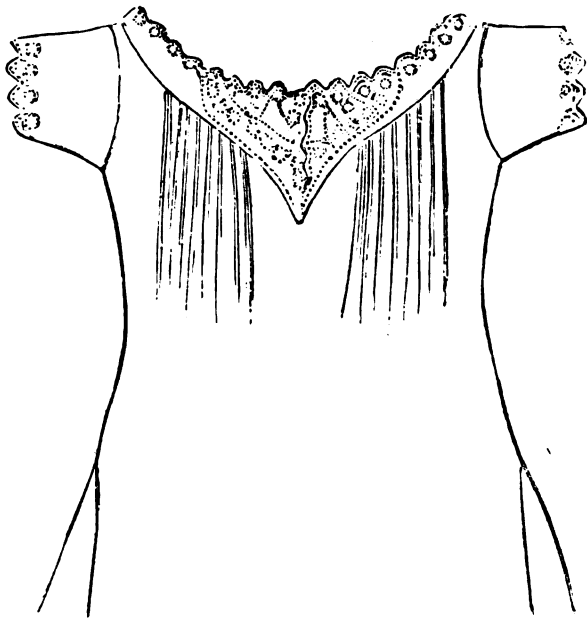
PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.

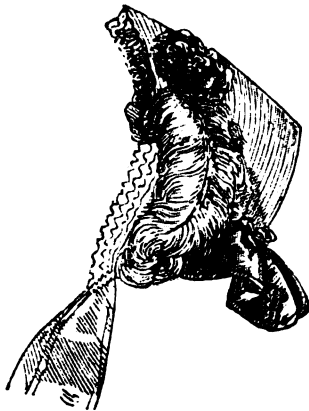
BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

THE fall openings offer an unusual quantity of varieties. We have selected the best of these, to be engraved for this number. The children's fashions, the equestrian costume, the walking dress, and the new article, the Greek Casaque, given on another page, are all novel as well as beautiful. The new styles of dressing the hair, of which we give engravings of two, in the front of the number, (a side and back view of each,) are all the rage in Paris, and cannot fail to be fashionable here, especially as they are peculiarly adapted for many faces, which are less suited to the old styles. By-the-bye, this fitness, which French women never neglect, is too much overlooked by us Americans. For this place we reserve the accompanying engraving of a chemise, just imported, and enjoying great favor abroad.

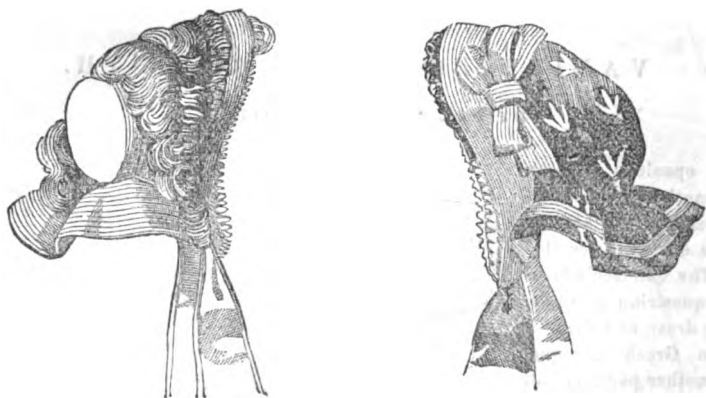


CHEMISE.

We also give, here, illustrations of the prettiest fall bonnets we have seen, in different styles, so as to afford ladies a selection. In our fashion department proper, we add everything, in regard to the prevailing modes in general, which it is worthy to know. We beg our readers to observe,



NEW STYLES OF FALL BONNETS.



NEW STYLES OF FALL BONNETS.

that, in reporting the fashions, we do not make Peterson's Magazine a mere advertising medium for dealers in the various articles, but take our patterns from the newest and prettiest that appear, whether at home or abroad, engraving them entirely at our own expense. This is important to remember, in seeking a reliable authority, from which to obtain late and impartial information of the freshest varieties in fashion.

HAND-SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, this month, a design for a hand-screen, which is both new and handsome. The

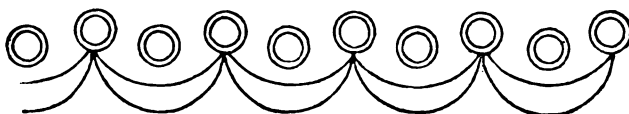
style of work produces a very rich effect, it being a combination of white and gold beads on a crimson velvet ground, the flowers being worked on white velvet. A pair of wire frames must be purchased, the size of which must be traced on two squares of crimson velvet. The shape of the flowers must next be cut out in white velvet and laid on to the crimson circle, being slightly tacked down at the edge in their proper places. The beadwork is then commenced. The centres of the flowers are formed of loops of beads, composed of three or four clear white, three gold, and three or four clear white, every loop the same, and the centres filled in with these loops. The leaves of the flowers are not raised like the centres, but are formed of strings of beads of clear white, opaque white in the centre, and clear white again at the edges, according to the shape of the leaf, the widest part taking about three of each. This beadwork is over the white velvet flower, which shows through and gives extreme richness, the centres being all raised by means of the loops. The small spray work is composed of clear white, with every point ending with three gold beads. After the beadwork is completed, the crimson

velvet must be well stretched over the wire frame, of rather large clear white beads all round laid and the back lined with white silk. The edge on to the fringe. The beads must be threaded is finished with a deep crape fringe, with a row on a fine, strong cotton.



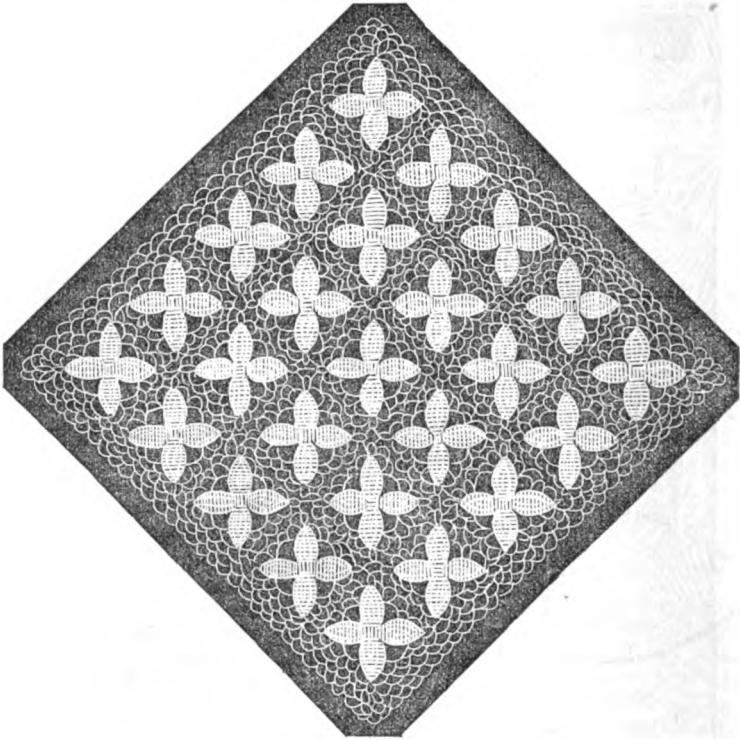
DESIGN FOR HAND-SCREEN, ENLARGED.

PATTERN FOR EDGING.



SQUARE IN IRISH POINT FOR TRIMMING A BONNET

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—No. 30 cotton. No. 4 Penelope hook.

Make 10 chs rather loosely; (as these chs have to be worked into on both sides) turn back; 9 dc in the 10 ch; 1 ch 9 dc up the other side of the 9 ch; 2 ch 10 dc down the other side; 2 ch 11 dc down the other side; 2 ch 12 dc down the other side; 2 ch 13 dc down the other side; 2 ch 14 dc down the other side; 2 ch 15 dc down the other side. Draw the cotton through in a tight chain and cut it off. Make three other leaves the same; then with same cotton and fine sewing needle, place two of the leaves, their right sides facing together, and sew not more than 5 stitches of each together from the end where each was fastened off; be careful in placing them together that the points are exactly even. Now sew the others on to these two leaves in the same manner. Then dc u the 2 ch at point of a leaf; * 8 ch dc u same 2 ch; 7 ch 1 L about midway down the leaf; 5 ch 1 L in next loop; 1 ch 1 L

in the next leaf, in the same position as the last L stitches are; 5 ch 1 L in next loop; 7 ch dc u 2 ch at point of leaf. Repeat from * all round, and fasten off. Make and sew together 4 other leaves, and having completed the crochet round them, do not fasten off, but proceed to join the squares together thus:—In the second square make 4 ch dc u ch at corner; now place the 1st piece at the back of the second piece which has the cotton attached, but with both their wrong sides facing; 3 ch dc u 8 ch at corner of b (or back piece;) 3 ch dc u 7 ch in f (or front piece,) but not at the corner; 3 ch dc u 7 ch at b; 3 ch dc u 5 ch in f; 3 ch dc u 5 ch at b; 3 ch dc u 6 ch in f; 3 ch dc u 5 ch at b; 3 ch dc u 7 ch in f; 3 ch dc u 7 ch at b; 3 ch dc u 8 ch at corner in f; 3 ch dc u 8 ch at corner of b. Fasten off.

Make 5 of these squares and join together; then make another 5, and join these two lengths together, thus:—Fold the two strips together,

with their right sides facing; dc u 8 ch in corner of front piece; 8 ch dc u 8 ch in corner of back piece; 3 ch dc u 7 ch in *f*; 8 ch dc u 7 ch at *b*; 3 ch dc u 5 ch in *f*; 8 ch dc u 5 ch at *b*; 8 ch dc u 5 ch in *f*; 3 ch dc u 5 ch at *b*; 8 ch dc u 7 ch in *f*; 8 ch dc u 7 ch at *b*; 8 ch dc u 8 ch in corner in *f* already worked into; 8 ch dc u opposite 8 ch at *b*; 8 ch dc u 8 ch in *f*, at next corner of next square (this has been already worked into,) 8 ch dc u 8 ch at opposite corner. Now repeat. When five of these lengths are made and joined together, the square is complete.

2nd Row.—7 ch dc u each 5 ch all round.

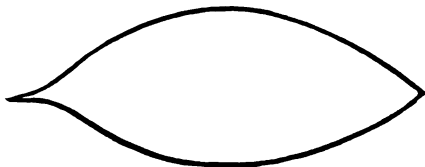
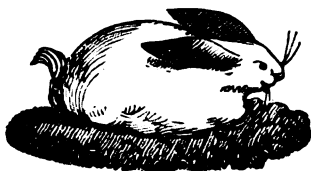
3rd and 4th Row.—7 ch dc u each 7 ch all round.

FOR THE BORDER.—Fasten into the 8 ch of

one of the corners; make 8 ch 1 L u same chs at corner; 5 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch 1 L u next 7 and 5 chs for 4 times; 5 ch 1 L u 8 ch at corner of next leaf, thus missing the 8 ch which joins. Repeat at all the corners. Make 4 L with 5 ch between each long; thus there will be 4 L and 8 chs of 5 at each corner; the 8 ch in the first corner being equivalent to 1 L 5 ch; and this row with 5 ch dc into 3rd loop of the 8 ch at the corner where commenced.

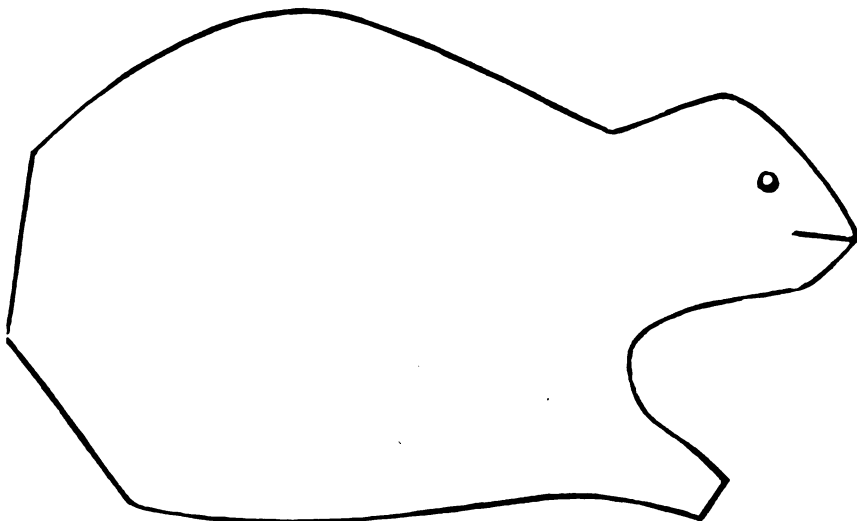
A RABBIT IN CANTON-FLANNEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



PATTERN FOR EAR.

This is to be made in the same manner as the duck, which we gave in a former number: the body in white canton-flannel, the tail and ears in black, and red beads to be used for the eyes. The mouth is to be indicated by a line of red cotton, at the extremities of which put white horse-hairs to represent whiskers. The body is to be stuffed with saw-dust.

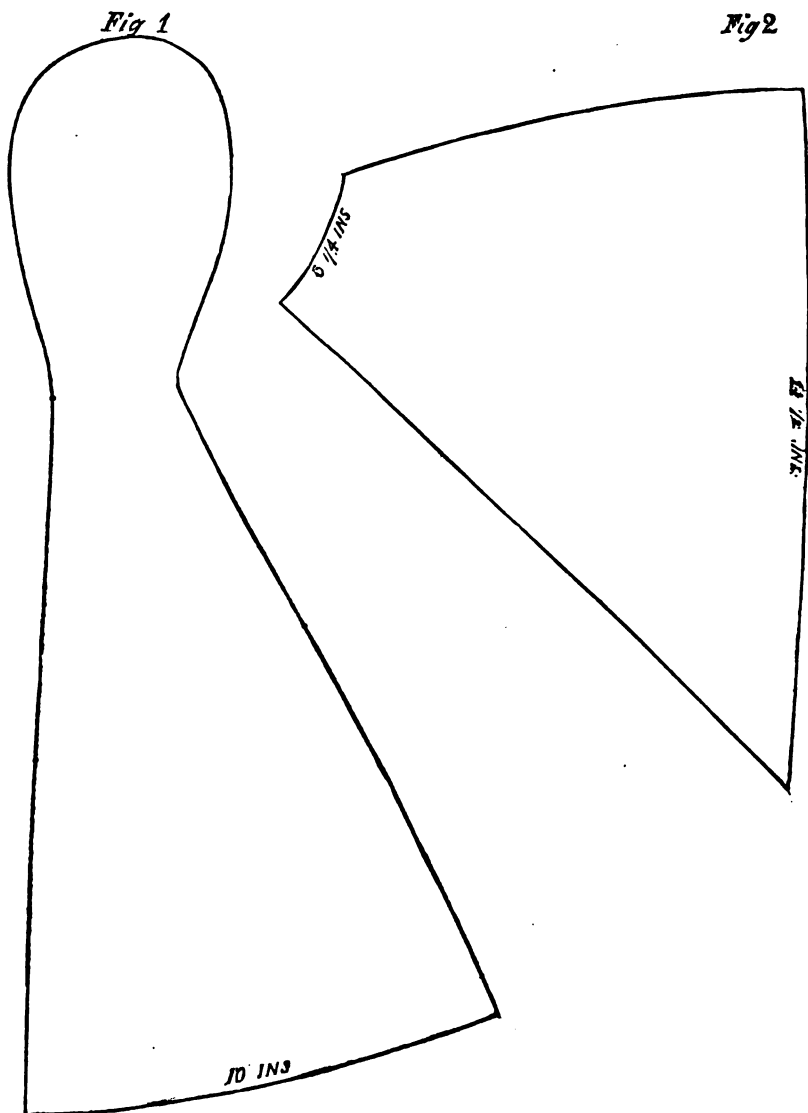


PATTERN FOR BODY.

DIAGRAM FOR A FICHU.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

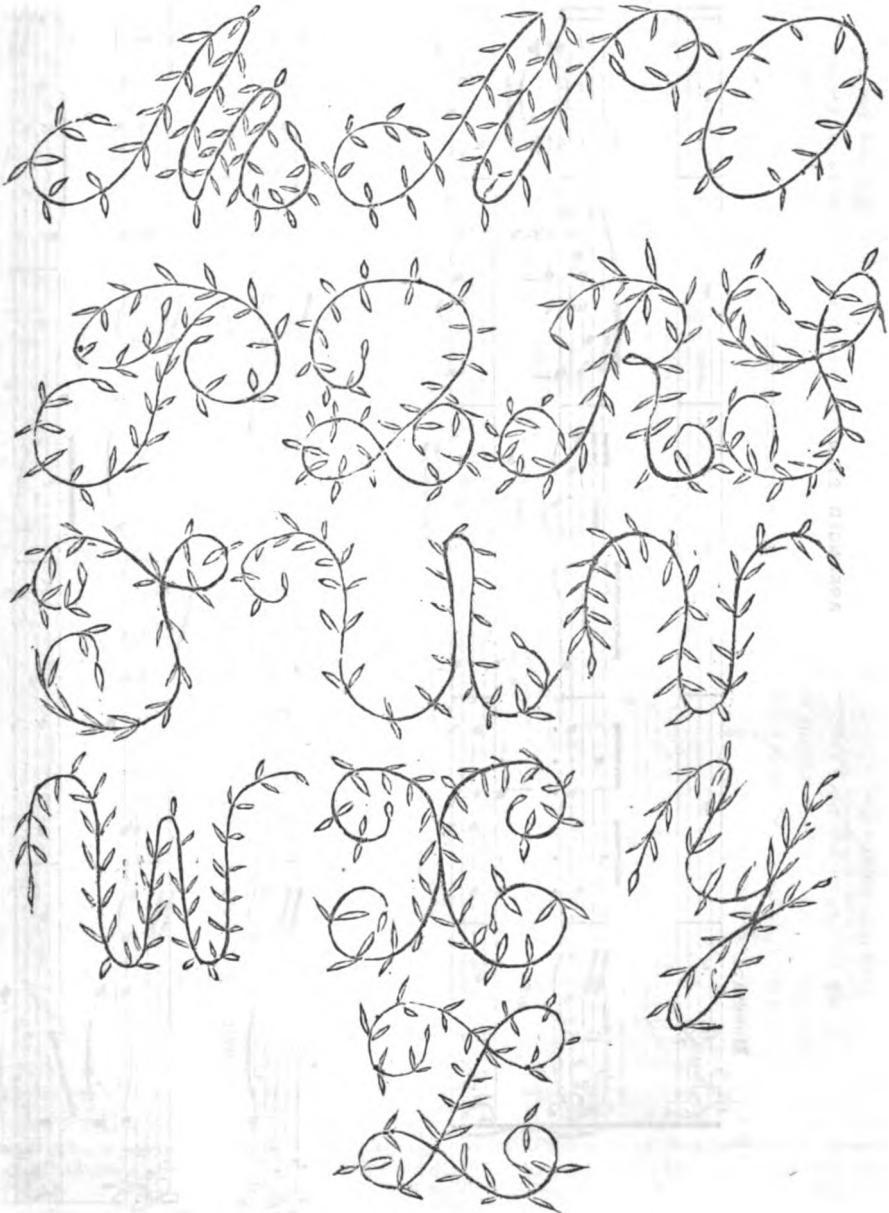
In answer to a request, we give, on this page, { No. 1. THE FRONT.
a diagram for a fichu, of the latest pattern. { No. 2. HALF OF THE BACK.



We repeat here, what we have frequently said before: that the inches, marked on the diagram, represent the size of the pattern, when enlarged to its full dimensions. Such a fichu as this is large enough for any woman of ordinary height. We believe we have, on more than one occasion this year, given directions for enlarging these patterns; and hence need not recapitulate them.

The fichu is to be made of black net, and to } white lace, net, or muslin, but black net and
be trimmed with black lace, and black or scarlet } lace seems to be altogether the most popular this
velvet. These fichus are frequently made of } season.

LETTERS FOR MARKING.



THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

MODERATO.

Here's to the year that's a -

mf *p*

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, with the lyrics 'Here's to the year that's a -'. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, 6/8 time, marked *mf*. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, 6/8 time, marked *p*. The system ends with a repeat sign.

wa'! We'll drink it in strong and in sma'; And here's to ilk bon-nie young las-sie we lo'ed, While

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The top staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'wa'! We'll drink it in strong and in sma'; And here's to ilk bon-nie young las-sie we lo'ed, While'. The middle and bottom staves continue the piano accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.

swift flew the year that's a - wa'. And here's to ilk bon-nie young las-sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a'

Here's to the sodger who bled, And the sailor who bravely did fa'; Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled On the wings of the year that's awa'. Their fame is alive, etc.

Here's to the friends we can trust,
 When the storms of adversity blow,
 May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
 Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
 May they live, etc.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HEARTHSTONE.—Though the flags of the fire-place have disappeared since the advent of the dull air-tight stove—though the stick and swab tied round it, and the cup of mixture with which the good wife was wont “to red up” the broad fire-place, are gone, perhaps forever; yet there is an ideal hearthstone, “sacred to the memory,” though departed from our sight. Families still gather around and call it blessed. The lamp is still trimmed, the table drawn out, the laugh and the jest still linger, and the family group hallow it as of old.

See the pleasant gathering yonder.

The clock ticks on the mantle-piece, the lights shine over the little ornaments moulded in plaster, and glance broadly in the faces of the happy group gathered about the hearthstone.

It is a family complete such as we do not often see. “Grandma” is there with her knitting—that universal grandma of snowy cap-border, well patched apron, (what grand-dame of the real old times can do without patches?) placid brow, and unctuous smile. “Grandpa,” too, with knees crossed and hands folded, nods as he talks until some burst of childish laughter sets his dim blue eyes wide open again, when he smiles, pats the nearest rogue upon the head, oblivious of the mischief he has done, and dozes again.

“Father” sits by the table where his wife is busy with her mending, (that horrid Joe has torn the cruellest hole right across both knees!) now reading aloud—now talking with mother, son, or daughter. Slate-pencils are scratching away, fighting with some complicated sum—needles glance in and out—thoughtful brows bend over the history: and the babe sleeps gently in its straw cradle by the side of the wife and mother, whose gentle glances are often beguiled that way. It is the old but daily recurring romance of the hearthstone—the Mecca of the poet’s imagination—the well of refreshing for the weary man of business; the spot sacred to the most hallowed lives, emotions, and prophecies of the heart—the garden of beauty in the desert—the cluster of palms and dates in the else barren waste of life.

But the thrifty and loving families of the earth are not alone the recipients of the hearthstone blessing. No, for we will take you to a lowly cottage, where the vine grows over the wall, and roses bloom within and without—over the neat threshold—through the beautiful hall, and you will find a sacred hearthstone there, although there are but two to dwell before it. They are both past middle-age, and they sit side by side under the clear light, whose jets proceed from long-drawn tubes and from dark avenues under the earth. He has one arm about her waist—a book half closed rests on his knee, and of that book they are talking. No children have blest their union—still they are happy, for they know that “children are an heritage from the Lord,” and if He has withheld them it is for some good purpose. So they lavish yet the more love upon each other, and thank God that they can have a hearthstone on which to erect an altar—before which to bow—and from which to dispense blessings and charities to the homeless and the needy, even if the singing voices of little children are denied them.

There is yet another hearthstone as blessed as this. No youthful shouts are heard around it, seldom the sound of melody, or joy, for only one poor woman kindles the fire upon it. From morning till night she sits and sews—no husband to press a kiss upon her uncomely cheek, no mother to smile upon her labor, no father to say, “my child.” She is alone without ties or kindred, and yet she has her happy

hearthstone. It is her home, that one room, sacred to her silent communings. What if they call her an old maid, and laugh at her odd ways? She is much more blessed than her neighbor, whose husband raves in the delirium of strong drink, day after day, and who weeps from dawn till night that she was ever a wife. She is far happier than the widow opposite, whose eldest son is in jail for forgery, and whose youngest is a pest to the neighborhood, and entirely unmanageable by his mother. She sees families in poverty here—children in rags and squalor there, and her little, quiet home looks dear to her. She has the companionship of God and angels, and can afford to be despised. They love her, although her plain face and reserved deportment have never won for her the love of selfish man. She has her Bible, her little fire, her choice books, her quiet communings with heaven—yes, the hearthstone is sacred there.

Still another—where age trembles on the verge of the grave—where only a little hand-maiden comes in at morning and evening, to place the coals on the hearth and wheel the easy-chair round. Old and lonely, yet taking delight in her own fireside—her own hearthstone. Spending her little annuity for the sake of living in what is home to her, preferring it to dependence on relatives and friends—cheerful while God vouchsafes this, to her, greatest blessing, next to her hope of heaven.

If ever sympathy is needed by those whose misfortune makes earth a place of weariness, it is by the poor and dependent who have no hearthstone.

And I am inclined to pity you who seek the cold comfort of hotel life, and make your stately steppings up countless stairs to the grandeur of a residence on the third floor of a palace. How little is the hearthstone there like that of home! You did not order the wood and see it piled away, log after log, in the comfortable cellar. You did not, with that air of independence so inseparable from housekeeping, see your flour and your sugar rolled in by the barrel, and the golden butter hooped in strong kegs, and placed in the store-room amidst the numberless *etceteras* of home. Neither with a clear conscience can you (and I dare declare you never do it) whistle as you march along the city streets—“There’s no place like home;” for you feel that it is not, never can be home in the midst of the dress, the frivolity, the confusion of such a life.

Let each family have its sacred hearthstone.

“Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look

When hearts are of each other sure—
Sweet are the joys that throng the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure.”

BE READY IN TIME.—Are you thinking of clubs for 1860? Be up and doing, before others get into the field. Our volume, for next year, will be unrivaled. This year’s “Peterson,” all admit, has been better than last year’s. Well! we promised it should be; and we keep our promises. We now whisper in your ear, fair reader, that next year, the Magazine will be better still. You answer you don’t understand how that can be possible. But wait and see!

MORE FOR THE MONEY.—The Freeport (Ill.) Journal says:—“The September number of Peterson’s Magazine—as usual *ahead of all contemporaries*—is at hand. We have yet to see the Magazine that, for the same amount of money, gives the readers so much reading matter, so many and so good engravings, &c., and so complete fashion-plates.” This is but one, from hundreds of similar notices, which we have received.

BE CAREFUL OF THE HEALTH.—One of the English Reviews, in a late article on the kinds of knowledge that are most valuable, says that half of our ailments are the result of our own imprudence. It adds, truly:—"It is not true, as we commonly suppose, that a disorder or disease from which we have recovered leaves us as before. No disturbance of the normal course of the functions can pass away and leave things exactly as they were. In all cases a permanent damage is done—not immediately appreciable, it may be, but still there; and along with other such items which Nature in her strictest account-keeping never drops, will tell against us to the inevitable shortening of our days. Through the accumulation of small injuries it is that constitutions are commonly undermined, and break down, long before their time. And if we call to mind how far the average duration of life falls below the possible duration, we see how immense is the loss. When, to the numerous partial deductions which bad health entails, we add this great final deduction, it results that ordinarily more than one-half of life is thrown away."

DICKENS FOR THE MILLION.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just begun the publication of an octavo edition of Dickens' works, to be completed in twenty-eight weekly numbers, at twenty-five cents a number, or five dollars, in advance, for the set. They call it, very appropriately, their edition for the million. The first number, which appeared on the twenty-seventh of August, and contains half of "Oliver Twist," is now before us. It is neatly printed, on excellent paper, from clear and handsome type. This is an opportunity to obtain the works of Dickens, at a comparatively small cost, and in a way that will hardly be felt, which should not be neglected. For persons living in the country it is especially convenient, as this edition will be the very thing to send by mail. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers print four different editions of Dickens, which they bind up in forty various styles.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.—We call attention to the prospectus of the Dollar Newspaper, which will be found advertised on our cover for this month. We can recommend this weekly as excellent in all its various departments: for its price, indeed, it is the cheapest journal in the United States. The proposal to furnish prizes to writers is not a mere catch-penny offer, as too many of a similar kind are. We send "Peterson" and "The Dollar Newspaper," as heretofore, for \$2.50, in advance; and we will here add that it is the only newspaper with which we club.

ROUND WAISTS.—A Paris correspondent says:—"The round waisted dresses (revived novelties) seem to threaten us as leading on to the short waists worn by our ancestors. At present they reach quite to the hips, and only appear short by the suppression of the *basque*; but the eye, which has so much difficulty in accommodating itself to this change, will become accustomed to it, and, little by little, the waists will be shortened in the same proportion as they have been lengthened. We cannot help expressing the hope that good taste will preserve us from the ridiculous short waist of the first empire."

DICTIONARY OF NEEDLE-WORK.—Last year, we published a dictionary of all the terms, abbreviations, &c., used in crochet, and generally for the work-table. This is an answer to A. E. L., who suggests that we should give such directions.

THE YOUNG HEIR'S RETURN.—This represents the young heir, the pet of the household, returning, with his pony and dogs, from a gallop over the moors. It is a picture of the olden time, as his dress shows.

A PRETTY DRESS.—"There is nothing new under the sun," it is said. We have just seen a novel, and we think charming, toilette. Dress of white muslin, with nine flounces, trimmed with black velvet. Leghorn bonnet, with long, black feather, fastened with a bunch of white roses. The same flower in the cap. White cashmere shawl, trimmed with two rows of elegant black lace, very wide.

LEATHER WORK.—A subscriber asks us to give instructions in leather work. We gave a series of articles on that subject, with illustrations, in 1855. Is it not too recent to repeat them?

CHICK, CHICK, CHICK.—Our steel engraving, this month, is from an original design. It is a charming picture, we think; but we have prettier things yet to come.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a series of four poems, all founded on the legend of King Arthur, and all written in blank verse. To say they have no merit, as many critics have maintained, is sheer nonsense. But, on the other hand, it is quite as absurd to assert that they excel anything Tennyson ever wrote before, or that they are even equal to his reputation. We cannot but think that the poet laureate's career has been a comparative failure. When his first volume appeared, now nearly thirty years ago, it was justly regarded as being full of promise. His next disappointed many, but did not discourage all. Now, however, that he has attained the maturity of his powers, it is impossible to deny that he has not proved to be the poet of the age, as his partisans enthusiastically contended he would. That is to say, he will not rank, in the estimation of future times, with Byron, Wordsworth, or Cowper, much less with Dryden, Milton, or Spenser: we say nothing of Shakspeare, because Shakspeare was more even than a representative poet of his times, being the poet of all times. We are even heretical enough to hold that Tennyson succeeds best in poems like "The Lady of Shalott," and that his later efforts, though in a higher school, are less complete of their kind. Nevertheless, the four poems, in the volume before us, even if they had been written by a person totally unknown to fame, would have been hailed, at once, as of very superior merit. It is only relatively that they are bad. We had hoped for better things from the matured powers of the author of "In Memoriam." But we must not be over-exacting. It does not become us "to look the gift-horse in the mouth." Only let us accept what Tennyson has done, this volume with the rest, precisely for what it is worth, placing him in his true rank as among the first of second-rate poets, but denying to him the position which his worshippers claim for him, that of being one of the greater masters.

A Select Glossary of English Words, used formerly in senses different from the present. By Richard C. Trench, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: J. S. Redfield.—By his series of books on words, of which series this is the last, Dr. Trench has afforded signal aid to the critical study of the English language. No library should be without these books. To literary men, they are invaluable. Mr. Redfield has issued the volume in the neat style which distinguishes all of his publications.

American Wit and Humor. Illustrated by J. M'Lenan. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A collection of the anecdotes of wit and humor, which have appeared, at various times, in Harper's Magazine. Two hundred pages, more racy with fun, it would be difficult to find.

Life and Liberty in America; or, Sketches of a tour in the United States and Canada. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Dr. Mackay is the well-known English poet. About two years ago, he made a hurried trip to the United States, and wrote home an account of his impressions for the London Illustrated News, to which he has long been a contributor. It is these letters which are here collected. On the whole, they give a fair picture of this country, as fair, at least, as can be expected of a Cockney. Mistakes, indeed, Mackay has made, but an American, traveling in England, would probably make as many. The book is pleasant reading.

Parlor Charades and Proverbs. By S. Annie Frost. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—These charades are all excellent. They have the advantage, also, of being written expressly for acting in the parlor or saloon, and requiring no extensive apparatus of scenery or properties for their performance. Such a book has long been needed. The publishers will send it by mail, to any part of the United States. The price is one dollar, bound in cloth, or seventy-five cents, in paper covers.

Knitting Work: A Web of many Textures, wrought by Ruth Partington. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Brown, Taggart & Chase.—A collection of the latest sayings of that eminently exact and intelligent personage, Mrs. Partington, who has, for some years past, enlightened the world with her "wise saws." We commit no breach of confidence in saying that the real name of the good old lady is P. A. Shillaber. The volume is neatly printed and handsomely illustrated. If you want to laugh for a week, buy the book.

A Life for a Life. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Whoever has read "John Halifax," or "The Ogilvies," or "The Head of the Family," will lose no time in reading this new novel by the same author. Since Miss Brontë's death, Miss Muloch, without dispute, stands foremost among the female authors of England. Will not the Harpers give the public a good duodecimo edition of this novel, for the library, to match their beautiful edition of "John Halifax?"

Shelley Memorials. From Authentic Sources. Edited by Lady Shelley. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This volume has been published by the family of Shelley, in order to rebut, forever, the many mis-statements respecting the poet which have appeared from time to time. Lady Shelley has prepared it from authentic materials, in Sir Percy Shelley's possession. We find it exceedingly interesting. Its value, as the only reliable memorial of the poet, cannot be too highly estimated.

The Life of Jabez Bunting, D. D. With notices of contemporary persons and events. By his son, Thomas Percival Bunting. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work will be interesting, not only to the many admirers of the late Dr. Bunting, but to all who reverence piety and learning. Its notices of persons and events will also make it valuable as an aid to future historians of American social life. A graphic likeness, in silhouette, of Dr. Bunting, embellishes the volume.

The Mohicans of Paris. By Alexandre Dumas. 1 vol., 18 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new novel, by that prolific, but ever interesting, feuilletonist, the author of "Monte Cristo" and "The Three Guardsmen." It has much of the stir of Dumas' best days, and is probably inferior only to the two works we have named, certainly the best he has written.

A Sabbath Discourse on the Death of Hon. Rufus Choate. Together with the address at the funeral. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—A beautifully printed little volume, which the admirers of the late Mr. Choate will be glad, we should think, to purchase.

OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.

SOUPS.

Soup à la Reine—Suitable for a large entertainment.—Add to a knuckle of veal, and three or four pounds of lean beef, six quarts of water, with a small quantity of salt. When it boils, scum it well, and then put in six large onions, two large carrots, a head or two of celery, a parsnip, one leek, and a little thyme; boil them all together till the meat is quite boiled down, then strain it through a hair sieve, and let it stand about half an hour; then scum it well and clear it off gently from the settlings into a clear pan. Boil half a pint of cream, pour it over some crumbs of bread, and let it soak well. Blanch and beat as fine as possible half a pound of almonds, adding in a little cream. Take the yolks of six hard boiled eggs and beat them quite fine with the bread crumbs soaked in cream, together with the almonds. Then make your broth hot and pour it to your almonds, &c.; strain it through a fine hair sieve, rubbing it with a spoon till all that is proper to use is gone through into a stewpan, and add more cream to make it white. Set it over the fire, keep stirring it till it boils, and skim off the froth as it rises. Have ready the tops of two French rolls, previously soaked in melted butter in a stewpan till they become crisp, but not brown. Put the rolls in the bottom of your soup tureen, and pour the soup over them. Be careful to take all the fat off the broth before you put it to the almonds, and take care it does not curdle.

Clam Soup—No. 1.—Take fifty clams, boil them in four quarts of water until they are tender; add a small quantity of grated bread, or cracker, and as much of the clam liquor as you like. If it is not thick enough, mix together, and add to it a little butter and flour. Just before it is taken off the fire, stir in the yolks of two eggs, and some cream, with a few sprigs of parsley, and a little thyme and pepper; after these are added, let it simmer a few minutes, and then serve it up.

Clam Soup—No. 2.—Take a knuckle of veal, and boil it for three hours in four quarts of water, salted to liking, with fifty middle-sized clams, about two-thirds of their juice, together with seasoning of pepper, parsley, thyme and onion. If the clams are small, use more of them. Add to the soup, small batter dumplings.

Partridge Soup.—Take off the skins of two tolerably old partridges, and cut them into small pieces, adding three slices of ham, two or three onions sliced, and some celery, and fry all together in butter till it becomes nicely browned. Then put it into three quarts of water, with a few whole peppers, and boil it slowly till a little more than a pint is consumed; strain it, and add some stewed celery and fried bread.

FISH.

Rock Fish—Soused.—Tie your fish in a cloth, and boil it about forty minutes. Then cut it in half, carefully extract the bones, and cut it into slices, lengthwise. Boil together one quart of vinegar, and half a pint of wine, adding some whole mace, whole allspice, cayenne pepper, a small quantity of nutmeg, and if you choose, a little garlic. Pour the liquor over the fish; it is fit to eat, as soon as it becomes cold.

Mackerel.—Boiled.—Dry your mackerel carefully with a clean cloth, rub them slightly over with a little vinegar—lay them straight in your fish pan, and boil them gently for fifteen minutes; then take them up, drain them well, and put the water that runs from them into a saucepan, with two teaspoonfuls of lemon pickle, one meat spoonful of walnut catchup, the same quantity of browning, a blade or two of mace, one anchovy, and a slice of lemon; boil all together a quarter of an hour, then strain it through a hair sieve, and thicken it with flour and butter. Serve it in a sauce-boat. Dish your fish with the tails in the middle. Parsley sauce may be added.

Cod Fish.—Salted.—Steep your fish in water all night, adding a glass of vinegar; it will extract the salt, and make it eat like fresh fish; the next day boil it, and when it is done enough, pull it into flakes, mix it with potatoes mashed fine; bake it in bowls, and pour egg sauce over it. It may also be simply pulled into flakes, and have egg sauce poured over it. **Egg Sauce for Cod Fish.**—Boil some eggs hard; first chop the whites, then add the yolks, and chop both together; (not too small) put them into half a pound of melted butter and let it boil up.

POULTRY, &C.

Mutton.—Cold.—Cut your cold mutton into slices, lay them on a chafing dish, and add to them salt, mustard, currant jelly, and some wine; let it stew a few minutes. **Another Recipe.**—Chop your mutton fine. Beat the yolks of three or four eggs; soak a thick slice of bread in milk until it becomes quite soft, add to it pepper, salt, and chopped parsley. Mix all well together, make it into small balls, dip them in the yolk of eggs and bread crumbs, and fry them brown.

Ducks.—With Onion Sauce.—Scald and draw your ducks, put them in warm water for a few minutes—then take them out, put them in an earthen pot, pour over them three pints of boiling milk, and let them lie in it two or three hours. When you take them out, dredge them well with flour, put them in a copper of cold water, cover them, and let them boil slowly about twenty minutes, then take them out, and smother them with onion sauce.

Mutton.—Hashed.—Cut your mutton into slices; put a pint of gravy or broth into a pan, adding one spoonful of mushroom catchup, and one spoonful of browning; slice in an onion, also add a little pepper and some salt; then put it over the fire, and thicken it with flour and butter. When it boils, put in your mutton, keep shaking it till it becomes thoroughly hot, then put it into a deep dish, and serve it up.

Pheasants or Partridges.—Roasted.—When you roast pheasants or partridges, keep them at a good distance from the fire, dust them, and baste them often with fresh butter. If your fire is good, half an hour will roast them. Pour over them a gravy made of a scrag of mutton, a spoonful of catchup, the same of browning, and a teaspoonful of lemon pickle.

Mutton Steaks.—Broiled.—Cut your steaks half an inch thick. When your gridiron is hot, rub it with fresh suet, lay your steaks on it, and keep turning them as quick as possible; if you do not take great care, the fat that drops from the steaks will smoke them. When they are done enough, put them into a hot dish, and rub them well with butter.

Chickens.—Roasted.—When your fowls are ready dressed, draw, and singe them well, and put them before a good fire. Baste them frequently, and roast them for about an hour. Make a gravy of the necks, liver, and gizzards, strain it, and put in a spoonful of browning. Fill the chickens with bread stuffing.

Eggs.—Poached.—Take one dozen eggs, break them into a deep dish, adding half a teaspoonful of salt, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Have ready a pan, well greased, and pour the mixture in, stirring it constantly till it is done.

Bread Stuffing for Poultry.—Take half a pound of butter to three loaves of bread, twelve cloves, one nutmeg, a table-spoonful of parsley, a small onion, a table-spoonful of sweet marjoram, two table-spoonfuls of salt, and two of pepper. These proportions are for a large quantity of poultry.

Pigeons.—Roasted.—When your pigeons are thoroughly cleaned, roll a good lump of butter in chopped parsley, with pepper and salt; spit, dust, and baste your pigeons. If your fire be good, they will be roasted in twenty minutes. Serve them with a sauce of butter and parsley.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes.—Fried.—Pare some potatoes and cut them in slices, as evenly as possible, (it is best to cut them with a silver knife,) and as thin as a wafer. Keep them in ice-water four days, changing the water once each day; then fry them in boiling lard, as you would doughnuts. After they are sufficiently brown, take them out of the lard, drain off the fat, and sprinkle a little salt over them. If you desire to have them particularly nice, put them in a towel, thus absorbing whatever fat clings to them.

Spinage.—Stewed.—Wash your spinage well, in several waters, put in a cullender to drain; have ready a large pot of boiling water, with a handful of salt in it, put in the spinage and let it boil two minutes. Then put it into a sieve, and squeeze it well; put a quarter of a pound of butter into a pan, put in your spinage, and keep turning it and chopping it with a knife till it becomes dry and green. Serve it with very rich melted butter.

Potatoes.—Boiled.—Prepare your potatoes, and let them stand in cold water, in an earthen pot, for three hours. Have ready a pot full of boiling water, with some salt in it, and drop in the potatoes half an hour before dinner is served. Have ready a cullender, well warmed, throw the potatoes in it, shake them well, and put them in a vegetable dish, well warmed.

Tomatoes.—Baked.—Cook slightly some ham, or veal; then chop it fine. Cut a round off the top of each tomato, take out the inside, and stuff the tomato with the ham or veal, adding some bread crumbs, salt, pepper, and parsley. Put a piece of butter on the top, and bake the tomatoes about one hour.

Potatoes.—Scalloped.—Boil your potatoes, then beat them fine in a bowl with good cream, a lump of butter and some salt. Put them in scollop shells, make them smooth on the top, score them with a knife, lay thin slices of butter on the top, and set them to brown before the fire.

Potatoes.—Fricassee.—If you have potatoes left from dinner, cut them in slices. Put some milk over the fire, adding a piece of butter, salt, pepper and parsley; when it is just about boiling, put in the potatoes, and let them warm thoroughly.

Ochra.—Clean your ochras and boil them well in water, with a little salt. When dished, add a goodly portion of butter to them.

PUDDINGS AND PASTRIES.

Corn Pudding.—Procure a dozen ears of fresh sugar corn, grate them, add a quantity of milk, three eggs, and a little sugar and salt. (If the corn is old, use one quart of milk, and two eggs; if young, one pint and a half of milk, and three eggs.) Butter the dish in which you intend to cook the pudding, and bake it slowly between two and three hours. A very nice dish for the tea-table.

Claxton Pudding.—Ingredients: One egg, one pint of flour, three table-spoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one ditto of cream of tartar, one cupful of sugar, and one cup of milk. Beat the white of the egg separate from the yolk. Beat the sugar with the butter to a cream. Add all together, and bake it about twenty-five minutes. To be served with wine sauce.

Oyster Pie.—No. 1.—Take one hundred oysters, clean and drain them; boil six eggs quite hard, and use only the yolks; take pepper, mace, nutmeg, and salt for the seasoning; grate some bread crumbs to be mixed in with the other ingredients. Make a nice pie paste, and cover the bottom and sides of a deep dish with it, then fill up the dish with layers of the above mentioned articles, and cover it with a crust. Put a lump of butter among the ingredients, and bake it in a quick oven.

Oyster Pie.—No. 2.—Take fifty oysters, put them down to coddle in their own liquor, with a little water added to it; stir them constantly, and skini them till they boil. Then pour them into a dish, and season them with mace, pepper, and salt. Boil six eggs hard—take the yolks and chop them up with a small quantity of bread. Put some puff paste around the edge of a dish, then pour in the oysters; strew the bread and egg on the top, adding a piece of butter; and then cover the pie with puff paste.

Common Rice Pudding.—Wash half a pound of rice, and add to it three pints of good milk; mix it well with half a pound of butter, some cinnamon and nutmeg, three eggs, well beaten, and as much sugar as suits your taste. Bake it about half an hour in a quick oven. If you wish it to be very nice, add a glassful of brandy, some lemon peel, a few currants, and two or three eggs more.

Apple Dumplings.—Baked.—Make a good paste. Procure good apples, (fall, or Newtown pippins are best,) pare and core them, wrap some of the paste round each apple; melt butter and sugar together in the bottom of a bake pan, put in the dumplings, and baste them well with the syrup.

Oyster Pancakes.—Mix together equal measures of oyster liquor and milk; to one pint of this mixture add one pint of wheat flour, a few oysters, two eggs, and a small portion of salt. Drop it by spoonfuls into hot lard, and fry them a nice brown.

DIET FOR INVALIDS.

Almond Posset.—Grate some bread (the crumb) very fine, pour a pint of boiling milk upon it, and let it stand two or three hours; then beat it exceedingly well, and add to it one quart of good cream, four ounces of almonds blanched and beat as fine as possible with some rose-water; mix all well together, and set it over a very slow fire. Boil it a quarter of an hour, set it to cool, and beat the yolks of four eggs, and mix them in. When cold, sweeten it to your taste; then stir it over a slow fire till it grows pretty thick—but do not let it boil. Put it in a china bowl, and swim some macaroons or sponge cake on the top.

Panada.—Cut all the crust off a very small loaf of bread, slice the rest very thin, and put it into a saucepan with a pint of water; boil it till it is very soft, and looks clear—then add a glass of Madeira wine, grate in a little nutmeg, put in a lump of butter the size of a walnut, and sugar to your liking; beat it exceedingly fine, and empty it into a deep dish. If preferred, you may leave out the wine and sugar, and add only a small quantity of good cream, and some salt.

Sago Gruel.—Take four ounces of sago; give it a scald in hot water, then strain it through a hair sieve, and put it over the fire with two quarts of water and a stick of cinnamon. Keep scumming it till it grows thick and clear; when the sago is sufficiently cooked, take out the cinnamon, and add a pint of red wine; sweeten it to your liking, and then set it over the fire to warm. Do not let it boil after the wine is poured into it.

Ale Posset.—Put a little white bread in a pint of good milk, and set it over the fire; then warm a little more than a pint of good strong ale, adding nutmeg, and sugar, as you like it. Put it into a bowl, and when your milk boils, pour it upon your ale. Let it stand a few minutes to clear, and the curd will rise to the top.

Rice Jelly.—Boil half a pound of rice flour, and half a pound of white sugar in one quart of water till the whole becomes a glutinous mass. Then strain off the jelly, and let it become cold. It may be eaten plain, or with cream. Flavor it as you please.

Beef Tea.—Take one pound of lean beef, and cut it in very thin slices; put it into a jar, and pour a quart of boiling water upon it, cover it very close to keep in the steam, and let it stand by the fire. It must be used when it is milk warm.

OUR GARDEN FOR OCTOBER.

Out-of-doors Work.—The best season for planting tulip roots is from the middle to the end of this month, though the middle of the month is, perhaps, preferable, for about that time you will perceive a circle around the lower end of each bulb, disposed to swell, preparatory to the emission of fibres, and also a disposition at the upper end of some to show foliage.

By keeping the roots out of ground after this predisposition to vegetation, they would be greatly weakened.

The common kinds of hyacinths may be planted in small clumps around the border, or in open beds, three, four, or five roots in a place, and covered from three to four inches deep, according to the strength of the roots, and the lightness of the soil. On planting the hyacinths, a little clean sand should be placed underneath and upon the roots, to prevent the earth adhering too closely to them.

Planting various kinds of Bulbous Rooted Flowers.—A good, sound, fresh soil, either of the black or loamy kind, (with the addition of a little coarse sea or river sand placed round the roots on planting,) and manured with rotten cow-manure, two years old at least, if the soil and situation be dry and warm, or rotten horse-manure, if it be cold and moist, is all the compost or preparation required for the greater part of those flowers; observing that the manure should never come in contact with the bulbs, or be placed at so great a depth from the surface of the soil as to lose the advantage of the due action of the air upon it, which would render it poisonous instead of nutritious: in short, it should never be placed more than eight or ten inches deep upon any occasion, where it can possibly be avoided.

Crown imperials, lilies, pæonias, and the ornithogalum pyramidale, or star of Bethlehem, should be planted now, if not done before, and covered about four inches deep; these do not require to be taken up oftener than once in two or three years, and then only to separate their offsets.

In planting any of the above or other sorts in borders, observe that the lowest growing kinds are to be planted next the walks, and the larger farther back, in proportion to their respective growths, that the whole may appear to advantage, and none be concealed from the view. Likewise observe to diversify the kinds and colors, so as to display, when in bloom, the greatest possible variety of shades and contrasts.

Perennial and Biennial Flower-Roots may be divided and transplanted any time during this month.

Stock-gillies and Wall-flowers that are growing in beds, should be potted in the beginning of this month, if not done in September, and placed in the shade for about three weeks, then removed to a warmer situation, to remain till it is found necessary to house them.

Planting Bulbous Roots in Pots and Glasses for flowering early.—In the beginning of this month you should plant some of the earliest kinds of tulips, hyacinths, polyanthus-narcissus, &c., in pots of light, rich, sandy earth, one, two, or three roots in each, and of different colors, in order to force them into an early bloom in winter. If the pots are large, the roots may be covered one inch above their crowns,

but if small, the bare covering of the crowns will be sufficient, in order to give the fibres the more room to extend themselves.

Ranunculuses, anemones, crocuses, snow-drops, dwarf Persian lilies, and any other early blooming kinds, may be planted in pots for the same purpose, covering them generally about an inch deep over their crowns.

In this month you should put the bulbs of tulips, hyacinths, jonquils, narcissuses, &c., in bulb-glasses filled with water, to flower in rooms early in spring; the glasses should be then placed where they may have as much free air as possible while the weather continues mild; if they are placed near the windows where they may have free air in favorable weather, and be protected from cold and frost, they will produce fine, strong flowers, and at a very acceptable season.

The water should be changed as often as it turns greenish, and the glasses well washed inside. Particular care must be taken not to suffer the water to be frozen in winter, which would not only injure the roots but burst the glasses.

In the house it will be necessary to water the plants frequently, but moderately, especially the shrubby kinds; the succulent sorts will not require it so often.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

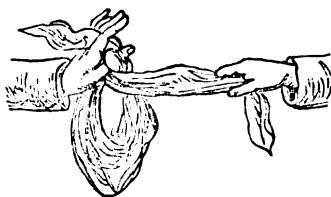
PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—Is it not an astonishing fact, that though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin; yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy—joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If a merchant commenced business without any knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we should exclaim at his folly, and look for disastrous consequences. Or if, before studying anatomy, a man set up as surgical operator, we should wonder at his audacity and pity his patients. But that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims.

To tens of thousands that are killed, add hundreds of thousands that survive with feeble constitutions, and millions that grow up with constitutions not so strong as they should be; and you will have some idea of the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life. Do but consider for a moment that the regimen to which children are subject is hourly telling upon them to their life-long injury or benefit; and that there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right; and you will get some idea of the enormous mischief that is almost everywhere inflicted by the thoughtless, haphazard system in common use. Is it decided that a boy shall be clothed in some flimsy short dress, and be allowed to go playing about with limbs reddened by cold? The decision will tell on his whole future existence—either in illnesses, or in stunted growth, or in deficient energy; or in a maturity less vigorous than it ought to have been, and consequent hindrances to success and happiness. Are children doomed to a monotonous dietary, or a dietary that is deficient in nutritive-ness? Their ultimate physical power and their efficiency as men and women, will inevitably be more or less diminished by it. Are they forbidden vociferous play, or (being too ill-clothed to bear the exposure) are they kept in-doors in cold weather? They are certain to fall below that measure of health and strength to which they would else have attained. When sons and daughters grow up sickly and feeble, parents commonly regard the event as a misfortune—as a visitation of Providence. Thinking after the prevalent chaotic fashion,

they assume that these evils come without causes; or that the causes are supernatural. Nothing of the kind. In some cases the causes are doubtless inherited; but in most cases foolish regulations are the causes. Very generally, parents themselves are responsible for all this pain, this debility, this depression, this misery. They have undertaken to control the lives of their offspring from hour to hour, with cruel carelessness they have neglected to learn anything about these vital processes which they are unceasingly affecting by their commands and prohibitions; in utter ignorance of the simplest physiologic laws, they have been year by year undermining the constitutions of their children; and have so inflicted disease and premature death, not only on them but on their descendants.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

TO TIE A KNOT IN A HANDKERCHIEF WHICH CANNOT BE DRAWN TIGHT.—Cast an ordinary knot on a handkerchief, and give the end out of your right hand to some spectator, and tell him to pull hard and sharp when you count three. Just as he pulls, slip your left thumb under the handkerchief, as drawn in the cut, and it will be pulled out quite straight without any knot at all. You must let go the end that hangs over the left hand, and grasp the handkerchief between the thumb and forefinger.



MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Light Buns.—Two drachms three scruples of tartaric acid, three drachms and two scruples of bi-carbonate of soda, one pound of flour. Rub all together through a hair sieve; then add two ounces of butter, two ounces of loaf sugar, and a quarter of a pound of currants or raisins, with a few caraway seeds. Rub all into the flour; then make a hole in the middle, and pour in half a pint of cold new milk, with one egg. Mix quickly. Set them with a fork on to baking tins. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. For cake in tin, bake one hour and a half. The same quantity of flour, soda, and tartaric acid, with half a pint of milk, and a little salt, will make either bread or tea-cakes, if wanted quickly.

To Pickle Red Cabbage.—Cut the cabbage across in very thin slices, lay it on a large dish, sprinkle a great deal of salt over it, and cover with another dish. Let it stand twenty-four hours, put it to drain, then put it into a jar. Take vinegar sufficient to cover it, a little mace, cloves, and black peppercorns bruised, also cochineal bruised fine. Boil up together, let it stand till cold, and then put over the cabbage, and tie the jar down with leather or skin.

Cream, to Keep.—Cream already skimmed may be kept twenty-four hours if scalded without sugar, and by adding to it as much powdered lump sugar as will make it sweet, it will keep good two days in a cool place.

To Preserve Eggs.—Pack the eggs to be preserved in common salt with the small ends downward, and they will keep for eight or nine months.

Chapped Hands.—Borax, two scruples; glycerine, half an ounce; mix in three-quarters of a pint of boiling water, and use morning and evening.

To Stew Pears.—To every pound of pears when peeled, put half a pound of loaf sugar. Put the fruit into a stew-pan and cover it with cold water, and shut the lid quite close. Stew the fruit gently till tender, then add a few lumps of the sugar. After stewing the pears two or three hours, put in the cloves—twenty cloves to six or eight pounds of fruit—and the peel of two lemons. Keep adding the sugar by degrees. If the syrup is much wasted, add a little more hot water. They require stewing about ten hours very gently. When they are nearly done, add the juice of both lemons—it will add to their flavor and brighten the syrup.

Almond Rock.—Boil half a pound of molasses and half a pound of raw sugar for half an hour. Split two ounces of sweet almonds, and when the treacle and sugar are poured out on a dish or stone which has been previously buttered, place the almonds on the top, and let it remain till it becomes hard.

Eve's Pudding.—Take six ounces of currants, six ounces of bread crumbs, six ounces of sugar, six large apples, chopped fine, eight eggs, well beaten. Boil them in a mould two hours; serve with brandy sauce, or half a pound of sugar, half a pint of white wine boiled to a syrup.

A Plain Pudding.—Six ounces of bread, six ounces of currants, six ounces of apples, six ounces of sugar, six ounces of suet, six ounces of raisins, stoned and cut fine, six spoonfuls of brandy, six eggs, and a little nutmeg. Boil three hours.

Diet Cake.—Quarter of a pound of flour, dried; half a pound of loaf sugar, sifted; lemon-peel, grated, to flavor; four eggs, beaten for half an hour. Bake in a tin, with buttered paper on the top.

To Kill Flies.—Two drachms of extract of quassia, dissolve in half a pint of boiling water. Sweeten with a little brown sugar, and pour on plates.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF PEARL-GREY SILK.—The skirt is quite full, and trimmed on each side with two bands of black velvet, the longest extending half way down the skirt, and terminating in a point. Up the middle of these bands are placed rows of buttons. The corsage is high and has a point behind, and two points in front. The front is finished by a broad velvet facing. Sleeves in the Louis XIV. style, trimmed with velvet and buttons. Lace ruffles.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF BROWN SILK.—Skirt perfectly plain. The corsage which is round, is trimmed with black velvet, cut in scallops. Sleeves in the pagoda style, trimmed with black velvet. Bonnet of fancy straw, trimmed with lace, and strings of broad ribbon in gay plaids.

FIG. III.—RIDING HABIT OF FOREST GREEN CLOTH.—The basque is rather short, and trimmed with black braid and buttons. Round beaver hat.

FIG. IV.—MORNING DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE, trimmed with bands of blue silk, and large buttons covered with blue silk.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF MAZARINE BLUE SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with five quillings of silk, headed with a narrow black lace. These quillings do not meet in the front, and the upper one is finished by two bows of ribbon with long ends. The corsage is high, and is cut with a Medici basque. Sleeves full, gathered loosely into a band above the wrist, and trimmed with bows of ribbon. Bonnet of black lace, trimmed with scarlet leaves.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As will be seen by our fashion-plate, velvet will be very generally used as a trimming for winter dresses. This is an expensive ornament, but very rich and effective. Silks of solid colors will be very much worn with velvet trimmings. One of the most elegant dresses made recently in Paris was of pearl-grey silk, with the skirt laid

in large plaits behind, and slightly tending to form a train; it was trimmed at about twelve inches from the bottom with a deep quilling of silk, having between all the plaits a light red velvet forming at top a small loop fastened by a button, and at bottom a larger loop and an end fastened by a similar button. The sleeves, which were wide, lined with white, and tending to form a point, were trimmed with the same ornament as the bottom of the skirt. The body was plain, buttoned, with a large bow of light red velvet at top, and the opening of the pockets was marked by a wide, red velvet, and a row of ruched silk crossed by velvet.

FOR EVENING DRESS, velvet of light colors is also employed. A very pretty dress for a young lady has been made of white tulle, and has thirteen flounces, each bordered with a row of narrow rose-color velvet. The corsage, low and pointed in the centre of the waist, is covered by a berthe forming a point before and behind, and trimmed with rose-color velvet. The sleeves are short, and formed of two frills edged with velvet. Another very beautiful dress has just been made of lilac-colored silk. This dress has a low corsage and short sleeves. Over it is to be worn a canezou of white tulle. The body of the canezou is composed of puffs crossed at regular intervals by rows of very narrow black velvet. The sleeves consist of nine puffs, extending from the shoulder to the wrist, where they are finished by a small mousquetaire cuff; the puffs on the sleeves are separated by rows of black velvet.

Some of the bodies lately made are cut open in front, to show a richly worked chemisette underneath, but the fashion has by no means become general yet. In fact, as the cold weather approaches, the tendency will most probably be to have the dresses cut quite close up to the throat.

SLEEVES still retain the pagoda form, in a great measure, particularly for the better style of dress: though for out-of-door wear, we are assured, the tight sleeve will be adopted during the winter.

FLOUNCES will not be so much worn during the coming winter as heretofore, or only one deep flounce will be worn.

VELVET is much employed for evening head-dresses. Tor-sades of velvet and gold have a very rich and elegant effect. A bandeau of this description should be finished at the back of the head by a bow with long ends, finished with fringe, or tassels. A head-dress just introduced in Paris consists of a sort of coronet composed of plaited bands of Azoff-green velvet. On one side there is a lappet of black lace, and on the other two small bouquets of the same.

CAPS suitable for dinner or evening demi-toilet are frequently made of colored crape, and trimmed with puffs of white tulle, amidst which are interspersed bouquets of flowers. For morning costume, caps are made on a foundation of colored silk, and covered with black or white. Green or lilac, with black lace, have a very pretty effect.

BONNETS are worn somewhat longer in the head, with very large silk or velvet side bows, and wide flowing strings to match. The wreath of lilac or cherry-colored flowers, which nearly surround the face, are very fashionable; sometimes the flowers alternate with jet ornaments or black velvet, which produces a good effect.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—(See wood cut on page 4.)—Frock of gay plaid poplin. Coat of fawn-colored cashmere, with a large collar, covering the shoulders and pointed in front. Loose sleeves. The coat is entirely trimmed with a quilling of ribbon. Bonnet of white satin, quilted.

FIG. II.—COAT OF WHITE CASHMERE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—(See wood cut on page 4.)—This coat has a large cape, which is trimmed, as well as the front of the coat, with a deep facing of white silk, richly quilted. The cap is also made of white quilted silk, and trimmed with swan's-down.



Painted by Meyer.

Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

WATCHING THE BABY.

Expressly for Petroleum Magazine.



Engraved & Printed by Alphonse Brissot

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

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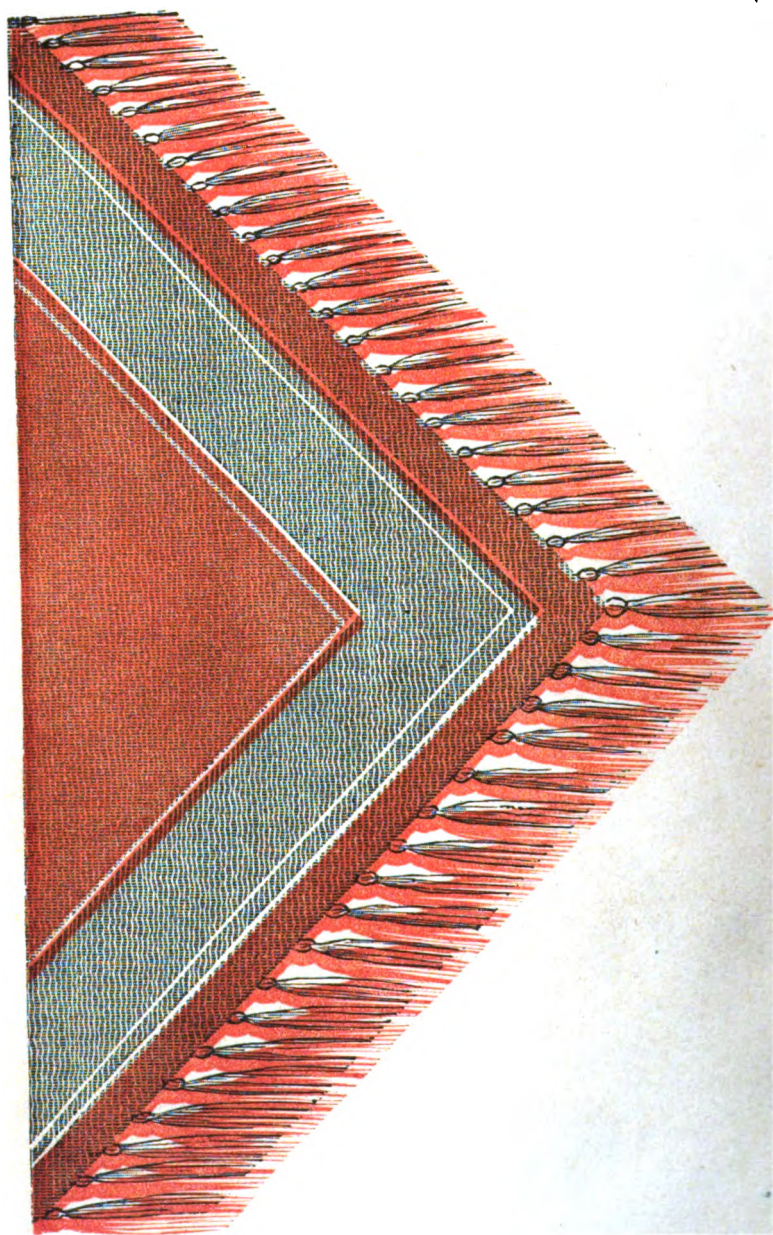


WATSON IS THE BABY.

Expressly for Petersens Magazine.



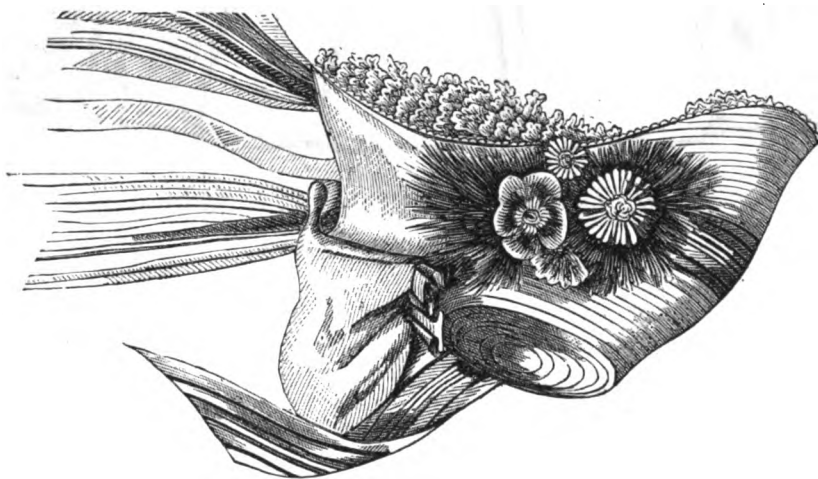
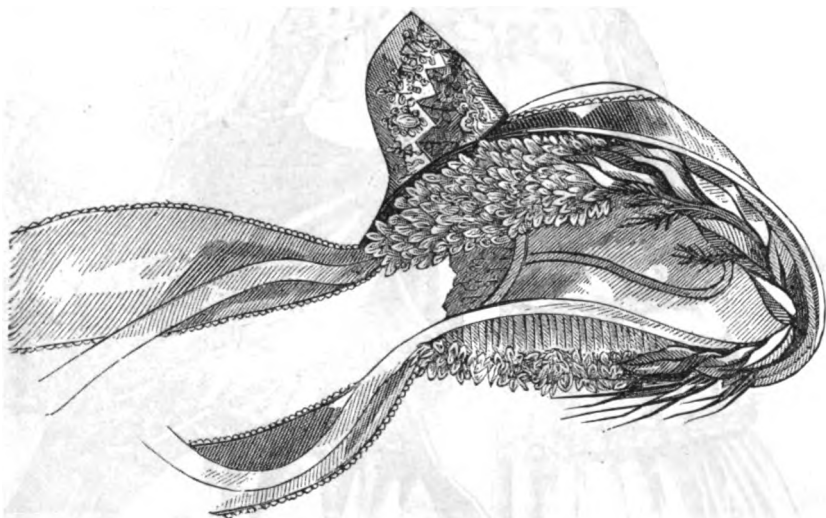
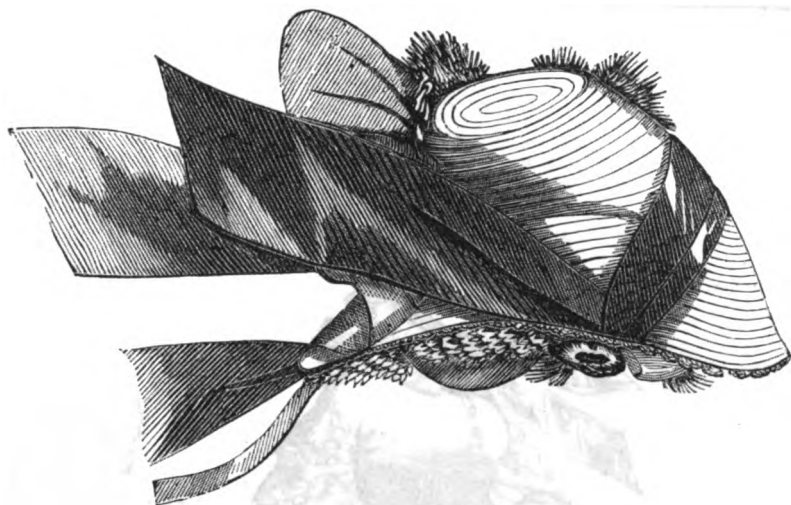
LES MOÛES PARISIENNES.



KNITTED SHAWL.



"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO."



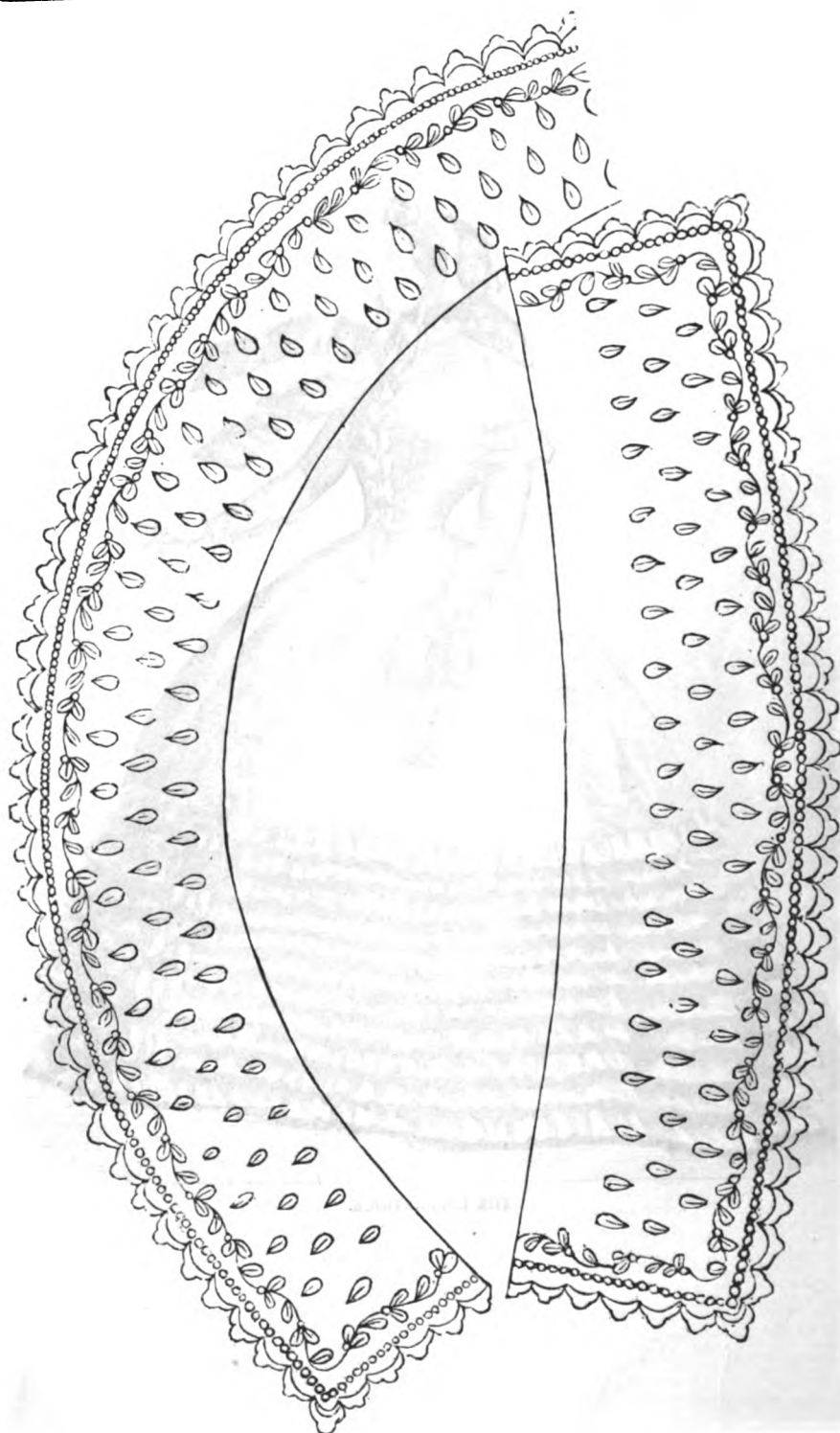
NEW STYLES OF FALL BONNETS.



NEW STYLE OF WALKING DRESS.



THE IMPERATRICK.



PATTERN FOR COLLAR AND CUFF.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

NOT TOO LATE

BY A. L. OTIS.

It was past noon, and Mr. Leonard Everson had not yet come down to his breakfast. This tardiness was alarming under the circumstances, for in the family to which he belonged, all the country customs of early rising, early meals, and early sleeping were strictly observed, and, enforced by long habit, were never infringed upon. Anne Everson, his sister, who had stood in the place of a mother to him since his boyhood, knocked repeatedly at his door, and obtaining no answer at last entered.

He was lying dressed upon the bed, and sleeping heavily. He must have been so all night. His candle had burned itself out upon the chair by his bedside. His sister bent over him with anxiety. She listened to his breathing, felt his pulse, and pored long upon his face.

The two were much alike in personal appearance—both tall, and fair, with large, blue eyes, and a peculiar sensitiveness of expression. With that look, so common now, of deterioration from a fine stock, they had large frames and features, with faded color—feeble motions—intellect without enterprise—good-will without energy—no ill-health, but no vigor nor strength.

The sister now gazed with nervous solicitude at the sleeping form, and then glanced around the room. Upon the table something lay, which caught her eye, and from which she started with terror, as if she beheld a murderer. She sank down upon a chair, and sobbed cruelly.

Leonard, awaking at the sound, looked around in bewilderment—sank again into a doze—awoke and started up—fell back and dozed again—and then opened his eyes in amazement, and gazed stupidly at his sister.

She turned to him, and holding up the bottle labeled laudanum, from which a little had been taken, said with choking sobs,

“Has it come to this, Lenny? To this!”

“Yes,” said he, doggedly, but with trembling lips, “to that, at last.”

“Oh! my heart!” gasped his sister. Leonard knew that she had dangerous palpitations at times, and he was roused by terror. He sprang up, and begged her to be calm, or she would peril her life.

“I cannot till I know all,” she said. “How long have you taken it, Lenny?”

This question increased his intense and tremulous excitement. He answered hurriedly in a vehement, but plaintive tone,

“For the first time last night, Anne. Shall I count out to you the links in the chain that has dragged me to it?”

“First, my sickly, miserable childhood, fag to five elder brothers. Second, my forlorn orphanhood left unprovided for.

“Then my dependence upon you. You sent me to college, and I knew you were pinching yourself to keep me there; yet I could not study as I wished and ought, because my health would not let me avail myself of the advantages you were paying so dearly for.

“Oh! Anne, you know it is my nature to shut up my feelings in my own heart, and I have never told you yet of all I suffered when I tried everything to keep up—strict abstinence in diet, every stimulus to mental effort, every possible self-denial—and yet my cursed headaches would not let me study. All you knew was that I came back from examinations, rejected, with a brain fever for you to nurse me through. You never imagined the horrors of conscious, unavailing effort I had gone through, compared with which the delirium of that fever was rest! And nothing came of it but defeat, disgrace, and the loss of your money, thrown away upon me.

“Then, when the doctor said I was unfit for study, I tried innumerable clerkships, and sickened at my work, and returned to my aimless life here, still dependent upon you.

“Then I put in execution that bright idea of my eldest brother's, that I should become a

farmer, and secure my health by drudgery, which only a clod could endure. Thus ensued another illness after a day's mowing, and the fact was forced upon me that I was helpless—mentally and physically an imbecile!

"And, Anne, last of all—this——" (His agitation had reached the wildness of despair.) "You know the pretty lady who has bought the next place?"

"Mrs. Mitchell! A married woman! Oh! Lenny!"

"No—no! Do not faint, Anne. Mrs. Mitchell has a young sister."

"Ah! I did not know it."

"I do. I have watched her day after day. She comes down to the stream which divides our grounds, where the rocks and woods screen their side, and the alders and wild roses ours. Day after day she comes, sometimes with the children, sometimes with gay parties of ladies, sometimes alone with her dogs and books. I have seen her every sunny afternoon throughout this delicious month of June."

"Did she come there knowing you were there?"

"Do you suppose I would have run the risk of letting her know it? No. I was securely hidden in the alders. Yesterday she came as usual, accompanied by a young lady she called cousin Alice. They sat upon the rocks, and chatted for an hour. I heard every word of their conversation."

"Oh! Lenny, I cannot bear to hear this. Where was your sense of honor?"

The young man winced. "I saw her at first accidentally. Three times she came there unexpectedly. You know I have fished in that spot for years. You know I sat there every day before she came. Why should I have abandoned my old haunt because she chose hers near it? At first I would have gone away, if I could have done so without attracting observation. But afterward, I could not, Anne. I knew I might listen to all of her words, and never blush for them. She is pure and sweet as heaven's own breath. So when she and her friend sat there I heard all, and did not stir to betray my hiding. They spoke of what concerned me. The stranger said the woods on our side looked impenetrable and gloomy. Mary told her of their dense, dark hemlocks, full of pretty paths where two could hardly walk abreast, keeping very close; of the boughs meeting overhead, and the thick undergrowth that shuts in the sides of the alleys, 'which wind and double so that you can walk for hours in perfect quiet, and solitude, and shade in the warm June days.' She praised

them so, Anne, that my heart filled and choked with pleasure. I saw myself walking through thgm with her, 'two abreast, keeping very close.' Oh! fool—fool!"

"Poor, dear Lenny!" sighed Anne, with fresh tears, and her brother hurried on with his story.

"They wished for a bridge to cross at once, and explore, and then Mary fell to planning. She said her sister, Mrs. Mitchell, desired to own our woods, and that her husband coveted them extremely: but that they could not afford to enlarge their grounds. She said that in two weeks she should be of age, and have control of all her own property. The first use she should make of any of it would be to buy the woods, and give them to her sister, or her husband, as a testimony of her gratitude for the care he had bestowed upon her and her property. Her friend suggested that the land might not be for sale, and asked about us. Mary said we were queer people, a good old family, only two left at home: the sister, a dear creature, who had educated her brother, but he was a good-for-nothing fellow, and a burden to her still. All true—all true, dear Anne."

"Uncharitable little minx! She knew nothing about it!"

"For my sake, Anne, don't. Those words are a blow to me, sister."

"I will spare her then, Lenny, if she said no more. Don't tell me if she did, for I cannot help feeling indignation."

"Her friend said that farmers were a stubborn race. What if I should out of pure obstinacy refuse to sell? Then Mary described the entreaties she would use." The young man paused in reverie.

"Go on," urged his sister.

"Yes," he answered, bitterly, "I will go on. They did—to make cunning plans for trapping the 'cross old fellow' into compliance. They supposed long conversations, in which I acted the sulky boor, and they Philadelphia lawyers. At last they proposed to lose no time, but to go at once to our house, and ask if the land could be purchased. They would leave it to more experienced heads to decide upon the price, &c., but they might as well know whether I would part with a few acres upon any terms. They were obliged to go higher up the stream to cross upon the stepping-stones, and I arrived at the house first. I met them as they reached the gate under the apple tree. Mary introduced herself, and asked if I were Mr. Everson, and then inquired about the land. Knowing how she estimated me, I liked to prove to her, that let me be surly or silent as I pleased, or let me

refuse as obstinately as I would to sell the property, she dared not treat me *de haut en bas*, nor wheedle and flatter me as she had proposed. And truly her tone was very different from the one she had pre-arranged. But though she changed her manner, and her mode of inducement, she did plead eloquently, irresistibly."

"You did not promise to sell our dear old woods, Lenny?"

"How could I? Only a small share of the property is mine. No, I could not yield if I would, to the sweet tempter. After they left me, I sat down beneath the tree just where I was, and took myself to task. Oh! Anne, what a dream I had been indulging for weeks! Her opinion of me was so cruel, I contrasted myself with her—I, as you know me—she, joyous, beautiful, rich, and fit to adorn the world. Of course I had only despair left for me, and that is no comfortable feeling to sit down to a long life with. And so, Anne, it is necessary that I should forget myself, intolerable wretch! I hate wine—I must sleep and forget my trouble; laudanum is nauseous, but it drowns consciousness. You know all, Anne."

"Oh! my poor brother, conquer this folly! You can do it. Struggle like a man, live like a man. For my sake do not commit slow suicide with that fearful drug."

The sister plead with all the earnestness her heart could feel, and her daily care for him proved what that was. But Leonard thought he could in this way drown his bitter despondency, and he would not be deterred from seeking relief even at the cost of his life. Neither would he deny himself for the sake of the sister, whose whole life had been self-abnegation for him.

He simply said and thought he "could not," and for a week he persevered in his wicked folly. Of course his wretched days were spent in inertness and dreaming with open eyes, and every day his laudanum phantasies became more terrible and unendurable. At last he endeavored to arouse himself from the lingering misery of one of them by riding on horseback. But he was too much under the influence of the pernicious drug to have proper command of his horse, and he had ridden no farther than Mrs. Mitchell's gate when the spirited animal threw him. The gardeners lifted him, and carried him to the house, where the whole family, except Mary, gathered about his insensible form, as he lay upon the sofa in the hall. They had never seen him before, and did not know him to be their neighbor, therefore they did not send for his sister, but were thrown into a panic of fear and confusion by the probability of his death.

One ran for domestic remedies, another for a doctor, another fainted and required attention from the rest, and the insensible man would have been left alone if Mary and Alice, coming laughing in, had not been required to watch him until the return of the mother with her remedies.

"He is dead—quite dead," said Alice.

After one fearful glance at death, they looked no more, but stood awed inexpressibly, and clasping each others hands, with eyes they dared not raise to that ghastly face.

Suddenly Mary burst into violent tears.

"What is the matter, dear?" whispered Alice, in terror, but received no reply for some time, for the nervous agitation of the young girl overpowered her utterance. When she was calmer, she smiled sadly at her agitation and said,

"I do not know what came over me just then, Alice. Are you sure he is dead?"

"I dare not look, but I was sure of it. He must be dead. Tell me, dear, why you cried so terribly."

"I was thinking, what if I were his widow! Don't tell any one of that strange fancy—but it was so strong! Just think, I might be now heart-broken, standing here beside all I cared for on earth—longing to go with him even by a violent death as his was—never again to be a light-hearted girl, but to live better, to be a daily mourner for him."

"You know who he is, I suppose?"

"Oh! yes. Our neighbor Everson. He was not the boor we imagined him. He had a kind of refinement, and—and power that surprised and pleased me."

"I am afraid, dear," said the more flippant Alice—"I am quite afraid you fell in love with him at first sight, you have mentioned him ever since with so much respect, poor fellow!"

"No, Alice, thank God I do not love him. No, I sit here calm, not grieving for him any more than I should grieve for any one: and yet quite frightened to think what might have been my grief, possibly."

The doctor entered, and found Leonard Everson with wide open, conscious eyes, a good pulse, and a glowing color. He had been stunned by the fall, but had not lost one word that passed after Mary entered the room.

His sister was sent for, and he was removed to his home. As soon as he was left alone with Anne, he gave way to passionate tears, irrepresible in his enervated state, and reaching out his hand to her sobbed,

"Saved—saved—Anne, I am saved by a miracle! Oh! God's goodness is inconceivable—I, who was rushing headlong past my happiness,

I, who, possessed with devils, was for casting myself over the precipice with the swine—I have been withheld by a strong hand, and have been allowed to hear words which have snatched me from despair to joy."

He told her all. She thought nothing of it, except that his hopes were built on sand—upon the idle words of an excited and imaginative girl, but she carefully abstained from the cruelty of telling him so.

In two days he was as well as usual, and then he began to act his part in the world like a man of spirit and courage, and not as always hitherto like a despondent coward. He and his sister called upon Mrs. Mitchell to thank her for her

kindness, and a friendship sprang up between the ladies. In a short time—to Mary's wonder more than to any other person's—she had promised to become Mr. Everson's wife, and for the first time in his life he felt himself blost and happy.

He made a true, fond husband, and a conscientious, upright man, who looked back with astonishment to the time when his egregious folly almost cost him this life's joys, and jeopardized his hope of heaven.

Ah! how often do we thus blindly hurry away in sin, from bliss which is at our elbow, and never know it?

NOTHING TO GIVE.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

We have heard the cry of "Nothing to wear,"
A sad lament of the maidens fair;
And "Nothing to eat" o'er groaning boards,
Is the daily sigh of creation's lords;
But a sadder yet, and a louder cry,
That rises up to the azure sky,
Are the words of him who turns away
From the piteous calls of humanity—
Who goes in his ease and wealth to live,
But "really hasn't a penny to give."

Nothing to give for the suffering poor—
Naught for the hungry who knock at his door—
Nothing to give to the lowly and weak—
The children who throng in the desolate street,
Though they faint by the wayside, weary and worn,
Their pathways o'ershadow'd in life's early morn,
There are none who will yield to their suffering heed,
Who will pity their weakness, and give to their need;
For of all who in grandeur of palaces live,
How many there are who have "nothing to give!"

They have dwellings proud, and hoarded gold,
Lands far-reaching, wealth untold,
Ships rich-laden, that each breeze
Bears to port from foreign seas,
Wanting only while they live
That "better part," a heart to give.

So they clasp with pain and fear,
All their hoarded treasures here;
But when death at last shall come
To the rich man's gorgeous home,
Not the beggar at his door
Will be written half so poor,
As angels, in that time to come,
Shall record his fearful doom,
Who had laid no treasures there
In "our Father's mansions," where
They are written poor who live
Rich on earth, with naught to give.

SEPTEMBER.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGBEN.

THESE are the days I love, when the ripe Summer
Is smiling down on Autumn as he bows—
Wooing with gentle sighs, and crimson kisses,
And looks of tenderness and whispered vows.

Before the humbees has left the clover,
While yet the marigold bedecks the yard,
And the broad lawn—smooth shaven by the mower—
By daring violets is faintly starred:

While yet the skies are gentle, and the landscape
Softens its beauty 'neath an azure haze,
And the cool air of morning groweth ardent
Beneath the goldenness of noontide rays:

When in the fields, the garden, and the meadow,
The locust's silvery calling charms the ear,
And an unceasing undertone of music
Rises, serenely, skyward—far and near

Ah! there is peace and deepest joy in wand'ring
Out on the quiet of the grand old hills;
Or dreaming in the aisles of the deep forest—
Forgetting all life's fretting, galling ills

To doff, like Nature, with a calm abandon,
The toil, the garnering, the petty care,
And with the spirit hand in hand to revel
Through all the chambers of the dreamy air.

A WOMAN'S WILL.

BY GABRIEL LEE.

A COMPANY, as merry as it is consistent for persons perfectly fashionable and well-bred to be, were assembled at the dinner-table of Jasper Meredith, Esq., whose residence—a short distance from one of the pleasantest cities of the South, Charleston—was the admiration and boast of all the country around, being universally designated to strangers as the summer retreat of “one of our richest men, sir.” “Made his fortune by the rise of cotton in less than no time, sir.” The party thus fortunate in possessing the acquaintance of this modern Dives had finished dinner, and were now trifling over the dessert—unwarrantable treatment enough, considering the profuse and choice array of luxuries that had been pressed into service. It being late in the afternoon, the July sunlight was allowed to slant in through the open oriel windows, and the same sunlight that had lent that day to many a home of poverty its only brightness, now fearlessly made its way into the rich man’s dwelling, knowing well that it could find nothing more beautiful even there. It fell softly upon the dishes of silver flagee, worthy of the fruit exquisitely arranged within them: peaches, with a soft bloom flushing beneath their down; pomegranates, half open, and showing the transparent red of the pulp inside; and figs, gathered in the morning, while yet the dew was fresh upon them. This universal visitor gave also an added sparkle to the wine gleaming in crystal goblets, and touched into brighter hues the faces assembled around this tempting display. Mrs. Meredith, the hostess, though some time past the prime of a woman’s life, had yet retained enough of the comeliness and sprightliness of youth to be unwilling to resign the pleasures of a long admitted belleship. Of the guests she was now so well entertaining I have to deal with but three. In the vicinity of the hostess was seated Miss Virginia Lester, who engrossed most effectually the eyes and attention of two gentlemen who were seated one on either side. Truly their admiring glances could scarcely be wondered at; for the bloom of the peaches before them paled beside the rich glow of her cheeks; nor is the pomegranate she is just now carrying to her lips of a more brilliant red than they. Poets have shrunk back appalled at the

idea of contemplating a woman, when engaged in the discussion of edibles, but could they have witnessed the dainty grace with which Miss Lester conducted the operation, even their fastidiousness could have taken no offence. There was a difference, however, in the homage tendered by these two gentlemen; one of whom, notwithstanding his youth and rather boyish appearance, was the possessor of one of the largest estates in South Carolina. He looked at the lady as if he “could not choose but gaze upon her face.” The other, Chauncey Howard by name, contemplated Miss Lester more with the air of a connoisseur, as if her movements gratified his artistic sense, rather than stirred any deeper emotion. Decidedly the expression upon this gentleman’s countenance was not altogether a pleasant one; if admiration was there, it was not unmingled with disdain and impatience. The case was exactly this: Miss Lester, who had run the gauntlet of at least half a hundred flirtations, had been invited to spend a portion of the summer with the Merediths, and there met Chauncey Howard himself, no mean adept in the art. The game had been adroitly played, and both parties had been well entertained by it; but shortly afterward a rival made his appearance, viz: the person first spoken of, familiarly called Charley Staunton. Loath as I am to make the confession, it must be told that Miss Lester, ambitious like too many of her sex, was not at all averse to an “establishment.” Staunton was wealthy, well-looking, easily managed; so Chauncey Howard found the favors, of which he, in lieu of any other eligible admirer, had been the sole recipient, bestowed upon the new arrival. Howard, if not wounded, was certainly piqued—just as you or I would have been, in his position—but, too proud to show discomfiture, scorned to withdraw entirely from the field. Nor did Miss Lester by any means wish to dispense with him; he was both too fine-looking and too effectual an assistant in dispelling that *ennui*, which well-bred people must always experience in the country, to be cast entirely aside; if he had other qualities besides those mentioned, Miss Lester was not the one to appreciate them.

The latter, having finished her repast, showed

how perfectly she felt at home, by rising, making a few words of excuse, and leaving the room accompanied by the two gentlemen. The three entered the drawing-room, where ample floors, covered with finest white matting, together with the breezes sweeping through the wide windows, dispersing odors from vases heaped high with flowers, made it one of the coolest and pleasantest of retreats. In one of these windows, looking out upon the garden, almost concealed in the shadow of the lace curtain, sat a young girl, seemingly reading. This was Mrs. Meredith's eldest daughter, yet she still retained the pet name of Gracie. Now Gracie had passed her sixteenth birthday, though she scarcely looked fourteen; and, as I have hinted, the elder lady being nowise averse to snuffing the incense still offered at her shrine, was quite willing, though the most indulgent of parents, that Miss Gracie Meredith should remain in the background a while longer; and the young lady, either from indifference or a retiring disposition, was entirely contented with her position. As the party entered, Gracie lifted a pair of clear, quiet eyes, and a queer little smile disturbed the edges of a demure mouth. "Ah! there you all are," thought she; "now I shall have a nice time watching. You are a real study, Miss Lester." The latter, seating herself upon a divan, disposed her voluminous skirts in artistic folds, dropped into an attitude of graceful indolence, and was ready for mischief. The lady in question, completely ignoring Mr. Howard's presence, gave her whole attention to the lesser admirer. The former, after looking on a few moments, and contemplating the young lady's skillful coquetties, remarked, with rather a disdainful air, taking up a conversation they had at the dinner-table, "It is incomprehensible to me how a man of intelligence can ever be entrapped into a marriage with any woman. I, for my part, think he must be blind indeed who cannot detect the most incipient attempt, on the part of the other sex, to induce such a catastrophe." And, with a majestic air, adding something in reference to a "game of billiards," the gentleman left the room. The young lady in the window followed him with her eyes, and thought, "What a handsome, noble-looking man he is! Bah! what a shame to throw him over for that Mr. Staunton! Not, to be sure, that he ever wanted to marry you, Virginia Lester, but I should think you would have preferred the lightest expression of admiration from him to any amount of devotion from the other. I wonder if his last remark was true? I——" and Gracie finished the sentence by smiling to herself. Just after Mr. Howard had left the room,

Miss Lester opened her eyes with a dove-like, surprised look upon her remaining admirer, and said, in the low, warbling tone she used when meaning most mischief, "He couldn't have meant me, could he? I'm sure I never had any designs upon him," and her lips assumed an innocent pout. "You!" replied Mr. Staunton, with an enraptured look; "other women might stoop to such things, but you, so perfect and so peerless, are comprised of every creature's test." "A-hem!" thought Gracie, "it appears to me somebody's getting rather impassioned; think I'll go," and, stepping noiselessly out upon the piazza, she took a broad, graveled pathway leading through the garden. Our little damsel wandered on past beds of rich flowers, and under pleasant arbors, until she reached a large acacia tree, latticed over with vines bearing perfumed blossoms; there was a rustic seat under it, and, stepping upon its rounds, with a celerity that showed it was no unaccustomed feat, Gracie sprang up into the tree, and disappeared among its branches. "Now I shall be all by myself," she said, taking a comfortable position, and disposing her dress of green gauze about her: the latter harmonizing so well with the foliage that it rendered her invisible to any one below. But our young friend was not left to enjoy her solitude long. Presently the gravel crunched beneath a firm, manly tread, and Mr. Howard, hat in hand, made his appearance. He came directly on, his head bent in a thoughtful attitude, and took his seat under the very tree wherein was ensconced Gracie. The heart of the little maiden fluttered rapidly, as, peering through the branches, at first cautiously, then more boldly, she looked down upon the gentleman beneath. "I wonder what you are thinking of, Chauncey Howard!" she ejaculated to herself; "Miss Lester, perhaps. If you are, she is not worthy of your thought." Then a mischievous smile dimpled Gracie's cheek, and softly breaking off a handful of leaves she let them fall. But Mr. Howard merely shook his handsome head, on which they had lighted, seemingly no whit disturbed. "Dear me!" thought Gracie, "I wonder if I could arrange myself to catch a glimpse of his profile. It is beautiful. I've often noticed it." But, as she leaned back as far as possible, in order to attain the desired result, her foot catching among the branches, off came the little lady's slipper, dropping directly at Chauncey Howard's feet. This effectually aroused the gentleman, who rose, took up the article, and exclaimed aloud, "Well, this is a marvel! I have seen every variety of tree, but I never met with one bearing slippers before:

and such a slipper!" Well might the speaker utter this latter remark, for the article now under inspection was as dainty and pretty a thing as ever graced a lady's foot. As Mr. Howard ended this speech, he glanced up into the tree in search of a solution for the mystery, and there, looking down through a frame-work of leaves, he saw a face which might indeed belong to the owner of the pretty thing he held in his hand. When our gentleman caught sight of the blushing, lovely countenance above, with its clear, sweet eyes gazing wistfully down upon him, he greeted it with a smile, which gradually became a low, mellow laugh, which was yet in no wise disrespectful. At length, still smiling, he waved his hat in the air, and, bowing gracefully, said, with an air, "I have often read of Oreads and Dryads, yet never before was it my fortune that one should become visible to my mortal eyes. Nor had I any idea, I must own, that they wore the choicest of French slippers." The Oread, ignoring this address entirely, simply remarked, in a fresh, girlish voice, "Will you please leave my slipper on the ground, and go into the house? I wish to come down." "By all means," rejoined Mr. Howard, who was now quite grave; and, taking the path by which he had come, was soon out of sight. Gracie descended swiftly from her perch, and donned the useful article beneath, blushing as she did so; but presently a little triumphant smile settled in the dimples about her mouth, and she thought, "I wonder if Mr. Howard will remember me now! I recollect, sir, the first evening you came here, how father and I were on the piazza; and when he introduced me as his 'little daughter,' how you patted me on the head, and asked where 'I got all those pretty ringlets from.' If I am small, that's no reason why I should be taken for a little girl." Now don't everybody, particularly female readers, exclaim that our young lady was artful; or that, possessing an unexceptionable foot, she let fall her slipper purposely. If you do you are no friend of mine. Besides, it is my unalterable belief that the frankest of the sex is not devoid of a little spice of this same quality—artfulness—so you should all have patience with one another.

The same evening, as Miss Lester sat singing in her rich, full voice at the piano, Mr. Staunton hanging over her chair in rapt attention, Gracie glided quietly into the room, and took her accustomed seat in the window. Mr. Howard showed he had not forgotten her, by coming immediately over, upon her entrance, and taking a seat beside her. He approached, smiling, and might, perhaps, have ventured upon an allusion to the

afternoon's occurrence. But Miss Gracie Meredith was quite inaccessible. Never did a princess enwrap herself in a more impenetrable mien of dignity than did the young lady in question. The gentleman's inquiries as to whether she enjoyed music, what kind she preferred, etc., were received with chilling politeness, and answered with a frigidity of manner to which her interlocutor was entirely unaccustomed. Finally the latter retired baffled, taking refuge in a game of chess with Mrs. Meredith, who never rejected a proposition to engage therein; for when did that delicate hand, of which she was so justly proud, ever show to better advantage than when hovering in jeweled beauty above the board? It fluttered about the various pieces, finally descending with graceful deliberation upon the favored one; nor did it decrease her pleasure to know that younger ladies had looked on, and sighed in vain to imitate her skill. The game to-night was short, and Mrs. Meredith won; for, to disclose the truth, her adversary, during the early part of the game, had been thinking of Gracie somewhat in this strain: "What a plucky little thing it is! Thinks I might venture upon some familiarity, I suppose, because I picked up her slipper. Must take her feet after her mother. Wonder if she has inherited her hands also!" Here Mr. Howard recovered himself; but it was too late to retrieve his fortunes, he was presently checkmated, and his conqueror, clapping together those incomparable members, which had done so much execution in their day, laughed triumphantly at her success. At this sound Miss Lester ceased her music, and, turning her head languidly around, inquired, "Who beats?" "Oh! I," laughed Mrs. Meredith; "my adversary was checkmated." "Mr. Howard seems unfortunate in being checkmated," remarked the young lady, sweetly. The defeated one smiled serenely; then, crossing over to the piano, asked if Miss Lester would be good enough to repeat that exquisite air she had been singing. She complied; but, a few moments after, directing a glance toward the place where her petitioner was standing, saw it was empty; and when, having finished her song, she became cognizant that he was nowhere in the room, with flushed cheeks she ejaculated, "What insufferable insolence!" The next day, Mr. Howard again essayed to melt away the frosty veil of stateliness in which Gracie had enveloped herself, this time with more success. In accomplishing this end, our gentleman graciously deigned to discover that the object of these endeavors, though a touch of demureness still characterized her manner, was piquant, original, and decidedly a quick observer. "Talks

remarkably well for a girl of her age," was his final conclusion. After a week's acquaintance, Gracie, in the course of conversation, having spoken of a beautiful glen not far distant, Mr. Howard was slightly amazed to find himself soliciting the young lady to accompany him on a drive thither, as his guide. Gracie's heart beat fast, but she accepted the proposal with an air of grave self-possession, as if she were entirely accustomed to such invitations, though, in point of fact, it was the first time a "grown up" gentleman had ever tendered her a civility of the kind. At the appointed hour Mr. Howard sent word that he awaited "Miss Gracie's pleasure;" and, in the meantime strolled out upon the piazza, where he found Miss Lester, and her admirer, Mr. Staunton, they having found their way thither to enjoy a *tele-a-tele* undisturbed. The lady stood, indolently leaning against one of the piazza pillars, now and then breaking off a honeysuckle that brushed against her cheek, sipping the sweetness therefrom, and then throwing it away; while her companion contemplated each flower thus emptied of its treasure, as if he envied its fate, all unconscious that many an unresisting male victim had met with a similar destiny, at the hands of his idol. This last had just finished saying, "That's just like you men, so selfish to ride this lovely afternoon and ask no one to share the pleasure." The speaker having concluded that, as she had not been asked, nobody was worthy of an invitation. Before the gentleman thus denounced could reply, there was a light step in the hall, and a vision so enchanting made its appearance, that even Miss Lester consented to gaze with all her eyes. To be sure the face, looking out from the moss-buds that nestled around it as if they loved to be there, was very youthful: but what harm in that, for does not youth add something of a charm even to the plainest? Gracie's whole attire was simple, but exquisitely tasteful. Miss Lester's quick eye had ran over it and rendered its verdict immediately: even she, who had spent years in determining what was becoming, and knew every art of dress, could find no fault, it was perfect in the most trivial detail; the very parasol Gracie had just opened, with its delicate arabesque pattern and elegant fringe, was a marvel of prettiness. As Mr. Howard noted Miss Lester's scrutinizing glance, and the look of surprise accompanying it, his triumph was none the less complete because it was invisible. He bowed courteously to the lady and her attendant cavalier, assisted Gracie into the barouche with the mien of a knight paladin, and drove away. The expression upon Miss Lester's face

changed from surprise to superciliousness, as she remarked with intense scorn curving her mouth, "I wonder how long it is since Chauncey Howard has developed such an astonishing taste for the society of children."

The truth is, the lady was excessively out of humor, for Mr. Staunton having brought his courtship to a favorable conclusion that morning, Miss Lester's object was accomplished, and, true to the instincts of her nature, she was now desirous of concentrating her power and tormenting her admirer within an inch of his life; and lo! Mr. Howard, who was to have been her auxiliary in this laudable enterprise, was all attention to that "little chit," as Miss Lester inwardly termed her. Little enough cared Gracie, however, what Miss Lester thought of her, she sat beside her companion, her heart secretly palpitating, yet her manner serene and self-possessed. There was one thing, however, that rendered the little lady uneasy, it was this, that with the kindness of Mr. Howard's demeanor toward her, was blended a sort of jesting deference, such as gentlemen sometimes use toward those of the other sex whom they consider not yet grown up. "I wonder how old he really imagines me," thought Gracie: "at all events, I'll let him see that I'm not a child." Shortly after this, Slyboots remarked innocently, "I am glad we are going to the glen this afternoon: it is over a year now since I visited it. I remember, because it was my fifteenth birthday, and we celebrated it by a pic-nic in the woods." "Is it possible," ejaculated her companion inwardly, "that the little thing is as old as that?" But too well-bred to express surprise, Mr. Howard only smiled, and said, "Then you have attained the dignity of sixteen." "Oh! I shall be seventeen before long," rejoined our piece of antiquity, carelessly. When Mr. Howard spoke again, there was a certain change in the inflections of his voice, which assured the young lady beside him, that he duly appreciated the added weight of years of which he had been given notice, and she nestled back in her seat with a feeling of the most decided satisfaction. I will not attempt to describe the beauty of the scenery which greeted them at the termination of their ride. Those who have never witnessed the summer glory of a Southern forest, will find it difficult to fancy the magic effects that greet the eye, as the sunlight trickling down through openings amidst the leaves, lights up into splendor the great trees garlanded about with gorgeous parasites, at once their bane and beauty. There was one portion of the glen, however, so dense and dark, and fraught with sombre in

fluences, that the two were chilled as they gazed; and Gracie involuntarily repeated in soft, slow tones, rendering the music of the verse still more melodious, a few lines from Dante's *Inferno*, where a similar scene is described. "You speak Italian?" asked Mr. Howard. "Yes, it is my favorite study, that and German," returned Gracie, unaffected: then added, "Let us go, it awes me to stay here." Her companion complied with this request, and as he did so, glancing at the child-like face beside him, made this internal comment, "These demure little things are always vastly wiser than you think for."

This was not by any means Gracie's last ride with Mr. Howard. Their acquaintance after this progressed rapidly; the latter indeed seemed remarkably well pleased with his visit, and in no haste to quit the beauties of Mr. Meredith's country seat. He lingered long after Miss Lester and her lover had departed: the former to prepare her *trousseau* for the wedding that was to take place in the autumn. So long indeed did Mr. Howard tarry, as finally to awaken Mrs. Meredith's curiosity, notwithstanding the hospitality upon which she had always prided herself. And Gracie, being one day in the dressing-room of this worthy lady, who was standing before the mirror, giving the finishing touches to her dinner toilet, the above observed, "I wonder, Gracie, what Mr. Howard finds so attractive here, particularly now that Miss Lester is gone." Then, as the speaker looked at the still handsome face reflected in the mirror, a smile played around her lips, and she thought, "Can it be possible? What a foolish fellow!" Don't be amused, reader; so long as a woman who has reigned as a belle retains her good looks, and even after, do you think she ever gives up the idea of fresh conquests? But if Mrs. Meredith was thus led astray, she was soon undeceived, for as she turned still smiling to Gracie, the face of the latter was so flushed and agitated as greatly to excite her mother's wonder and curiosity. Upon inquiry, Miss Gracie made a certain confession, so unexpected that Mrs. Meredith was too much agast to express her astonishment, which feeling, however, was soon converted to gratification. The confession she has at length so prettily stammered forth I will not here set down, suffice it to mention that Mr. Howard being a quiet man, had conducted his courtship in a remarkably quiet manner; our small lady being of a similar turn of mind, had received it ditto, not the less certainly, though, a year afterward did Miss Gracie Meredith and Chauncey Howard find themselves no longer twain, but one in the eye of God and man.

Before the honeymoon was over, the latter said to his bride, "I can scarcely realize, Gracie, how it is that I, who had always forsworn marriage, find myself possessed of such a 'bonnie wee wife' almost without knowing how it all came about," and the speaker laid his hand tenderly upon the bright young head beside him. There was a world of mischief in the clear, deep eyes that were raised to his, and Gracie rejoined quietly, "I fancied you the first time I saw you, and hearing you say one day that a man could always detect the slightest attempt on the part of a woman to win his love, you looked so noble and disdainful that—that——" Here Gracie stopped, grew woefully confused, and looked as if she sorely repented having gone so far. "Well," said her husband, "finish, I am all impatience." The little lady remained mute for a moment, but there was no gainsaying the steady eyes that were bent upon her, so said desperately, "Nothing—only I thought that, perhaps, some day you might find yourself mistaken." "Stand up, Gracie," said the gentleman. She complied, blushing very much, and Mr. Howard, folding the wee hands in his, said in a voice of gentle reproach, "Oh! Gracie, Gracie! who would have thought it! I imagined you such a child. I give up from this moment. Man's heart is woman's natural dominion, and I believe from the very moment they put on pantalets they are aware of the fact, and know how to make use of it." It behooves me to say, however, that this gentleman, who, notwithstanding a few minor faults, was essentially noble-minded, else Gracie would never have fancied him, you may be sure, showed not the least resentment at the thought that, where he had fancied himself as free as air, he had only yielded to the subtle spell of a woman's will; and however the above remark might apply to others, it was certainly true of Gracie, for over her husband's heart she always reigned a queen, supreme and crowned. The only time Mr. Howard ever alluded to the above confession, was to laughingly remark, one day, in the course of conversation, that he felt obliged to assert that his wife had imitated her illustrious prototype, Desdemona, and taken upon herself "a share in the courtship." But Mrs. Howard was so much incensed at the avowal, and bestowed upon the offender a lecture so fierce and totally unprecedented in their domestic annals, that it required every soothing art the gentleman was master of to restore the little lady to her usual serenity. You may be certain that no allusion of the kind was ever ventured upon again. In conclusion, I appeal to the reader if she had done anything to merit the contrary, for I con-

tend that Gracie, who was as modest as the
 modestest, and franker than most of her sex, or
 she could never have revealed her secret, used
 not a single weapon from beginning to end that
 was not perfectly legitimate, and entirely suited
 to a woman's hand.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY EDNA CORA.

How sweet this pleasing task would be,
 Did I but know that in thy heart
 Was one kind, gentle thought of me
 Still cherish'd there when far apart!
 But, ah! we met as strangers meet,
 And we may never meet again,
 Yet memory's song to me is sweet,
 And ever dear her flowery chain.

Then listen, lady dear, while I
 Try to fulfill my promise true,
 And as the passing moments fly,
 I'll give my every thought to you.
 And yet for thee what can I trace,
 For joy's own self thou seem'st to be?
 I read it in thy happy face;
 Oh! what then can I wish for thee?

Dear Mary, could my pen impart
 The friendship that I now would send
 To dwell forever in thy heart,
 And ever claim thee as my friend,
 Oh! then the task would not be vain—
 The happy wish that I would breathe
 Would place one link in friendship's chain—
 One floweret bright for memory wreaths.

I wish for thee—yet stop to dream
 What e'er thy future lot may be,
 And trace it as a happy beam
 Of dazzling sunlight on the sea;
 And pause to hope that coming years
 May find thee still as thou art now,
 With not a stain of sorrow's tears,
 Or cloud of care upon thy brow.

And may thy laughter be as light—
 Thy heart as ever glad and gay;
 May disappointment never light
 Upon thy joyous, happy way.
 When years have flown away so fast,
 And all thy youthful dreams have perish'd,
 Keep this memento of the past
 With other ones that thou hast cherish'd.

Oh! sometimes come with gentle eye,
 And o'er these pages kindly bend;
 Then memory will give a sigh
 To each belov'd, departed friend!
 My name will then reveal to thee—
 Though parted in this world so wide,
 And I may long forgotten be—
 That once I tarried by thy side.

BRIGHT AUTUMN.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

The russet hues of Autumn tinge the mountain and the
 glen,
 And the silver notes are ceasing from the thrush and from
 the wren,
 They are trilling farewell warblings ere they seek warm,
 Southern skies—
 While for fast, fading glories, forests heave deep, swelling
 sighs.
 The golden corn is shrunken, and the verdant grass grows
 pale,
 And the Summer's drooping flow'rets join the sad, funereal
 wail;
 E'en the fairies cease their ramblings, for the velvet of the
 lawn
 Is crushed, and yields not even to the boundings of the
 fawn.

But though fair earth disrobes her of her blossom-tinted
 dress,
 Oh! think not she'll enfold herself in garments of distress—
 Ah! no—for see, she hastens forth in yet more splendid
 sheen,

And decks her form so faultless in the garments of a
 queen;
 Her tresses are all golden, and o'erspread with sunset
 glows,
 Her mantle is of crimson, and outvies sanguinean rose,
 Dark Tyrian dyes are mingled with the chestnut's sunny
 brown,
 And form a drapery adorned with fringe of fleecy down.

Right royal is fair Autumn's sway, right regal does she
 reign,
 While Boreas proclaims her might o'er hill and over plain;
 For her the grape doth yield its juice, the nut its hidden
 store,
 And towering oak its knotted fruit, which tells of days of
 yore:
 Ah! dazzling are the beauties of bright Autumn, and she
 brings
 Unnumber'd joys, and pleasures, with which the welkin
 rings;
 Then let us praise the Giver of this great and glorious gift,
 And for each changing season, to Him thank-offerings lift.

FALLING OUT OF LOVE.

BY CATHARINE F. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER I.

THE wind was very high, that was certain; it swept the dust in clouds along Broadway, and into the eyes and faces of unlucky pedestrians; it shook all the apple and candy stands, as with a sudden earthquake shock, causing their venerable tenders to retire deeper among themselves, till they looked more than ever like heaps of cast off clothing deposited by the wayside; it rushed past St. Paul's with such violence, that the blind negro, who solicited the charity of passing Samaritans, in front of that hallowed pile, opened his eyes, and gazed about him for a moment, quite forgetful of his infirmity, to see what was the matter. It dishevelled the maidens' curls, whisked her veil aside, and turned her parasol inside out; it played strange pranks with the attire of quiet old ladies, and solid, dignified gentlemen. In short, it was like the famous wind we used to read about when we were children,

"That feared not to joke
With the doctor's wig, or the gentleman's cloak."

And for lack of further leisure to describe its vagaries, we must refer all readers to that ancient record.

In one of the up-town streets, a young lady was essaying to pursue the even tenor of her way, as if the air were tranquil, or as if, at worst, only a summer breeze fluttered her ribbons, or fanned her brow. All in vain. At every few paces she would be brought up, all standing, by a furious gust; at which times her efforts to keep at once the dust from her eyes and her garments in proper order, should have excited more compassion than they appeared to awaken in the gentleman who walked a little way behind her. As the remorseless blast revealed now a pretty foot and ankle, such as the long and sweeping skirts of our fair promenaders rarely give to view, and then a strip of white embroidery; and as the young lady made the aforesaid frantic and unsuccessful attempts, a lurking smile of amusement might have been detected on his face. For some two or three blocks, his course and that of the fair distressed lay together; then she paused a moment at the door of a handsome, though plainly built house, and was speedily admitted, while the young man passed on.

"I wish I could have seen her face," he said to himself; "it must be pretty, or agreeable at any rate. How neat everything about her seemed! Such a well-fitting gaiter boot! and her stockings so exquisitely fine and clean. I wonder if half the belles in town would look as nice! I believe that is the sort of woman I should like to marry, if I were disposed to be a Benedict on any terms. Neatness is adorable; I should detest Venus herself if she were a slattern."

CHAPTER II.

"COME, girls, come!" called Edward Nelson; "I have been waiting this half-hour, and the carriage is at the door. Hurry down!"

"Coming, Ned," answered a cheerful voice, and the speaker tripped lightly down the stairs. "I stayed to help Netta a little; she is a trifle belated, but you mustn't get out of patience."

"It would be very difficult to help it, I think," said her brother; "I wonder if she ever was ready for anything in time! She ought to begin her toilet an hour or two before everybody else in the house."

"She did begin in good season, but she could not find her things."

"No wonder; I suppose she left them just as she threw them off after the last party; she has no more idea of order than——"

"Carrie!—Carrie!" cried a distressed voice from the top of the stairs; "do come here a minute, will you; I can't find my pearl-necklace anywhere, and I don't see what can have become of it. I always put the box in just this corner of my collar drawer, and now I've turned everything upside down, and there isn't a sign of it to be seen. Where can it be? and it's getting so late, and Ned will be so cross!" and she drove desperately about the room, searching in every corner for a trace of the missing treasure.

"Easy, keep cool, dear!" said the laughing Carrie. "Dear me! I should wonder if you could find anything in this chaos. I should think the wind we had this afternoon had been blowing in your bureau for hours; here it is—no, that's your glove box. Why, Netta, here's your beautiful Chantilly veil, caught in the back

of the drawer; I'm afraid it will be spoiled; however, we can't stop to see to it now. The necklace is not here, certainly; and it is getting so late and Edward so impatient, that I think we had better let it go for to-night."

"Oh! that will be too bad. You know it's the most becoming thing I ever had, and I want to look my best to-night."

"Well, then, hurry and get your hood and cloak on, and I will look, meanwhile, in every place I can think of. How much more convenient it would be, Netta, if you only had a place for everything and everything in its place!"

Caroline continued her search, till a joyful cry from Netta informed her that the missing jewels had come to light. "It was in my muff," said she, "all the time; I had been showing it to Mary Vaughan, and when she went away, I carried up my bonnet, cloak and all, to put away, and tucked the necklace in the muff for safe keeping."

"I hope you are ready, at last!" exclaimed Edward, whose patience had undergone considerable wear and tear during the late search, "and that there is some prospect that we may get to Mrs. Marsden's by midnight." And on the way thither, he favored his delinquent sister with a good deal of advice, and yet more of oburgation, offered in the spirit of perfect candor and unreserve which brothers are apt to employ.

"I think I have had trouble and worry enough, Edward, without being lectured by you, in the bargain," said Netta, pouting. She felt just ready to cry; but reflecting that such a proceeding would inevitably fasten a red nose upon her for the evening, she thought better of it, and controlled herself. Caroline exerted herself to smooth away uncomfortable feelings, and succeeded so well, that by the time they were fairly unshawled, Netta had forgotten her vexation.

The dressing-room was full of girls: some pretty, some plain—all gayly and tastefully attired. Among them Caroline would not, perhaps, have attracted attention, though her plump figure and pretty face were at any time objects agreeable for the eye to rest upon; but Netta would have commanded admiration anywhere. The pearls she had so much trouble to find were not more milky white than the slender throat they encircled, and it must have been a very perfect statue that would have shamed the moulding of her *petite* figure. Her face was a fine oval, with deep blue eyes, and the faintest tinge of rose on either cheek; while her features, if rather insignificant, were delicate and harmonious. Caroline was a good, pretty girl; but Netta was a perfect little fairy. Even the hard-

ness of the brotherly heart softened toward her a trifle as they met at the dressing-room door, and Edward whispered,

"You look so charmingly, *ma mignonne*, that I am half inclined to forgive you for putting me so much out of temper."

"Oh! just as you like about it, pray," she answered; and they entered the parlors.

What a blaze of light, and what a hum of voices, what flirting of fans, what varied odors of Millefleurs and Jockey club! Our friends greeted the hostess, (a plain, withered-looking individual, whose traits were intensified by the juvenility of her colors, and the generous display which she made of a lean neck, and two long, bony arms; strange, *en passant*, that people who are utterly fleshless, are always a little more *decollete* than anybody else,) and then mingled with the throng. I know it ought to happen, in this humble tale as in those of more pretension, that the goodness of Caroline's heart, &c., being painted on her countenance, she received all the attention worth having, while her butterfly sister was obliged to take up with the homage of some vapid dandy, whose soul was occupied by himself and his toilet. Unhappily this was not the case. One of the most sensible and well-bred young men in society instantly fell into Netta's train, and began an exchange of brilliant remarks with her: upon the weather, the rooms, the company and her bouquet, as the manner of people is, at such places. Meanwhile, Caroline was conversing very quietly and rationally with Mr. Gordon, a middle-aged gentlemen of her acquaintance, upon various staid and sober topics. And again; I know that a girl of her character ought, in any well managed story, to stand in contented neglect in some by-corner, all radiant with delight because her sister was admired, and utterly forgetful of herself. But I am bound to confess, that Caroline, though she was pleased to see Netta receiving the attention in which her heart delighted, and though she liked Mr. Gordon's conversation very well, was not at all displeased to see Edward approaching with a tall, luxuriantly-whiskered young gentleman, whom he introduced as his friend, Mr. Holden, and in whom we recognize our acquaintance of the sidewalk.

"I am so glad to have met Nelson here to-night," he observed, after the small talk consequent upon an introduction had been happily gone through; "I only reached town this morning, and was intending to seek him out to-morrow, early. My good cousin, our hostess, insisted on retaining me this evening, or I should have been, even now, besieging your door. By-the-

bye I think Edward must have changed in one respect: he used to have a thorough horror of parties, and would lecture me by the hour about my fondness for such 'brainless amusements,' as he was pleased to term them."

"I believe he is very much of the same opinion still; he occasionally ventures out to one, however, in complaisance to his sisters."

"Ah! and that reminds me that you are the only one I have yet been introduced to; is Miss Henrietta here to-night?—you see I am quite familiar with your family names."

"Yes, Netta is here; the girl with light-brown hair, and a pink silk dress—just across the room."

"That beautiful creature!" exclaimed Mr. Holden, with enthusiasm; "I have been admiring her ever since I came into the room! Strange that Edward never told me she was so lovely."

"It would have been yet more strange if he had done so," said Caroline, smiling: "I don't think brothers are apt to rave about their sisters' beauty, as a general thing. It is hardly fair, either; for girls always look up very much to a brother, and estimate him at quite his real value. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Holden?"

"Perfectly; but then the ladies are so generous in their views. What would become of us poor fellows if they looked at us with a cold calculation of our real merits?"

"A very saucy speech, Charles!" said Mrs. Marsden, who was just within hearing. "We are not so delighted with you as to overlook all your faults so completely as you fancy."

"Pardon me! I did not intend a personal application. I will retract, if you wish, and admit that you are severe only in your judgment of us, and amiably lenient toward every demerit of your own sex." And hereupon ensued a laughing altercation, not very brilliant, nor very profound, but quite as much so as the ordinary chit-chat at parties; however, we do not feel ourselves called upon to chronicle it. Mr. Holden maintained his cause with animation, yet, Caroline could not but notice that his eye wandered to the pretty pink-clad figure on the opposite side of the room. She felt a little, a very little piqued. Edward was her brother, *par excellence*; he talked to her of his plans, his prospects, his friends, matters in which Netta took but little interest, reserving her sympathies for cases where they could be used with more effect. It was no part of her system to throw away attentions upon her own family. And Edward had often talked to Caroline about Charles Holden; how fine a scholar he was, what a good sportsman, above all, how true and generous a spirit. She

was much disposed to like him, both for Edward's sake and his own; and it did vex her for a moment, that he, like everybody else, was enthralled at once by Netta's pretty face. Only for a moment, however; and the feeling being conquered, she obeyed his evident, though unspoken wish, and took him across the room to the charming little flirt; who welcomed him as only a flirt can, throwing a graciousness into her manner quite enough to have turned, for a time, the head of Lycurgus himself, if it had been directed toward him.

It was a very gay evening; no stiffness, no dullness; just enough music, just enough dancing; every young man gallant, every girl sufficiently attended to. Caroline enjoyed it all very well, but she just admitted to herself that she should have liked it a little better if Mr. Holden had not been entirely engrossed with Netta. Edward, for his part, viewed the proceedings with secret dissatisfaction. He thought Caroline as superior to her sister as it was possible for sense and goodness to be to selfishness and insanity; and he expected to find his friend of the same opinion. Oh! well, his turn hadn't come yet. He had not, up to this date, known that blessed infatuation which makes every word from the lips of a pretty woman glow and sparkle like the roses and diamonds that fell from the girl in the fairy tale. Perhaps he never would know it; but no matter for that: other people, just as wise, and a good deal better, have experienced it, and will continue to do so, till time, change, or matrimony with the fair object in question, open their eyes to the true state of the case. So Mr. Holden laughed, and talked, and danced with Netta, and was completely charmed, as even that young lady desired him to be. And strange to say, though they had never met before, a something in her air and step seemed familiar to him. It puzzled him; he could not make it out.

He thought he had made it out, however, when on inquiring of his friend where he should find him on the morrow, he was informed, "At No. — West — street." "I was in that street this very afternoon," he thought, "and yes—it must be—it was she I saw!"

The sisters went home, duly escorted by their tender brother. Netta was in great spirits, and chatted all the way; but Edward was sleepy, and Caroline a trifle *cannoyee*. She went very soon to the room which she shared with a little sister; and having said her prayers, like a good christian girl that she was, disrobed, and lay quietly down by the innocent child. Let us hope her slumbers were sound and sweet, as they deserved to be.

Netta sat down before the swing-glass in her

own apartment, and looked with great interest and admiration at the figure therein reflected. Then she took up her bouquet, from which a rose-bud was missing, and a smile of great satisfaction played over her pretty lips. She sat awhile, lost in pleasant thoughts, then arousing, hurried to her rest, without going through any troublesome forms of devotion.

And by-and-by the moon rose, and looked into the chamber through the half-drawn curtain. A pretty idea, isn't not? The bright vestal gazing down upon the couch of beauty! And what saw the "queen and huntress chaste and fair" in that maiden bower? She saw a ring of skirts upon the floor—a slipper here, a slipper there, just as at random shot from the foot of their fair owner—and on the dressing-bureau a confusion of combs, brushes, and hair-pins—and about the room everywhere the traces of a hasty toilet, performed by a very slatternly individual.

Charles Holden went to his hotel that night in a state of beatitude. He scarcely thought of Caroline, except as a wise, sensible girl, to whom he wished he had talked in a corresponding manner; even the meeting with his old friend Edward had very little of his attention. Heart, mind, imagination, all that he had of them, were quite filled up by an airy little figure, and a pair of eyes as blue as larkspur.

Before he went to rest, he took from his vest pocket a wretched little remnant of a flower—the fag-end of somebody's bouquet—a rose-bud, wilted, shabby, and drooping as you need wish to see—and pressed it rapturously to his lips.

Alas, Charles Holden! We were wont to consider thee a youth of sense. And we can but wish, for the restoration of thy sanity, that thou couldst have looked, with us and Cynthia, through a certain window-blind to-night.

CHAPTER III.

THE Nelson family had a rather late breakfast on the following morning. Caroline presided at the urn. Dressed in a neat, dark merino and a spotless linen collar and cuffs, she looked prettier than she had done at the party; in fact, hers was one of those gentle, cheerful faces that show best in the kindly atmosphere of home. As she poured the coffee, and spread the bread and butter for her little sister, she answered at length all her mother's questions about the evening's entertainment, and gave satisfactory descriptions of what Mrs. B—— wore, who sang, who played, and what were the arrangements of the supper-table. No trace of querulousness disfigured her countenance or sharpened her tones; in which respect she offered a striking contrast to Miss

Netta. That bright being, in a very shabby dishabille, yawned over her coffee, and made fretful replies to the few observations addressed to her.

Breakfast over, Caroline went about her customary round of household duties, and Netta retired to her own room. It was in a state of savage disorder, and she did get up the spirit to wish, as she glanced around it, that she had her sister's careful, methodical ways; and even thought that to-morrow she would sweep the apartment and put it in nice condition. Meanwhile she was too sleepy and too tired and too lazy; so she took up a novel, lay down on the lounge, and enjoyed herself instead. But she roused herself in time to dress for a call which she expected; and when Mr. Holden entered the morning-room of the family he found her seated in her sewing-chair, very busy with her embroidery. It was a pretty picture; the bright, cheerful room, which Caroline had set in perfect order, and Netta had not yet found time to disarrange; the little French clock on the mantle, the vase of fresh flowers on the table, the books, the knick-knacks which impart such a look of taste and refinement; and above all, the graceful figure busy with its delicate work. Netta, like a great many who are far from neat in private, was very careful when dressed for exhibition; her hair was now put back in smooth, shining bands; her morning-dress of blue silk flowed open to disclose a beautifully embroidered skirt; her plump, little feet were encased in charming slippers of bronzed leather and *applique*, with bows that diminished their apparent size by a third at least. It must have been in a fit of inspiration that St. Crispin invented that style of shoe.

"How deliciously comfortable you are here, Edward!" Mr. Holden remarked. "'Tis such a contrast to my room at the hotel—that cheerless place. Just so many pieces of furniture and no more—and not a book, or a newspaper, or anything home-like to be seen. You know that if you could look through the wall, you should see in the next room a perfect duplicate of your own, and so on through the thirty or forty that open on the same corridor."

"I see you have your old *furor* for a home," said Edward, "I wonder that you haven't established one of your own by this time. But I suppose you have not yet seen that fair spirit of order that you deem worthy to preside over your hearth and heart."

"Don't imagine me so exacting; I have not yet seen the lady who was willing to take compassion on me, and provide a cosy, comfortable retreat for my lonely bachelorhood."

"It does very well for you to talk in that manner now," returned Edward, laughing; "but you should have seen and heard him in old times, Netty and Caroline. He was the most uncomfortable chum I ever had. Rooms in college are privileged to be the abodes of disorder; no one ever thought of having it otherwise. But this good Holden took upon him to reverse the natural course of things; he would have hand-books and dictionaries neatly piled up when they were not in use; such a corner of our little closet must hold his boots, just such pegs his clothing. He bought an old silk handkerchief to dust with, and a piece of sandpaper, I dare say, to brighten up the shovel and tongs occasionally. The wood was always laid mathematically straight in the wood-box, and the pen wiped clean and extended due east and west in the tray, when he had done with it. I am afraid to tell you how his landlady dreaded him, and how many papers of pins he used to take every morning to pin his collar in the exact position that he aimed at."

"Nonsense, Edward! the young ladies will think me a Sybarite. But I do confess to a great love of order and neatness; and among those careless fellows at Yale it gained me many absurd sobriquets. I was commonly known as the 'old maid' among them. I am sure, however, Miss Nelson, that you would not condemn me for such a disposition," and he glanced admiringly at Netta's tasteful attire.

"Oh, no!" she replied, with fervor; "there is nothing I like so much as order. A neat, thoroughly well-kept house, that is my idea of a happy home!"

Mr. Holden thought her prettier than ever, and Edward opened his eyes in astonishment. Yet it was not the amazing fib he fancied it, for Netta would have liked very well to be a perfect pattern of order if she could have done it without any trouble whatever; and she frequently had turns of resolving that she would some time or other become one. Just as selfish people often think they would like to be martyrs of self-sacrifice, and drunkards that they would like to be respectable, temperate members of society.

I hardly think Charles Holden was as pleased as Edward would have chosen, when his friend dragged him off to his own sanctum, to talk over their plans and prospects in life. They had graduated but a few months previous, and Edward was intending soon to set sail for Europe, to pursue his medical studies under some of the great French surgeons. Holden was destined for the same profession, and it was Edward's warmest wish that they should go abroad together; it was no wonder that he considered it

infinitely more sensible that two young men should enjoy a good cigar, and talk of what really constituted the business of living, than that they should waste their time down stairs with the girls, going over again the stale incidents of the party, and making up such small talk as they were able. Perhaps it was more sensible; but Mr. Holden did not find it as pleasant.

It often happens that school and college friendships languish when the daily association and identity of pursuits are over; those who were most intimate at such times frequently meet almost as strangers a few years afterward. The fervor of Holden's regard for his friend seemed, however, to increase with each succeeding day; his stay in town was indefinitely protracted; his cheerless room at the hotel was hardly aware of its master. He thought the Nelson house the very model of a home; Mrs. Nelson so kind and motherly, Mr. Nelson such an intelligent, urbane old gentleman, the children so well managed; such an air of comfort and elegance about the place, far greater than you often found in much more splendidly furnished houses. And somehow all these charms of comfort, and elegance, and neatness, and taste, seemed to centre in the fair form of the lovely Netta. His imagination must have endowed her with as many hands as those of Briareus, since everything seemed to speak to him of her care and taste, from the smoothly-brushed hair of the little ones, to the polish of the spoons on the tea-table. By some strange ubiquity, such as only lovers can devise, she was at the same time sitting gracefully in her chair, working at that pretty *broderie anglaise*, and making the children's aprons, and teaching them their letters, and superintending the cook, and putting away the silver, &c., &c. What a charming wife she would be, if only he could induce her to regard him with favor. Sometimes he almost believed she was not indifferent to him; yet what presumption to imagine that a being so superior could think of him! For his imagination, which had endowed her with such housewifely and home-like attributes, did not, of course, rest there. She sang sweetly, and to him it was as the voice of a seraph; she talked in a lively manner, carefully adapting her opinions to his own; and she appeared a miracle of good sense and good temper; in short, she was to him just that mixture of the angel and the woman, which every girl is to the eye of her adorer.

The Nelsons on their part were well enough pleased with the turn events seemed about to take—Mr. Holden was a gentleman, had good prospects, and they were sure of his principles;

so reasoned the parents. Edward wondered at the blindness of any man who could overlook Caroline for Netta, but remembering that people will marry to please themselves and not their friends, philosophically reconciled himself to the matter. Caroline—whom Mr. Holden felt he could love dearly as a sister! such a sweet, sensible girl! just the one he should choose for a friend in whom he was deeply interested—thought Netta was very fortunate, and hoped it would be a happy marriage. And the young lady herself decided that it would do very well; he was distinguished-looking, had a good property, and all the girls in her set were envying her. So her little heart—and precious little it was—attached itself to him as much as it could to anything except herself.

Aside from his own tastes, Mr. Holden congratulated himself, for his mother's sake, that he had met with one who joined to all her charms such eminent home virtues. Mrs. Holden was a pattern housekeeper; one of those parents whose anxious affection extended to her son's wardrobe as well as to himself. His creature comforts she had always cared for tenderly; nor did she labor with greater assiduity to remove every straw from his path of happiness, than she did to keep his linen spotlessly white, and every article of his clothing in faultless repair. Charles felt that his mother would have looked coldly on the Venus, with Golconda for her dowry, if she had been slipshod, or wore her collar pinned awry. Whenever his hopes were in the ascendant, he blessed the kindly stars that were to give him not only so beloved and beautiful a bride, but to his dear mother a daughter so peculiarly acceptable to all her tastes.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE stormy night, Edward and his friend found themselves somewhere amid "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal," at the door of the former; they had been passing the evening with a party of congenial spirits, and had been quite unmindful of the flight of time.

"It blows a hurricane, and the rain is falling in torrents," said Nelson. "Suppose you turn in with me, old fellow; it will save you a long walk and a tiresome one." Holden readily consented, and Edward, applying his night-key, they entered and passed noiselessly up to that gentleman's domicile.

It was long ere Charles could compose himself to slumber; the thought that he was under the same roof with that beloved being drove sleep from his eyes. He had resolved to declare

himself at their very next meeting; and now how propitious was fate! Edward would, of course, invite him to remain to breakfast, and after a little plausible demurrage, he would accept. He should meet her at the table—and after the meal was over he would ask to see her alone—and then—and then—— He imagined to himself the blushes, the downcast looks, the tremors—last of all the blissful moment when she should acknowledge that her heart was his! And if she said no! Why then would henceforth be a blank, a waste, a struggle to escape from one haunting memory. But he hoped, he fondly hoped for success. And whenever the prudent thought crossed him that perhaps it was too soon to speak, that he had better defer it awhile, he fortified his courage with the well known lines—

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his desert is small,
Who cannot put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

What a home he should have! How few there were who united in themselves the charms and qualities of Netta! There were plenty of pretty girls in the city, no doubt; almost as pretty as she was, perhaps; but how many of them were amiable? And granting them that, what useless dolls they were! Suited only to dress out their persons, and sit in the parlor receiving calls, or to flutter about at parties! What did they know of managing a household?—what experience had they in those manifold arts by which home is made attractive to the eye of taste, and yet conformed in expense to the husband's income? Again, there might be among the hundreds of thousands sleeping around him, quite a number of excellent, estimable girls, who would make a reasonable man happy; but then, they were almost certain to be plain, or dowdy, or awkward, or unrefined, or destitute of any but these same household accomplishments. It was a little exacting, to be sure, but he should like a wife of whose appearance he could be proud, and whom his bachelor friends would admire; who had that *air de societe* so indescribable, yet so bewitching; and who possessed accomplishments that should distinguish her even among graceful and beautiful women. All this, his heart told him, he could find in Netta Nelson. They could not be married immediately—that was the only drawback. But the years would pass; he would return and claim her as his own. Then they would buy a pretty house in some good locality; he would furnish it with every comfort and elegance; and then he would truly begin to live. He saw Netta presiding at the

neatly-spread table; he saw himself of an evening, in dressing-gown and slippers, reading aloud while she sewed; he constructed a thousand pleasing scenes with the detail of which we will not weary the reader. In the midst of this castle building he fell asleep, and only awoke a few minutes before the breakfast bell pealed its summons through the house.

He had strange sensations as he performed his careful toilet. Napoleon escaping from Elba, his great enterprise all before him; the fathers of American liberty, as they took in hand the pen with which they were to sign the Declaration; perhaps experienced similar emotions. Yet the cases are hardly parallel; their fears were not so great, their anticipations of the hoped-for issue not so rapturous.

The family was assembled at table as the two young men entered the room. Charles greeted the heads of the house, and Caroline, whose fresh, pretty face shone above the breakfast-service; then glanced around the board to meet the quick blush, and beaming smile with which the beloved one was wont to hail his presence.

Good heavens! could that scarecrow be his Netta?

Next to Caroline sat a figure, such as he had never yet beheld at any table. Its head was ornamented with curl-papers, standing out in every direction: and to judge from the rough and frizzled state of the hair they confined, the said head had lain all night thus decorated, and came down to breakfast without preliminary touch of brush or comb. No collar was visible; but about the neck was tied an old black silk cravat, creased, rusty, and ragged. A knit worsted sacque, (such as ladies frequently wear when going out to parties, for the protection of their bare necks and arms,) invested the upper portion of this form. It was much shrunken and yellowed by many washings, yet its present soiled and dingy state proclaimed with certainty that it had paid one visit too few to the regenerating tub. And this was the home-angel as she appeared in the bosom of her family!

Words are powerless to express the feelings of rage and disgust that possessed Charles Holden as he gazed; rage at himself that he had been so thoroughly deceived; disgust at her. Not one gleam of compassion for poor Netta's shame and distress visited his heart; not one transient ray of tenderness softened it. He saw her burning blushes—he saw her desperate attempts to screen herself behind the glittering urn; but no impulse moved him to spring to her side and offer consolation. He tried to go on with his breakfast as if nothing had happened, but it was hard work.

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Everything seemed strange and unsubstantial except the woful figure opposite: that was real enough. Yet amid the wreck and ruin consequent upon this volcanic shock to all his plans and aspirations, he could not but notice how nicely Caroline looked in that familiar mazarine merino, with the narrow collar and cuffs.

It was a constrained, uncomfortable meal, and every one was glad when it was over. Poor Netta's misfortunes, however, were not yet at an end. Anxious to escape as speedily as possible from the room, in her haste she caught her foot in the drugget and fell to the floor, bringing down with her a small avalanche of cups and saucers. Quick as thought, she sprang to her feet, and rushed to her own apartment, there to give full sway to her grief and mortification in violent sobs and tears. But rapid as were her movements, Charles had seen in her fall the hem of a draggled skirt, and a soiled and ragged stocking which the worn-out slipper, falling from her foot, clearly revealed. He could not but think of Cinderella fleeing from the ball, her gay clothes turned to miserable rags; and he wondered if the story were not an allegory, and if a lover's fancy were not the fairy godmother. At any rate, he felt no desire to pick up the slipper which his vanishing princess had left behind her, and hunt through the world for its fellow.

Caroline presently went up to her sister, who vented all the pent-up sorrows of her breast upon her. "You knew that he was here! You kept it from me on purpose! You wanted to mortify me, you know you did! Dressed up, to be the greatest contrast to me, too, with your clean collar and cuffs, and your dress brushed off so carefully! Oh! I saw you doing it; but I didn't know what it was for. Now you think you'll get him for yourself, I suppose!" etc., etc. In vain did Caroline assure her that she was entirely ignorant of Mr. Holden's presence in the house; in vain remind her that she had worn the merino dress with its neat belongings every morning through the winter. Netta's grief and rage were not to be appeased. Had the lover wanted anything to complete his disenchantment, he should have heard these coarse reproaches; but it was unnecessary. As soon as he could civilly excuse himself, he bade his friend good-morning, and sought his hotel.

"I did not ask to see her alone, after all," he thought; "faugh! I would as soon make love to a chimney-sweep! A charming deity to preside over one's house and heart, to be sure! A sweet image to carry about with one all day, and to go home to at night! I could have forgiven false teeth, false hair, a false eye, if need were; I

could have loved on, through slights, through coldness and cruelty; I could have borne anything, everything, but such unbounded slatternliness! Why, the poorest can have their garments clean and whole, at least; my mother would not keep a servant in the house an hour, who came down in the morning in such a state!" And at the thought of his mother he shuddered, and was doubly thankful for his escape.

It is very painful, as a general thing, to discover faults in those we love; almost as much so, if that be possible, as to be forced to admit good qualities in those we detest. But Charles' disgust and surprise had done so thorough a work, that he was conscious of very little regret or sadness. The mixture of the ludicrous in the denouement was of vast service to him; it was quite impossible to attach any tender or romantic association to that falling figure and those ragged hose. Still he knew that he should miss the excitement of the last few weeks, and he thought the wisest thing he could do would be to pack his trunk, go home to his mother, and set about the preparations, already too long deferred, for his voyage to France. Being a person of prompt action he went to work immediately; and made that evening his farewell call in west ——— street. Netta had a headache, and was not to be seen, which spared him some embarrassment; he had an agreeable visit, and almost regretted it must be the last. Caroline never appeared to him so pretty or so pleasing, and he thought—could it have been his fancy altogether?—that she looked sad when she gave him her hand at parting. He recalled that look occasionally, months afterward; and sometimes, in the interval of *cliniques*, and the witnessing of world-famous operations, wondered within himself if Caroline Nelson could have liked him a little, and resolved that when he returned to America he would endeavor to find out.

He went back, after a year or two, to try the practice of Parisian hospitals among the deni-

zens of New York; and the first call he made in the city was upon his old acquaintance, the Nelsons. Netta had been married a year to a young man of fortune, and was one of the leaders of ton; the children were grown quite out of knowledge; Caroline was still single, and blooming as of yore. He found the house so agreeable that his visits were frequently repeated; and before a long time had elapsed he requited the hospitality of his friends in what we must characterize as a most ungrateful manner; he carried off from their home her who had been its sunshine for many a year. But as they did not complain, we suppose it is no business of ours to find fault.

One morning, awhile after their marriage, Mrs. Holden and her husband were sitting at breakfast. One guest was present; Mrs. Holden, the elder, who had come to make a visit of a week, and liked her daughter-in-law so well that she had remained a month instead. Suddenly Caroline looked up with a smile, as if some merry thought had struck her.

"Charles," said she, "when did I see you for the first time?"

"What a simple question, my child! That night at Mrs. Marsden's, to be sure."

"No, my dear, you'll have to guess again."

Mr. Holden perplexed himself to no purpose, and was fain to "give up," as the juveniles have it. "Well then," said his wife; "do you remember walking in our street one wintry afternoon? I was out too, a little way in front of you, and as I went in at our door you passed by. Of course I could not forget such a distinguished-looking personage; when we met at the party I recognized you at once."

"So that was you!" cried Charles, in astonishment; "yes, indeed I remember it well, though I had not thought of it from that day to this. I never dreamed of its being you—and yet I might have known that such a foot and ankle could belong to no other person in New York!"

R E S T.

BY ELEANOR CLAIR.

Fold up your leaves, oh, flowers!
 Let sleep lie softly on your dew-wet eyes,
 Treasure your moisture for the morning skies,
 For night hath come.
 Rest on the bough, ye birds.
 The long day hath been full of glad employ.
 Cease from your song, your restlessness and joy,
 For night is here.
 Freed from the heavy yoke,
 Ye wearied beasts, your evening rest is nigh,

God-like, the darkness falleth from on high,
 And it is night.

So even to thee, oh, man,
 There cometh, blessing-full, this time of peace.
 Let care and toil, let thought and action cease,
 Welcome the night.

Yet other rest remains,
 These passing days and nights swift bring it near.
 When shall the endless rest for us be here,
 The night of death?

MATERNAL ERRORS.

BY MARY AMES ATKINS.

"WHAT a sweet little girl! Bless me! how my heart opens to receive her!" cried old Mrs. Sands, rushing to the cradle of her grandchild in a transport of affection for the helpless thing whom she now saw for the first time.

"Yes, it is," replied the young mother, looking with pride upon her first-born, and wondering, in her ignorance, if all babies were so disposed to cry, swallow their fists, and be otherwise troublesome.

"Don't you and Charles set a store by her?" pursued the elder lady, taking the baby from the cradle, and heavily resting herself in a rocking-chair close at hand.

"Of course! She's a world of trouble, though. But do, mother, remove your cloak and bonnet. Ugh! what old-fashioned things they are! Why, mother, they make a perfect fright of you. I will not allow a friend of mine to see you until you are transmogrified from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot. I mingle with very fashionable society. There's none like it where you came from. How did I ever manage to pass my girlhood there?"

A volume of reproof rushed to Mrs. Sands' lips; but she would not permit herself to utter a word of it.

"Come, do remove these odious things. They look ancient enough for the fashions of Noah's times. What if one of my fashionable, intimate friends should drop in unceremoniously? Do throw off your cloak and bonnet, mother!"

"Yes, in a minute. First let me take my fill of looking at baby. A darling little treasure. Grandma is glad to see her. Here we go up, up, up; and here we go down, down, downy. Grandma's precious little darling, that's what it is!"

And baby looked as surprised as she could at her funny travels up and down in the lap of the affectionate stranger, whose voice and smiles were so hearty and gladsome.

"I do believe the little darling knows I'm her grandmother. Didn't she sort of smile then?"

"I don't know. She often twists her face up in that way. I wish she wouldn't, it makes her look so ugly," said Mrs. Lowell, wearily.

"Lud! then, if it wasn't a smile, maybe it's the colic! Have you any medicine for it? Bring

me the bottle, if you have. It is a dreadful disease—very swift and sure. It has filled many a little grave, as scores on scores of riven hearts attest, Martha. It must be attended to right away. There's a great degree of mortality among infants now. Owing to carelessness, most of it, I reckon. Have you brought the bottle, daughter?"

"What a fussier you are, mother! The baby is as free from colic as we are."

"I don't know, Martha; I wouldn't have her suffer for our not finding out what ails her, for the world. Babies have died through the ignorance or carelessness of their nurses, you know," replied the old lady, looking anxiously upon the contorted little face pillowed against her loving bosom.

"I declare, mother, you're as bad as Charles; I call him the 'old woman,' because he is such an egregious croaker. I surmise I shall have a rich time with two such."

"I am glad he does take such deep interest in the poor thing. It's a sign he'll make a good father if he's so attentive to his first baby."

"First baby! Goodness gracious!" cried Martha.

"Didn't I bring up ten children, daughter?" demanded the old lady, in high displeasure at Martha's manner.

"Yes, and more's the pity."

"Did you ever hear me complain?" continued Mrs. Sands, in a solemnly reproving manner.

"Well—no; I can't say that I ever did. But then you never cared to go from home. You liked the chimney corner."

"I'm thankful you remember that, Martha."

"In short, mother, we are so totally unlike, that you will never be able to understand me when I say, that I am bored to death by the cares of maternity."

"Charles never thinks baby a bore?" questioned Mrs. Sands, as she pressed a kiss on the wrinkled little forehead of her new and deeply loved earth-tie.

"He! No, indeed. I wish he would leave his business wholly and attend only to her!"

"There, hush! silly girl; you don't know what you are talking of!"

"I do. I wish I had married wealth enough

for that purpose," said Mrs. Lowell, shrugging her ivory shoulders, and laughing merrily.

"Oh! Martha! Martha!"

"What's the matter, mother?"

"I grieve that you do not see how precious a gem your Heavenly Father has committed to your care."

"I don't see how precious it is! (Humph! what am I then? Have I no claims to be considered?) *Precious?* I guess I do know how precious my gem is, when I receive invitations I cannot accept on account of it—the little plague!"

"But, daughter, you will be held accountable for the possession of this little plague; the polishing aright of so fine a gem you cannot disregard. Poor little dependent creature!" and the grandmother's tears bathed the face of the hapless infant, whose wonderment seemed to increase.

"What a dear, funny, good-hearted thing you are, mother! Of course I love my child. Every mother does that. I mean to do first-rate by it, educate it to dance and sing divinely, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Educate it for heaven, daughter."

Mrs. Lowell yawned again; then, gathering up her mother's much derided, though well-preserved cloak and bonnet, she left the room, humming an opera air.

It is well for childhood when it is blessed with grandparental love and interest. Grandparents! what tender memories and heaps of bonbons the dear word presents! What volumes of pet names, warm defences against deserved punishment; folios of, alas! too often, undeserved praises; and well told stories from books, scenes, or times, "aged" years ago! What histories of joys augmented, of griefs subdued and vanquished, through ready, active, loving sympathies, that the "narrow home" drew from us, leaving us filled as never before with torturing appreciation of the dear souls, not lost but gone before.

Some time after, Mrs. Lowell said, one day,

"Mother, suppose you and father take the house opposite. You say you think of leaving Bellville. It would be pleasant to have you so near."

"We have lately thought of leaving Bellville. Father and I have talked it over. The children are all married."

Here the old lady paused. She did not utter what her senses too surely realized, that none of her ten children but Martha needed her constant attention. Many an hour, in her three months' visit, had been made wretched by this painful conviction.

"Will you walk over to the house with me, Charles, after breakfast?"

"Yes, mother."

"Won't Martha go with us, my son?"

"We had better not disturb her, mother. She needs sleep this morning, as she was out late last night at the ball, poor thing!"

Charles, too, had a heavy heart. He could not speak of the failings of one so near and dear to him. But Mrs. Sands knew how many struggles between love and duty tormented him.

"I thought if you could live opposite you would look after baby," added Charles, with painful hesitancy, and flushed cheek.

"My dear son," sobbed the old lady, taking his hand in both of hers, "we must hope for the best."

"I do; and trust that when my little wife is older she will take less pleasure in mere amusements. I think that day will come."

The house opposite was taken by Mrs. Sands forthwith.

The "little plague" is grown up—has come out—has admirers by the score. What a mass of flounces and furbelow! What a show of affectation and emptiness! What a display of selfishness and obstinacy!

Martha looks with admiration upon her work, yet secretly envies it the youth and beauty that she has lost. Charles sees, too, this mockery of true womanhood, and, with unseemly tears, and unheard prayers, hopes for the best yet to come out of chaos. But he wishes that his dear mother-in-law had lived until his child had grown up; and wonders if it was mercy, or kindness, or love, that took her away when she was so much needed.

Yet mother and child vote Charles a "bore," and keep from him many an item which he ought to know.

A run-away match follows fast. The "little plague" dared to make it. This is the drop too much in the cup of Charles. He sinks into his grave bemoaning the fate that gave his daughter such a husband.

Time passes. The ill-matched hate, where once they loved; and by this hatred lose their last chance of happiness and safety. Misery follows fast; then comes the last link in such a matrimonial chain: unhappiness, poverty, separation.

A dying Magdalen! Oh! where a sadder sight?

As the earth rattles upon the coffin of her wronged child, Martha feels wherein the fault of all the evil lay.

But too late. We cannot right where we have wronged the dead. Nothing in time temporal can erase this truth.

Martha saw this with bitter, unavailing longings, to drop all intervening time between her child's birth and now. But it was too late.

OLD MEMORIES.

BY IDA LANGDON.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the wind is murmuring low—
While my heart the time is beating
To the tune of "Long Ago."

Back I wander to my childhood;
Years of mingled joy and pain!
And, in fancy I am living,
Scenes of childhood o'er again.

Scenes long past and half-forgotten,
One by one I live them o'er—
Pleasures which my childhood tasted
In the happy days of yore.

Once again there rests in blessing
On my head a father's hand;
And I join the happy circle
In that quiet fireside band.

Those were years of sweetest pleasure
When I knew a mother's love,
But she left our happy fireside
For that better home above.

Many friends my heart has cherished,
But they left me one by one;
Some have sought a foreign country,
And have left me sad and lone.

Many more have crossed the river—
That dark river which we dread;
They have done with earthly sorrows,
And are numbered with the dead.

When for me the cord is loosened,
And the golden bowl is broke,
May I join the dearly loved ones,
Who I trust in glory woke!

Then I'll know why oft in darkness
My earth-path has seemed to lie,
If I gain that better country
In the land beyond the sky.

Well for me if earthly trials
Have but taught me higher trust!
Well if I have put my treasure
Where no canker e'er can rust.

Earthly hopes have often cheated,
Withered often were life's flowers;
Upward would I turn my vision
To the brighter, Heavenly bowers.

There, in nearer, closer friendship,
Friend shall meet with friend again!
When shall sound for me the summons?
Ech's answers only—when?

MAUDE.

BY LILIAS M.

Rich bars of light broke through the gloom
As moonbeams stole within the room;
The quivering rays fell here and there
On painting old or statue rare.

A softened halo shone around
The pure Madonna, light-crowned;

A silvery flood of radiance streamed
Where fair Euterpe in marble gleamed;

Mauds—fairer far—sat in the shade
And on the ivory keys soft played;

Melodious songs rose pure and clear,
Songs to the heart familiar—dear!

The waltz, with joy-inspiring beat,
Rung out in measures gayly sweet.

Full soon a mournful, plaintive strain,
Repeated o'er its sad refrain;

Each sighing, murmur'ing, wailing tone
Seemed an imprisoned spirit's moan.

Slow moved the white hands to and fro—
Maude's pitying heart beat sad and slow.

Now notes triumphant cleave the skies,
Or funeral marches mournful rise.

Anon a rippling strain is heard
Like warblings of some woodland bird.

Ah! Maude, dear Maude! 'twas long ago
I heard thy music's changeful flow;

Then, Maude, as one, thy heart and mine
Responsive beat to strains divine.

Again, as then, the moonlight falls
In silvery bars, on pictured walls;

It gleamed on fair Euterpe once more—
She smiles as in those days of yore.

The meek Madonna still doth wear
A moon-lit glory o'er her hair

But, angel Maude, I sit alone,
Dreaming of joys forever flown!

HELEN GRÆME.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 264.

CHAPTER XVII.

For three days Adam Græme had lain upon his bed, since the attack brought on by suffering and excitement. His left side was completely paralyzed, and the physicians had decided that it was impossible for him to recover.

He lay there, seldom noticing anything that went on around him, unless when roused from sleep by a sudden entrance, or the quick shutting of a door, then he would open his eyes, and his daughter's name would die in an indistinct murmur upon his parched lips. It was well for him that the paralyzing of his frame had rendered thought and feeling somewhat sluggish; he could only vaguely recall the events which had so completely crushed his life. He knew that his daughter was gone, and he lay there in constant expectation of her return: but all idea of disgrace in connection with her name had left him. He knew that he was dying, and he had no fear, but he could not go yet—Helen must return—God would not send him out of the world until he had once more looked upon her face, and felt her kisses on his cheek.

So there he lay, helpless and unrepining, drifting slowly down the stream toward the broad ocean, whither no human eye might follow his course.

The third night the woman who was watching him had fallen asleep, overcome with fatigue, but the old man lay there, his eyes open, gazing vacantly upon the wall, and listening to every sound with a new acuteness.

The wind had died away, the moonlight stole softly in through the muslin curtains, and the tapping of the lilac boughs against the window-panes was all that disturbed the stillness. Through the clear night there came another sound—the closing of the gate. Adam Græme heard a tread upon the grass without; he knew that some one had paused under his window. He tried to raise himself in bed—to call aloud,

"Helen! Helen!" but his lips refused to articulate the name, and he could only sink back in dumb suspense far more terrible than death.

The latch of the side door was lifted—nearer

through the passage came that cautious tread—then the door of the room opened, and a muffled form glided in. With a mighty effort Adam Græme broke the withering spell which had bound him.

"Helen, daughter!" burst from his lips.

With a low cry, like nothing human in its agonized intensity, the girl sprang forward and fell upon his neck. Neither spoke; but when the watcher roused from her slumber with an exclamation of fear and astonishment, Helen turned toward her,

"It is I, his daughter, Mrs. Prior. Go out, please."

The woman paused in new surprise, but Adam Græme reiterated the command in a tone which she dared not resist. She went out of the room, and left the father and child together.

"Have you forgiven me?" Helen cried.

"Speak, father—only a word!"

"Oh! child," he groaned, "it is for me to ask pardon! I know everything now! Come closer to me—put your face down to mine! I knew God would not let me die till I had seen you again."

"Father, father!"

"It is true, little one, I have been punished for my cruelty, smitten just as the proof was given that you were my child still."

"It was my doing! I deceived you—oh! had I dared to tell you the truth! But I had made a solemn vow, and I could not break it."

"Right, child! But it is cleared up now—in this box is the certificate of your marriage."

"It is too late——"

"No, I tell you; at least you can make that man expiate his sin."

"No, father, no; these are not thoughts for this time! I have seen the girl who believes herself his wife, I would bear all the disgrace again rather than bring such suffering upon her."

"Oh! these weary years," he moaned, after a pause. "I am glad to die, Helen, very glad—I have seen you, it was all I prayed for."

"You will live, father, you cannot leave me alone!"

"Hush, darling, it is better so! God sent you here—oh! He is good to me."

"I could not keep away; I have traveled day and night to hear you say that you forgave me."

"Bless you, my child, bless you! I can see your mother's look in your eyes to-night—it is like having her back again."

The girl laid her head down upon his bosom, trying to repress the burst of grief which came over her. He felt her tremble, and said soothingly,

"Don't cry, little one, I am an old man, and this is a hard world. Read to me, Helen, will you?"

She took the Bible from its accustomed place on the table, and opening to the psalms began to read. Her voice was tremulous and low, but it had lost nothing of its music; and the old man lay back quieted by the blessed words so fitted to his own situation.

"Thank you," he said, when she finished. "Come and sit by me now, perhaps I can sleep a little."

She sat down beside him, chafing his hands and trying to warm them in her own.

"Are you afraid to sit here alone with me?" he asked.

"Afraid? Oh! father!"

"I shall not live to see the morning, child, and I would like to die with no one near but you."

"It cannot be, father! I have not found you only to lose you again; father, you are deceived."

"No, Helen, from the first I knew that it was death, and it is very near me now. Sing to me, child, the hymn your mother taught you."

She began the quaint old melody, and as she proceeded her voice gathered strength till it sounded through the old house, and subdued to a solemn silence those who waited without.

When she ceased, her father had fallen into a light sleep, from which he soon woke, but his mind wandered, and he talked indistinctly of long past events, calling upon his wife, and haunted still by the image of Isabel Owen.

"Father," Helen said, softly, but he did not hear.

His voice died away, and his breathing grew heavier and more labored.

"Father!" she repeated, in alarm, and at that cry he roused himself.

"Is it you, little one?" he said, dreamily. "Come close to me—I am going fast."

"My father, oh! my father!" But when she saw how her grief distressed him she repressed

it, feeling it a sin to cast a shadow between his soul and the eternity so near at hand.

She heard him murmuring a prayer, and she joined in a broken voice.

"I hear you," he said, when it ceased; "but your voice sounds so far off. The lamp burns dim, Helen—no, it is not that! Kiss me once more, child—I am going now."

She wound her arms about him as if that embrace could detain the parting spirit—his head fell back upon her bosom—there was a low blessing in answer to her cry, and then Adam Græme lay dead in his daughter's arms.

A long hour passed, but she had not stirred. The dawn stole up into the sky grey and chill, paling the flickering lamp, and revealing the face of the dead man clasped close to the heart of his child.

As the daylight grew into morning, the watchers waiting without entered the room and found the girl still sitting there. They were all old neighbors, and knew perfectly the story of her disgrace and flight from her father's roof, so that in spite of the pity that scene excited, they regarded her with the holy indignation with which the world is wont to shrink from one who has transgressed its laws.

The woman who had been in the room that night when Helen Græme reached her home, went up to the bed and laid her hand on the cold forehead of the corpse.

"He has been dead several hours," she said, in that fearful whisper which people assume in the presence of sickness or death. "Why didn't you call us, Miss Græme?"

Helen started, for the first time conscious that she was not alone. She raised her eyes and looked drearily around, then allowed her head to fall forward upon the old man's bosom.

"I wanted to be alone with him," she murmured; "please leave us a little while longer."

The little group of women whispered together for a moment, then Mrs. Prior spoke again,

"We want to lay him out; you had better go away and sleep a little."

"I am not sleepy," she replied, in the same hopeless tone.

"Your poor pa suffered a great deal," said a self-sufficient-looking female, approaching the bed; "it's a pity you hadn't come back before." Helen made no answer, and Mrs. Prior drew the speaker away, whispering,

"Don't talk to her now, this is no time."

"Any time is right for doing our duty," replied Mrs. Maynard. "Did you know the old gentleman was sick?" she continued, addressing Helen.

"Yes," she said, abruptly.

"You have made him a world of trouble, I hope you have repented."

"Come away, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Prior, drawing her from the bed; "come with me a little while."

Helen did not resist her, allowing herself to be drawn toward the door.

"It is never too late for a sinner to return to the fold," continued Mrs. Maynard, in a nasal tone.

Helen turned round, pale and worn with suffering, and looked at her until the women all shrank from her glance.

"My father's blessing is on my head," she said, slowly, "do not you dare to come between me and that dead man's benediction."

There was no reply, no one looked up, and Mrs. Prior led Helen away, while the women stood about the bed conversing in whispers until the arrival of the men who were to prepare the body for burial.

"Try and eat a little," Mrs. Prior said, forcing the girl down to the table, and she complied, for she felt faint after her long fast.

"Don't mind what anybody here says," continued the kind woman; "you have come back, and the old man blessed you! How you are altered, but you've got a look of your mother still."

Helen could not weep, though those kind words unlocked the strange rigidity about her heart, and she pressed the withered hand that lay caressingly on her shoulder.

"Come up stairs and sleep a bit, you'll be better after."

"Let me go back to my father," she pleaded.

"They are busy there now," whispered Mrs. Prior; "come with me like a good girl."

She led Helen away, not to her old room, but the one which had always been the guest chamber of the house. The girl lay down upon the bed, and Mrs. Prior watched beside her until she had fallen asleep, then stole softly down stairs to the room, where the women were consulting about the arrangements.

"Where is she?" asked Mrs. Maynard.

"Up stairs asleep," replied Mrs. Prior, shortly.

"I'm afraid she's hardened in guilt," pursued the Pharisee; "I shall go up and pray with her."

"You leave her alone," exclaimed Mrs. Prior, indignantly. "I never did believe that girl was bad, and I don't now."

"I wonder she had the face to come back here," said a young girl, who had just come in.

"What are you here for?" said Mrs. Prior,

turning upon her. "If you are shocked, Jane Hogarth, you had better go home."

The neighbors stood a little in awe of the old lady, and for a time the conversation ceased, Mrs. Maynard consoling herself with groaning at intervals, and lifting her hands and eyes in pious horror whenever Mrs. Prior's back was turned.

It was late in the morning when Helen Græme woke from her deep sleep. She found Mrs. Prior in the room, and insisted upon going down stairs. They were obliged to pass through the parlor where the women sat at work upon the shroud. Their whispered conversation ceased when the girl appeared, and she knew that every eye was fastened upon her in scorn. She saw in a corner of the room a little knot of girls who had once been her friends, but not one of them approached to address her, and she passed on to the chamber where her father was lying.

Mrs. Prior went out, closed the door behind her, and left her alone with her dead. Helen drew back the sheet which concealed the face, and looked down upon the features beautiful in their untroubled repose. For the first time she wept, not bitterly, but tears which made her calm and strong. After awhile she rose from her knees, went to a table and unlocked the box which her father had pointed out. She opened a little drawer in it and took out the fragments of her marriage certificate, spread them upon the table and read the lines. Again that weakness rushed over her, but it was only momentary. She lit a lamp and held the paper in the flame until it was consumed, but the ashes she heaped carefully together and preserved—they were the last relic of her former life!

She returned to the bedside and sat down; for a long hour her vigil was uninterrupted, but at length the door opened—Helen looked up—she was standing face to face with Mrs. Trevor.

Helen did not move, but the lady started, evidently not expecting to see her there, and for a moment neither spoke.

"Did you wish to look at my father?" Helen said, calmly.

"I did not think to find you here," returned Mrs. Trevor; "nor when I came did I know that your father was dead—he had told me a lie, I wish, for his sake, he had lived to retract it."

"He told you the truth," was Helen's response, passionless as before; "my father was incapable of uttering a falsehood."

"At least I shall know how to guard myself and mine from your evil designs!" exclaimed Mrs. Trevor; "for your own sake, young woman, I advise you to remain very quiet."

"This is no place for such conversation, madam," said Helen; "nor have I any desire to hold it with you elsewhere—oblige me by leaving me alone."

Mrs. Trevor left the room without a word, half frantic with rage and fear. She had come down to Adam Græme's house to obtain from him the certificate, and had not understood the women when they told her that Helen was there. She had gone into the room hoping to find the paper secreted there, and the sight of the girl had startled her with passion and terror at the thought of what her intentions might be. She determined to battle it out to the last—the girl's reputation was ruined in the village, and if she attempted to assert her claims, the whole thing must boldly be pronounced a forgery.

Mrs. Trevor went directly to the house of the minister, a new-comer, and owing his place to her influence. She told the tale of the girl's wickedness, her depraved life since leaving her father's roof, and extorted from the clergyman a promise that he would refuse to deliver the funeral sermon if she were present.

The woman returned home more content—at least she would humble and insult the girl by every means in her power. She was only glad that Ralph was not there; she would have taken Lucy away at once, but she was unfit to travel, nor was there any plausible reason for their departure.

All that day Helen Græme watched beside her father's corpse, and when night came she refused to leave her post. Mrs. Prior had left her alone as much as possible, but the house was crowded with a succession of visitors, for the news of her return had spread through the neighborhood, and they were curious to see her.

Group after group came into the room—looked at the dead man—stared wonderingly at the watcher, and went out. Many of the faces were familiar to Helen—a few spoke kindly to her, but the greater number gazed as if she were some show set up for their wonder and surprise.

She watched alone that night, and at her especial request even Mrs. Prior did not enter the room. There was no fear in Helen Græme's heart, no passionate sorrow; she sat looking at the dead man's face, and holding his hand in her own with a dreary desolation which was the hopelessness of despair.

When morning came again, Mrs. Prior entered the room sobbing bitterly. She threw her arms about Helen's neck, crying,

"It is wicked, that it is! Don't you give up, my poor dear! No sin could be worse than that they are committing."

"What is it?" Helen asked, pointing toward her father, as if she feared the sounds of grief might wake him.

"It will break your heart when I tell you, but they will do it if I don't."

"Nothing can disturb me now," she replied; "tell me what they wish to do?"

"They won't allow you to go to your own father's funeral, the wicked heathens—the minister won't preach the sermon if you do."

Helen was silent for a time; a flood of crimson dyed her face, and she shuddered beneath this new sense of her shame.

"Oh! my father!" she murmured, "my father, surely this is expiation enough—help me, do help me!"

"I would have him carried somewhere else if I was you," exclaimed Mrs. Prior, "that I would."

"No," Helen said, "no, he must be buried beside my mother, and from the old church in the village."

"But what will you do? Oh! it is wicked!"

"I shall not go to the funeral," Helen replied, after another pause. "Perhaps it is just—my father blessed me, it is enough."

"You are an angel, that you are!" sobbed the poor woman; but again Helen checked her, she could not bear such boisterous grief in that room.

"Tell them Adam Græme's daughter will not be at his funeral," she said, calmly; "but till the time comes, I demand to be left at peace with my dead."

There was something in her tone which awed the woman and those who were listening outside. They shrunk back from the door and looked wonderingly at each other, but no one spoke.

"The funeral is at four o'clock this afternoon," whispered Mrs. Prior, drying her tears; "they are bringing the coffin now—you had best step into the back room."

Helen did as she requested, and remained there until the woman came back to say that all was ready, then she returned to her station beside the coffin.

She heard the murmur of voices and the tread of feet without, but no one disturbed her again. Each time the clock struck the hour, she clasped her arms about the coffin lid as if ready to resist any effort to separate her from the dead. Four o'clock sounded at last—the hour had come!

Helen knelt down and took her last farewell. The very sacrifice they had called upon her to make had restored her strength.

When the undertaker and his assistants entered, she drew back and allowed them to complete their work. A crowd of eager faces

appeared at the door, but Mrs. Prior kept them stoutly back, and when the coffin had been carried out closed the door again.

A hymn was sung, and then the minister knelt in prayer. Helen could hear the words distinctly, he asked God to forgive her all her wickedness and sin. She felt no anger, not even shame; she listened on her knees, praying also in her solitude.

Slowly the funeral train left the house and passed down the garden path to the road. They had no relatives, but Adam Græme had been much beloved, and in the procession there were many sincere mourners.

Helen watched them from the window until they had wholly disappeared, then she left the room and began walking over the deserted house. She entered every room and looked lingeringly around. Nothing had been changed—it might have been only yesterday that she sat beside her father's arm-chair and listened to his loving voice.

She went up to the chamber which had been her own; everything was as she had left it. She stood before the little mirror that had formerly reflected her girlish loveliness—beside it hung a little sketch of her as she was then, rendering the change even more striking.

The sight of that room and the host of memories which every familiar object aroused became too painful. She turned from the glass and walked out of the chamber without again looking back.

For an hour she paced up and down the broad hall which led into the porch—the very place where she had been accustomed from childhood to await her father's return home; and afterward, during that dream of happiness, to catch the first glance of the man who had used the power her affection gave him to thrust her forth from her sex, degraded and shunned by all who had known her.

The roof of Millbrook Farm house was visible through the tall trees, and Helen looked toward it recalling the past, which, for a season, had been resolutely put from her mind. There was no hatred in her heart—she despised herself for having loved the man, but her strong pride would have forbidden her attempting to revenge her wrongs, even if pity for the girl who believed herself his wife had not prevented her. There were times when a hope flashed across her soul that they might both have been the victims of some deep treachery. She understood Mrs. Trevor sufficiently to feel that there was nothing to which she would not stoop in order to gain her ends—but then the impossibility of

any interference recurred to her, and she was forced to allow the fatal truth to crush down upon her heart again.

Helen felt that she could not linger long in that place. She had suffered so much in that old house that she could never again find peace there; the misery and disgrace which had there fallen upon her cast its shadow over the walls, and darkened every holy memory which should have clung round the home of her childhood. She could not endure either to meet again the envious or scornful glances of those who had once loved and respected her.

No, she must go away; out into the world again; back to her busy life and the toils of her profession. She had no longer a home—oh! bitterest reflection that can smite any human soul! Her father was dead—in all the world she had scarcely a friend! And this must go on for years—she was very young still, and there was no hope of release; the fame she might win would be only an added pain, the adulation which followed her but a hollow mockery of the affection her worn heart so deeply craved.

So she moved silently up and down the long hall. Suddenly the bell of the village church tolled solemnly—in her anguish she had not heard when the funeral train left the house, but now it smote upon her ear—they were carrying the coffin down to the grave-yard!

She must reach the spot before the grave was filled up—she could not allow her father to be buried without one more look.

Her shawl was lying near, she caught it up and ran frantically out of the house, forgetful of the exposure, the shame she might bring upon herself, mad with the thought that she might arrive too late.

The grave-yard was in the outskirts of the village, and from instinct she turned into a path which gave admittance to it without passing the procession. She reached the gate and entered the place. From where she stood the open grave was distinctly visible—the crowd stood round—the clergyman's voice was audible in the solemn service—they were lowering the coffin into the grave.

Then her reason came back—she could not desecrate her father's burial by the scene to which her presence might give rise. She crouched down in a little hollow and waited for the end. Every hollow fall of the earth upon the coffin lid made her clench her hands together in mute agony, as if some portion of her life went out with the sound; but she bore it all without once again looking up or trying to rise.

All was over at length—she heard the train disperse—and when the gates closed behind them she struggled to her feet. There was no one in sight—at last Adam Græme's daughter was free to approach his grave! She rushed forward and fell upon the fresh turf, calling on her father and begging for some sign of his presence. That frenzy of grief passed—she stood up again silent and calm.

The sun was near its setting, and its broad beams fell upon the grave and lighted up the sombreness of the place. She remained looking round the familiar spot. Close to her father's side was her mother's grave—a little beyond that of a baby brother, who had died before her remembrance. These were all she had to love, and between them and her was eternity!

A step sounded through the silence—her name was pronounced in accents of wild entreaty—Helen Græme turned and saw the man who had been her husband standing before her. The sight froze every faculty; she could not speak nor move, could only gaze in his face in dumb silence.

"Helen!" he groaned; "oh! my God, Helen!"

Still she did not speak—looking at him always with the same strange and unnatural gaze.

"Don't you know me?" he cried; "don't you see that it is I—Ralph, your——"

She checked the utterance of the word with a gesture of command. She was herself again, the tide of memory and grief had rolled back, leaving only scorn and the fierce burning of her wrongs.

"Not that name!" she exclaimed, "do not dare to utter it—we are standing by my father's grave."

"Listen to me, Helen——"

"There is no need! Why have you intruded upon me here? What right have you to cross my path, or to thrust yourself between me and the dead?"

"For God's sake, Helen, hear me!"

"Not a word! There is your way, Ralph Trevor—yonder lies mine—let our paths never cross again."

"I came to explain—to tell you——"

"Here, in this spot? You and I dug that old man's grave, do not desecrate it by your presence."

"It was not my fault—I was weak, but not wicked—only listen to me."

"It is too late—look at that grave—there can be no atonement now."

"There can, there shall, Helen!"

"Do not insult me by such words; I bid you leave me."

"I cannot, I must speak! I have searched for you for weeks, I must speak now."

"Then I will go! You have driven me from my home and my friends; now force me to quit the last place of refuge left to me."

She turned to depart, but he caught her hand and fell upon his knees before her.

"Only hear me—a word, and then I will leave you forever."

"Not one; you excite only contempt in my mind. I feel no grief now, Ralph Trevor; I have endured so much, my heart has been so seared with misery and disgrace that there is no tender feeling left."

"I know how you must hate and despise me, but do not leave me till you have heard that which I came here to say."

She struggled still in his grasp, but he would not let her go.

"You must not, you shall not—by your father's memory, I implore you to stay!"

"Oh! this is too much!" she cried; "God forgive you, man, for daring to take that name upon your lips."

He rose from the ground with all his old pride, still holding fast her hand.

"I dare do it," he said, "because I am not guilty."

She looked in his face, so wan and wasted with suffering, and the woman came back to her hear again.

"Be it so," she replied; "but this is no time for that assertion."

"When, where—only tell me?"

"Never!" she exclaimed, violently. "The time is past—wait till you meet my father face to face in eternity."

He dropped her hand, but his eyes did not fall beneath her scorching glance.

"I shall have no fear! Then, Helen, you will wish that you had listened to me; anything is better than to despise one whom we have loved."

"You are right! Had you been a bad, hardened man, soiled with some crime which made you an outcast, I would have clung to you still; had you been cruel I should yet have loved you; but you shrunk weakly from the consequences of your own acts, you feared to acknowledge to the world that which your heart had prompted you to do—you proved yourself a dastard, a coward, and, therefore, I despise you."

"It is false, Helen, I tell you it is false! I was deceived, dealt by treacherously! I should have been proud of your love—proud to call you my wife——"

"Hush," she interrupted, "your wife awaits your coming in yonder old house! Did you

find any ghosts there to haunt you, Ralph Trevor?"

"The ghost of my lost happiness, no other, Helen!"

"And a living reproach in the presence of that poor girl whom you wronged as much as you did me, for even if you loved her, your love was degradation—your marriage vow a lie—your bridal kiss a sin!"

"No lie, Helen, no sin——"

"Were you not perjured—a criminal by the law?"

"No, for I believed you dead!"

She had been standing before him erect and storn, but when he spoke those words she staggered back, and would have fallen if he had not supported her.

"Dead!" she repeated, "you believed me dead?"

"As surely as I stand here; they brought me proof which I could not disbelieve."

"But you had gone away—you had left me!"

"You will hear me now, Helen, I know you will."

"Speak," she muttered, from between her white lips; "anything would be better than to loathe your memory. Go on, Ralph."

She leaned against the head-stone of her mother's grave, looking full in his face still, and seeing through all the change and sorrow visible there, the same truth which had brightened there in former years.

"I had not left you, Helen!" he exclaimed, in breathless haste. "I went away with my mother—for weeks I was near death, and no tidings came from you. I was forced to go to Europe—that poor girl's fortune had been endangered by my mother's means, and honor forced me to go. I wrote again and again—I had but a day's preparation—I could scarcely stand—when I had strength enough to reflect, the ocean rolled between you and me——"

He broke off abruptly, the sharp agony of his voice would have brought conviction in the face of any opposing proof.

"Go on," muttered Helen, "go on."

"I went to France, my mother and Lucy Markham were with me; that winter I could not come back—I should have died on the journey, and for your sake, Helen, I wished to live. Months passed, but no news; spring came—I determined to return when there came that fearful letter—you were dead."

"Who wrote?—who?"

"My mother's agent—she too believed it—she was innocent there. Then a year passed—Lucy

loved me—my mother brought about the marriage, how I cannot tell! I was resigned, I tried to be grateful for her affection, but day and night your image forced itself between us and thrust her from my heart. I never learned the truth till my return—I saw you at the theatre—since then I have never been able to find you. Think what I have suffered—I have spoken the truth—you must believe me!"

"Thank God!" burst from her pallid lips; "oh! thank God! Father," she cried, throwing herself beside the new-made grave, "do you not know all now?—my father, oh! my father!"

"Helen!" he cried, alarmed by the wild passion which shook her frame; "hear me out, Helen!"

"It is enough," she cried, "you were worthy of my love; I was not degraded—it is enough!" He caught her to his heart with wild kisses. Neither remembered the gulf which separated them—the terrible reality which loomed between them and their happiness.

Suddenly Helen slipped from his arms and sank again upon the grave.

"Our child, Ralph," she moaned, "our little baby; it died in the blackest of my despair."

"Our child!" he repeated, wildly; "and it is dead, oh! Helen, Helen!"

For the first time his courage and manhood gave way; he threw himself down beside Helen and wept aloud.

"Darling," she murmured, winding her arms about his neck, and soothing him as she had been wont to do in any sorrow, "it was better so. Don't cry, Ralph, don't cry!"

For many moments they knelt there, encircled in each other's arms, forgetful of everything but the moment. The sun had set, a few rays colored the distant hills, but the grave-yard was wrapped in shadow.

"Helen," murmured Ralph, "mine again—I have found you, my darling, my wife."

Those words roused the girl from her bewildering dream; she started from his arms with a shudder of horror and self-abhorrence.

"Lucy," she gasped, "poor Lucy!"

"My God! I had forgotten her!"

He writhed upon the ground in the impotency of despair, and for a time Helen had no comfort to offer.

"She must not be made wretched," Helen said, at last; "think of her! Oh! Ralph, I saved her life——"

"I knew that it was you—she heard your name—brave Helen! You would have loved her so, she is so gentle, so kind, if she had but been my sister! But now—what are we to do? Advise

me, Helen, tell me what to do, which way to turn?"

"We can do nothing, Ralph!"

"What, must we be condemned to misery when it is no fault of ours—made wholly wretched?"

"Better suffer ourselves than bring suffering upon one like her! Oh! Ralph, I can bear anything now! My trust in you is restored—it is happiness enough after all that I have endured."

"But you are mine, my wife, I cannot, I will not lose you!"

"Hush, Ralph! When we leave this place we part forever—you to the duty which lies before you, and I to mine! We must not meet again—at least not till years hence."

"You will drive me mad, Helen, I cannot bear this! To have found you only for a moment—oh! it cannot be!"

"Is it not happiness in comparison with the misery of the past? Do not murmur, Ralph; thank God for the goodness He has shown to us."

"I will not be made wretched, Helen; I have a right to my happiness, and I will claim it!"

"You would not crush the heart of that poor girl to seek it?"

He groaned and hid his face.

"Poor Lucy! Oh! how can I live on, Helen, in this blackness! Every smile, every look from her will be a reproach! Since I learned that you were alive, I have shrunk from her like a guilty wretch—I longed to deliver myself up as a criminal—to tell her all—then the sight of her sweet face would check me, and I would rush away to hide my despair as best I might."

"She must never know it, Ralph! Think of the disgrace——"

"You have borne it—my weakness and folly brought it upon you."

"I was more able to bear it than she! No, Ralph, a little calm thought will show you how impossible it would be for us to be happy at the expense of that poor girl's affection; we could never respect one another, and without that what love can bring happiness?"

There was silence for a time. At last Ralph said with a forced resignation upon his face,

"I feel that you are right, Helen, in a degree; but to think what I have done—one of you must suffer——"

"Let it be me, Ralph; I have something to support me now—the consciousness that you truly loved me; but Lucy would have nothing, it would kill her, Ralph."

"But oh! it will be terrible!"

"I know it; oh! Ralph, I pity you! My burthen is light in comparison to that which you will have to bear. But you will be kind to

Lucy—cherish her tenderly—you will remember, will you not?"

"Everything which you tell me, Helen! But you, what will you do, where will you go?"

"Back to the life I have chosen."

"It seems fearful."

"It has been my greatest consolation; without it, Ralph, I must have gone mad! I have never ceased to thank heaven for the gift bestowed upon me."

"And we part—oh! Helen, when shall we meet again?"

"Never, unless fate throws us again for a little time together; of our own wills we must never see each other more."

"Helen, my Helen!"

"Do not plead with me, do not destroy my courage! Help me to bear all that lies before me."

"And your father?" he asked, with one of those sudden changes from one sad thought to another which suffering is wont to bring. "You saw him—he knew you?"

"He died blessing me, Ralph! He had found the certificate of our marriage—look here."

She took from her bosom a small packet and unsealed it.

"These are the ashes; I thought to keep them as a bitter remembrance, but they have become a holy relic."

"I shall wear a portion of them, Helen—give them to me. I could not tell what brought me to this place; my mother had come and brought Lucy, in spite of my opposition, and something bade me follow. I reached the village just as the funeral procession reached it; I thought I should have died when they told me whose it was. I went to the house—my mother met me, pale and strange, but she would give me no explanation; and Lucy, poor Lucy, was so pained by my manner. I could not greet her cordially, Helen—her kiss froze me—I left the house, and came here to ask forgiveness at this grave."

"He has forgiven us, Ralph, I feel it! It is growing late, I must return."

"Not yet, not yet! Don't leave me! Helen, Helen, let us be happy; fate has dealt so hardly with us—we cannot submit—tell me that you will not."

"I shall not listen! Let me go, Ralph, let me go!"

"I will not! You are mine, mine!"

He clasped her tightly in his arms, and for a moment she lay passive in his embrace, then she struggled to free herself.

"Let me go, Ralph; remember your promise—remember Lucy!"

"My darling, my wife!" he repeated, folding her closer to his heart; "my own wife!"

There was a low moan like that of a breaking heart, and when they turned they saw Lucy Markham half lying upon the grave, and gazing into their faces with a mute horror which could find no vent in words.

"She is dead!" cried Helen; "we have killed her."

They raised her tenderly, she had only fainted; but it was long before she could articulate a word.

"It was not a dream," she cried, at last; "I did hear it—you are his wife—and I?"

Ralph strove to soothe her, but she shrunk from him in terror.

"Take me home, lady," she pleaded; "I do not fear you—oh! if you had left me to die that night! You will not hate me—I shall not trouble you long—only take me home."

They forgot their own grief in trying to calm

hers, but she only shrunk farther from Ralph, pleading still with Helen like a frightened child.

"Take me to your home—do take me home!"

"Go away, Ralph," Helen said; "she will be better with me."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Lucy. "But will you take me? Oh! you cannot, you hate me—only kill me, do kill me!"

"Lucy, Lucy!" cried Ralph, but his voice increased her frantic excitement.

"I must not see you—don't look at me! Go away, go away! Please take me with you, lady, in all the world I have no place to which I can turn."

Helen supported her in her arms and led her slowly away. Ralph remained looking after them until they were lost to sight among the trees. He made no effort to follow, did not even call after them, but stood in dumb silence beneath this last blow. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

SONG.

BY L. MIRANDA STILES.

I HAVE met a child with a form of grace,
And a step like the bounding fawn.
With jetty black eyes and a sad, sweet face,
And her name was Barbara Baun.
Dear Barbara Baun!
Sweet Barbara Baun!
How oft I have roamed with her hand in mine
Over the flowery lawn!
Oh! I loved her then, but I loved her more
As the months and the years sped on;
The ties that united our hearts before
Were closer and closer grown.
Dear Barbara Baun!
Sweet Barbara Baun!
No name so shrined in my inmost soul
As that of Barbara Baun.

She wearily tossed on her couch of pain,
When the flush of health was gone;
And the tears gushed out of my heart like rain
For my own dear Barbara Baun.
Dear Barbara Baun!
Fruit Barbara Baun!
My hope went out with the pure young life
Of charming Barbara Baun.
Oh! I'll know her there by the star of love
That shineth her brow upon;
When we meet in the beautiful home above,
I and my Barbara Baun.
Dear Barbara Baun!
Sweet Barbara Baun!
My soul is linked by a deathless tie
To beautiful Barbara Baun

THE MEADOW LARK.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

I HEARD the distant thunder drum,
Throbbing behind the hills afar,
I saw the darkening rain-storm come
With lightning couriers at its car,
But heeded not the warning note,
Nor hastened to my sheltering home,
The meadow lark with open throat
And flashing wing cleared all the dome.
His presence makes the meadows green,
His song the thunder stops to hear,
And stormy skies look down serene,
When the laureate of the fields is near.

How gracefully he cuts the air
With his brown wings and breast of gold!
Perched on the stalk a blossom there,
How sweet the song his pinions fold!
His nest so soft, and warm, and round,
Is hid among the grass and weeds
In the sweet bosom of the ground,
And there his callow brood he feeds.
So modest men of genius hide
Their noble deeds from public stare;
But He who sways the wind and tide
Is the great witness present there.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1779.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Be still, little Paul, be still."

She had a clear, bright voice, and it leaped like a pleasant tune along the young man's pulses—the young man who had just come round the side of the house and looked inside the door. This happened a long, long time ago, reader, for the last summer of the eighteenth century had just married itself to the autumn, but his kisses had not yet crimsoned her cheek with blushes. She still looked fresh and young in the robe which the May had woven for her.

Amy Nash was "picking over" frost grapes that afternoon for preserving. She sat in the large, old arm-chair, which her great-grandfather had brought over from England a century before, when he made up his mind to "settle in the colonies."

A large tray piled with clusters of the purple fruit stood on a high stool at the girl's left side, and as she lifted the bunches the sunlight that rippled through the narrow window-panes sparkled among the fruit, until each cluster looked like a great purple vase enameled with gold. But even then they didn't look half so pretty as the girl whose small, brown fingers quickly plucked the grapes from the stems, and dropped them into the great yellow bowl on her lap.

Amy Nash had a face that suited her voice, young and bright, with the daintiest little dimples in the corners of her cheeks; and blue eyes, full of sparkles and quick changes; and sunny brown hair, full of ripples, running in smooth plaits round the small ears, and gathered into a heavy roll at the back of her head.

Her cheeks were *not* like peach blossoms, the bright, warm glow of youth sat strong and stately in them, as the ripe flush did in the apples hiding themselves amid green branches in the orchard.

Amy Nash was her father's oldest daughter; and she had been motherless for three years; and Paul, her young brother, was nearly four.

Between these two there had come half a dozen young faces, and half a dozen little graves, amid which now lay the mother's.

Amy was nineteen; her father was a farmer, with a few acres of orchard, and meadow, and pasture land, which was enough for the simple wants of the little family on earth, and his heart was much with the larger family in heaven.

The house, where Amy Nash was born, was a low, long, brown cottage, built a quarter of a century before the Revolution, and the wide, old kitchen, with its brown rafters frescoed with flakes of sunlight, the shelves running along one side with their brightly scoured milk-pans; and the old-fashioned chest of drawers, with the shining brass handles, made a pleasant, quaint old back-ground to the bright picture of fair Amy Nash in her chintz dress and muslin ruffles; with the little, plump, black-eyed, mischief-loving rogue, who was poking his restless hand and small, fat fingers into every place where it was especially desirable that they should be kept out.

There was a rap at the door, and Amy started and looked up hastily. The young man walked in. "Don't trouble yourself to get up, Miss Amy. I hope you're well to-day."

"Very, thank you, Richard," and she gave him one of the small brown hands stained with the broken grapes.

Richard Morris had a dark, handsome face, and a jaunty air; but a strict scrutiny of the face did not give one entire satisfaction. There was a certain coarseness and weakness about the mouth, and the eyes had a reserved, cautious expression, which enforced the character of the mouth. But Richard's good looks and agreeable manners made him a great favorite with all the young girls in Wood Farms; and as he had passed a couple of years with his uncle in the city; and as he was now clerk of the only store in the village, which combined dry-goods, groceries, hardware, stationery, and a multitude of other departments, Richard Morris fancied himself the solitary young gentleman of the village.

He had always had a fancy for Amy Nash; and perhaps the slight indifference which the farmer's pretty daughter manifested for the handsome clerk, piqued his vanity and stimulated his preference.

He took the chair which she offered him, and they chatted awhile of various things, of the husking frolic at Deacon Slade's, and the dance over to Pike's tavern; and of the promise of the orchards and the nuts, that season, with little side currents of village gossip, and heaps between of Amy's sweet, low running laughter.

And at last, Richard related some anecdotes

of the French Revolution, which he had come across in an old paper, for the "Reign of Terror" was, at that time, one of the principal topics of conversation in New England farm houses, when they pared the apples and poured the golden cider around their birch fires; and the glow faded away from the girl's cheeks, and her blue eyes were blurred with tears as she listened to the recital of those fearful tales.

At last there came a pause. Richard Morris tapped his boot a moment meditatively with his cane, and then he spoke suddenly,

"Do you know, Amy, the singin'-school opens next week, in the school-house at South End?"

"Yes; Melissy Dike was tellin' me so, yesterday. (Paul, you naughty boy, you must let grandma's yarn alone.) Don't you think they're early about gettin' up singin'-school this year?"

"Well, the evenin's are beginnin' to grow long, you know, and then they're musterin' a strong company this fall."

"So they say: but, dear me! it's a lonesome place to go through Black Woods. It a'ways makes me shudder to hear the owls hootin' there in the evenin'."

"Well, Miss Amy, if you'll allow me to have your company this fall to the singin'-school, I'll engage to scare all the owls off."

"I thank you, Mr. Morris," stammered Amy. "I should be very happy to go with you, but I'm——" and here she came to a dead stop, crushing the berries in her embarrassment until the rich juice gushed out and dyed her fingers.

"Why, Miss Amy, you don't mean to say your company's engaged, this year, to Allan Parsons? I didn't think o' such a thing after what he said to Sally Stevens the other night."

The blood burned along the cheeks of Amy Nash. "I didn't say I was engaged to anybody," and the drooping head sat up loftily as a duchess's on the dainty neck; and Richard Morris felt that the arrow had struck home, that he had stirred up the high spirit of his young hostess.

"No, I know you didn't, Amy, and I spoke afore I thought."

"Well, I should very much like to know, anyhow, what liberties Allan Parsons has been takin' with my name, anyhow?" and the blue eyes flashed out an imperative confirmation of the demand.

"Oh! nothin', nothin' worth repeatin', Miss Amy."

"See here, Richard Morris, I *must* know. Don't hold it back, not that he's anything especial to me, or that I set any great value on his sayin's; but if he's been slanderin' me to Sally

Stevens, it's but fair that I should know it, and if you're my friend you'll tell me."

He drew his chair a little nearer the excited girl. "Well, I've always been that, Amy, ever since we used to stand side by side in the spellin'-class together, and to prove this to you, I'll promise to repeat what Allan said, if you'll give me your sacred word of honor that you'll never mention it to a soul, for it goes against my feelin's to betray an old schoolmate."

"I promise you." She said it as though she dared not trust her voice to speak farther; and when she passed up her hand to smooth the ruffle around her neck, Richard Morris saw that the fingers shook like leaves in a storm.

"Well," hitching his chair yet a little nearer his companion, "you know there was a little gatherin' at Ellen Wright's, jest over the hill, last week. They're distant cousins of the Parsons's, so they was all invited, and Sally Stevens is Mrs. Wright's step-sister's child, so of course she was on hand."

"Well, after the plays was over, and they was all eatin' cake, and countin' apple seeds, Sally turned suddenly round to Allan, who'd kept close to her all the evenin' as a calf to a cow, and sez she,

"'I s'pose we'll see you on hand at singin'-school among the earliest with Miss Amy'"

"'I can't answer for Miss Amy, but I can for myself, Sally,' he answered, and I couldn't help hearin' this, for I was jest behind them, close to the window where they sat."

"'Why, she hasn't give you the mitten, has she?' asked Sally."

"'No; nor I ain't give her a chance.'"

"'Matters look as if you intended to pretty soon, anyhow.'"

"'Well, then, all I've got to say is, matters are very deceitful. Amy ain't got no brother, as you know, and so bein' Tom's spoken for you, Sally, I out of charity like take Amy to the huskin's, and apple bees, and singin'-schools, and whatever turns up, but I've no more serious thoughts toward Amy Nash than I have toward my grandmother.'"

Amy sat still while Richard Morris related this conversation. She sat still, except for the quick beating of her feet on the carpet and the gnawing of her under lip: but beneath all this quiet surged a sea of wounded maiden pride, and though she would not have owned it to herself, of womanly affection. Quick, indignant blushes burned over her cheeks as she greedily drank in the words: and when the young man concluded, she confronted him with her level, flashing eyes. "And you heard Allan Parsons

say all this with your own ears, say that he waited on me out of charity?"

For a moment Richard shrank, but those level eyes were on his face. It was too late to falter now.

"Of course he did. Do you s'pose, Miss Amy, I should tell you anything but the truth?"

She did not answer his question, but the glowing lips curled with a freezing scorn that would have become an insulted princess. "Well, all I have to say now is, that I shall give Mr. Parsons no farther opportunity to exercise his charity toward me." And her tones said more plainly than any words, that the subject must be pursued no farther.

And herein Amy Nash indicated plainly her right and title to that name of lady—that name so often misapplied of men, but only bestowed of God! A less finely grained nature, when so stung in its most sensitive part, would have gone into all sorts of disavowals of any regard for Allan Parsons, and heaped contemptuous epithets on that young gentleman, but Amy's silent scorn was more emphatic.

Richard's face flushed out with a sudden triumph. "Well, Amy, you will do me a most charitable deed, by allowin' me to have the pleasure of your company to singin'-school this fall."

He was regarded by all the girls as the "smartest" beau in the village; and though there had been occasional rumors of his having been "wild" in the city, they were quite forgotten in his agreeable presence; and then it would be such a triumph over Allan Parsons. Amy was not long in answering, "I shall be very happy to go with you."

At that moment farmer Nash entered the kitchen. He was a tall, broad-chested, stalwart man, his honest face browned and seamed by hard labor. He seemed a little surprised to see his daughter's guest, but greeted him cordially.

The two men chatted together a little while about the weather, the crops, &c.; and then farmer Nash called out suddenly, "Why, Amy, what in the world is that boy up to? He's a slashin' into that new seine!"

There was no help for it now. The little rogue had seized his grandmother's shears, and for once, secure from his sister's watchful eyes, had gashed the two yards of seine which she had netted two days before. His black eyes sparkled half with terror, half with triumph, when he found he was discovered in the surreptitious employment he had enjoyed so vastly. But Paul was a spoiled child, and he escaped

with impunity; and after a hearty laugh, Richard rose to leave.

"You will remember next Tuesday night, Amy?"

"I will remember."

"Amy, what sent Richard Morris round here?" asked her father, as she turned away from the door.

"Oh! he came to see me. Have you any objections, father?"

"Not's I know on, child. Dick's a scrumptious-lookin' fellow, but when you've lived to be as old as I, you won't set so great store on fine feathers. I alwys had a feelin' that he ain't so reliable a young man as Allan Parsons."

"Well, I'm sure what Allan Parsons is, is no concern o' mine, but I don't think he's anything to boast of," answered Amy, with a toss of her head: then she added quickly, "Won't you jest go out in the barn and see if there's any eggs, father, while I slice up some ham and get the tea-kettle on, as it's a'most time for supper?"

Allan Parsons whistled an old-fashioned psalm tune to himself, as he pushed in the back-board to the old cart, which contained the last load of corn that he intended to gather for that day. The large golden ears, around which tangled the faded skeins of silk, while the long, withered leaves fell away from them, told their own story of an abundant harvest.

Allan Parsons was a young, strong-limbed, broad chested man, with a most pleasant countenance, not handsome, but intelligent and manly, and with thick, silken brown hair clustering above it. He was a farmer, as was his father before him, and the second of eight children. His family were in comfortable circumstances, though by no means wealthy, and Allan had begun to take his father's place on the farm, as the life of the latter was falling into old age.

The young farmer could not have told himself when he first began to love Amy Nash. It seemed to him he had always done this, for he had dragged her over the snows on his sled to school before her little mouth, red as the ruby in his mother's wedding brooch, could plainly articulate his name; and all along the years in which they had come up to man and womanhood, was strung like jewels the memory of the nuttings, and berryings, and apple gatherings they had had together, and the little golden head had been his especial charge and pride.

For the last two years he had waited on the girl steadily, thus keeping aloof many other suitors, for Amy was a great favorite with all who knew her.

Yet Allan Parsons had never been able to open

his soul to the woman of his love, and show her where in its holiest inner chamber she stood serene and glorified.

Perhaps it was the very depth and integrity of his devotion which made it so difficult for him to fashion into words the story of his love, but these always failed him in the presence of its object; and a sudden fear would thrill his nerves and sink his heart, that perchance his suit might not win acceptance. And then Allan Parsons could not endure, like many sensitive natures, to have his regard for Amy the topic of jest and innuendo.

Sally Stevens was a sparkling, mischief-loving girl of twenty, and she took a world of pleasure in tormenting Allan about Amy, with no real intention of annoying the young man, but simply out of her love of mischief.

Now most "lies crystallize round a nucleus of truth." Richard Morris had listened to Sally's jests at the house of her aunt, but he had entirely changed the tone and sentiment of the young farmer's awkward embarrassed replies to the jests of his friend. He did indeed affirm, that as Amy had no brother, he was always ready to devote himself to her, especially as Sally was engaged; but he did not utter one word which Amy Nash herself would not have been flattered to hear; but Richard had, as I said, taken a fancy to the girl, and he was resolved to circumvent Allan, toward whom he felt that spite which petty natures often do toward those who come in their way.

But that night, as he went humming a psalm tune out of the field with his last load of corn, and occasionally cracking his whip on the sides of his fat oxen, Allan Parsons made up his mind to go over that very evening to the brown house and invite Amy to attend the singing-school, and say to her those words which it costs a man and a love like his so much to say to a woman; but as he put up the bars of the corn field, Richard Morris walked out of the little brown gate whistling triumphantly, and saying to himself, "I've fixed you now, Allan Parsons."

"Thank you, Mr. Parsons, I'm already engaged for the singin'-school this fall."

She said these words in a cold, steady voice, meantime winding one of Paul's golden rings of hair round her fingers. For a moment the man sat thunderstruck. The reserve of Amy's manner had troubled him ever since he entered the house, but these last words of hers fairly overwhelmed him.

"Why, Amy, I thought that you knew I intended to ask you," he stammered, after a brief silence which had fallen between them.

"How should I know that?—and then I didn't like to be so much indebted to your charity."

The cruel words wounded him still deeper, though he did not, of course, understand the hidden sarcasm which Amy intended to give them. He sat a few moments trying to conceal by an occasional common-place remark the storm which surged through his soul, and then took his leave.

And Amy Nash laid Paul on the wooden settee in the little parlor, for his golden head was drooping with slumber, like the flowers of the golden rose in the autumn night dews, and then she sat down, buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of bitter weeping.

Allan Parsons strode madly off to a little belt of birch woods a half mile from the cottage. He threw himself down under the thick trees, where even the solemn glances of the stars could not reach him, and the storm that raved through his being was wild and hopeless.

He felt as a man must whose life has been suddenly, cruelly blasted—whose hopes and ambitions are all cut down in their youth; for he had not had, for years, a dream or a joy that did not gather around sweet Amy Nash. And now the low stifled sobs grew hushed at last; and then Allan Parsons heard the katydids in the grass, and the buzzing of the insects; and all the soft sounds of that still summer evening fell like dew and healing upon his heart. He had been brought up with one grand truth held ever before him, environing his life, and permeating it to the deepest core, that "God liveth and reigneth in the counsels of men." And now in its sore need, the soul of Allan Parsons looked unto God, and He strengthened him.

He would be a man still; not for the sake of any woman, though she was knit up close among the finest fibres of his being, should he wreck the life God had given him, while it was yet in the dew of its youth. But he could not remain where Amy Nash was, and feel that she would never be his, and perhaps see her another's. And he bowed down his head a moment under the sharp torture, as this thought rushed over him. He would go away to sea, and, amid new scenes and associations, bury in the slow falling dust of years the lost love of his youth.

And to his honor be it written that Allan Parsons made this resolve—to his honor be it told that he did not let the loss of a woman break his life—that he stood up with the strength of a man—nay, of a human soul—and said, "God helping me, I will bear it." So at last he rose up from the damp grass, after that long wrestle with his agony, and went homeward, and the

stars set in the midnight looked down steady and solemn upon him.

Two weeks had passed. Allan had announced his intention of going to sea to his family, and they had heard it in unspeakable surprise and consternation. But arguments and entreaties availed nothing with his dogged resolution, as it seemed to his relatives. The truth is, the poor fellow was suffering so keenly that he longed to be away; and he was one of those natures that, at such a crisis, seeks neither confidence nor sympathy from others.

He had made arrangements to ship on a vessel bound for the West Indies, the next week; and, one night, a strange impulse seized the young man to go to farmer Nash's, and look, for the last time, upon the cottage which still held what was dearest to him on earth.

It was a pleasant autumn night, and Allan Parson's heart ached as he caught sight of the steep, blackened roof, and remembered how often that first glance had stirred his soul with delirious dreams.

He kept on until he had reached the high stone wall which ran in front of the garden and cottage, and here he suddenly stumbled upon some person.

They recognized each other in a moment—Richard Morris and Allan Parsons.

"So ho! that's you, is it, Allan? I'd just got up to the front gate when I saw a shadow movin' along, and thought I'd step on and see what 'twas. Comin' to see your old flame, eh?"

The words, and the braggart manner, stung Allan almost past endurance; especially as he felt certain, from Richard's attentions to Amy, that he had succeeded him in her affections.

"If you mean by my old flame, Miss Nash, I was not goin' to see her; though I'll take the liberty to ask you not to speak of her ag'in to me in that fashion."

"What! angry at being cut out, Allan? The prize, you know, is to the swiftest runner, as the wife is to the smartest fellow."

Allan fairly glared on the man.

"Let me pass, Richard Morris, I don't want to stand here parleyin' with such as you."

Richard burst into a taunting laugh.

"What sour grapes, my man! Jest go in, now, and ask Amy which she sets the greatest value on; I can afford to be generous now, you see, 'cause she belongs to me."

This last taunt stung Allan to madness.

"Well," hardly knowing what he said, "if she does belong to you, she belongs to a sneakin' coward, a liar, a villain!"

Richard Morris was a fiery-tempered man.

He clenched his fist and struck Allan a blow on the face that made him stagger backward.

But Allan was the stronger of the two, and the next moment the two men closed in a deadly wrestle. It was fierce, but short. In a few seconds Allan had hurled his antagonist to the ground, and planted his foot on his breast; and then the young man sailed out of the small cloud which had covered her face like folds of pearl-colored muslin; and Richard Morris looked up, and he saw the face of his foe bent with deadly vengeance over him.

"Oh! don't murder me, Allan, don't!" he cried. And at that moment the demon that had arisen went down in the soul of Allan Parsons; and the memory of that blessed old line in the prayer that his mother taught him, came over his lips, "Forgive us our enemies."

He stood a moment looking down on his prostrate rival, and the man's better nature rose and triumphed.

"No, Richard," he said, "I won't murder you, and God forgive me for the madness that was in my soul. You've robbed me of what was dearer to me than my life. You've wrecked my happiness for this world; and, jest as I was about going away, a lonely, wretched man, you came here to-night and taunted me with your triumph, and my loss, in words a saint couldn't ha' stood. But God has said, 'Vengeance is mine,' so get up and go for all harm o' mine."

And the young farmer turned and walked quickly away; and Richard Morris rose up slowly, and shook himself like a man in a dream, and limped off; but he did not go to Amy Nash's that night, and whether there was remorse in his soul, God knoweth."

"Allan! Allan!"

He was just turning the gate latch when the soft voice slid along his ear, and the soft hand glided along his arm. It seemed, in the darkness almost like a ghost's, but Allan's heart had no need to fear this, so he put down his face close to the speaker's, and then,

"Amy Nash!"

"Yes, it is I, Allan! I've been waiting for you two whole hours, under the chesnut tree in the lane, for I knew you'd come to-night."

"What does it all mean, Amy? I must be dreamin'," said the young man, and he passed his hand over his eyes.

She put down her lips close to his ear.

"It means, Allan, that I was right behind the stone wall to-night, and heard all that you and Richard Morris said to each other!"

He knew then that it was not a dream; and when, after having uttered these words, Amy

fairly staggered against him, out of mingled excitement and exhaustion, he took her up in his arms and carried her to the old wooden bench that stood just inside his father's yard.

"Amy, is it true, what Richard said, that you have promised to be his wife?" These were the first words he asked her.

"Never! never!"

"Thank God! thank God!"

And then, when she had grown a little calmer, she told him how she had been out to the wood, just after dark, to find some chips, for Paul had been kinder restless and feverish all day, and she thought she'd stew him up a little bark tea, when suddenly she heard the latch of the gate click, and then a man's feet move hurriedly away.

She ran round to the front of the house, and heard loud voices on the right, just over the stone fence. She crept softly down there, and, crouched on the ground, listened in amazement and horror to all that passed between the young men; but, when they closed in that fearful struggle, her strength all deserted her, and she drooped down on the grass just as the cry of her lips was smothered in her throat. But she heard all Allan had said when his enemy lay under his feet, and she remembered hearing him walk away—after this there was a long blank.

When she awoke she was lying on the grass, her hair heavy with dew. She rose, went into the house; little Paul was sleeping quietly in his crib, and she had thrown a shawl about her shoulders and hurried over to Allan's home, and waited his return for two hours under the chestnut tree in the lane that fronted the dwelling,

for she felt it would take some time for him to overcome his excitement sufficiently to present himself before his family.

"And you have been waiting for me in the chill night air so long? Oh! Amy, Amy!"

His voice was full of a new tenderness. Her head drooped toward his.

"I could not rest till I had told you, Allan."

And then, breaking a little silence that had come between them, she told him of Richard Morris' first visit, and of the lie which had so wounded and stung her soul, and then there was peace between them.

So, sitting on the old wooden bench, he took the little brown fingers in his hard hand, and he said,

"Amy, you heard what I said to Richard to-night? you know——" his voice broke down here.

"Yes, I know, Allan; and you must know, also, I have come over here to-night to tell you this.

"I must go now, Allan; father'll be scared out of his senses if he gets home and finds me gone at this hour o' night."

He drew her arm in his—the little soft, plump arm that belonged to him now—and he said, with solemn reverence,

"It is the Lord that hath done this."

"Amen!"

So they went down the lane, and across the meadow, together. It was nearly eighty years ago, reader, but the stars shone down on them as brightly as they may be shining to-night on you who read this story.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

AND is this all of life
To toil, out-worn
With eager, restless strife,
From early morn
Till shades of even fall?
Oh! is this all?

Standing amid the sheaves,
But dry and withered leaves
My hands have won;
Of all the golden grain,
That ripens on the plain,
I gather none.

And, musing on my fate,
Quick tears will fall;
Alas! that tears should make
The heritage of all;

For weariness, and pain, and care
Have filled with gloom the Summer air;
And blighting storms are hovering low
Around our pathway as we go.

For every good we sought to do
Was all in vain,
And golden hours of wasted life
Come not again.
But He who watches all,
With pitying care,
In mercy, and in love,
Will judge us there;

For what on earth was wrong, and sin,
When the white gates we enter in,
Heaven shall unfold as pure and right.
What now is sin in mortal sight,
Our clearer vision then shall see
Bright truths of immortality.

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 277.

CHAPTER XIX.

From the moment his guests began to assemble, Mr. Bentley, whose delicate organization was but little in keeping with such scenes, felt himself giving way to a strange, nervous depression. The brilliant assembly laughing, dancing, and chatting around him, seemed like persons in a dream surrounding him with splendors that made his heart ache.

Of all the persons in those rooms but two stood out distinct and real before him. Those two were Gillian, his beautiful, beautiful daughter, and Mrs. Ransom, the authoress, whose presence became so fascinating, and yet so painfully irksome, that every sense and faculty of his being was aroused in strange antagonism. Her voice smote his ear as something unnatural which he had buried among other pains long ago. Her bearing, so proud and imperial, seemed to drive back a thousand tender memories that disturbed him without taking definite form. But he stood in the centre of those princely rooms, apparently calm and gracious as became the host of a fashionable assembly. Many a gentle hand clasp—many a smiling welcome passed his lips of which he was but vaguely conscious; though delicate and sensitive beyond ordinary men, he had a power of habit—the strong will which conceals what the world cannot understand—and these gave to his demeanor all that the occasion required, life, politeness, and calm elegance.

But when the guests were all assembled—when the music rang out loud, and the floor trembled beneath the whirling dancers—when figures flitted two by two in and out of the conservatory, coquetting, as it seemed, with the flowers, and merriment reigned supreme everywhere, he stole away up the grand staircase, and into a little room in which he kept a desk and some papers, with a few choice books of devotion. This little room was to him an oratory of the heart; the plain table that stood within it, an altar; and the Bible which lay upon that, a guide to that peace he never hoped for on earth.

Everything was plain and simple in this room. The shutters were closed, and a lamp burned on the table, a faint hum of the revelry below

reached it; but the music was so distant that it sounded mournful to him; and the pale light seemed quiet and holy after the floods of brilliancy he had just left. He sat down in a chair near the table, and dropping his forehead into the hollow of one hand sighed heavily.

"What is this?" he murmured, drearily. "Has time, which works wonders to other men, no power with me? Years piled on years are insufficient to build a wall between me and that miserable time. What has chanced to night? Who has crossed me in anything, that I feel this dreary old pain come back so sharply? I did think—God help me! I did think that this fete would do something for me, that in the triumph and beauty of my child—her child, some little ray of joy or ambition might come back; but it is a failure. God help me! my whole life has been a failure."

The hand which supported his forehead slid down to his eyes; the quivering fingers pressed themselves together an instant, and then were quickly withdrawn; while two or three bright drops flashed by the lamp and settled darkly on the table, the rain of a heavy heart.

While his eyes were yet misty with tears, a footstep approached the door of his retreat—a heavy footstep that had no business there, for in that room Mr. Bentley never received message or visitor. There was not a servant in the family who would have dared to approach him while in that part of the house. With the quick impatience which follows hidden grief of any kind, he turned upon his chair and looked almost fiercely at the door. It opened, and young Hurst came in smiling blandly, as if certain of a pleasant welcome.

"I saw you retire from the drawing-room," he said, "and made an attempt to follow you earlier; but for a little scene in the hall between your pretty niece and some person in the costume of a rustic, who saw fit to question my right to waltz with her cheek so close to mine, I should have accomplished it."

Mr. Bentley arose from his chair, resting one hand upon the back. There was no other seat in the room, and he made no gesture to offer it;

on the contrary, a look of repelling surprise met the flippancy of this speech.

"Sit down," said Hurst, blandly, "I did not expect a very cordial reception, but this is unpleasantly chilling. Sit down, sir, I will occupy a corner of the table while we converse a little, for I really have a little business which you must listen to."

While Mr. Bentley stood looking sternly upon him, Hurst pushed the Bible aside and seated himself upon the table, where he locked his hands over one knee, resting his heel on the edge.

"Yes," he said, pleasantly, "I have business important to me, for it is a question of some millions of dollars—how many you will tell me by-and-by. Sit down, sir, I entreat—this conversation will be long enough to tire you out, unless you set a higher value on my father's fortune than I can reasonably expect."

Mr. Bentley stood confounded by the young man's insolence. He was no pugilist to turn him out by force, and it was easy to see that the man before him was inaccessible to moral influences. He turned quietly, and was about to leave the room: but Hurst sprang up, dashed between him and the door which he locked.

Retreating toward the table, with the key grasped tight in one hand, his whole countenance changed. The flippant air with which he had entered fled, and he confronted Mr. Bentley with a face as pale and stern as his own.

"I come on a serious business, sir, and will be heard!"

Mr. Bentley sat down. "If you have any business that can possibly excuse this intrusion, I am ready to listen."

Hurst did not sit on the table now, but leaned upon it with one hand, which brought his face more nearly on a level with Mr. Bentley's: for a moment he did not speak.

"I am waiting," said Mr. Bentley, with grave courtesy.

Hurst hesitated, and the hand upon which he leaned seemed to give way, for his whole body wavered; and his voice was so husky that he made one or two efforts to speak before he could utter a word.

"You—you had a cousin, sir, I believe—a cousin from whom you inherited this great property?"

Mr. Bentley made a faint inclination of the head.

"But for this property you would have been, like myself, a poor young fellow living on his wits."

Mr. Bentley smiled. "But for that property

I might have been a poor young fellow; but not according to your meaning, living on my wits. While there was honest labor to perform I should have lived by that!"

"Every one to his taste. Let us keep close to the one subject. The property you inherited from your cousin is all you now possess."

"So far as property can be unchangeable, yes. But unless these questions have a grave object, they are more than impertinent."

"Your cousin Bentley was killed, I believe, on his way to the old homestead in Rockland county—a farm at that time mortgaged to him—killed by the upsetting of his carriage?"

Mr. Bentley grew ashen with the terrible recollection. He could not speak, the picture of that death had been so rudely placed before him; his head fell forward, and Hurst seized upon that as a confirmation of what he had asserted. He went on harshly, dragging the sensitive nature before him over the thorny past.

"When the elder Bentley left New York for Rockland county, did he tell you why he visited the old farm house?"

Bentley arose from his chair pale as death.

"Young man, how dare you question me of these matters? By what right——"

He paused, and drew back trembling from head to foot. Something in the face of the young man struck him to the heart. It might have been in the expression—it might have been in the features, but something there was which held his breath and left him weak as a child.

Hurst smiled; he understood the paleness of that face, and felt it as a triumph.

"I question you of my father's death. Who will dispute the privilege of a son to seek knowledge?"

"Your father!"

The words came from his lips like fiery coals; the white face blazed out, and Bentley sprang upon the young man strong and fierce as a tiger. "Your father!—her child! Great God! save me from myself—save me—save me!"

He fell back in his chair, with great beads of sweat trembling on his forehead; something of the gladiator broke from his eyes yet: and over his whole countenance came a look of unutterable loathing.

"What do you ask? Tell me what I can do or give to save my eyes from seeing that face again?"

"You have nothing to give, sir. It is I who can play the benefactor. I, whom you have wronged out of name, property, everything—I, the son of—— Bentley, the just owner of his property, the master of this house."

"Property, name—take everything, more than everything; but if you would not make me a murderer, out of this room! out of my sight forever!" cried Bentley, shaking with terrible passion. "I cannot restrain myself, the sight of you makes a demon of me."

He sprang forward again with a wild impulse, and with his arm outstretched. Hurst stepped aside, and the pale hand clenched in rage fell upon the Bible. Instantly the passion left that face, the drops again started on the white forehead, and lowering his head Bentley cried out, "God forgive me!—oh! my God, forgive me!"

Then all was calm again. He sat down feebly, pressed one hand over his eyes, and then looked up without shrinking.

"I can listen now," he said. "Be more explicit. You claim to be the son of William Bentley if I heard you aright?"

"His son and heir, his only son, his legal heir."

A look of something more than astonishment shot over Bentley's face, a gleam that seemed almost like joy. Hurst looked upon him amazed by the impression made by words with which he had expected to crush the proud man.

"Was he married to her?"

"Do you require proof?"

"Proof! yes, positive, incontestible proof—nothing less should prove me the cold-blooded tyrant I have been."

"They will be forthcoming," said Hurst, surprised and hesitating.

"Now—now, sir—if such proof exists—if you are his child—his legal son—give me a certainty of it."

"And will you then yield up my rights?"

This question was put in a low voice, and with a quailing of the eye of which Bentley, in his excitement, was unmindful.

"Your rights! Oh! you mean this property—William's property," answered Bentley, in a vague way, as if that branch of the subject had but just presented itself. "Who can doubt it? Her child—her lawful son—who can doubt it? But the proof—the proof!"

Hurst turned pallid—his hand shook perceptibly as he approached an inner pocket of his vest. Bentley's eyes followed the hand so keenly that it seemed to wither beneath the glance, and fell down powerless. Bentley was white as snow; eyes, lips, and forehead—all were full of vivid anxiety. When Hurst's hand fell he uttered a faint groan, as if disappointed.

"It is false then—all false—you have no such proof," he said, in a trembling voice. "It is cruel, sir, more than cruel, to raise such hopes wantonly."

"Hopes! Mr. Bentley?"

"Peace, sir! Do not dare to mock me again with romances, I have had enough of them. If it was not all a lie, say it at once; but remember I want facts, proofs—such facts, such proofs as a judge upon the bench decides from."

"They are here!" said Hurst, huskily, and drawing some papers from his pocket, he laid them on the table.

Mr. Bentley looked at the papers a whole minute, without moving or seeming to breathe; then he slowly reached forth his hand, drawing one of the papers toward him. He held it firmly between both hands, and slowly lowered it to the light. The paper dropped from his grasp, both hands were pressed to his heart, and, falling back, Bentley uttered the cry which had startled Mrs. Ransom in aunt Hetty's room.

Hurst stood a moment, gazing vaguely on the stricken man, who neither moved nor breathed. The sight of that paper seemed to be his death blow. He lay prone in the chair, with one hand on his heart, the other falling heavily down. His lips were white, his eyes dozed—nothing could have been more deathly.

Hurst was too much excited for judicious action. He really believed the man dead, and, selfish always, bethought himself first of his own safety. It would lead to awkward questions if he were found alone with the master of that house either insensible or dead. He must get away and mingle with the crowd. Life would return to the helpless form before him, if it still existed; if not, there could be no use in his remaining.

With these thoughts chasing each other through his selfish brain, Hurst gave one half frightened glance at that pale face, and left the room; for he heard footsteps approaching, and fled like a coward.

Yes, he heard footsteps approaching. Down through the dim corridor, breathless and eager, came a woman, following the sound of that one cry, with a flight as sure as that of a mother bird when its young chirps for help. The pale, wild face shone out in contrast with the gorgeous antiquity of the dress, and the ghostly wave of white feathers kept the shadows in motion around her head. With an intuition keen as knowledge, Julia Ransom turned to the study door, opened it, and found Bentley insensible as we have described him.

With a faint cry on her lip—half of terror, half of joy, at the solitude in which they two were wrapped—she drew close to the chair, and lifted his pale head to her bosom. She had no restorative, nothing but the touch of her trem-

bling hands, and the breath of her lips. But she held him close, close to her bosom with both arms; and down upon his cold mouth she pressed her own, concentrating all the strength of her life to restore his.

Then she would draw back and look down upon the face, with such wild, wild happiness in her glances, that they might have aroused a dead heart to beating: for the first time since we have known this woman the whole wealth of her nature broke forth—the capacities of self-sacrifice, the affections hushed and buried by a strong will—the outbreak of these affections in a single moment—all this transfigured the woman more than her dress, or the marks which time had left on her person.

Again she pressed her lips to the cold mouth, and laid her hand on the still heart. It beat very, very faintly; but life was there. She was seized with terror at this, and grew still, holding her breath with a fear that he would come to and find his head on her bosom. She had no courage to remove it—no power to hush the swell of her own heart. All that she asked was that he should remain a little longer in that deathly state—a little longer resting there against her heart. So she held her breath, and loosened her clasped arms a little, looking down upon him with such yearning—such intense, passionate tenderness.

What spirit of love and mercy was it that held those numb senses back according to her wish? Once the breath came softly to his chest, and the flutter of a pulse took life in his wrist, but Bentley neither opened his eyes nor attempted to move. Nay, as she gazed upon his face, illuminating it with her glances, it seemed as if a smile stole over the features. It might have been the lamp-light flickering over them, but certainly the coldness was gone.

Yes, the color came back—the smile parted his lips. He began to struggle faintly, and opened his eyes. No one was in the room. The lamp shone and fluttered, as if a draft of air had swept it, but there was no visible presence.

Bentley stood up and looked around. Was it in truth a dream? Had he slept in his chair and been haunted with old memories? That scene with Hurst, was it a cheat of uneasy slumber? The circling arms, the heave of that full heart, the kisses which still seemed glowing on his mouth—had his youth come back in the mockery of a vision?

Certainly it must be so! What man or woman would dare to enter that room? Yes, it was all a dream—the offshoot of excitement and exhaustion. Strange, though, that young Hurst,

a man in whom he had taken no interest, should have so wildly figured there; as for the rest, God help the unhappy man! it was only in sleep that his head could ever rest as it had done that night. All the joy he had gathered for years had been such husks stolen from delusions. No, no, it was all of a piece. He had been asleep and dreaming.

But no, the sound of distant music—the tread of light feet vibrating through the entire building—the hum as of swarming bees—his own dress so elaborately rich—the white gloves which he had drawn off and laid on the table: these were realities. Then came the opening of that door—the young man sitting insolently on the table—the papers: no dream was ever so vivid as that. The rest was indistinct—a cheat of the heart; but this portion, why did it stand out so vividly?

While he pondered thus his eyes fell on the floor, and there lay a paper exactly like those he had been thinking of. He stooped, and held it to the light. It was a letter, old and yellow, directed to the Rev. J. Frost in *her* handwriting.

He looked wildly around. Some one had been there in his room. The papers were real. That letter—he had seen such before—one just like it, but with the name of a dead man, for the address had crushed all the joy from his life. He could not read it. What had he to learn? Why torture himself by duplicatory proofs against the dead?

But then came another memory—another paper—something that had stricken the very life from his system. Was that a reality?

At first he was seized with an impulse to rush down and find this man Hurst, who undoubtedly held some power that was terrible over the past and the future; but the idea of finding the vague idea that had seized upon him a delusion, kept him back. Besides, a sense of exhaustion still lay heavy upon him. He had neither the power to think or act. So there he sat, with the paper in his hand, conscious that it was real, but unbelieving. It seemed impossible to separate what was true from that which must have been a delusion.

In the meantime the rooms below had been the scene of some little revolt. Late in the evening a young man, in the holiday costume of a country farmer, had presented himself in the hall. Old Dinah, who was ubiquitous that evening, saw the young man, and gave him a welcome that quite astonished the other servants, who had remarked, hitherto, that her approbation was graduated by the splendor of

costume which each visitor presented. But here was an exception, and Dinah not only condescended to receive the farmer guest, but preceded him, with her flowing dress and turban, through the suit of rooms, watching his amazement triumphantly, as if the whole establishment had been her own individual property.

As they passed from the conservatory into the drawing-room, Dinah halted, framing herself in the entrance with a background of plants.

"Dar!" she said, pointing to a couple that flitted in and out among the dancers, "there's her whizzin' 'bout like a top. Wait jes one minute, and I'll catch her."

"What, that!—that gal with the bare arms and white shoulders! That gal my—my—look here old snow-ball; none of that, for I won't stand it!"

Dinah drew up, and her nose curled in a small way like the trunk of an elephant.

"Ole snow-ball! Well dar, if dem isn't words to come out ob a gemman's mou' in de presence ob de fair sex, an' in scenes ob festialities like dis 'casion. If 'twasn't for depairing de blum ob my 'plexion, I'd blush for yer; as de 'casion is, I dus dat inside, hi!"

The young man did not heed her, but pushed forward into the crowd, where he could gain a better view of the dancers. A scene like that had never presented itself to the young countryman before. He had seen dancing, in a pleasant way, at a Fourth of July ball, and sometimes at an apple cut or husking, where tidy young girls, in white dresses and colored ribbons, went through a French four, or opera reel, with a certain rustic grace; but the scene before him was new even to his imagination: the whirl, the music, the euphonious tread of the dancers, the floating plumes, and cloud-like dresses bewildered, while the dance itself repulsed him. In all this crowd his eyes followed one couple only, and, as they grew familiar to the scene, every drop left his ruddy cheek, and his eyes glittered with rage.

The polka, that most frivolous of all dances, had been introduced into society that season, making the old-fashioned waltz a puritanical affair in comparison. Into this last French importation the more reckless of the company had plunged, rushing up and down the room in pairs, stifling the first idea of an old-fashioned shuffle in its premonitory symptoms, and giving every indication of beginning some rather elaborate dance which failed utterly in the completion. Tall men bent themselves into the form of an ancient bow, in order to clasp short ladies by the waist; and diminutive youngsters looked

pert as quails, while aspiring to lift their shoulders as a place of rest for the queenly race of dancers.

Altogether the exhibition was a graceless affair in every way; and men of less inherent delicacy than John Downs might well have changed color on seeing it for the first time. The poor fellow grew red and white every instant, for there was pretty Hannah Hart, the plump, wholesome, little Hebe, circled by the arm of a handsome young fellow, with her arm half round his neck, her cheek warm and red, leaning to his stooping face, her eyes sparkling, her heart panting beneath the pressure of his hand, breaking up her steps, giving her pretty foot a stamp now and then, or rushing off like mad toward the conservatory, and back again into the crowd all in a frenzy of motion, which ended in nothing but a repetition of the same silly manœuvre.

No wonder John Downs could not bear the sight—no wonder he thought of the time when, standing on the deck of that sloop, he had trembled while pressing the hand to his lips, which now lay so lovingly on a stranger's shoulder. His breath came heavily; his eyes gleamed, and he stood with his hand clenched hard, panting to knock the man down on the instant, and only withheld by the fact that half a score of other men were giving countenance to this one.

Gillian was not dancing, she had practiced the polka with Hannah many a time, but that exquisite delicacy which springs from love made her shrink from it now. So leaning upon Woodworth's arm, she moved away among her guests, diffusing some of the bright happiness which glowed in her own heart all around.

She saw John Downs standing alone watching the dancers. It had been a kind thought with her when she sent a card for her ball to Hannah's lover, hoping to surprise the dear girl into a happiness like her own. But a glance from that wrathful face to the young girl and Michael Hurst, her partner, betrayed the mistake she had innocently made. With an anxious flush on her face, she went up to the young countryman, holding out her hand,

"Ah, Mr. Downs, how glad I am that you accepted my invitation!"

Downs started and took her hand softly, as if it had been a white rose, from which he feared the leaves would fall away.

"Ah, Miss, I—I didn't know what it was—I didn't expect—"

He broke off abruptly, and pressing the hand in his, turned his face away.

"Have you seen my father?"

"No, Miss, I haven't seen anybody, that is to speak, except old Dinah, and she went off in a huff."

Gillian laughed sweetly, and quitting Woodworth's arm with a little imperative nod, took possession of the stranger.

"Come now, we will find him somewhere; by that time cousin Hannah will be through with her first polka."

"Her what?"

"Why, the dance you were looking at—we have practiced it together so often. She never danced it with any one but me before; but ladies cannot dance together here, you know, and I was watching to see how she got on with aunt Hetty's young friend—almost a relation, I might say, for aunt Hetty has known him since he was a baby, I believe—I am quite sure the dear, old lady would not have been satisfied if Hannah hadn't danced with him."

"Then it is to please Miss Hetty Hart that Hannah dances this new fandangle?"

"I'm sure of it!" said Gillian, leading him away.

Downs turned his head over one shoulder and cast a back glance at the dancers.

"She—she don't seem in great trouble about it—she's willing enough, I'll be bound!" he said, with a gust of jealousy. "But I might a known how it would end."

Gillian felt a throb of compassion for the poor fellow. "What a terrible thing it must be to doubt any one!" she thought. "Besides, Hannah does plunge into gayety this evening quite like a child. What shall I do?"

She was quietly forcing her companion away from the room, but he checked her in the conservatory, and wheeling round looked back upon the dancers. The music changed, Hannah left the floor, it seemed a little reluctantly, for she shook her head and pouted, while Hurst searched for a seat and left her.

"One minute—please excuse me one minute, Miss Bentley; but I must speak with that chap before he gets away!"

Before Gillian could speak, Downs had dropped her hand from his arm, and hurried away through the crowd, following Hurst, who was softly stealing toward the vestibule, intent on the interview with Mr. Bentley, which we have just described. Downs overtook him just as he was about to mount the stairs, and laid a heavy hand on his arm,

"I say you, sir, just one word. I've been watching your way of dancing with a respectable man's daughter, and I don't like it. Do you understand?"

Hurst looked back at his questioner, laughed a little quiet laugh, and said,

"What the deuce do I care whether you like it or not?"

"But I will make you care, Mr. Jackanapes. The young lady is a—a friend of mine—or at any rate, her father is—and I won't see her innocent nater imposed on by any of your fine-fied city gentlemen."

"Oh! I see you are a real countryman—no fancy character—an admirer of Miss Hannah's, perhaps—no one could act the part so well. With all my heart, I have no wish to interfere with you!"

The young man spoke contemptuously, but with an evident wish to get rid of the whole thing.

"Then you have no interest? You don't care for the young lady?"

"Not a particle. Shouldn't care if she disappeared from the face of the earth in half an hour; so don't bore me about her, my good fellow."

Downs clenched his hand, while his face burned like fire.

"And it is with a fellow like you she—she—I tell you what, this air don't suit me. I never was so tempted to lock horns with an animal in my whole life!"

"Why, my dear Mr. Greenhorn, what have I done? Danced the polka—a confounded insipid affair, by-the-way—with a pretty girl who would never have forgiven me if I had not asked her. Go quarrel with her if you are in a particularly belligerent humor, for the fact is, she tired me out; I cannot boast of your athletic strength!"

"That's true," said Downs, unclasping his hand, and looking very much like a great Newfoundland dog pitted against a terrier. "You arn't worth whipping, and wouldn't a been worth minding but for the wrong you've done."

"Wrong! Now, my good fellow, do be reasonable. What harm is there in dancing the polka with a pretty girl?"

"What is the harm in brushing all the down from a ripe peach just as it takes its last red from the sun? What's the harm in dashing the purple dew from a plum? What's the harm of setting a coarse foot into new-fallen snow, that other coarse feet may tread after you? I'm a plain man, a farmer, and in driving the cattle I get a rough way of speaking; but I'd as soon steal the blue eggs from a robin's nest, as lead any gal into exhibiting herself, as you have tempted the sweetest, the most innocent. Oh! Jupiter, if you only had the muscle of a man, I'd break every bone in your body!"

"But only having a slight frame, and no

inclination for battle, you will be good enough to let me pass on; especially as the servants are amusing themselves with your gestures and rather loud conversation."

Downs looked around, and saw that a group of idle waiters had gathered near them; and in their midst stood aunt Dinah grimly regarding him. With a lofty shake of the turban she came forward.

"Now I isn't gwine ter see yer maken an obstreperous fool ob yerself and not 'pose my 'thority, if yer did call me olprobationary names," she said, with an accession of dignity, that, spite of his annoyance, made Downs laugh. "Ain't yer 'shamed ob yerself, a bringin' up der apperlations ob 'spectable young ladies to raise a muss 'bout? I'm 'shamed an' 'stonished, I is, John Downs; whar's yer 'scretion? whar's yer broughten up, whar?"

Under cover of this authoritative remonstrance, which edified the waiters immensely, Hurst made his escape, and from that scene went into the private room of Mr. Bentley, whose very existence seemed shaken by that visit.

Downs returned to the festal rooms ashamed of his recent outbreak, and anxious to apologize for the rudeness of his departure from Miss Bentley: perhaps, too, he hoped that some excuse of explanation of Hannah's offence might meet him. So in a state of contrition, and but half subdued excitement, he went into the library and was swept on by the living current that crowded through the rooms. All at once he came upon Gillian, who stood with one arm around the naughty flower girl, who looked very subdued and depressed, like a child that had been unexpectedly called up for punishment in the midst of play.

John took a little circuit in the crowd, and came close up to the young girls as they stood together. All his anger had left him at the sight of that pretty, clouded face: but in its place came compunction for his violence, rendering him diffident as if he had been the culprit. He dared not speak, nor touch her, but stood holding his breath afraid to move.

"What did you let him go for? How could he act so unfeelingly? It's too bad!" There was a sob in her voice, and she began biting the corner of her embroidered handkerchief in sorrowful anger, repeating again and again, "It's too bad—it's too bad!"

John's heart rushed to his mouth, and he was about to speak when Hannah broke forth again,

"I wish you hadn't invited him."

"Who?" said Gillian, "Michael Hurst?"

"Michael Hurst! No, but John Downs."

Here John shrunk back with a heart like lead.

"But I thought it would give you pleasure, that you liked him."

John did not breathe.

"What is the good of liking him?" cried Hannah, with tears in her voice. "He hates, he despises me, and all because of that hateful Hurst, just as if I cared for him or thought of him; a post would have been just the same if it kept step, I'm sure."

Again Downs felt his heart rising.

"I never thought of him once while we were rushing about there. It seemed nice enough when you and I practiced: didn't you think so, Gillian? and now I can't bear the idea of it. Oh! how I hate that Mike Hurst!"

John Downs was trembling all over now. His quick breath caught Gillian's attention: a glance and she stole away.

"Hannah."

Hannah Hart gave a dainty little shriek, and struggled a little to get her hand away from the strong fingers that grasped it.

"I—I wonder how you dare, Mr. Downs. I thought you had gone for good—indeed I hoped so."

"It is not too late, Hannah," said the young man, forgetting, in the pain of her present coquetry, the words she had uttered a moment before, "Good night!"

Hannah looked frightened; her fingers clung around his: and she gave him a glance from her fine eyes that would have brought an eagle to her feet.

"Yes, go. Good night!" cried the little rogue, tightening her clasp, "go."

John struggled a little, as you have seen a fly with all his feet tangled in a spider's web.

"Perhaps you wish to dance again?"

"Yes," said Hannah, demurely, "I'm so very, very fond of dancing."

"Very well!"

Here Downs made a great struggle, tore his hand from her clasp, and smitten with instantaneous repentance, gave it back again.

"Yes," she said, taking the truant hand, as if she did not know what to do with it, "I'm very fond of dancing; if one could only get a partner worth while; you never dance, I suppose?"

"Who told you so, Hannah? Yes, I do."

"Yes, French fours, the Virginia reel, and all that," cried the little vixen, with a lift of her white shoulders, "skim milk!"

"I rather think I could go a notch higher than that," said Downs, proudly.

"Ha! what you?" cried Hannah, brightening, but instantly her countenance fell.

"Quadrilles, perhaps."

Downs nodded.

"But they are so stiff after——"

"After waltzing?"

"Yes, after waltzing!"

"But I know the step. I—I've been to dancing-school, and used to waltz with, with——"

"A pretty girl, I dare say," cried Hannah, pouting.

"No, never—I waltzed with the other boys—only with boys, I promise you."

"And you wouldn't like it," said Hannah, glancing down to her waist; "you prefer great awkward boys, I dare say."

Downs blushed to the temples as his eyes followed her suggestive glance.

"Will you?" he said, trembling all over, and stealing one arm round her waist.

Hannah's eyes flashed under the long lashes like diamonds.

"There, put out your foot this way; that's right now."

Away the pair whirled through the boudoir, and into the library, which was almost empty, but they had scarcely gone a round when the music changed. Hannah kept close to her partner. "There, break step this way; try again; how awkward you are! Now, now, that's splendid, through this door into the drawing-room; one has more confidence in a crowd. Now for it."

"Ha! what's that?" cried Gillian, as a couple came sweeping by the place where she was standing with a velocity that stirred the air, and sent her veil flashing around her like a cloud. "What on earth does that mean?"

"Oh!" said Woodworth, laughing, "it's only Miss Hart with her captive in full training; see, isn't the little rogue brilliantly happy?"

That moment Hannah, who had stopped for breath, gave Gillian a pretty, triumphant nod, while she dropped a hand on her partner's shoulder.

"Captive!" said Gillian, laughing brightly, as the pair rushed by again; "he seems resigned, at any rate. Oh! there comes young Hurst, I thought he had gone, it is full half an hour since I saw him go up stairs; I hope there will be no trouble about cousin Hannah. See, how disturbed he looks."

"Yes," said Woodworth, "but it is not on her account. There, he has just caught sight of her among the dancers; upon my word, he is smiling, the whole thing amuses him evidently. So, my queen, you need have no apprehension from that

quarter, Hurst loves himself too much for unnecessary quarrels. Look, he is going to speak with them; how pale the fellow is, though."

"With jealous rage, perhaps," said Gillian, struck with the strange look of Hurst's face.

"Nothing of the kind, my queen! I fancy that feeling would be aroused in this direction; I'm not quite blind if you are silent, lady fair! That young man cares no more for Miss Hart than you do about the rose leaves dropping from your bouquet; watch how quietly he addresses them!"

Hurst had in reality sauntered up to the dancers as they stood still for a moment.

"Oh! Miss Hannah, you must be spending a heavenly evening; it quite wakes one up to see you dance: what a power you ladies have! Now I dare say this young gentleman, to whom I haven't been introduced, by-the-way, has forgotten all about the bloom from ripe peaches, the purple dew from plums, and the tread of coarse feet in newly-fallen snow, ha!"

Hurst had mistaken his man. Downs was not to be quietly brow-beaten after that fashion, though the crimson did flash over his face.

"It makes a difference," he said, looking at Hannah, "when the fruit is one's own property, and the snow under shelter. Come, Miss Hart, shall we join in the march?"

"It is for the supper-room. Where is Gillian? Where can uncle Bentley have hid himself this long time?"

Gillian was asking the same question. Where was her father? Where had Mrs. Ransom and aunt Hetty gone to? No one could tell; but Dinah volunteered to make inquiries while her young mistress exhibited one of the family, at least, in the supper-room. Directly she came back with word that Mr. Bentley was asleep in his little study—sound asleep, she was sure, for his arms were folded on the table, and his face buried in them; besides he neither spoke nor moved when she asked him to come down, a piece of impoliteness which Dinah knew to be impossible had he been awake.

"Poor, dear papa!" sighed Gillian, "this confusion has been too much for him; let him rest, we must find some excuse for his absence." Thus, with a little tender regret, Gillian entered the supper-room, leaning on the arm of her betrothed.

There is something really beautiful in an artistically arranged table, which admits of an endless variety of form and tints; the glitter of crystal, the frosted gleam of plate, the glow of purple, amber, and ruby-hued fruits, snow-white pyramids of cake, pagodas of golden-hued candy, and a thousand luscious trifles imbedded

in flowers and sharing their perfume, take all the combinations of a vast picture gorgeously lighted up.

In this house the supper-room, in all its prodigal magnificence, was duplicated by tall mirrors, each fitting the arch of a diminutive colonnade, separated from the room itself by a line of light Corinthian pillars, around which blossoming vines from the green-house had been trained for the occasion. These vines, duplicated by the mirrors behind, and emitting a delicate perfume, formed a succession of living garlands that trembled in the clear gas-light high over head, while a vast bay window at the upper end of the room was a perfect bower of tropical leaves and blossoms.

Into this room the company flowed from the drawing-room and vestibule. Behind the graceful shelter of the pillars the ladies retreated, gathering into close groups, which the tall mirrors answered back, till the vast assembly seemed twice its real size, and the scene resembled the gathering of a court in some royal palace, nearer than anything ever attempted on this side the Atlantic.

For a little time the picture was sumptuously grand: even the waiters hesitated to break up the gorgeous richness of the tables; but appetite in a crowd will always drive taste to the wall. The first bunch of hot-house grapes lifted from its silver dish, was the signal for a score of descending hands; towers of ice-cream began to tremble; jellies that lay like masses of rubies in beds of cut crystal, were cleft in a dozen pieces, and sent off to all parts of the room; fruits, that science alone could have forced into ripeness at the same time, loaded the plates of delicate Sevres china, which passed from the tables back to the fair hands beyond. But there is no pleasure in describing the scene now. The flash of crystal goblets, the explosions of champagne, the broken pyramids and ruined towers. Everything was broken up, fruit blossoms and ices fell into interminable confusion; that which intellect and taste had been weeks in creating, appetite broke up and swept away in a single hour.

In the midst of the scene, while the scent of the flowers was overborne by the breath of a crowd of revelers, and the flash of champagne broke the hum and laughter around, Gillian was startled by a whisper close to her ear,

"The moment these people depart, go to your father, he is in the little study!"

Gillian turned quickly, but no one whom she knew intimately enough for a confidential whisper like that, stood near. Still the whisper troubled her. She would run away for a moment;

no one would miss her in that confusion: perhaps her father was ill.

Whispering a word to Woodworth, she glided away to the little study. Gillian had not entered that room half a dozen times in her whole life. It was considered sacred to her father, who was always remarked to retire into its seclusion whenever those deep fits of sadness came upon him, to which he had been subject ever since her remembrance. A feeling of tender sorrow always came upon her when she thought of her father in that place, and she approached it with a sinking heart.

A light knock at the door brought no answer. She turned the latch softly and looked in. Her father sat by the table with an old letter in his hand, which he was pondering over in deep thought.

"Papa!"

Bentley started, and looked round.

"Gillian!" His voice was troubled.

"Papa! come down, if you are not quite tired out; the company will soon be going away."

"Not yet, my child; it is not time!"

"Indeed, father, it is very late. I have taken leave of some already; and it is very awkward, you know, to be so entirely by myself: even Mrs. Ransom, whom I depended on, forsakes me. I haven't seen her these two hours—do come, papa, and show yourself, if it is only for ten minutes."

"Hush! Gillian. Ask nothing of me yet. I must have one other interview with this young man. If this proves true, why then, Gillian—then; but I am talking vaguely," Bentley continued, lifting a hand to his forehead, "do not mind me, child, but go down."

"And you will not come, dear father?"

"Not to-night; I am very busy. Don't you see how busy I am?"

Gillian went into the room, and leaned over her father. She had never seen that expression in his face before. It took her by surprise. A fountain unlocked from ice could not have sent forth water more brightly. Those long hidden feelings had gushed up and illuminated his features.

"Why, father, what is this?" she said, wiping his forehead; "you look strange."

"I feel strange, very strange."

"But it is not trouble surely; it is not trouble?"

"It is almost happiness, Gillian!"

"Then I will leave you a little while. If you had been ill I could not do it, company or not."

"Yes, go; it is very pleasant here."

"But kiss me, dear father, before I go," she said, tenderly.

Bentley put her away, very gently, but with firmness.

"No, Gillian; another's kiss was on my lips a little while ago. It was only a dream, but let it rest there to-night."

"Another's?" cried the startled girl; a kiss dearer than mine? Oh! papa!"

"It was your mother's, Gillian, given in my dreams. Now leave me, and good night."

Gillian went away perplexed, and conscious that her father did not seem like the same man.

An hour after, and those vast rooms were empty—a dark, confused ruin of the beauty that had been. Gillian retired to her room, and slept, but there were watchful eyes in that mansion all night.

And what had become of Mrs. Ransom? One or two persons remembered seeing her, about the supper hour, leaving by one of the doors near which Gillian was standing; then a servant at the door remembered that she had hurried past him, not far from the same time, without cloak or hood, and sprang into her carriage, which had remained near the entrance.

The man was correct. Julia Ransom sprang into her carriage, and fell upon the back seat, holding both hands upon her heart. The coachman held the door, waiting for orders.

"Home—home; drive fast, home!" she gasped, and, falling back to the seat, muttered, "Oh! if I could but die at will!"

The horses dashed off, and she sat moaning within, "Years, time, philosophy, religion, are they nothing? Can a moment sweep them off like straws? Am I so weak? God help me! God help me!"

The carriage stopped. She sprang out, entered her house, and awoke Ruby from a sound sleep.

"Ruby, my friend! Ruby! I say, get up and help me pack. I am going away. Be quick, Ruby!"

The mulatto sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes.

"What am it, Missus?"

"We are going away, Ruby, to Europe. There is a vessel lying in the stream, we must get a boat and reach it by daylight. Do you understand me, Ruby?"

"Yes, Missus, we are going to sea right off. I'm ready. I'll pack up everything in less than no time. Go, lay down, Missus, for you look tired out."

"No! no! I will help. For my life I could not rest. That is a good girl—now let's begin."

That woman seemed to have the strength of a giant that night. She flung off her ball costume, and worked hand to hand with Ruby; only pausing now and then to say, "Make haste, girl, make haste!"

At daylight, that morning, she stood on the deck of a packet ship, outward bound.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WOODLAND LESSON.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Nor a sound through the forest's deep silence was heard,
Save a rustle of leaves that a zephyr had stirred,
And this song warbled clear by the voice of a bird,

I love you! I love you!

And another bird perched on a hazel bough nigh,
In each pause of the song caroled forth this reply,
Show it! Show it!

One silvery-voiced songster untiringly sang

I love you,

And still like an echo the forest aisles rang
Show it.

The Summer day over, the sun sank to rest
Behind the green hill-tops that skirted the West,
And still from the tree that embowered their nest,

I love you! I love you!

Fell in clear, flute-like notes on the listening ear,
And in accents as soft, as melodious and clear,
Show it! Show it!

One sang of affection, frank, ardent, and bold,

I love you,

One ever asked proof of the story thus told,
Show it.

The fast level beams lay like gold on the hill,

A many voiced choir woke the echo so still,

Yet o'er the wild chorus rose high, loud, and shrill,

I love you! I love you!

And as musical, clear, as wild and as high,

Was borne on the air with the zephyr's low sigh,

Show it! Show it!

One loudly repeating that often told tale,

I love you;

One pleading to know that its truth would not fail,
Show it.

The shadows grew deep in each lone forest nook,
The forest's green robes in the night breezes shook,
And each woodland songster his anthem forsook,

I love you! I love you!

Came floating no more through the twilight so fair,
Nor responsive was borne on the soft Summer air,
Show it! Show it!

But a twittering sound by slumber half hushed,

I love you,

Woke as drowsy a chirp from the thick hazel bush,
Show it.

Then a low whispered voice, by no outward sense heard,
Said, Heed ye the lesson that's taught by the bird,
Tell thy friends and thy kindred by deed as by word
I love you! I love you!
By each gentle act that may friendship express,
By sympathy ready to comfort and bless,
Show it! Show it!
Say to all, thine affection can gladden and cheer,
I love you,
By acts of kindness than words more expressive and dear,
Show it.

Dost love thy Creator, Redeemer, and King?
Of no empty praises thy thank-off'ring bring,
But let thy heart's language unceasingly sing,
I love you! I love you!
By a life all unspotted, all blameless, and pure,
By the faith that can life's hardest trials endure,
Show it! Show it!
Say by love to His creatures, unselfish and real,
I love you,
By all thy life-work, thy patience, and zeal,
Show it.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

There's a walling in the pine woods this weary Autumn
night—
There's a black cloud hanging darkly o'er the occident's red
light—
There's a shadow floating 'tween me and the pale moon's
tender white!
Oh! and is all the beauty of the sleeping world sereno,
And dull to me are all the fields clad in their fading green;
And 'tween the present and to come what phantoms inter-
vene!

Misunderstood!

Faces that bear for others a wealth of beaming smiles,
That hold their loved ones as the waves embrace the happy
isles—
That shrine and worship words and looks when severed
miles and miles!
Such lives flow brightly on, and on, like rivers chrystalline:
And loving hands for blushing brows fair wreaths of blossoms
twine!
And royal life and joy come up in kisses nigh divine!
Oh! grieving sweetness in the trees, come drop thy breathing
here!
Maybe there is a Gilead balm my home-sick soul to cheer—
Maybe a tithe of soothing hope floats in the atmosphere!

Could I but gather from the earth the joys with which it
teems,
And drink rich draughts of rapturing fire from out its siren
streams,
And catch the gorgeous fantasies from its high Heaven of
dreams!
But ah! does not the ocean beat forever on the shore?
And pities not the harassed beach by many a struggle
tore!
So faith in hearts cannot come back to my heart evermore!
For what will bring life back again to those dead pulseless
sands?
And what will thrill the stranger's soul who wanders
unknown lands,
And lifts up to the stern, cold sky his white imploring
hands?
And lo! the dismal future opens her grim portcullis wide!
To lure me onward, onward o'en a victim of the tide—
What use to one so powerless is empty, titled pride?
In weariness and dreariness the whole long night and day,
Loveless, alone, a stricken waif, in sable all the way!
Chilled to December when should thrill the passion-life of
May!

Misunderstood!

THE GOOD MAN NEVER DIES.

BY B. S. BAXTER.

The good man never dies,
Though his three score years and ten
May have passed unheeded by
In the busy marts of men,
In the furrowed field or grove,
Upon mountain, sea or shore,
Still his untold deeds of love
Are a blessing evermore.
As the circlets of the sea
At the pebble's tiny fall,
As the wavelets of the air
From the mountain hunter's call,
As the streaming of the light,
So, 'mid weariness and strife,
Do his words of gentle kindness
Fill the infinite of life.

They live while he is wasting,
They breathe when he is gone,
Immortal in its freshness
Is every good deed done,
Immortal in its blessing—
Yet more undying still,
To wither and to blacken,
Is every deed of ill.
We do not die, we cannot,
For rushing ever on,
Are the moments that are past,
With the actions that are done;
With the keys of light and darkness
We before the future stand,
'Tis through the gateway of the glory
We must reach the better land.

LENDING "PETERSON."

BY MRS. E. H. SAFFORD.

"Good afternoon, Maggie," said Helen Putnam, walking into the room where her "best friend," Margaret Howe, was seated. "What a glorious day it is, and how do you ever manage to sit here, when it is so pleasant?"

And Miss Helen drew a long breath, and seated herself in the rocking-chair close by Margaret.

"Yes, it is a perfect day, and I wanted to go out, but——" and she held up her work, "I must have these slippers worked and made up on Saturday, and this is Tuesday. Are you going down town?"

"Directly," answered Helen. "I came in to bring your Magazine, for which I am much obliged—and I want to borrow the number which has instructions for crocheting a *talma* of zephyr wool. I think I shall do one. Oh! and Matty Rogers wants to know if you have got a pretty pattern for a smoking-cap. She called over yesterday and said she was going to begin one as soon as she could settle on a pattern. She said you were always working something, and wondered where you got the patterns, and I told her it must be out of your Magazines. You worked a smoking-cap for Lewis, once, didn't you?"

"Yes," answered Margaret, "I worked what was called a Greek pattern. It was quite pretty. I got the design from Peterson——"

"What number?" broke in Helen.

"Oh! I couldn't begin to remember, I have worked so many things by aid of my Peterson's. But about a smoking-cap—there has been quite a number of very graceful designs, one time and another. I spoiled my volume by lending a number which contained a pattern in *application*, to Mrs. Dawes."

"Mrs. Dawes! Whatever in the world did she want of a smoking-cap pattern?"

"Well, I imagine she was going to make a smoking-cap to give some gentleman, her husband very likely. I never heard that Mrs. Dawes smoked herself."

"What did she do with your Magazine?"

"Amused Johnny with it, if I am to judge by the molasses candy on the engraving. Then her oldest boy, who is twelve, laid oiled paper on the wood cut to trace it through. Mrs. Dawes had the grace to apologize for that, although she said

nothing of her own pencil marks on the page of the pattern. It will never do to bind."

"It's ridiculous!" said Helen. "I think it was too bad of Mrs. Dawes."

"I have sometimes thought I would never lend another Magazine, unless it was to some person who was too poor to pay for it. I am certain to get the numbers soiled, torn, or lost outright, if I lend them indiscriminately, and if I lend to one, I cannot deny another. Besides all the trouble it occasions me, I often want my back numbers for reference, spend an hour looking them over, and then ascertain that particular number is gone. And then it isn't quite justice to the publisher, for a subscriber to lend to people who could well afford to take it themselves."

"Well, you needn't lend them to me if you don't choose," said Helen, a little flushed.

"Wait until I refuse you, Helen," was answered so pleasantly that she felt at ease again.

"I wish I could take it myself," went on Helen, "I should be very glad to, that's certain; but father said he could not afford it this year. There are so many demands on his purse: Louise and I need as much as mother now. If one goes in society, there are many requirements which cannot be slighted, that are quite expensive."

"Yes, I know," replied Margaret. "But I have taken Peterson for four years, and my father thinks it money well spent, as he will tell you. It is one of the ways we economize here."

"Economize by subscribing to a Ladies' Magazine? I should like my father to hear that!"

"He would agree with me if he understood its value."

"The value of its good stories, and fine engravings, and host of patterns?"

"And you might add, its valuable receipts, its culinary department, and its diagrams of all sorts of garments."

"He would just say I could get along without them all."

"Suppose you make an estimate of how much you have saved in the last year by borrowing my copy. I believe the gentlemen like figures better than assertions."

Helen did look disturbed at this straightforward proposal, but they had been friends too long for her to be offended by a trifle. So she only said, "How can we begin?"

"Let me think," said Margaret, "what we were doing a year ago. Oh! I recollect, you made a pin-cushion for Addie Lewis when she was married, and I crocheted her a purse."

"Yes, I remember. Mother gave us, Louise and I, each some money to get a present for Addie; and I was speaking of it to you when we found the bridal pin-cushion, and I made one. I remember I had thirty cents left of the money."

"Better than I expected," said Margaret. "I didn't think you would be able to give the exact amount saved."

"And this recalls item number two. I was going to buy a pair of little shoes for Mrs. Miller's Georgie, the baby, you know, when I saw a shoe pattern in one of your Peterson's. So I went about it, and succeeded in making a pair of some Thibet left of little Fan's dress, and all I spent was for the binding."

"I remember them very well," replied Margaret, "and they were very pretty. How much shall we call the shoes? I don't think you would have been able to procure a pair for less than forty-two cents. How much was the binding?"

"Three cents," said Helen.

"Three from forty-two leaves thirty nine. We are getting on famously."

"There was my spring mantilla," continued Helen. "I got the pattern of you after you had made it out from a diagram."

"So you did: how much is that?"

"They are twenty cents, I think."

"And now, what next?"

"I worked cousin Harry a pair of slippers in the spring, and the slipper patterns are always fifty cents."

"I have it."

"Then there was the lace D'Oyley, and the pattern for lace; they were worth at least twenty-five cents to me."

"And I believe you made a watch-pocket for a certain person, and you worked a fine cushion in braiding pattern."

"That was the one I gave mother. And Louisa made her a glove-box at the same time. We must allow mother twenty-five cents for those patterns."

"They are worth it."

"Then there is the handkerchief Louise embroidered; and you remember the pair of wool socks she knit for Anna Shaw's little Harry."

"Very well."

"And the moss mats on my toilet-table are to be counted in: I got the pattern out of Peterson, as well as the directions to make my new head-dress, which you think is so pretty. And the

ottoman, which I have nearly completed: I got that out of Peterson, fifty cents more."

"We have gone far enough," said Margaret. "I think we had best reckon up. I have two dollars and sixty-four cents, which gives you the engravings and the reading matter gratis."

"So much as that! And these things were all made in the time I should have been hunting over the stores. I never before realized that I was so much indebted to your Magazines. How did you convince your father of the actual worth of Peterson?"

"Well, he made me a birth-day present of a year's subscription, four years ago, and I think it was a very sensible present. We were all delighted with it, and asked him to subscribe again, when the year came round; but he thought we could do without it, and so I did not press the matter, but set myself to work to see if I could not save enough to take it. I was going to have a new cloak, and, with mother's permission, I cut it out by the diagram in the December number, and saved enough to subscribe, which you may be sure I did without delay. Then I kept an account of things which it aided me to do, and father was so satisfied with it, that he always renews the subscription of his own accord."

"But it is not every girl who could cut a cloak by the aid of a diagram. I am certain I couldn't," said Helen.

"Perhaps not; you may not have any fancy, or 'taste,' as it is called, for such work. But I remember you trimmed a hat for yourself, last fall, which looked very well, and was much more pleasing to the eye than the gaudy productions of many of the milliners."

"So I did. And I got my idea out of your Magazine again. I shall subscribe to-morrow, without fail. I wish I had opened my eyes three months ago to these facts."

"Get a club; I think you might, easily."

"There is Matty Rogers, I could ask her. She has a great deal of time on her hands for fancy work."

"And she spends more than a year's subscription for patterns every year. Then there is Mrs. Dawes; tell her about the patterns for children's clothes, and give her a hint of the cook-book—her husband is fond of nice dishes."

"And I think, if I get up a club, I shall make them all promise not to lend their copies, in ordinary cases."

"Do so," said Margaret, "the system of borrowing is a miserable one in all things, and, whatever else I lend, I do not wish to LEND MY PETERSON."

VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."



OPERA CLOAK.

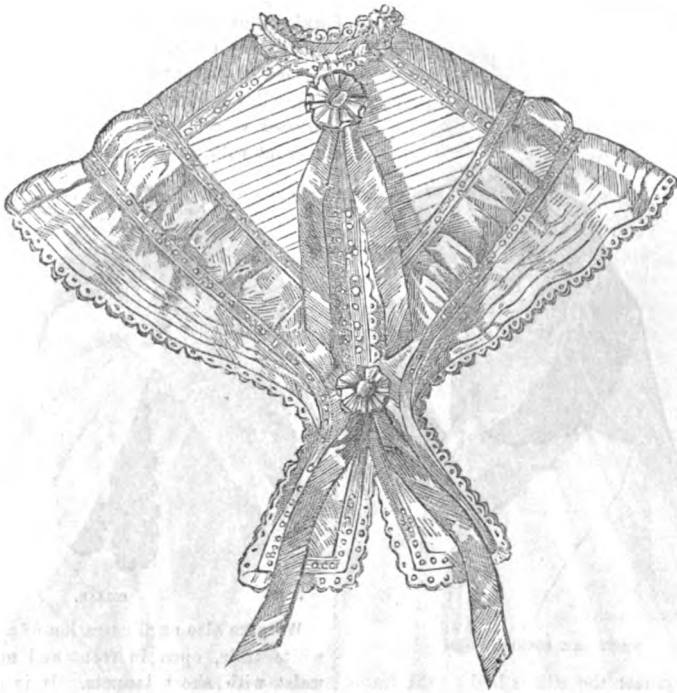
THE novelties, this fall, are universally elegant. In the fashion department proper we have described several dresses, and given a general go-sip about the latest styles. We now insert here a very beautiful pattern for an opera cloak, giving the front and back views. It is made of white cashmere, laid in large plaits at the back so as to hang full over the skirt. It is a pelerine shape in front, and gathered up, in plaits, on the arm. Under the hood there is a plain piece, to which the plaited skirt is sewn. This hood is very deep, and is cut square in front. The cloak is lined with white quilted silk, and is trimmed with bands of deep black velvet, and with two black and white chenille tassels. The hood is lined also with white silk, but the lining of the hood is not quilted. No more beautiful article of its kind has appeared this season. If white is not considered serviceable enough, the cloak may be made of pink, blue, crimson, or scarlet. If made of blue, a

white trimming should be substituted for the black.

We also give an illustration of a baby's sacque, chiefly noticeable for the yoke pattern and for the sleeves.



BABY'S SACQUE.



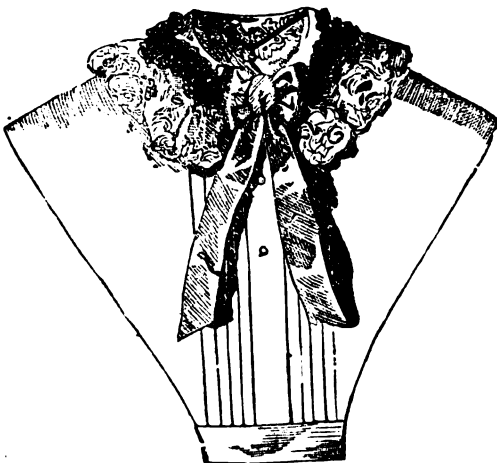
NEW STYLE OF FICHU.

Also an engraving of a new style of fichu, to be made of thin white muslin. The body of this fichu is laid in very small tucks, and is joined on the shoulder with a band of insertion also run round the fichu: between these is a puffing, under which is run a rose-colored ribbon. This puffing forms tabs in front. A muslin ruffle, tucked and trimmed with narrow lace, is put on

below the puffing. Around the neck is a quilling of lace, rose-colored rosettes and ends.

We also give a new style of collar, with the under-handkerchief attached. This collar is of broad thread lace, put on rather full, beneath a double row of black lace and black velvet. In the front of the number, we insert a pattern for a new style of cape. This cape is to be made of white net, trimmed with lace and rows of black velvet.

In the front of the number we also give three engravings of new style fall bonnets. One is of pink silk, trimmed with white lace: it has a full blonde cape at the sides, and at the top a plait of pink silk, with long grasses and leaves. Another is of white straw, trimmed with broad, black velvet ribbon and wild flowers: the cape of black velvet put on in deep plaits. The other is of straw also, the cape made of white silk, laid on in deep plaits: the left hand side of the bonnet is trimmed with a poppy, field daisies and grasses: a very broad ribbon passes from the flower to the right hand side of the bonnet, similar to the bonnet just described: the face trimming is of blonde and field flowers. On the next page we give an engraving of a



NEW STYLE OF COLLAR.



WHITE SILK BONNET.

white silk bonnet: the silk is laid on the frame entirely plain, and not in folds as has been heretofore so fashionable: the bonnet is trimmed with two curled ostrich feathers; the one on the left side being shorter than the one which passes over on the right side: the face trimming consists of rose-buds, pansies and green leaves: broad, white silk strings.

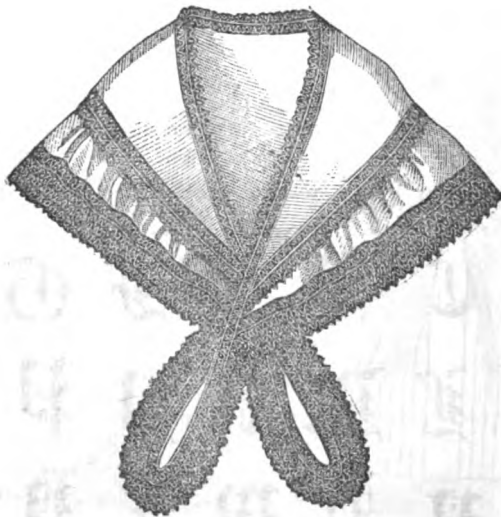
We give also the engraving of a collar of thin white muslin, cut round behind, and in points in front. On the collar are laid medallions, formed of currant-colored velvet and black lace: the collar is also edged with a band of currant-colored velvet and black lace; and is trimmed in front with a bow and ends of the same.



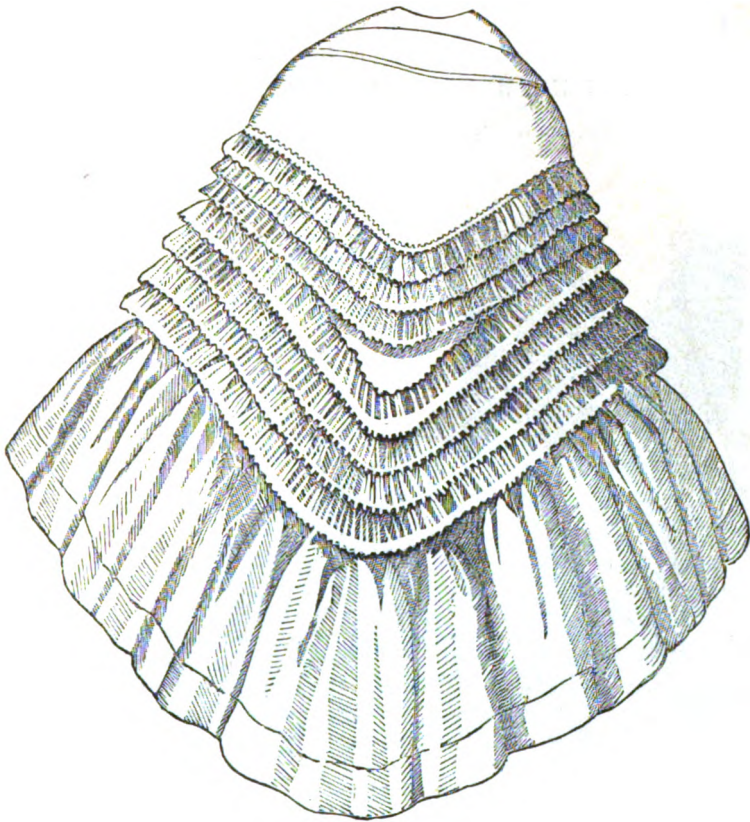
COLLAR.

We give also an illustration of a cape made of white tulle, open in front and meeting at the waist with short lappets. It is trimmed with a tulle ruffle, edged with three rows of blonde. Two rows of blonde conceal the place where the ruffle is sewed on to the cape. It is finished with two rows of blonde around the neck.

We give also a mantilla of black silk, trimmed at the bottom with one very broad, black silk ruffle three-quarters of a yard deep, above which



WHITE TULLE CAPE.



BLACK SILK MANTILLA.

are four narrow ruffles, coming down in a point. Above these again are three goffered ruffles, slightly narrower, which are put on so as to form not quite so much of a point as the other

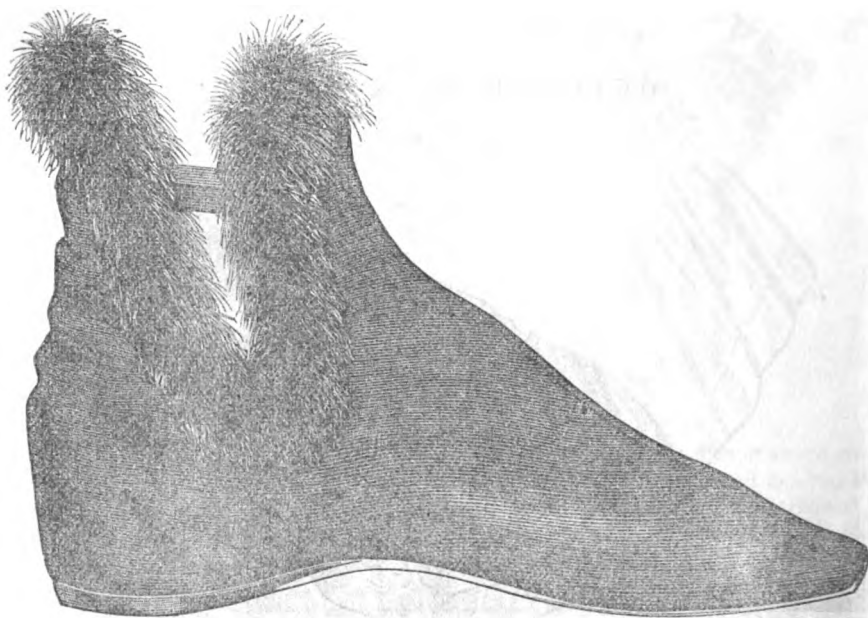
goffered ruffles, and thus leave a small, plain space between the two sets of ruffles. This mantilla is exceedingly easy to be made, and promises to be quite fashionable.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

A B C D E F G H I
J K L M N O P Q R
S T U V W X Y Z

A FURRED WINTER SHOE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is an article particularly nice for sleigh-shoe. If home-made, a cork sole might be substituted for a leather one. The upper part of the shoe should be made of cloth, and lined with

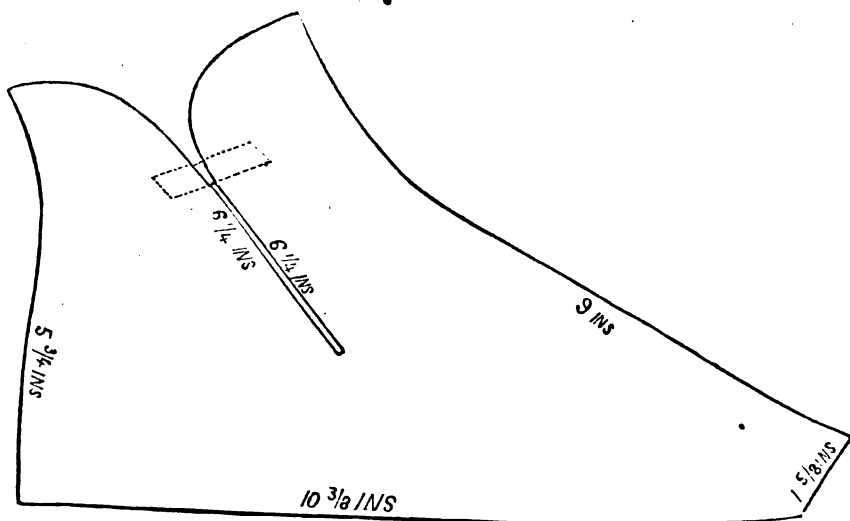
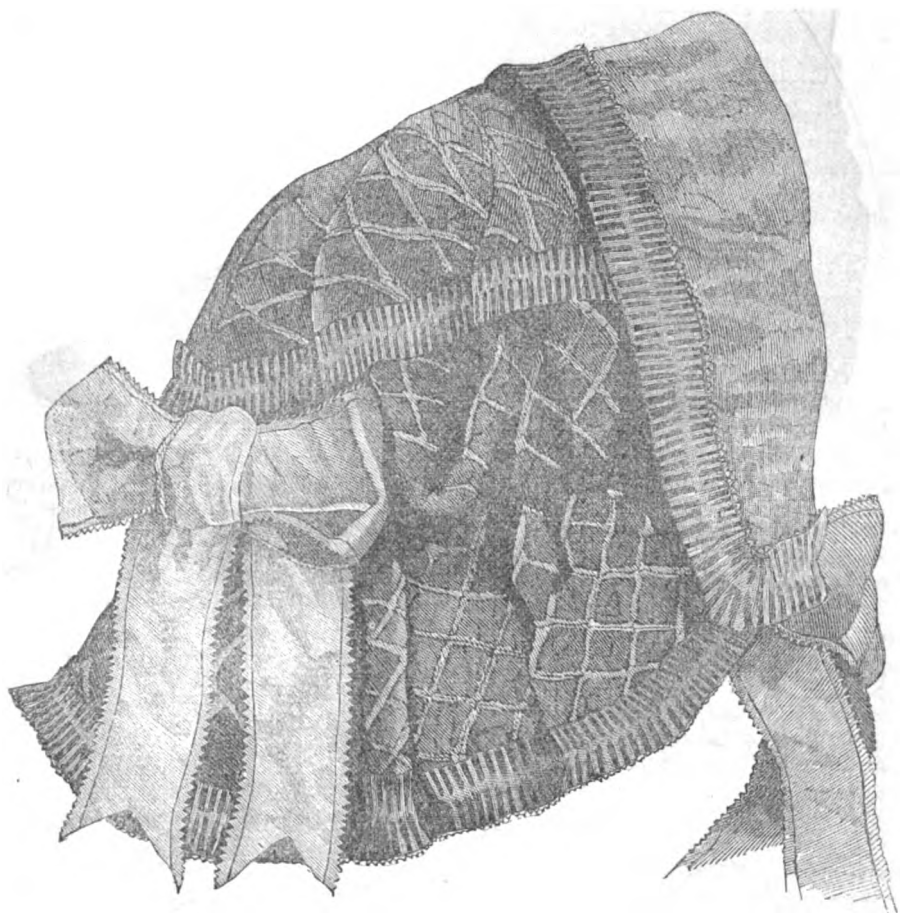


DIAGRAM OF WINTER SHOE.

thick canton-flannel. It is to be cut after the diagram, which we have here engraved. This diagram is to be enlarged to the size marked on the sides, viz: ten and three-quarter inches for the length of the sole, &c., &c.: this will fit an ordinary sized lady's foot. The shoe may be trimmed with any kind of fur around the top, and is fastened at the sides with bands of elastic. It has become so much the fashion, lately, for ladies to make their own shoes, that we have thought this, as a new and seasonable article, would be acceptable. •

QUILTED SILK HOOD.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This hood is particularly warm and nice for evening wear. It may be made of silk of any color, wadded and quilted: blue, crimson, currant-color, and black, all look well. The face should be lined with white, or with any color which will contrast well with the outside: for instance, if the hood is black, cherry-color will be charming, or if green, rose-color. There is a quilting of ribbon, of the color of the hood, to be put on the cape, the crown, and the part of the face that turns back. The bow and strings should be the color of the lining. We annex diagrams, one being half the cape, and the other half of the upper part.

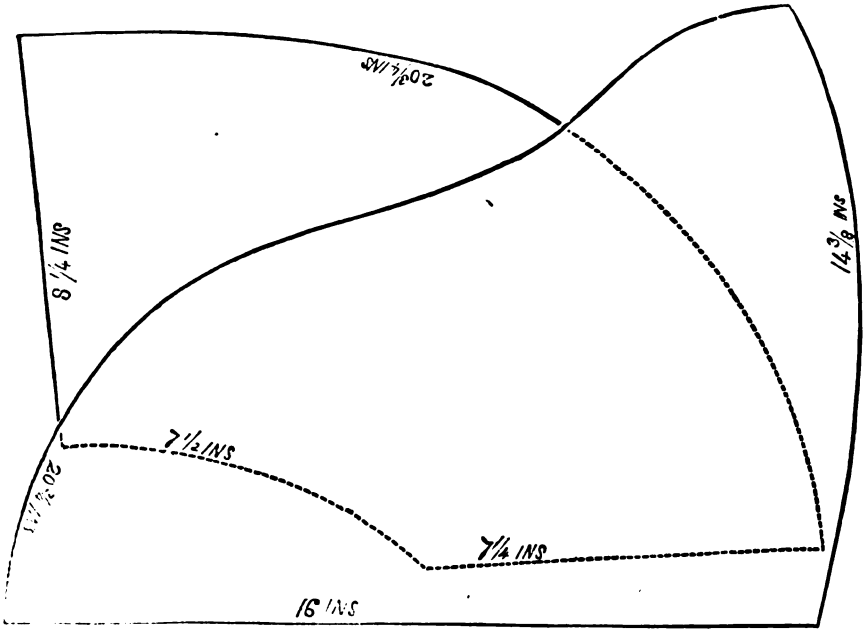
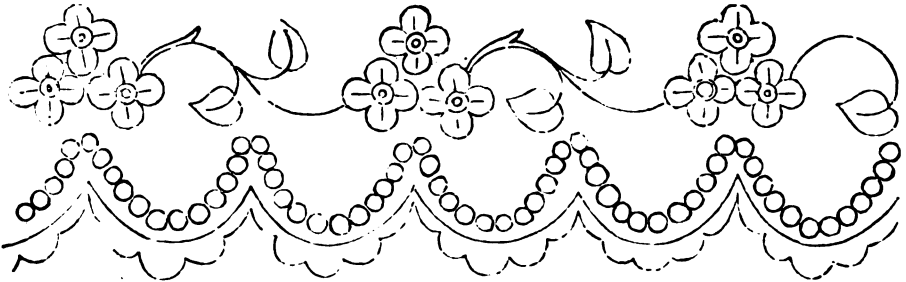
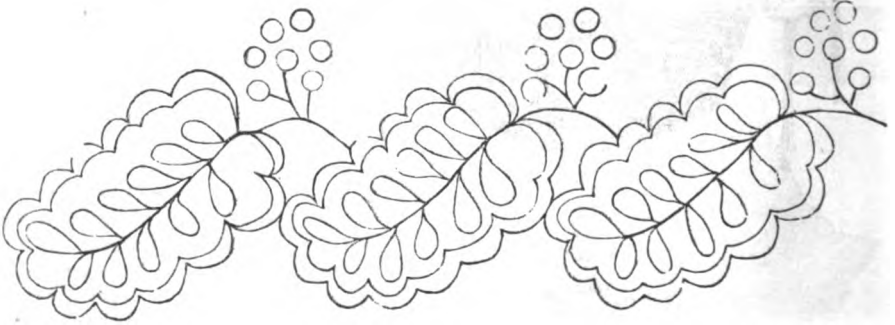


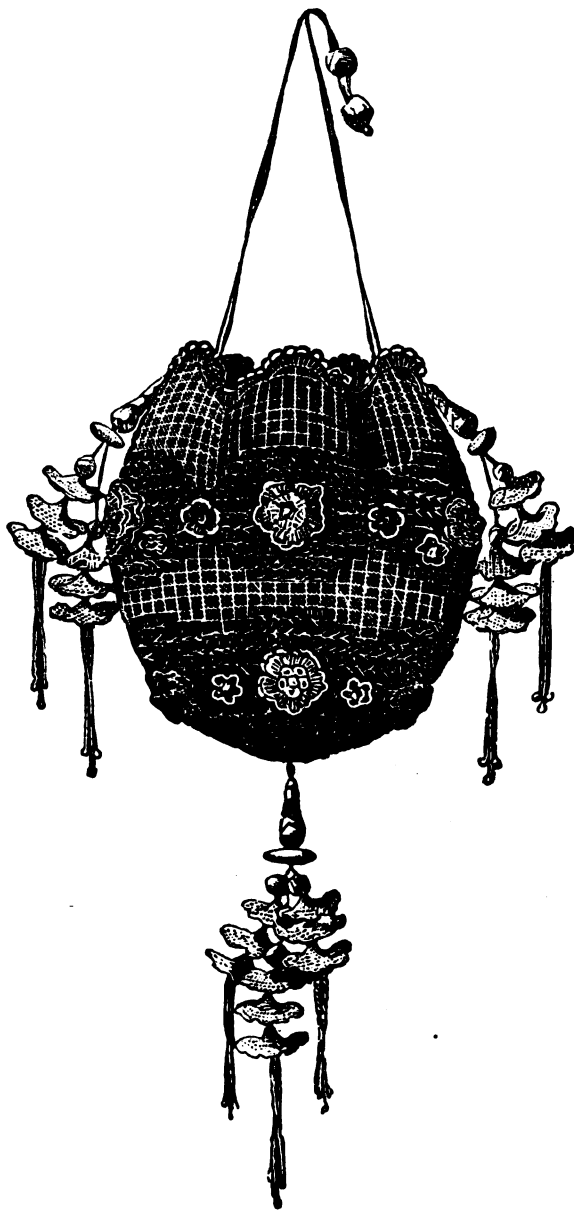
DIAGRAM OF SILK HOOD.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



A CROCHET TOBACCO-POUCH, ORNAMENTED WITH FLOWERS IN RELIEF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



TOBACCO-POUCH.

THE bottom of the pouch commences with a round of chain stitch. The succeeding rounds consist of chain loops. In order to execute it, follow the pattern on the next page. The bottom is worked with green twist; the square is black, and is made with a loop and chain stitch, alternately; then resume the gold thread, and the former pattern. The succeeding rounds are in green twist, plain loops; then follow again the pattern, in gold thread, and the remainder is in squares, and black.

The top of the pouch is ornamented with flowers executed separately, and fastened to it afterward with a needle. There are three large flowers, one blue, one green, and one orange; and six smaller flowers, two of rose, two of red, and two of white.

SMALL FLOWERS.—Very fine gold thread.

1st Row.—Six chain stitches.

2nd Row.—One loop, and two chain stitches, alternately.

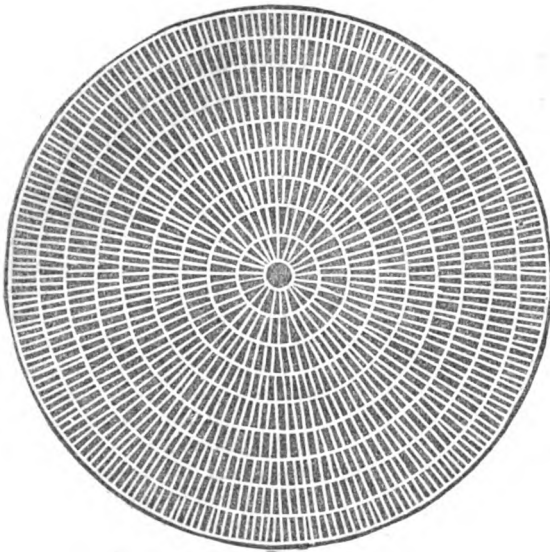
Rose, red, or white.

3rd Row.—Four half loops, with fine silk, a long stitch, which produces six leaves.

All the small flowers are made in the same manner. When the little daisy is sewed on the pouch, a white bead must be placed in the centre.

LARGE FLOWERS.

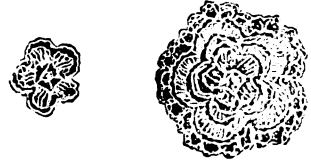
These are the same as the small flowers. They have only five petals, but these petals are larger. At the third round, you make six half petals. When the flower is completed, you must commence, twice, the same work, forming two other rows of petals placed close to each other, thus forming



BOTTOM OF POUCH.

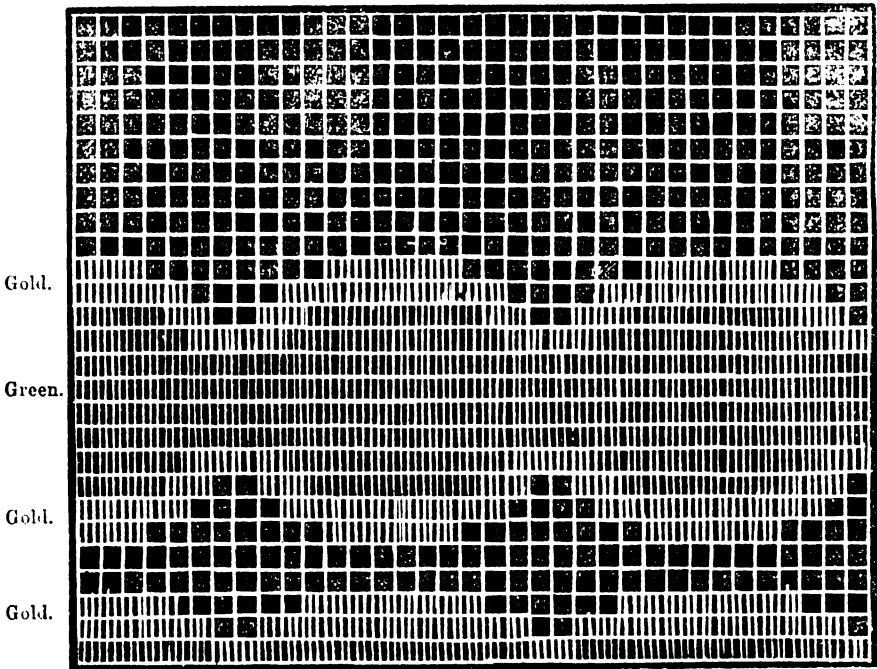
must be placed a small white, and a small colored } placed in the centre. The leaves are also sepa-
flower. All these flowers must have a black bead } rated by a small cut bead. Some large black

a double flower. The last row is sur-
rounded with gold thread, forming
light festoons. The bottom of the
pouch is ornamented with four large
Marguerites—one blue, one green, one
orange, and one red, each placed be-
tween two small flowers. The large



FLOWERS.

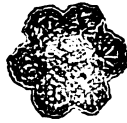
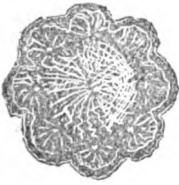
flowers are twice as large as the small
ones. On the bottom of the green in
the centre of the pouch, must be sewed
five large and ten small flowers—the
position indicated in the engraving at
the beginning of this article. The
large flowers are red, white, orange,
pink, and blue; between each flower



SIDE OF POUCH.

beads are also to be disposed here and there, to
form branches. The top of the pouch is orna-
mented with a large shell in crochet, which may
be worked upon the black silk.

TASSELS.—The tassels are composed of three
small bell flowers, of different sizes. The largest
is composed of seven or eight rows, forming
shells of six loops each. The largest flower is



TASSELS.

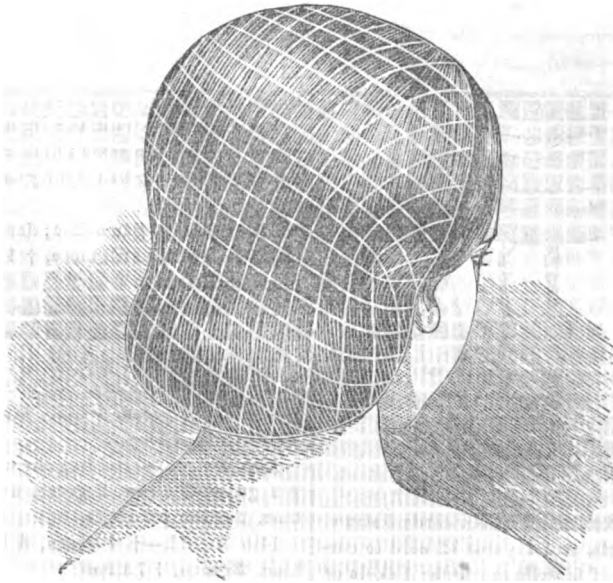
surrounded with eight shells, the next size by seven, and the smallest by six. These indicate their dimensions; they are edged by a row of gold thread, and arranged according to the pat-

tern. Each string is terminated by a black bead.

The tassels are of the following colors: Above, one violet and one white; on one side, one green, and on the other side one pink. The lower tassels are three in number, each consisting of three flowers, one blue, one black, the other orange. The engravings greatly aid the work, which is very delicate: and the flowers of which can only be made by persons well acquainted with crochet work. The pouch is double; the lining of black satin, and the outer part of white kid.

SILK NET FOR THE HAIR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



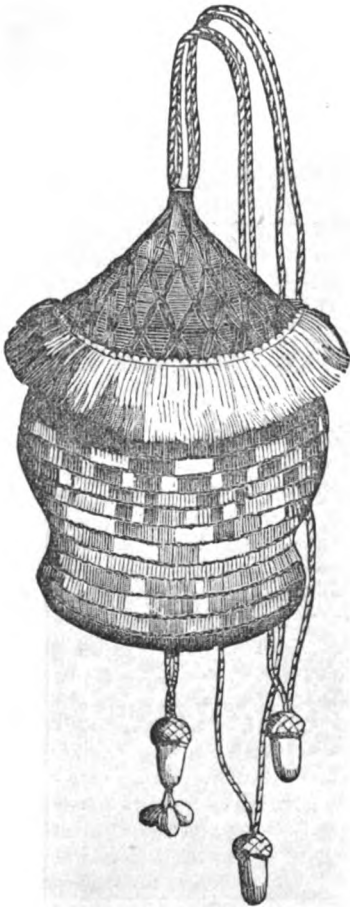
MATERIALS.—Chenille, silk braid, and plain twist are all used for this purpose. Beads can be added if desired; but the net looks in better taste without. The net from which the engraving is taken, is made of chenille. A flat mesh, half an inch in width, a steel netting-needle a quarter of a yard in length; or, if a finer diamond is wished, take a mesh a full quarter of an inch in width, and begin on a foundation of sixteen stitches.

Net eight loops on a foundation; then net sixteen rows. These will count perpendicularly

eight diamonds. Cut the netting from the foundation, but not cut off the cotton; pick out the knots; tie a loop of cotton into the centre of the square, by which to pin it to the table; now net round this square eight rows, or four diamonds, counted perpendicularly, the net is then complete, unless it is desired to be larger. Now run in and tie the elastic; then slightly damp it, place it over a pie-plate, draw the elastic tight, and hold it before the fire to raise the pile of the chenille; when made with plain twist or braid, it is not needed to hold it before the fire.

KNITTING-BAG

BY MRS JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—8 yards of cotton cord; 3 straw-colored silk tassels, and 2 yards of cord to correspond; 1 skein of filoselle to match; 1 skein of light green filoselle; 4 skeins of black Berlin wool; 7 shades of green Berlin wool, and 7 of lilac ditto (2 skeins of each); No. 18 crochet hook, and a mesh one-third of an inch wide.

Work on the end of the cord, with black wool, 10 stitches, which form into a round, on which work 20 stitches.

2nd Round.—Darkest green wool. Crochet all round, increasing sufficiently to make the work perfectly flat.

3rd Round.—With the next shade of wool, do the same.

4th Round.—Next shade of wool. Do the same, having 60 stitches in the round.

5th Round.—Next shade of green, and darkest lilac, † 1 lilac, 6 green, on 5 † 10 times.

6th Round.—Next shade of both colors † 1 lilac, 7 green, on 6 † 10 times.

7th Round.—Next shades, † 2 lilac, over 1, 1 lilac over green, 5 green, 1 lilac, † 10 times. This is not quite flat.

8th Round.—Next shades. This round begins the side, and the cord is held in the proper position for that purpose. There is no increase in the number of stitches; but they are not quite so close together as in the former round, † 4 lilac, 8 green, (coming over the centre of 5 green,) 2 lilac, † 10 times.

9th Round.—Next shade of lilac, green filoselle, † 1 green over the centre of 8 green, and all the rest lilac, working 9 stitches over 8, † 10 times.

10th Round.—With the lightest lilac work a round, having the same number of stitches; but holding in the cord as tightly as possible to contract the bag.

11th Round.—Same lilac; darkest green. Contract the ground still more, † 4 green, 8 lilac, 2 green, † 7 times.

12th Round.—Change to the lightest lilac but one, and the next darkest green, altering the lilac to one darker, and the green to one lighter in every future round. Join on the straw silk, † 4 straw, 2 green, 4 lilac, 4 green, † 7 times. Hold the cord looser.

13th Round.—(Holding the cord still looser,) † 2 green, 2 straw, 2 green, 2 lilac, 2 green, 2 lilac, 2 green † 7 times.

14th Round.—† 4 green, 4 lilac, 2 green, 2 lilac, 2 green, † 7 times.

15th Round.—(Lightest green,) † 1 green, 5 lilac, 2 green, 5 lilac, 2 green, † 7 times. There is an increase of seven stitches in this round; the cord is also held sufficiently slack to increase the bag a little. The remaining rounds are not increased.

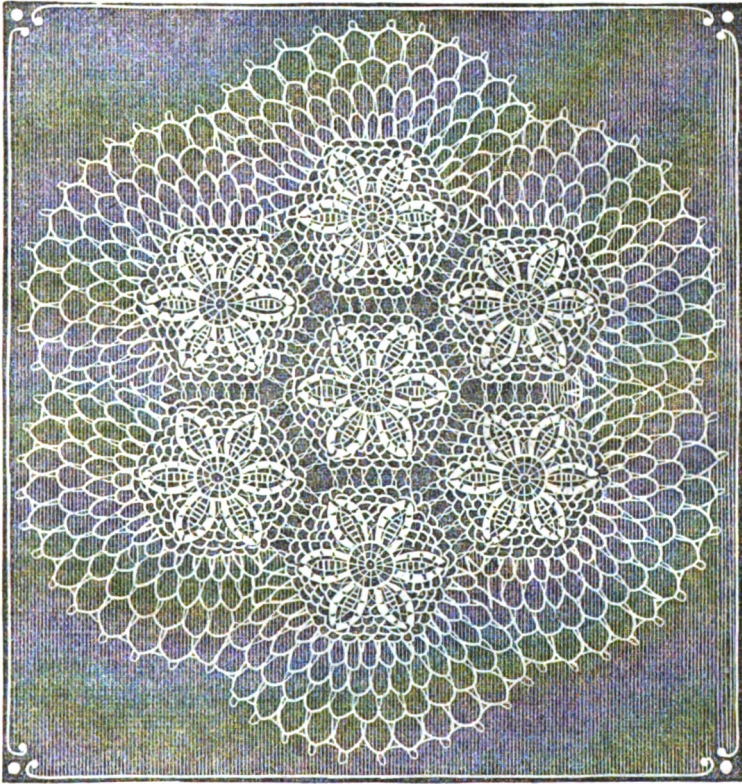
16th Round.—(Green filoselle, and darkest lilac but one,) † 6 silk, 9 lilac, † 7 times.

17th Round.—Darkest lilac only, without increase. Then do four rounds with the black wool. At the end, cut the cord in a slanting way, so that the top may terminate gradually.

Thread a needle with the darkest green wool, and net all round the top of the bag a single round of common netting; do another round with each shade of green wool, to the lightest: about twenty-four stitches should be sufficient for the top of the bag. In the last round of netting, the cords are run to draw it up; and the part where the crochet and netting join is trimmed with fringe. A tassel is added at the bottom.

SOFA TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—No. 6 cotton. No. 2 Penelope hook.

Make 12 ch, unite in a circle, and in these chs work 12 dc; then 6 ch 1 L in 1st dc; * 3 ch 1 L in next. Repeat from * 10 times more. Then 3 ch dc in 3rd loop of 1st 6 ch (this makes 12 L, and 12 chs of 3;) 5 ch 1 L in same loop as last dc; † 4 ch 1 L on next L; 4 ch 1 L on next; 2 ch 1 L in same loop. Repeat from †, and end with 4 ch dc in 3rd loop of the 1st 5 ch, 1 dc in next loop; 1 ch $\frac{3}{2}$ 13 dc; 1 ch. Repeat from $\frac{3}{2}$ all round, then dc on 1 ch, (A); then 15 ch 1 L in 7th loop from that on hook. 1 ch 1 L in each alternate loop for 4 times more; 2 ch dc in loop where 15 ch commenced; 5 ch T (or turn on reverse side) dc on 2nd L; 5 ch dc on next 2nd; 5 ch dc in the loop at the point; 7 ch dc in same loop; 5 ch dc on 2nd L; 5 ch dc on next 2nd L; 4 ch dc on a dc stitch at the bottom of vein (A.) In the 2nd and remaining leaves, work only to here, then repeat from 2nd (A.) 3 dc on 3 dc; 1 ch T 6 L u 4 ch 1 ch; 7 L u each 5 ch; with 1 ch between each 7 L; but u the 7 ch at the point work 12 L, with 2 ch between each 6 L, and in the last 5 ch, make only 5 L instead of 7; then dc on a dc stitch over the single L in 3rd row; 6 dc on dc, and into the 1 ch. Repeat from (A) to (A.) Then 3 dc on 1st

8 dc stitches; T 5 L u 5 ch; 3 ch T 1 L on centre dc between the two leaves; 3 ch dc u 1st 1 ch of 1st leaf; 7 ch T dc on the top of the last of the 5 L, that is in the ch formed by the top of the stitch; 7 L u next 5; 7 ch T dc in centre loop of 7 ch; 7 ch dc u next 1 ch of 1st leaf; 5 ch dc u next 1 ch; 7 ch T 1 L in centre loop of 7 ch; 5 ch 1 L in centre loop of next 7; 7 ch dc on top of last stitch of the 7 L; 7 L u next 5; 1 ch; finish the leaf as before. Then repeat from the 1st (A) again; then to fill up between the 1st and last leaf. After the last 5 L dc in the 6th dc; 5 ch dc u 1st 1 ch of 1st leaf; 7 ch T dc u 1st 1 ch of next leaf; 5 ch dc u next 1 ch; 7 ch T dc in centre loop of 7 ch; 7 ch dc u 1 ch of leaf; 7 ch T 1 L in centre loop of 7 ch; 5 ch 1 L in centre loop of next 7; 5 ch dc u next 1 ch of leaf; 4 ch * 3 dc u the 2 ch at top of leaf, 5 ch dc u 1 ch of leaf; 5 ch dc u next chs, 7 ch dc u next; 7 ch dc u next 5 ch. Repeat from * all round. End with 5 ch dc u 5 ch at side of leaf. Then 7 ch dc on 2nd of the dc on point of leaf; 7 ch dc u next chs for 5 times. Then repeat all round; thus there will be 2 chs of 7 over the point of leaf, and 4 chs of 7 between each. At the end omit to work under the last 7 ch, but dc on dc stitch before the 1st 7 ch which is on top of leaf. Draw the cotton through; fasten off. Fasten in the dc stitch between the two 7 chs on point of leaf; * 3 dc u next 7 ch; 6 ch 3 more dc u same. Repeat from * all round. Fasten off. This forms the centre division. Make another; fasten off, and fasten into centre dc between the two 7 chs; make 3 dc u next 7; 6 ch. Now place the two divisions with their right sides facing; dc u second 6 ch at the corner on point of leaf; 3 more dc u same chs; 3 dc u next 3 ch; dc u centre of 6 ch 3 more dc u same. Repeat this till the 1st ch of 7 on point of leaf; then finish the second division as the first; make a third, and join in the two sides; then finish the

3rd division, and so continue till there are 6 divisions joined round the centre piece.

FOR THE BORDER.—2 L u the dc stitch which joins the divisions together; 3 ch 2 L u 6 ch; 5 ch 2 L u next for twice; 7 ch 2 L u next; 9 ch 2 L u next for 11 times; then 7 ch 2 L u next; 5 ch 2 L u next for twice; 3 ch dc on 1st L, and fasten off.

2nd Row.—Begin in the 2nd 9 ch previous to where the last was finished; 5 dc u each 9 ch; 6 ch 5 dc u same; 4 dc u 7 ch; 6 ch 4 dc u same; 3 dc u each 5 ch; 6 ch 3 dc u same; 5 ch, miss the two chs of 3; 3 dc u 1st 5 in the 2nd division or scallop; 6 ch 3 dc u same, and the same u next 5; 4 dc u 7 ch; 7 ch dc u same; 5 dc u 9 ch; 6 ch 5 dc u same. Repeat, and fasten off.

3rd Row.—3 L u 6 ch; 9 ch 3 L u next; 9 ch 3 L u next 6 ch; 7 ch 2 L u next; 5 ch 2 L u next, and 2 L u next, without the chs between, and missing the 5 ch between the scallop; 5 ch 2 L u next; 7 ch 3 L u next; 9 ch 3 L u next. Make both sides of the scallop alike.

4th Row.—5 dc u each 9 ch; 6 ch 5 dc u same; 2 ch over the 3 L; 4 dc u 7 ch; 6 ch 4 dc u same; 2 ch 2 dc u 5 ch; 6 ch 2 dc u same; 2 dc u next 5 of next scallop; 6 ch 2 dc u same; 4 dc u 7 ch; 6 ch 4 dc u same; 2 ch 5 dc u 9 ch; 6 ch 5 dc u same. Repeat.

5th Row.—3 L u 6 ch; 9 ch 3 L u next; 9 ch 3 L u next; 7 ch 1 L u next, and 1 L u next. Continue making both sides alike.

6th Row.—5 dc u 9 ch; 6 ch of dc u same 8 ch. Repeat, and u the 7 ch work 3 dc u instead of 5.

7th Row.—4 L u 6 ch; 9 ch. Repeat. Between the scallops. Make 1 L u the 6 ch in one scallop, and 1 L u next 6 ch in next scallop, without making chs between.

8th Row.—5 dc u 9 ch; 6 ch 5 dc u same 4 ch. Repeat. Make no chs over the divisions of scallops.

KNITTED SHAWL

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in colors, of a knitted shawl, which has been designed expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

MATERIALS.—Crimson zephyr, double, 5 oz., Chinchilla zephyr, double, large wooden needles.

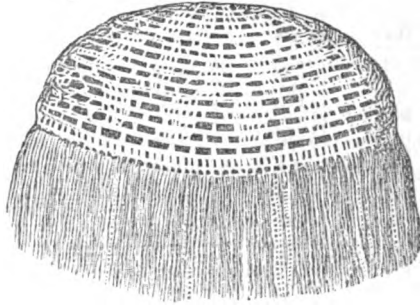
With the Chinchilla wool, cast on 2 stitches. Knit plain, widening 1 stitch at the beginning

of every alternate row, until you have 30 stitches on needle: then tie on the crimson wool. Work now with both balls, observing to knit the 30 stitches of Chinchilla for the border. Widen as before, until you have 150 stitches in all upon the needle. Drop the crimson ball, and with the Chinchilla knit 30 rows, widening in the same way. Bind off. With the crimson wool

cast on 10 stitches, knit a stripe long enough to border two sides of the shawl, as seen in the engraving. Sew it on. Cut the crimson wool in lengths of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard for the fringes. Tie it on in tassel style, about two inches apart, and the shawl is finished.

A CROCHET PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Two colors of crochet cotton, grey and blue, grey and pink, or red. Two balls of cotton will suffice for the entire cushion.

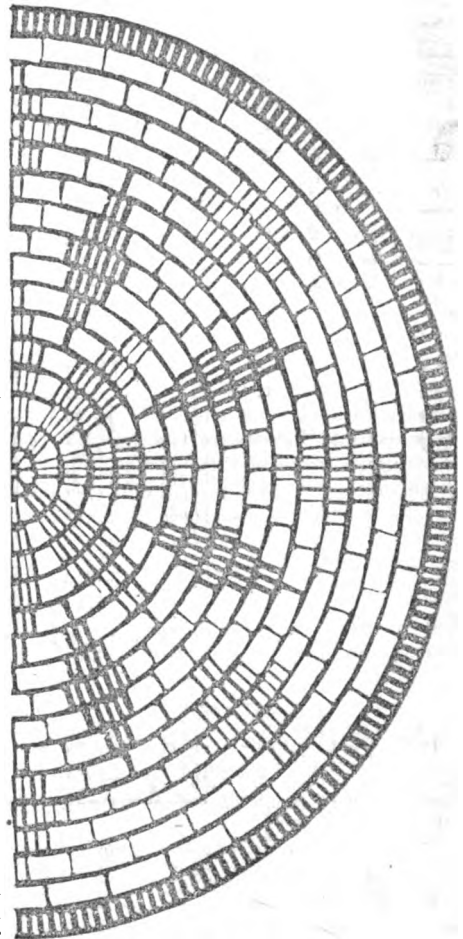
The work is executed as follows:—Put the thread over the crochet needle, and pass it then into the mesh of the lower row, taking the top of the stitch, passing the hook in one stitch only, (there are 3,) throw the thread over, and take up 2 stitches.

The pin-cushion commences in the middle, like lamp-mats: then with the grey cotton you make 8 chain stitches, which you join in a round, and in each of these meshes make a loop; then, in turning always, you follow the design which represents half the pin-cushion. There are two figures to exhibit the shades of the cotton; the first palms are grey. It is not necessary to cut the grey cotton, for it can be passed beneath the needle, and you can then begin the colored palms of the 6th row. You must first cut as much colored thread of 1 row 20 c, as there are 14 palms, and each palm should have its own thread, which should be joined by making it pass into the stitch, and letting it re-pass from the end on the wrong side, retaining it in your fingers, and loosing it between the stitches.

It is well to observe that when you commence the colored palms, you ought to make only 4 instead of 5 chain-stitches, as the 5th stitch is formed by the thread of the color which is joined on.

The fringe is crocheted as for lamp-mats; it ought to be of two colors, as is the pin-cushion, and of double silk.

The small round in the centre is made of colored cotton with a needle.



Come Forth to the Woodland.

WORDS BY J. HAY DOBBIN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

ALLEGRETTO
CON
SPIRITO.

Come forth to the

wood - land, The flow'rs are in bloom, And the bree - zes are la - den with sweetest per - fume. The morn's brightly breaking o'er

valley and hill, And the sun - shine is gleaming on clear for - est rill, And the sun - shine is

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gleam - ing on clear for - est rill.

2.
Come forth to the woodland—
The lark's singing loud,
And the sky's brightest hue
Is undimmed by a cloud.
Come away from the city's
Dark trouble and toil,
And add to the sunshine
The light of thy smile.

3.
Come forth to the woodland—
We'll gather wild flowers;
Thou shalt taste of the joys
Of thy childhood's sweet hours;
And we'll stray by the lake
In morning's sunshine,
While its waters reflect back
That sweet face of thine.

4.
Come forth to the woodland—
The bloom on thy cheek
Is more dear to my heart
Than fount tongue can speak.
The smile brightly beaming
From love-lighted eye
Is dearer than sunlight
That shines from on high.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1860—BETTER THAN EVER.—On the cover, this month, will be found our Prospectus for 1860. Every year's experience teaches us how to do better for our subscribers, while the continual increase in our circulation enables us to afford costlier and costlier attractions. Hence it is that we make no idle boast in saying that "Peterson" has improved with every year. Hence also we are able to promise that "Peterson" for 1860 will be even better than for 1859. Some of the points, in which this superiority will consist, are set forth in our Prospectus. Others we keep, for the present, to ourselves, lest they should be imitated.

Prominent, before all, will be an improvement in the literary department. This, some will say, will hardly be possible. Already, we will be told, "Peterson" has most of the best writers. But even the best writers write better at some times than at others; and we shall publish nothing but the best efforts of the best writers. We have several powerful novelets, already on hand; more, indeed, than we can publish; and when we have made a selection from these, we will announce those we shall print. We can promise, even now, however, that they will be better than any we have yet given. Of course, one of these novelets will be by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, who, as well as Frank Lee Benedict, will continue to write exclusively for "Peterson."

Now is the time to get up clubs! A word as to the premium offered. This consists of two magnificent mezzotints, companion pictures, engraved, at great expense, expressly for us, from original paintings by James Hamilton, Esq., one of the most celebrated American artists. All who have seen Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, remember its spirited illustrations. These illustrations are from paintings by Mr. Hamilton. There is a poetry, in all this artist's works, which struck us as eminently qualifying him to paint Niagara: and we think he has signally succeeded. Each of the mezzotints is of a size to frame, and quite superior to similar engravings generally. Certainly no premium of equal value has ever been offered before.

We repeat: now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other Magazine. Be, therefore, the first in the field. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. Don't lose a moment!

MARRIAGE IN THE EAST.—Among the ancients, especially in the East, every one that came to a marriage-feast was expected to appear in a handsome and elegant dress, which was called the wedding-garment. This was frequently a white robe: and when the guest was a stranger, or was not able to provide such a robe, it was usual for the master of the feast to furnish him with one: and if he who gave the entertainment was of high rank and great opulence, he sometimes provided marriage robes for the whole assembly. To this custom we have allusions in Homer, and other classical writers; and there are some traces of it in the entertainment of the Turkish court at this very day. It must be remarked, also, that it was in a very high degree indecorous and offensive to good manners, to intrude into the festivity without this garment.

DOUBLING THE LIST.—Every subscriber for 1859 knows at least one person whom she can get to subscribe for 1860. If each of our present patrons will get but one subscriber for us, this alone will double our list for 1860.

A GARDEN.—A garden! What visions of beauty the word conjures up! There should be a cottage in its vicinity, with red and clambering roses blushing against its walls and creeping in at all the windows. Then there must be laughing-eyed children near, with shoutings and gleeful laughter, and dancing feet. A cow should stand outside the garden-gate (on the peril of the beauties within keep the gate shut) wistfully regarding the Eden beyond—and if a lamb, a real, white, curly-fleeced lamb could in these prosy times be coaxed into the dutiful affection of "Mary's little lamb that followed her to school one day," and run frisking after the white-footed children: wouldn't they, the cow and the lamb, complete the picture?

First in the land of our fathers, haughty old England, comes the daisy, word of beautiful significance, the "eye of day," blue, mild, and soft as the ethereal morning. But our first flower is just as sweet and suggestive—

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

The rose, blushing at our greeting, with the baby buds hiding themselves under her crimson garments, is our favorite. How modest she stands in her beauty, queen of flowers though she be! How inviting, how exquisitely graceful her manner, as with spirit-speech she woos us to partake of her delicate fragrance! Perhaps there is a pearl of dew upon her petals. Don't touch it, or you may disarrange the toilet of some elfin flower-sprite. The bright petunia shakes its rich blossom-like bells swinging in the dainty breeze. The lowly pinks, oh! how beautiful the bed of pinks! Down on your knees to them. Pay them at least the semblance of gratitude for their inimitable fragrance. Put in your stakes and throw up your slender cords for the twining morning-glories. See, as the sun glances through and through their vestures of transparent carmine, and makes the amber and blue blend into golden-colored tints, how truly they are named glories! The glories of God's creation are seen as much in these fragile leaves that the first rude breeze may blow a-under, as in the tall Alpine crag bristling with a thousand-pointed splendor under the blaze of a vernal sun.

But with the summer, how many of the delicate flowers will sink into early decay, and the autumn will come in with garlands of her favorites bound about her brow? The peony, a gorgeous, but not over refined beauty, laughing in the full face of the day-god; the poppy, nestling amid its foliage and lulling zephyrs to sleep. The regal prince's feather, flaunting like crimson plumes upon the head of a vain belle; and the dahlia, much talked of and much admired flower, choice specimens of which are sent every year to deck some floral festivity.

The dahlia was not generally known until the year 1789, when a few swarthy Spaniards brought some worthless-looking roots into Europe, asking for their treasures an exorbitant price, and promising from their culture the most brilliant floral results.

And to-day that flower blooms all over Europe, and in all the American gardens. Its beautiful colors break out from the luxuriance of green pastures from the time the corn silks till the grape is purple. Its tall stature and regal bearing, together with the splendor of its appareling, the gorgeous hues of every variety with which nature has adorned it, render it worthy of a queenly title. Its leaves, folding at their stems, swell outward into a beautiful, bell-like flower, that in a flower not fully blown gives a unique

appearance. The tints, deepening into a rich, warm brilliancy, and from the midst outpeeping a crown of gold, stamp it a royal plant.

But with a too stately—a too commanding bearing it craves our admiration. Standing loftily above humbler plants, greeting the passer-by with queenly nods, while the sun shines on its dewy brilliants: it yet yields no delight equal to that with which we greet the opening buds of spring.

To what shall it be compared?

A haughty beauty without a soul—a glorious statue in which life is wanting; both inspiring without yielding the rapture accorded to living grace, without kindling one emotion of love.

We praise the dahlia and comment on its splendor; but who would wear it over the heart? We hold it as one would a rare vase—but give no regrets for its early fading. We do not gather the leaves and fold them away in choice corners, among mementos of the dead—in little robes that little heavenly children have worn—in the soft fabrics that long time ago heaved over the bosom of the beautiful, the lost. We do not press its rich tints between books, and send them stamped upon our very thoughts in letters to our far off household loves. It is not the flower to plant upon mounds under which sleep the placid dead—it reminds us not of immortality. It is all of this world, with no impalpable essence floating heavenward, like the perfume of beautiful thoughts breathed out toward God.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—The newspapers still continue to say that "Peterson" is the cheapest and best Lady's Magazine in the world. We receive hundreds of notices, monthly, to this effect. Says the Noble County (Ohio) Republican:—"In our estimation, Peterson has eclipsed many of his three dollar rivals, and is now publishing the very best Lady's Magazine extant—superior in every respect to any of the higher priced publications." Says the Bedford (Pa.) Gazette:—"We know of no work of a similar nature that is so useful and entertaining as this." And the Pulaski (Tenn.) Citizen says:—"Peterson, the bright, glowing, ever welcome Peterson—our 'pet,' and the 'admired' of everybody that reads it—comes glistening and scintillating with its gems—unsurpassed by any publications that reach our table." We could give pages of such notices, but have not room. So those who take "Peterson" may be assured that there is nothing else better, or even as good, to be had for their money.

"GOOD MORROW."—Some of the oldest things are the best. As proof, here is a poem, written by Thomas Haywood, A. D., 1607. Isn't it pretty?

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,
To give my love good morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good morrow!

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
Sing birds in every furrow,
And from each hill let music shrill,
Give my fair love good morrow!
Black bird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock sparrow,
You pretty elves among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow!

COLLAR AND CUFF.—In the front of the number we give a pretty pattern, in embroidery, of a new collar and cuff. Many ladies are now wearing collars deeper than the pattern, but this can be arranged, according to taste, by the person working the pattern.

BIBLE-MARKER.—In the front of the number is a pattern for a Bible-Marker, to be worked in embroidery. But if any lady should prefer the simple cardboard it is equally eligible, and can be fastened down on to the ribbon with a herring-bone-stitch in colored silk, or any sort of slight bordering which may be considered equally unobtrusive, as the eye ought by no means to be diverted from the simplicity of the primary design by any trivial decorations. The cross is to be worked in a light and very dark rich brown, the shadow requiring to be strong. The winding branches are to be in green floss silk, the letters in gold-colored floss silk. This Bible-Marker makes a very pleasing present.

NOT T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS.—We frequently receive communications addressed to T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Even our exchanges, in noticing the Magazine, often say that it is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. We have, more than once, corrected this error. We now say again that we have no business connection with T. B. Peterson & Brothers, nor they with us; and that the only connection between us is that they, as well as we, have our places of business at 306 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. All letters, intended for the Magazine, must be addressed to C. J. Peterson.

"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN."—This engraving, which illustrates the old and popular Scotch song, is from a painting in water colors, by Henry Tidey, an English artist. We have never seen the subject better handled, though it has been often painted before. Every wrinkle of the faces, the very clasp of the hands, the feeble steps, all these are eloquent with the pathos of the words.

"But we maun totter now, John,
As down the hill we go,
To sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

A GOOD NEWSPAPER.—Do you want a good newspaper? "The City Item" of this city is such a one, edited by Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq. It seems but yesterday, since Mr. Fitzgerald started "The Item," and yet the paper has passed its twelfth birthday, has prospered, and is now regularly read by a large and discriminating class, who take an interest in all that relates to elegant literature, the Fine Arts, Music, the Drama, Education, Business, etc. The terms are one dollar a year. We commend it to all who want a high-toned family journal.

WATCHING THE BABY.—This is even more truthful and beautiful, we think, than the "Chick, Chick," given in our last number. It needs no word of illustration, for it tells its own story. Bless the dear little, patient nurse!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Henry St. John, Gentleman. By J. Esten Cooke. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—No American novelist excels Mr. Cooke in making children act and talk naturally. No one equals him in drawing, to the life, a gay, half coquettish girl, full of animal spirits and conscious of being admired. Few have similar dramatic talent. He is, besides, an industrious and workman-like author, who seems to slight nothing, but to do everything to the best of his ability. He has not yet grown too old to lose that zest for the romantic, without which no romance writer has ever become a favorite. With all these merits, it is no wonder that Mr. Cooke is rapidly becoming one of our most popular novelists, or that his historical novels, such as this and "The Virginia Comedians" promise to be standard fictions. St. John, the hero of the present story, is a young Virginian gentleman, of ample fortune, and descended from Pocahontas. Where the tale opens, a year or two before the war of

Independence, he is lieutenant of Lord Dunmore's guards. But he soon throws up this office, joins the patriotic side, and eventually fights through the contest to the peace of '83. The proper action of the novel, however, is confined to about a twelvemonth. The interest alternates between a love-story, of which St. John is the hero, of course, and the first risings of the Revolution in Virginia. Bonnybel, the heroine, is one of the most successful characters in American fiction, and is so unaffectedly real, that we cannot but believe she has been photographed from life. In a different way, Captain Waters, the old soldier of Minden, is also spiritedly and truthfully drawn. But Lord Dunmore, we think, is a failure. The love-scenes of the book are exquisitely done. On the other hand, the interviews between St. John and the governor appear to us melodramatic. Many persons, prominent in colonial history, are incidentally introduced: among them Jefferson and Patrick Henry. Mr. Cooke has studied the newspapers of that time extensively, and from this source, as well as from tradition, has been able to give quite a vivid and accurate picture of the manners of the day. We commend the book very cordially.

Haydn's Sacred Oratorio, The Creation, in Vocal Score. With a separate accompaniment for the organ or piano-forte. Edited by V. Novello. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Oliver Dison & Co.—Haydn's Oratorio of "The Creation," which was composed in the years 1797 and 1798, takes rank next after Handel's mighty master-pieces. The present is a cheap edition, but printed with neatness and accuracy, and hence is a valuable contribution to the popular library of music. Schools, and even families, will find it a desirable acquisition. Many of the airs and duets are peculiarly fitted for Sunday evening singing. Several choirs, by uniting their forces, could perform the entire Oratorio, as the comparatively low price of the book places it within the reach of almost every one.

Rhymes of Twenty Years. By Henry Morford. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: H. Dexter & Co.—The accomplished author of this volume has been, at various times, a contributor to "Peterson." Indeed, some of the best of his poems, if we may trust our memory, originally appeared in this Magazine. For nearly twenty years, Mr. Morford has been writing fugitive verses; and these are what we now have, with some never before published, collected in the volume on our table. We had marked several poems for quotation, but want of space compels us to omit them: we may say, however, that "The Cripple on Christmas Day," "Sadness of the Evening Rain," "Dead at the Post of Duty," and "Under the Willows," are among those that please us most.

Lissy Glenn. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Mr. Arthur always writes with a purpose. His object, in his fictions, is not merely to amuse, but also to instruct. The present story has for its theme the trials of a seamstress. The subject is one that ought to interest every woman, and Mr. Arthur has handled it with judgment, which is more than we can say of most persons who have written upon it. More than this, the tale is well wrought out, for it frequently brings tears into the eyes.

Dow's Patent Sermons. By Dow, Jr. Fourth Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The popularity of these burlesques is proved by the fact that no less than four different volumes, this being the fourth, have been demanded by the public. Personally, we do not relish such dishes; and we doubt if many of our fair readers would either. The work is neatly printed.

Chambers' Encyclopedia. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philada: J. McFarland.—This excellent serial continues to appear regularly, and improves, if anything, as it progresses. It is to be completed in eighty-six numbers, at fifteen cents each, and will be a solid acquisition to any purchaser.

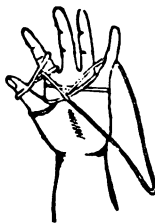
The Life, Travels, and Books of Alexander Von Humboldt. With an Introduction by Bayard Taylor. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—In his introduction to this anonymous biography, Mr. Taylor calls attention to the fact that no good life of Humboldt has heretofore existed. That void is now supplied. In the present volume, we have not only the facts we desire to know, but those facts are arranged in a skillful and pleasing manner: we not only learn to understand Humboldt as a *scientist*, but to know him as a *man*. The book is handsomely printed, and illustrated by a portrait of Humboldt, engraved from a photograph, taken for Mr. Taylor, when the venerable philosopher was in his eighty-sixth year.

My Third Book. By E. L. Chandler Moulton. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mrs. Moulton is well known to the readers of "Peterson" as one of our most talented contributors. The present is a collection of some of her best fugitive prose-tales, compiled principally from the pages of this Magazine and "Harper's." All the stories are marked by unusual power. To all who wish first-rate fiction, that is interesting without being of the sensation school, we commend this volume; for they will find it refined, artistic, and such as they will not be ashamed to read aloud to their friends.

Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea. Viewed Classically, Poetically, and Practically. 1 vol., small 4 to. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This may be called, if we may so speak, the parlor cook-book. It is printed on creamy paper, and bound with a gilt-top; and the contents maintain the same relative elegance over ordinary cook-books. Besides some three hundred modern receipts, the volume contains numerous dishes and feasts of all times and countries.

The Rectory of Moreland; or, My Duty. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—Who is the author of this excellent novel? No name is given on the title-page, nor is the style one with which we are familiar. Whoever she is, she need not be ashamed of her work. Both its moral and its execution are good. The publishers have printed the volume quite elegantly.

PARLOR PASTIMES.



THE MAGIC BOND.—Take a piece of string, and tie the two ends together with a weaver's knot, as that holds the best, and arrange it over the fingers as represented in the engraving. Having done so, let the long loop hang loose, lift both loops off the thumb, draw them forward until the string is quite tight, and then put them behind the hand, by passing them between the second and third fingers. Then pull the part of the string that is across the roots of the fingers, and the whole affair will come off.

PARLOR GAMES.

THE ELEMENTS.—In this game the party sits in a circle; one throws a handkerchief at another and calls out Air, Earth, or Water, as the player may choose, and the person whom the handkerchief hits must name a creature, native to the element called; but if "Fire" is called, no response must be made. The answer must be given before the caller can count ten, and the one in possession of the handkerchief must continue the game by throwing it to another. For instance, one throws the handkerchief, calling "Air;" the person who catches it immediately says "Robbin," and then tossing it to another, calls out "Water;" who, in their turn,

says "Shark," and sends it to the next, saying "Fire," this one must not answer, but flings it to another, saying "Earth," and so the game proceeds. If an animal is named which is not native to the element called, or if the response is not spoken quickly enough, a forfeit can be exacted. No animal should be named more than once.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Sponge Cake.—A quarter of a pound of lump sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, well dressed, the rind of a lemon, grated, seven eggs, leaving two of the whites out; do not beat up the eggs; boil the sugar in a quarter of a pint of water, and pour it boiling hot unto the eggs, whisking them very quickly while the sugar is poured gently on them; continue to whisk it for twenty minutes; stir in the flour, but do not whisk it after; put it into moulds, well buttered, and bake it in a quick oven. Be careful to have the oven ready, or the cakes will be heavy.

Panada.—A glass of white wine and an equal quantity of water, with a little nutmeg and lemon-peel, should be set over a clear fire, in a very nice saucepan; the moment it boils up, throw in a large tablespoonful of very fine bread crumbs; stir it for a minute or two, until it is well mixed and thickened. If wanted for an invalid, where wine might not be proper, make as directed, only putting more water instead of the wine, and when it is nearly ready to take off the fire, add the juice of a lemon or orange.

Short or Luncheon Cake.—Put into a basin sufficiently large to hold the whole ingredients, half a pound of fresh butter, set it in the oven to melt. In the meantime, mix well with one pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of Borwick's baking powder, a quarter of a pound of pounded loaf-sugar, half a pound of currants, washed and dried, two ounces of candied peel, a little mixed spice, with salt to taste. Mix three well-beaten fresh eggs with the warm butter, then add the whole. Bake in a quick oven.

To Make Brilla Soup.—Take a shin of beef, cut off all the meat in square pieces, then boil the bone three hours; strain it and take off the fat, then put the broth to boil with the pieces of meat, a few carrots and turnips cut small, and a good sprig of thyme, some onions chopped, and a stick of celery cut in pieces; stir them all till the meat is tender. If not cooking brown, you must color it.

German Puffs.—A quarter of a pound of almonds beaten very fine in a mortar with rose-water, six eggs well beaten, leaving out two of the whites, two spoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter, a little nutmeg, and six ounces of sugar, all well mixed with a pint of cream, baked in buttered pattypans, served up with wine sauce.

A Plain Custard.—Boil a pint of new milk, keeping a little back to mix with a tablespoonful of flour. Thicken the milk with the flour, let it cool a little, then add one egg well beaten. Sweeten to taste. Set it on the fire again and stir until the egg turns, but do not let it boil. A little lemon or almond may be added.

Cambridge Pudding.—Two ounces of loaf-sugar pounded, two ounces of fine flour, two ounces of butter, the yolks of three eggs, the whites of two, and half a pint of new milk. Melt the butter in the milk, and mix the whole together. Put it in teacups, and bake half an hour. Serve with wine sauce.

Arrowroot Drops, or Biscuits.—Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, seven eggs well whisked. Adding seven ounces of flour, six ounces of arrowroot, and half a pound of loaf sugar. Mix all well together, and drop on a clean tin, size of a shilling; bake in a slow oven.

To Make Rock Cakes.—Beat well two eggs, and then add one pound of crushed lump sugar, and let it stand for an hour; then add nine ounces of flour and a few drops of the essence of almonds. Bake in a slow oven.

Rabbit Roasted.—Cut off the fore-joints of the shoulders and legs, wash and dry well, take out the liver, and make a stuffing of the following materials; stale bread crumbled, lemon peel and nutmeg grated, dried herbs, principally sage, well powdered, quarter of a pound of sausage meat, the liver chopped up, and eggs enough to mix, or the latter may be dispensed with. Sew the stuffing inside, skewer back the head between the shoulders, cover with buttered paper, and bake; or the stuffing may be made of the following: two good-sized onions chopped fine, dried sage, bread crumbled, lemon peel and nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste.

Gravy for the Above.—The spare joints which were cut off, half a pound of gravy beef, or the bones and trimmings from other joints which may not be required for use; and a little lemon peel, and a very little best mixed spice. Thicken with flour and butter.

Egg Puddings.—Take any number of eggs, their weight in flour, brown sugar, and butter, and a few currants or chopped raisins, as preferred. Mix well together by means of the eggs. Bake in buttered moulds; serve hot with wine sauce.

Ginger-Bread.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, (dissolved,) two pounds and a half of treacle, three pounds of flour, half a pound of moist sugar, two ounces and a half of ginger, and a quarter of a pound of candied peel.

Caledonian Cream.—Two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, one teaspoonful of raspberry jam, two whites of eggs, juice of one lemon. Beat for half an hour. Serve up sprinkled with fancy biscuits.

Block Biscuits.—Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, half a pound of ground rice, three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of loaf sugar, four eggs, and a little sal volatile.

Rice Cake.—Three eggs and the same weight of ground rice and sugar, mixed and beaten well. Bake quickly in a mould.

Salted Fish.—A glass of vinegar put into the water you lay your fish in to soak will fetch out most of the salt.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

Baker's Feast.—Boil two ounces of hops one hour in nine quarts of water, take seven pounds of mashed potatoes, when the liquor is milk-warm, and add one pound of sugar, two ounces of carbonate of soda, half an ounce of spirits of wine, one pound of flour, and half a pint of brewer's yeast to work it.

Bran Tea.—A very cheap and useful drink in colds, fevers, and restlessness from pain. Put a handful of bran in a pint and a half of cold water, let it boil rather more than half an hour, then strain it, and, if desired, flavor with sugar and lemon juice; but it is a pleasant drink without any addition.

A Receipt for Pomade.—Three ounces of olive oil, three-quarters of a drachm of the oil of almonds, two drachms of palm oil, half an ounce of white wax, a quarter of a pound of lard, and three-quarters of a drachm of the essence of bergamot.

To Cleanse Gold.—Wash the article in warm suds made of delicate soap and water, with ten or fifteen drops of sal volatile. (The sal volatile will render the metal brittle. This hint may be used or left at pleasure.)

A Good Shaving Paste.—White wax, spermaceti, and almond oil, of each a quarter of an ounce; melt, and while warm beat in two squares of Windsor soap, previously reduced to a paste with rose-water.

Remedy for House Ants.—Go at once to the nest and pour boiling water into it until the ants are destroyed. If they come in through a crack, stop it up.

Preserving Milk.—Take any quantity of really fresh milk, put it into a bottle well corked, and plunge it into boiling water a quarter of an hour.

OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.

MEATS AND SAUCES.

French Steaks—Made of a Neck of Mutton.—Let your mutton be good and large, and cut off most of the fat of the neck—then cut the steaks about two inches thick. Make a large opening through the middle of each steak, and stuff it with forcemeat made of bread crumbs, beef suet, a little nutmeg, pepper and salt, mixed up with the yolk of an egg; when the steaks are stuffed, wrap them in writing paper, put them in the oven, and broil them: they will take near an hour. Put some brown gravy in a dish, and serve the steaks in the papers.

Harico of a Neck of Mutton.—Cut the best end of a neck of mutton into chops, flatten them, and fry them a light brown: then put them into a large saucepan with two quarts of water, and a large carrot cut in slices. When they have stewed a quarter of an hour, add two turnips cut in slices, the white part of a head of celery, a few heads of asparagus, some cabbage leaves, and pepper to your taste; boil all together till it becomes tender. The gravy is not to be thickened.

GAME.

Pigeons—Compote.—Take six young pigeons and skewer them, as for boiling, put forcemeat into the craws, lard them down the breast, fry them brown, and then put them into a strong brown gravy, and let them stew three-quarters of an hour; thicken it with a lump of butter rolled in flour. When dished, strain the gravy over them, and lay some forcemeat balls around them. You can make the forcemeat as follows:—Grate the crumbs of a very small loaf, and scrape, or cut fine, a quarter of a pound of fat bacon; chop a little parsley, thyme, and an onion; grate a little nutmeg, lemon peel, some pepper and salt, and mix all up with an egg.

Partridge in Panes.—Half roast two partridges, take the flesh from them, and mix it with a moderate quantity of bread crumbs steeped in rich gravy, half a pound of fat bacon, scraped; two artichoke bottoms boiled and shred fine; the yolks of three eggs, pepper, salt, nutmeg, and some lemon-juice cut very fine. Work all together, and bake in moulds the shape of an egg. Serve it up cold, or in jelly.

Pigeons—Broiled.—Procure young pigeons, draw them, split them down the back, and season them with pepper and salt; lay them on a gridiron with the breast upward; turn them, but be careful you do not burn the skin; rub them over with butter, and keep turning them until they are done enough; dish them up, and pour over them melted butter.

Wild Ducks—Hashed.—Cut up your duck as for eating, and put it in a pan, with a spoonful of good gravy, and the same quantity of red wine, and an onion sliced exceedingly thin. When it has boiled two or three minutes, lay the duck in a dish, pour the gravy over it, and add a teaspoonful of caper liquor.

PUDDINGS.

Sago Pudding.—Take two ounces of sago, boil it in water with a stick of cinnamon till it be quite soft and thick; let it stand till quite cold. In the meantime grate the crumb of a small loaf, and pour over it a large glass of red wine.

Chop four ounces of marrow, adding half a pound of sugar, and the yolks of four beaten eggs; beat them all together for a quarter of an hour, lay a puff paste round your dish, pour into it the mixture, and bake it a suitable time. Before serving it, stick it over with blanched almonds, and bits of citron cut lengthwise.

Cheap and Hasty Pudding.—Take one common teaspoonful of sugar, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of baking powder, and flour enough to make of the consistency of sponge cake. Divide it in three parts, and bake quick in patty-pans. Put any kind of stewed fruit or mashed berries between each cake, and serve with a sauce of butter, sugar, a little seasoning to taste, and a small quantity of boiling water.

Rice Flour Pudding.—To one quart of fresh milk, boiled, add twelve teaspoonfuls of rice flour, (previously mixed smooth with a little cold milk,) six eggs, (the whites and yolks having been beaten separately,) and a little salt. Then bake it carefully, and serve it with a sauce made of cream, butter, sugar, wine, and a little nutmeg.

Quaking Pudding.—Boil one quart of cream, and let it stand till almost cold; then beat four eggs a full quarter of an hour, with a spoonful and a half of flour; then mix them with your cream, adding sugar and nutmeg to your taste. Tie the mixture close up in a cloth well buttered, let it boil an hour, and turn it carefully out.

DIET FOR INVALIDS.

Wine Whey.—Take nine eggs, beat the whites and yolks separately till they become quite thick; put three or more tablespoonfuls of sugar into the yolks while beating them. Pour one bottle of wine, with half a pint of water into a skillet to boil while the eggs are being beaten. When the wine and water comes to a boil, beat the yolks and whites together with half a pint of cold water, then pour it into the skillet of wine whey, stirring it hard all the while. Grate nutmeg over it.

Wine Posset.—Take a quart of new milk, and the crumbs of a very small loaf, or roll, and boil them till they are soft; when you take it off the fire, grate in half a nutmeg, add some sugar to your liking, and then put it into a china bowl, and pour into it a pint of Lisbon wine, carefully, a little at a time, or it will make the curd hard and tough. Serve it with toast.

Sago with Milk.—Wash your sago with warm water, and set it over the fire, with a stick of cinnamon, and as much water as will boil it thick and soft; then put in as much new milk, or thin cream as will make it a proper thickness; grate in half a nutmeg, sweeten it to your taste, and serve it in a china bowl.

Panada.—Grate some crumbs of bread, and boil them in a pint of water, with an onion, and a few whole peppers, till the mixture becomes thick and soft; then add two ounces of butter, a little salt, and half a pint of thick cream; stir it till it is like a fine custard, pour it into a deep plate, and serve it up.

Water Gruel.—Take one spoonful of oatmeal, and boil it in three pints of water for one hour and a half, or till it is smooth and fine; then take it off the fire and let it stand to settle; then pour it into a china bowl, and add white wine, sugar, and a nutmeg. Serve it hot, with some buttered toast.

CAKES.

Corn Cake—For Breakfast.—Mix, at night, two quarts of corn meal, with water enough to make it stir easy, adding a small portion of yeast and salt. In the morning stir in three or four eggs, a little soda, and with a spoon beat it long and hard. Butter a tin pan, pour the mixture into it, and bake it immediately, for about half an hour, in a moderately heated oven.

Sally Lunn.—Sift into a pan one and a half pounds of flour; make a hole in the middle of it and put in two ounces of butter, warmed in a pint of sweet milk, a saltspoonful of salt, two eggs, well beaten, and two tablespoonfuls of the best brewer's yeast. Mix the flour well with the other ingredients, and bake it in a turban form, or broad-pan, well greased. It requires to be put to rise at three o'clock, in order to bake it at seven o'clock.

Milk Biscuit.—Ingredients: One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, one and a half teacupfuls of milk, one egg, one wineglassful of yeast, a teaspoonful of spice, and six ounces of flour to mix with. Make into a fine, light dough, and bake them on tins, or in pans.

OUR GARDEN FOR NOVEMBER.

Out-of-Door Work.—Hycinthia, although very hardy, will flower much finer if their bulbs are protected from severe frosts. Boards, straw mats, or any light covering may be put over the frame or bed in which they are planted, but the covering should be removed every mild day. Old tanner's bark, put on about two inches deep, is a good protection for hycinthia, tulips, &c., in open beds, but be careful not to use the new tan for this purpose, for in consequence of the astringent juice which it contains, it would do the bulbs more injury than leaving them entirely unprotected.

Bulbs and Tuberous Flower Roots may still be planted, but the earlier in the month that this is accomplished the better.

Bulbous Roots in Glasses.—The early part of this month is still a very proper time to set the bulbs of early tulips, hycinthia, polyanthus-narcissuses, jonquils, dwarf Persian iris, &c., in bulb-glasses filled with water, which should never be suffered to come higher around the roots than about the eighth of an inch, replenishing the water occasionally as it evaporates, so that it may just touch the bottom of the bulbs.

Preserving the roots of Tuberous, &c.—As soon in this month as you observe the frost to injure the foliage of your tuberous and jacobean lilies or scarlet amaryllises and other very tender bulbs, which generally lie dormant in winter, take up the roots and spread them in a warm room, where they will be perfectly secure from frost, if in a stove-room the better; in the course of eight or ten days, direct them of the decayed foliage and root fibres, and continue them spread as before till well dried, always taking care to preserve them from frost; when sufficiently dry pack them up in small boxes, in very dry saw-dust, chaff, dry moss, or the like, and then place the boxes in some very warm room to remain during winter, where they can be effectually secure from frost, the least touch of which would totally destroy the roots.

Bells and Borders should be cleaned of all fallen leaves, and the decayed stalks of annual and other plants. The annuals should be pulled up by their roots as they never flower again, and the decayed perennials should be cut to the ground.

All the hardy Exotic Plants which have been left out-of-doors till this time, should be housed in the beginning of this month. In mild weather, your plants should have plenty of air admitted to them every day by opening the windows, always being careful to close them in time in the afternoon, or in wet or frosty weather. Even in very severe weather, there may often be found an hour or so in the middle of the day, when the upper sash may be lowered, whilst the fresh air comes in and the foul air passes out.

Occasional, but gentle waterings, must now be given to all the plants; some will require to be watered three times a week, while others, particularly the succulent kinds, will not need it more than a little once a week; but as the state of the weather sometimes makes a very material difference

in this, there is no saying how often, or how much at a time, ought to be administered; however it will be safer to give a little and often, than too much at a time, which should now be administered in the forenoon of fine days, that the damp may pass off before the windows are shut, lest the steam occasioned thereby might create a mouldiness, and injure the plants.

Examine the tubs and pots occasionally, and if the earth cakes or binds at top, loosen it to a moderate depth; and where decayed branches or shoots occur, prune them off as soon as observed.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

A Good Soup.—Put into a stew-mug a leg or neck of mutton, with carrots, turnips, and one or two onions, a bunch of parsley, marjoram, and two or three quarts of water. Place the mug before the fire and let it remain there the whole day, turning it occasionally. The next day put the whole of it in a pan, and place it on a brisk fire. When it commences to boil, take the pan off the fire and put it on the hob to simmer until the meat is done. When ready for use, take out the meat, dish it up with carrots and turnips, and send it to table. Pass the soup through a sieve, skim off the fat, and put it on the fire with a little powdered arrowroot to thicken it. When it is sufficiently thick, pour in a little sherry wine, and season to your taste.

To Preserve Apples in Quarters, in Imitation of Ginger.—The proportions are three pounds of apples to two of pounded loaf sugar. Peel, core, and quarter the apples. Put a layer of sugar and fruit alternately with a quarter of a pound of best white ginger into a wide-mouthed jar. Next day, infuse an ounce of bruised ginger in half a pint of boiling water. Cover it close; and on the day following put the apples (which have now been two days in the sugar) into a preserving jar, with the water strained from the ginger. Boil till the apples look clear and the syrup rich. An hour is about the time. Throw in the peel of a lemon before it has quite finished boiling. Care must be taken not to break the apples put in the jars, &c.

Apple Marmalade.—Peel and core two pounds of sub-acid apples, and put them in an enameled saucepan with one pint of sweet cider, or half a pint of pure wine, and one pound of crushed sugar, and cook them by a gentle heat three hours, or longer, until the fruit is very soft, and then squeeze it first through a colander and next through a sieve. If not sufficiently sweet, add powdered sugar to suit your taste, and put it away in jars made air-tight by a piece of wet bladder. It is delicious when eaten with milk, and still better with cream.

Her Majesty's Pudding.—Pound two ounces of orange-peel with one of bitter almonds. Put it on the fire in a brass pan with a pint of sweet milk; stir till it boils five minutes. Pour through a fine drainer, add half a pint of cream, stir occasionally till nearly cold. Have a quarter of a pound of ground white sugar, beat up with six eggs. Mix all together. Butter and ornament a mould with raisins, pour in the pudding, steam two hours. Serve with a custard and sweet-meats round it.

Meat Pie.—As many potatoes washed and sliced as will fill a pie-dish, a little salt and pepper, a sprinkling of finely chopped onions, a teacupful of cream, (or good milk,) a bit of butter the size of a walnut, cover with a meat pie crust, and bake till the potatoes are thoroughly done. If crust is not approved it is good without.

Bread Cheesecakes.—Slice a penny loaf as thin as possible, pour on it a pint of boiling cream. When well soaked, beat it very fine, add eight eggs, half a pound of butter, a grated nutmeg, half a pound of currants, a spoonful of brandy or white wine. Beat them up well together, and bake in raised crusts or patty-pans.

Excellent Short Crust for Sweet Pastry.—Crumble down very lightly half a pound of butter into a pound of flour, breaking it quite small. Mix well with these a slight pinch of salt and two ounces of sifted sugar, and add sufficient milk to make them up into a very smooth and somewhat firm paste. Bake this slowly, and keep it pale. It will be found an admirable crust if lightly handled, and will answer for many dishes much better than puff paste. It will rise in the oven and be extremely light. Ten ounces will make it very rich, but eight are sufficient for general purposes.

Rock Discuits.—Five yolks and two whites of eggs, beat half an hour with a wooden spoon; add one pound of lump sugar, bruised, not very fine, and beat with the eggs; then add one pound of flour and a few caraway seeds. Mix all well together. Put it with a fork on the tins, making it look as rough as possible. Bake them in a quick oven.

To Preserve Eggs.—Fresh-laid eggs should have the shells buttered all over; then put them into a pan with layers of dry salt or bran between each layer. The small end should be downward, and all must be closely covered to keep out the air. The eggs will be good for several weeks.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF PEARL GREY SILK.—Skirt full, and trimmed at the top with three broad bands of black velvet on each side. These bands increase in length as they approach the hind part of the dress. Body high, cut at the waist in the vest style, and trimmed with black velvet. Wide sleeves, ornamented with velvet. Bonnet of silk, with two long plumes.

FIG. II.—HOUSE DRESS OF PURPLE SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with five narrow flounces reaching about to the knee, and higher up is a single flounce. The body is high and round at the waist, and trimmed with *brandebourgs* or "frogs," as they are sometimes termed. Sleeves wide and closed at the wrist.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF GREY SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with one deep flounce, surmounted by five narrow flounces. Body perfectly plain, buttoned up the front. Sleeves in the pagoda style, trimmed to correspond with the skirt. This style of skirt is very much admired by those who do not fancy the trimming which reaches only to the knee, and which is now so popular.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF BLACK SILK, called the *Robe Imperatrice*. The body and skirt are cut all in one, like a very deep basque. Of course the skirt is gored; it is trimmed to about the height of the knees with eleven narrow ruffles. From the flounces up to the throat is a row of ribbon bows without ends. Sleeves tight to the arm, with a puffed cap at the top, and four small bows on the back.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The windows of our fashionable dry-goods stores are glowing with brilliant colors: delaines, cashmeres, foulard silks, are all of the largest figures and most brilliant hues. We are sorry to see this. The first gloss off of a dress, and an exceedingly gay fabric soon looks common and vulgar: but dresses of solid colors (that is one color) look well as long as they can possibly be worn. We do not mean by this that only greys, browns, and the neutral tints should be worn; but rich shades of blue, purple, claret, if not covered by large figures, have an exceedingly genteel look. The handsomer styles of goods do not come so gay though this autumn. Rich, heavy silks of solid colors, or small figures woven in them, are of the very latest mode for very handsome dresses.

One of the handsomest that we have seen was a heavy black silk, with a gold-colored rose woven in it. The flowers were not close together, and about the size of a ten cent piece. The price of the dress was seventy dollars. There were other patterns of brown, blue, maroon, green, and grey, with small flowers woven in them of different colors; some-

times the flowers would be of two or three colors, but always small, and the body of the silk was not much colored. There have also a few of the old-fashioned brocades reappeared this fall. These are very heavy and rich, and have the figures larger than those just described, but they are of the same color as the body of the dress, though sometimes of a different shade.

By those who prefer a quiet style of dress, steel-grey will be much worn. The skirts will be generally trimmed with narrow flounces, bound with green, blue, or currant-color. According to the present fashion, flounces may vary in number as well as in the mode of their arrangement. We have seen a dress of black silk trimmed with only four narrow flounces. Another dress of the same material has eight flounces disposed in two groups of four, a space being left between each group. When the flounces are narrow, many prefer having them placed one above the other in uninterrupted succession, the whole reaching from the edge of the skirt to about the height of the knees. Some dresses are trimmed with five, seven, nine, and even fourteen of these narrow flounces; others have five flounces, surmounted by puffings, and reaching to the waist. Many skirts will be made plain, or trimmed only with bows of ribbon (without ends) up the front, or at the sides. This ribbon trimming is becoming quite popular.

We give the *Robe Imperatrice*, this month, as a new style, but one that has not yet become very general, though liked by many. These dresses are made without any seam at the waist, and plain in front. The fullness of the skirt, which is not less than four yards and a half round at bottom, is laid in four very large plaits; one on each hip, and two behind.

Basques are decidedly out of fashion, though there are some bodies made plain in front, having behind short, square skirts like a postilion's jacket. From the top of these skirts, that is to say, from the waist-buttons, proceed two small ruffles of ribbon, which begin almost in a point and gradually spread in the sheaf form to the bottom, where the ribbon displays its whole width.

PASSEMENTERIE and fancy trimming of all kinds, for ornamenting cloaks and dresses, have appeared in great variety. Some beautiful fringes, harmonizing with every shade of color, have been produced. The new plain and figured ribbons may also be included among the favorite trimmings. Some trimmings for ball dresses, consisting of flowers intermingled with black and white blonde, are among the most recent novelties.

A beautiful evening dress of white tulle has just been made, covered with puffings of tulle, and having small rosebuds interspersed here and there among the puffings.

MANTILLAS will be worn deep and full, almost entirely enveloping the figure.

BONNETS are trimmed much more plainly than heretofore, but very wide ribbon is used.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF GREY CASHMERE, with gay plaid ribbon. This ribbon is put around the skirt and up the sides. Between the side-pieces is a row of tassels. The body of the dress is nearly high, is cut round and finished at the neck with a thin muslin puffing. Sleeves and body are both trimmed with gay plaid ribbon. Bonnet of white quilted silk, trimmed with ribbon like the dress.

FIG. II.—BOY'S DRESS OF DARK BLUE CASHMERE.—The skirt has a broad band of black velvet around the bottom. The body is high and plain, and has lapels of black velvet which reach below the waist, terminate in a point, and are finished by black tassels. Loose sleeves, trimmed with velvet, with white cambric under-sleeves. Black velvet belt. Cap of black velvet, trimmed with cock's plumes.



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MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

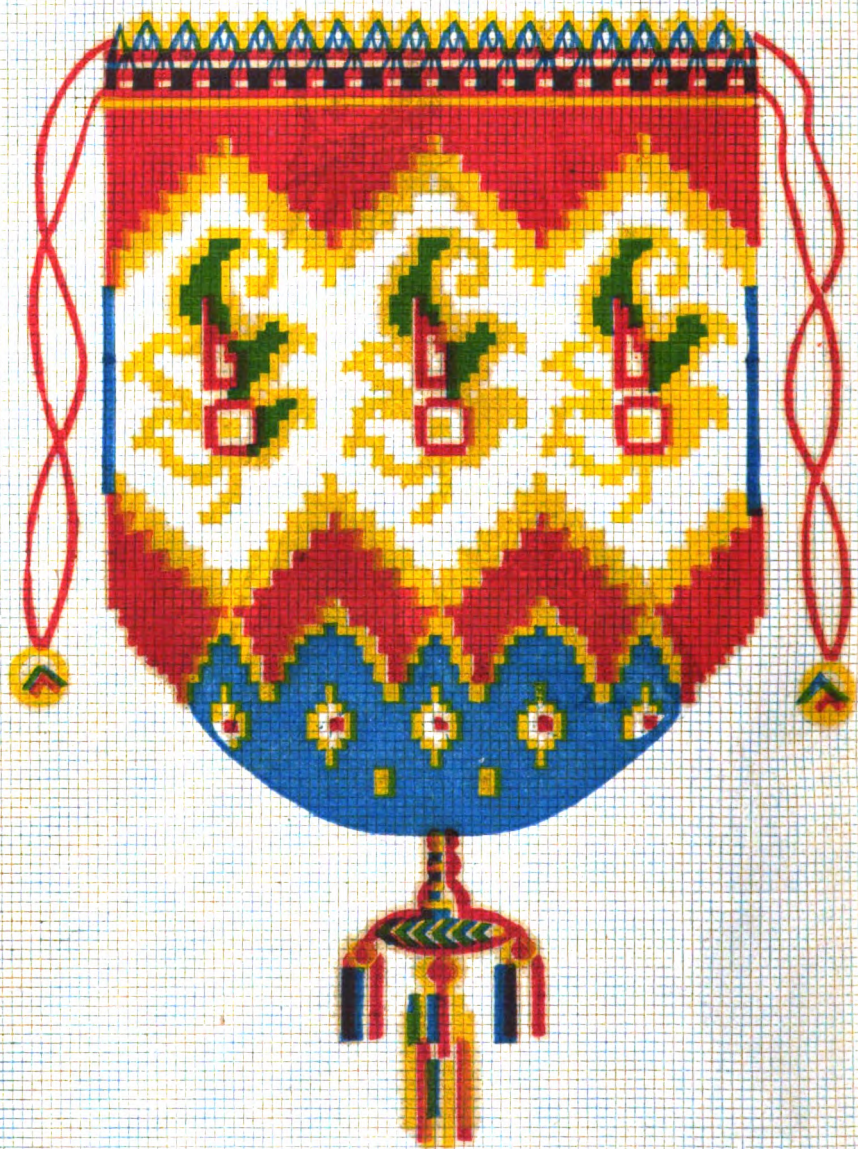
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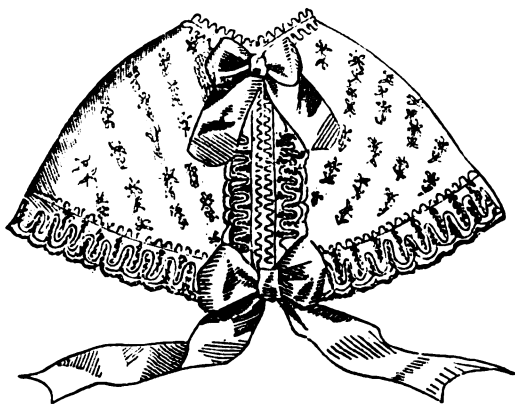




CHRISTMAS PURSE.



THE BASQUE CLOAK.



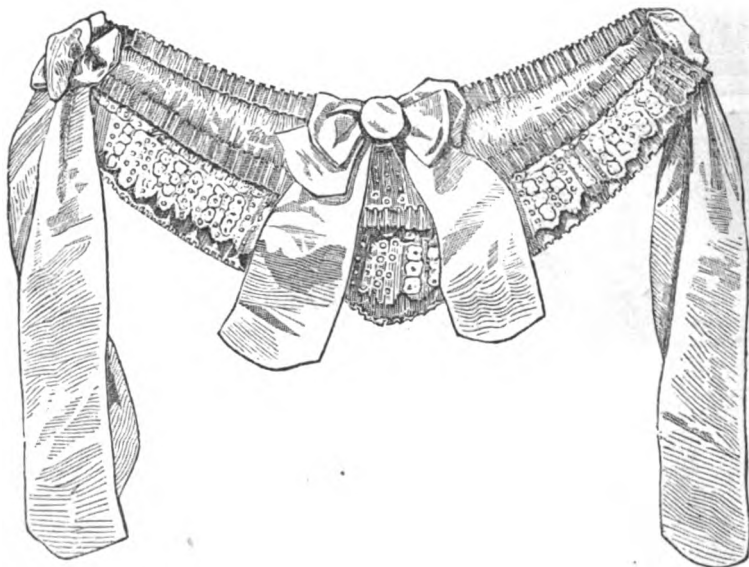
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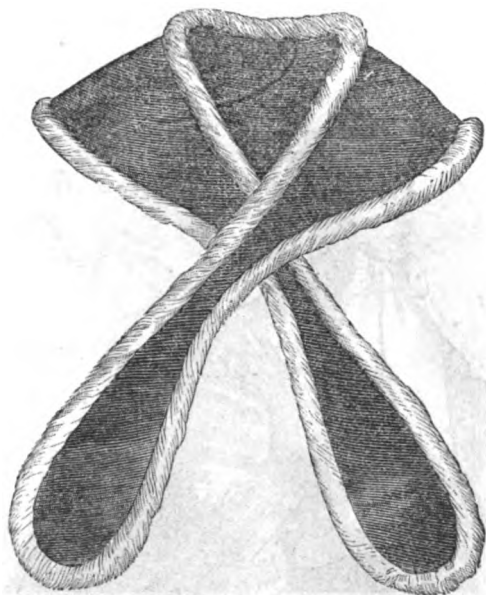
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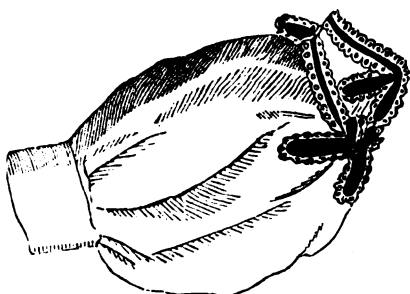
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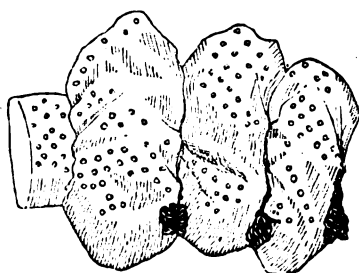
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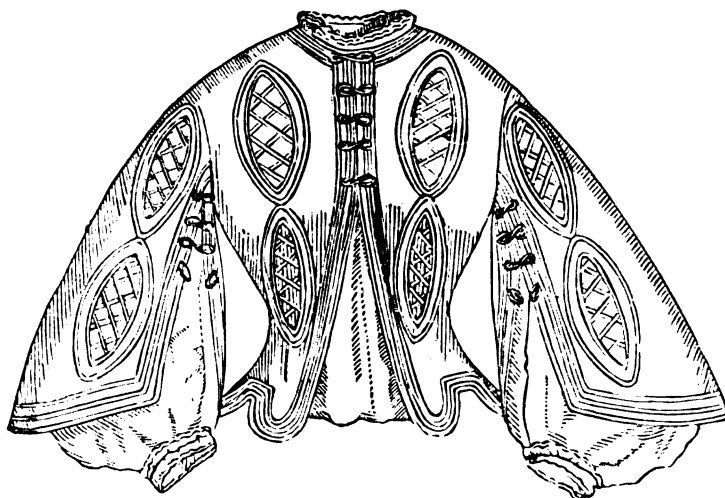
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SLEEVE.



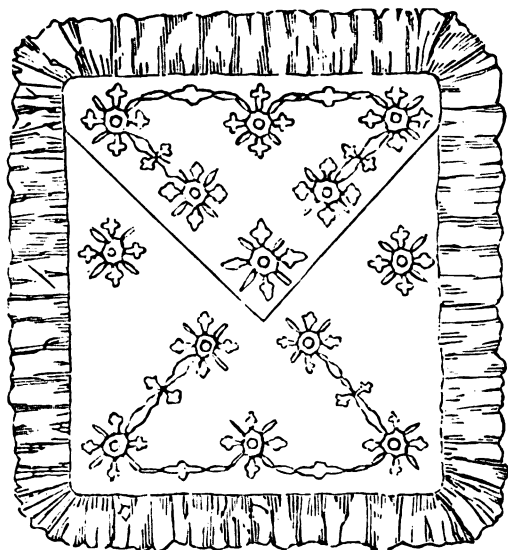
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VICTORIA WALKING DRESS.



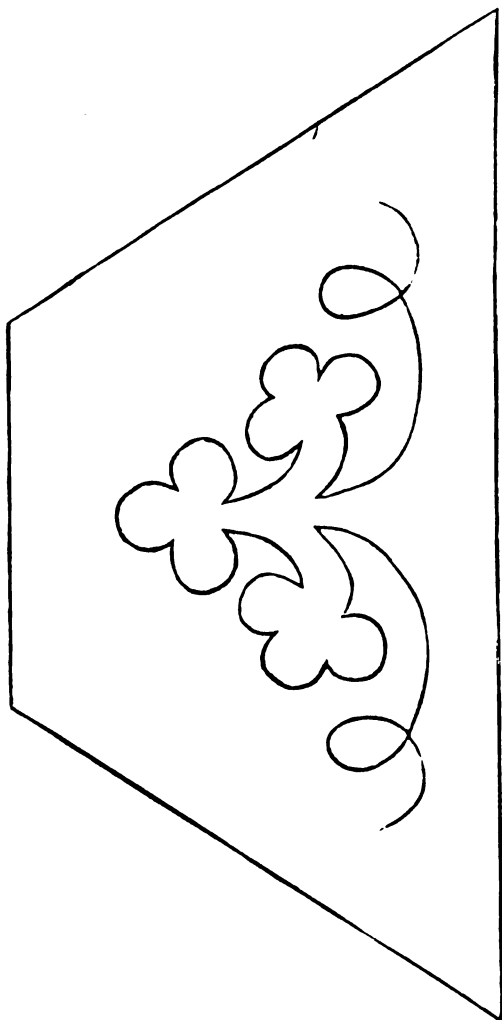
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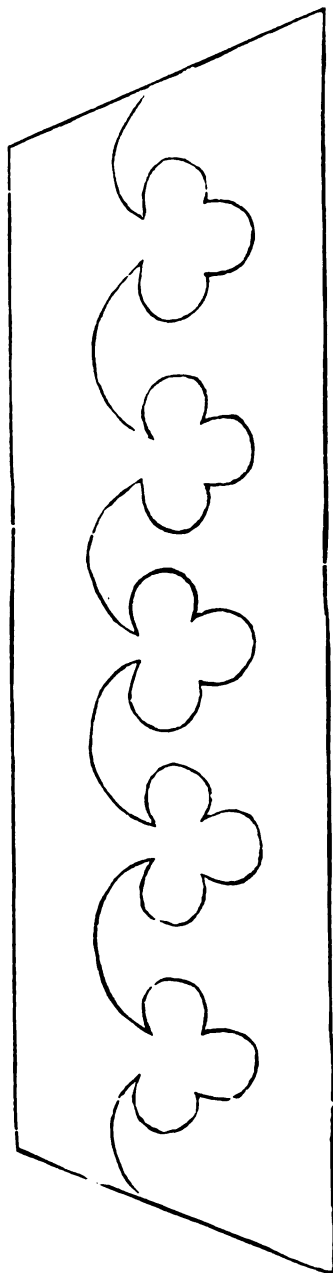
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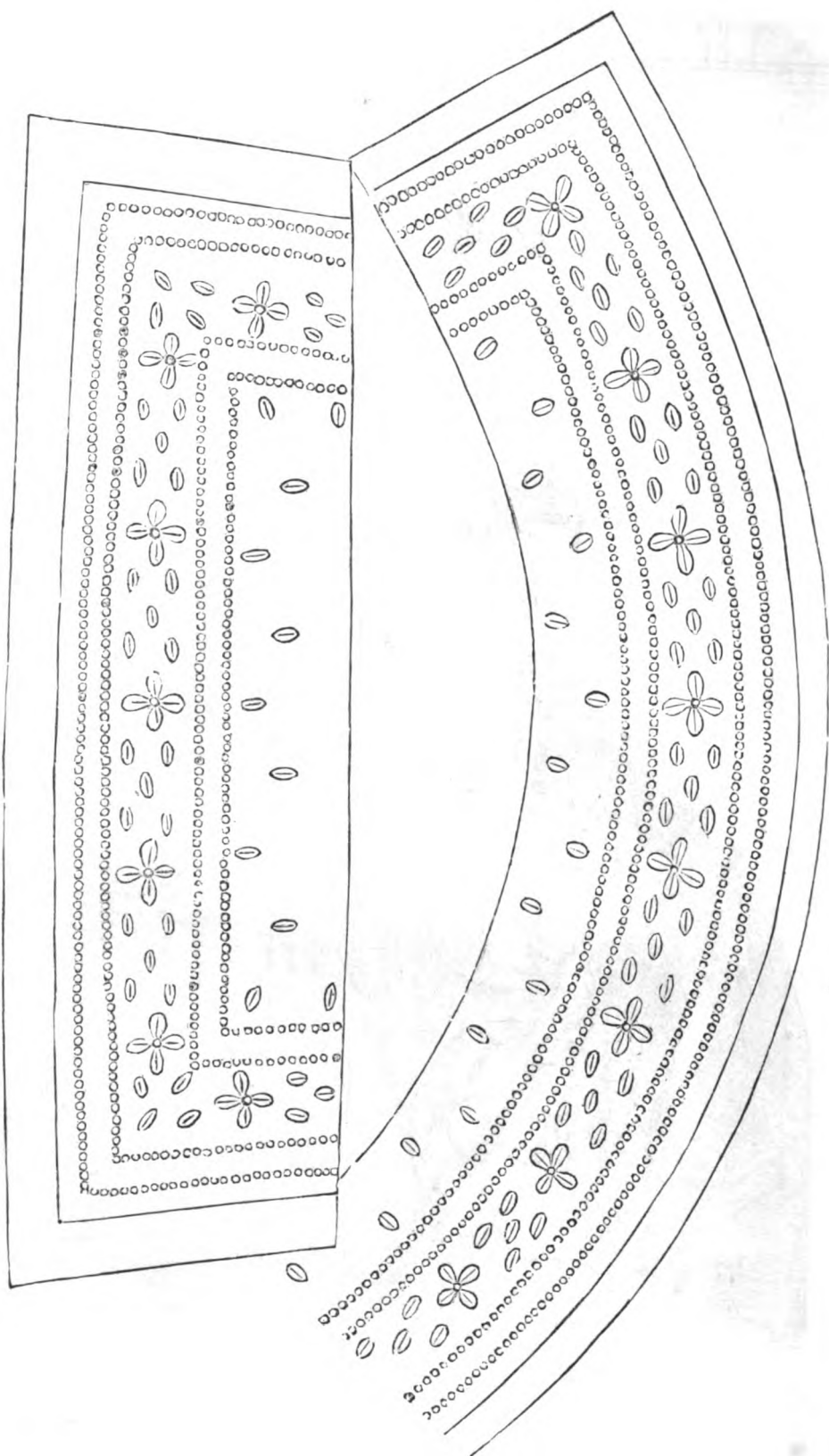
HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



TOE OF LADY'S BRAIDED SLIPPER.



SIDE OF LADY'S BRAIDED SLIPPER.



Novelty

NAME FOR MARKING.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVI. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1859.

No. 6.

CHINESE PORCELAIN.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

EVERY lady loves fine china. Whether it is Dresden, Sevres, or ancient Chinese porcelain, it is all the same. Some, indeed, prefer one variety, and some another: our grandmothers adored the Chinese ware; our wives worship Sevres; but all alike had, and have, a true womanly passion for this costly and exquisite article. This being the case, a short account of Chinese porcelain, illustrated with engravings of some of the most beautiful specimens, cannot but be interesting. We shall follow it up with other articles on Dresden, Sevres, and Wedgwood; and perhaps with a final one on the ancient Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan pottery.

Reliable Chinese authorities place the discovery of porcelain about one hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. The art, however, did not attain perfection till several cen-

turies later. At present, the porcelain of China is very inferior to what it was; the grotesque figuring is there, it is true; but the marvelous coloring, which distinguishes the ancient vases,

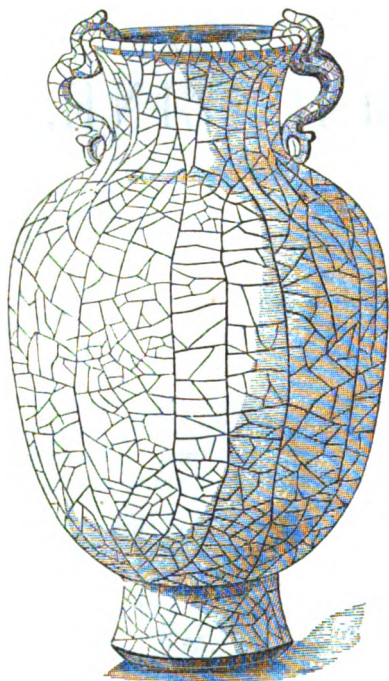


Pilgrim-Shaped Bottle Enameled with Butterflies.



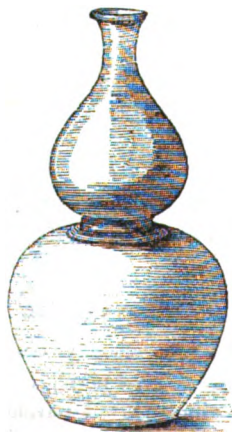
Porcelain Vase Enameled with Animals and Plants.

is absent. Hence, even in China, old porcelain is sought for with the greatest avidity, and such high prices paid for it that very little reaches Europe or America.



Vase of Sea-green Crackle.

To begin with what is called old crackle porcelain by collectors. The Chinese have many kinds of this manufacture, some of which are extremely rare and beautiful. In the whites and greys the crackle is larger, and the older specimens are often bound by a metallic-looking band, which sets off the specimens to great advantage. White and grey are the common colors amongst modern crackle; but the latter is easily known from its inferiority to the more ancient. The yellow and



Gourd-shaped Bottle of yellowish stone-color Crackle.

cream-colored specimens are rare and much prized—these are seldom seen out of China. The greens, light and dark, turquoise, and reds are generally finely glazed, and have the crackle-lines small and minute. In coloring these examples are exquisite, and in this respect they throw the finest specimens of European porcelain quite into the shade. The green and turquoise crackle made in China at the present day are very inferior to the old kinds. Perhaps the rarest and most expensive of all ancient crackles is a yellowish stone-color.

Of other ancient porcelain (not crackle) prized by the Chinese, we may mention the specimens (generally vases) with a white ground, enameled with figures of various colors, as green, black,



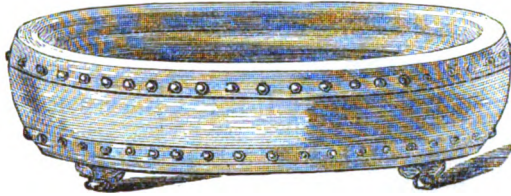
Oviform Bottle of rare Turquoise color.

and yellow. It is a curious fact that the attempts made at the present day by porcelain manufacturers to fix such colors invariably fail.

The self-colored specimens, such as pure whites, creams, crimsons, reds, blues, greens, and violets, are very fine, and much prized by Chinese collectors.

But the most ancient examples of porcelain, are in the form of circular dishes with upright sides, very thick, strong, and heavy, and invariably having the marks of one, two, or three, on the bottom, written in this form, II, III. The kinds most highly prized have a brownish-yellow ground, over which is thrown a light shot sky-blue, with here and there a dash of blood-red. The Chinese tell us these specimens are more than a thousand years old. A specimen shown by a Chinese merchant in Canton was valued at three hundred dollars!

Within the last few years the attention of collectors in this country and Europe has been



Ancient Porcelain Vessel.

drawn to the ancient enamels of China. Many fine specimens were seen in the Great Exhibition of the Works of Art of all Nations in Hyde Park,

figures of flowers, birds, and other animals. According to the testimony of the Chinese, this manufacture is of a very early period; no good specimens have been made for the last six or eight hundred years.



Ancient Vase enameled on Metal.

and since that time a number of specimens have found their way into Europe and America. The enamel is on copper, colored and enlivened with



Bottle like those found in Egyptian Tombs.

Curious bottles have been found, in China, precisely similar to those discovered in Egyptian tombs. The general impression of Chinese collectors is that these bottles are more ancient than those of the Pharaohs. But W. H. Nedhurst, Esq., the British consul of Foo-chow-foo has proved that this is a mistake, by showing that the inscriptions, found on such bottles, are portions of poetical stanzas by standard and celebrated Chinese authors, who flourished at a comparatively recent period.

SONNET—TO A LADY.

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

Thou art within the morning of thy days!

'Tis meet that sunny pleasures should be thine;
That every tongue should syllable thy praise,

For God hath made thee more than half divine.

But think not that the glory of thy prime

Will follow thee through life's extended range;

Things culminate and retrograde with time;

Live in expectancy of coming change.

So when the ripeness of thy days be passed,

And youth's sweet praise be fallen in the sere,

And ruthless age's desolating blast

Howls through the dark'ning Winter of thy year;

Thou mayst have won a home in some true breast,

Where thou mayst flee for shelter and for rest.

A STORY OF CURRANT JELLY.

BY CATMARINE F. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER I.

SOPHY CLINTON sat by the open window, one warm afternoon in July, looking out into the garden, where the light of the setting sun fell broadly on the squash vines and the cucumbers, the gooseberry bushes and the onion beds, all in their highest state of summer thrift and greenness.

"The currant jelly must be made to-morrow," said old Mrs Clinton, lifting her eyes from the paper she was reading.

"Oh! not in this dreadful weather surely," remonstrated Sophy. "Do let us wait for a cooler day!"

"Nonsense!" said old Mrs. Clinton, "the currants are full ripe now, and if they once get over-ripe your jelly will never come. You might boil it till doomsday. Besides, it is nearly a week since we've had rain, and it is likely to come upon us at any hour, and if the currants once get wet it takes forever to dry them. The jelly must be made to-morrow."

Sophy heaved a sigh of weariness, but did not venture further to oppose her mother-in-law.

The next morning rose beautiful and bright; but alas! hotter than ever. (There are times, good reader, when the most delicate refinement must give way, and people must use language that expresses their meaning. To call such weather as we are writing of simply *warm* would be a ludicrous affectation.) Immediately after breakfast Sophy put on her garden hat, and took a basket on her arm.

"Now, Bridget," she said to the stout serving-woman who had finished clearing away, and was folding the table-cloth, "if we pick steadily for an hour, I think we shall have enough. And if we keep in the shade of the plum trees, I hope we shall not find the heat intolerable."

"What is that you are saying?" asked old Mrs. Clinton. "Going to take Bridget away from her work to help you pick currants? I shall have nothing like that. Bridget has all her dishes to wash, and after that she must get the great kettle on over the back kitchen fire-place; for I want the flannel sheets and the blue worsted coverlets all washed to-day; it's been put off too long already, and this will be a splendid drying day."

"But it will take me so long to pick all the

currants by myself," said Sophy. "It's such disagreeable work, too; I hate it."

"When you've lived as long as I have," replied the old lady, "you'll find that people *have* to do things that are disagreeable; you must not expect always to have everything just so pleasant. It's a fine idea that a person that has everything done to her hand, and never so much as washes out a pair of stockings for herself, can't go out of a morning and pick a few currants! I wonder how you would have done to be placed as I used to be! Five children and myself and my husband and a hired man to do for, and no one to lift a finger to help me; besides the milk of two cows to take charge of, and I didn't make as much of it as you would to set the tea-table!"

Sophy's cheeks burned with vexation, but she made no answer. Slowly, and in no very amiable mood, she went out at the back door.

"Only say the word," said Bridget, "and I'll go with yiz. Niver mind the ould cat in there; sure you've a right to be mistress in your own house?"

"You mustn't speak in that way, Bridget," replied Sophy. "It's very wrong of you. I'm sure I wish you could go out with me; but it would make more trouble than it's worth. We must try to have peace at any rate."

"Anything in the world for quietness," assented Bridget, and the young wife passed on.

It was rather pleasant under the plum trees after all; the currants grew very large and abundantly, and she soon became absorbed in picking them. The little basket was half full when a voice from an upper window called out,

"Sophy! Sophy!"

She looked up, and, in the shade of the blind, saw old Mrs. Clinton busy with her sewing.

"I can't have you pick those currants!" she said; "they are the largest and nicest we have in the garden, and I always keep them for tea, and to eat out of hand when we want them. Go over on the other side where the small ones are; they are exactly as good for jelly!"

Sophy looked across to the designated side, where the sun was pouring down in full blaze.

"But it will be so hot there!" she expostulated. "It's all I can do to bear it here."

"Sophia," said Mrs. Clinton, "I am astonished at you. I knew you were a child, but I didn't think you were quite a baby. Just go right on now and get the currants, as I tell you; I'm not going to have all those nice ones used up for jelly, and only miserable little things left for the table."

The spectacles and cap-border disappeared, and Sophy stood a moment in doubt. She felt indignant and ill-used. She had a great mind to stay where she was; but she had never risen to the pitch of openly defying her mother-in-law, and she was not quite ready for it yet. So she went across, as she was bidden, and stood in the sunshine, picking busily, and feeling meanwhile as if she were ready to faint with the heat. She thought of her own pleasant home and tender mother; of the easy, thoughtless life she had led in it—every one ready to wait upon her, and indulge her. What a change it was to the stern sway of this disagreeable mother-in-law! She didn't so much mind what she had to do, but the way in which she was treated: ordered about like a child, and be rated like an idle servant. It was too much, too much; and tears, half of sorrow, half of anger, rolled down into the basket, and glittered on the bright, red fruit. Oh! if it wasn't for Alfred she should wish she had never come here. If he knew how his mother behaved! He didn't suspect it, for she had never told him; he would surely be sorry for her, he was so good, so kind. Oh! how happy Alfred and she could be if only his mother was out of the way! She had thought of it a great many times before, but the picture had never looked so pleasant. She thought of the little parlor, with her books and work; her canary hanging under the matrimony vine that ran over the piazza; the table neatly set with the best white china, and napkins laid by every plate; herself with plenty of time to read and write as she liked. Bridget, willing and active, doing all the harder labor, she devoting herself to the lighter and ornamental portion. She saw long, quiet evenings with Alfred undisturbed by society that was not congenial; she imagined herself going about, happy and independent, the eliding voice and dictatorial manner nowhere heard nor visible. Oh! how delightful that would be! Then suddenly came the reflection, "There is only one way in which it can be: mother is too old to marry again; she has no other children to live with; there is no way unless she should——" Sophy stopped here. "I don't want her to die," she said. Then came the remembrance of more grievances. "Well, I wish she wasn't here at any rate," she said again.

When the currants were all picked over, and the juice got ready, old Mrs. Clinton came into the kitchen, not to help, but to see that all was properly done.

"A pint to a pound?" she said. "Well, that's right. But, Sophia, you're never going to take that white sugar; the best brown is plenty good!"

"Yes," insisted Sophy, "I must have the white, or I can't tell anything about it; it would be of no use to have my rule."

"Fiddle-de-dee for a rule!" said Mrs. Clinton, "I've made jelly these forty years, and never had a rule about it."

"And, if you remember," remarked Sophy, quietly, "your jelly last year was all in strings. You could not put it on the table at all, and it had to be used for cake entirely."

This undeniable fact did not at all soften the old lady; she only returned,

"When I began housekeeping I tried to be prudent, and a help-meet to my husband, and that's what folks had ought to be."

Sophy meantime proceeded to weigh out the sugar and measure the juice.

"And you're going to use that white sugar after all! Ah, well,

"I spend my money freely,
My husband works for more!"

Sophy trembled with passion. "Mother," said she, "I thought I was to make this jelly. If you wish to do it I will leave it to you; but if it is to be my business I assure you I shall do it exactly as I think best."

She stopped, half frightened at this first overt act of rebellion. Mrs. Clinton looked at her, surprised at such hardihood. There was an armistice of several minutes, and Sophy went on with her work. Any of my lady readers who may have had trouble with the business may be glad to know her rule, which we and all our friends have "made by" for years, and which is perfectly infallible. She boiled the juice by itself for five minutes, the sugar meanwhile being placed in the oven, and heated very hot. When the five minutes were "up," she added the sugar to the juice and let them boil together one minute. Then the jelly was done, and ready to pour into the moulds. Old Mrs. Clinton watched the process with great contempt.

"Where did you get such a receipt as that?" she inquired.

"From cousin Helen, and she got it from a French confectioner."

"French confectioner!" exclaimed Mrs. Clinton, in accents of the loftiest scorn. "A pretty mess you'll have of it. You'll have to boil it

over every day this summer, and it'll never come to jelly after all. It's a shame—I say it's a shame—to waste all that nice sugar so!"

But Sophy's spirit was roused, and she paid no heed to these scoffs; she was sure of success. And by-and-bye, old Mrs. Clinton, seeing that the juice which adhered to the kettle was already hardening, began to yield to her opinion.

"I declare I believe you're right about it, after all," she said, tipping one of the cups a little. "It cleaves away from the side already. Well, we're never too old to learn. I'm sure I never should have put any faith in such a rule as that. Now, Sophia, you go and lie down; you look fit to melt; I'll call you when dinner is ready."

Sophy lay down, but not to sleep. Her hot cheeks cooled, but her indignation did not. "To be spoken to in such a way by a coarse old woman like that!" she said to herself. Conscience smote her a little for these words; but she said, "I don't care; a saint could not bear it. I was well disposed to her when I came here. I would always have been good to her if she would let me," and thoughts of fifty hateful little ways of "mother's" added bitterness to her feelings.

As is usual in such cases, there were faults on both sides. Sophy found Mrs. Clinton already in possession when she came home to her husband's house. The old lady had lived with her son for several years, and was accustomed to sovereign rule. Then Sophy, only nineteen, was deficient in the details of housekeeping. She could make nice cake and pastry, it is true, and pickling and preserving she did in the best manner; but making soap! and cleaning the cellar! and mopping the kitchen! trying out the tallow! putting down hams and corned beef! of these and many kindred subjects she was utterly ignorant. Old Mrs. Clinton naturally took the lead, and Sophy as naturally followed; a yielding disposition, and a dread of having a disturbance, had much to do with it, but there was one other cause in operation. Sophy was a little indolent; not about doing things she understood, but in facing disagreeable details, taking on herself new responsibilities, and learning thoroughly things she did not know and could not like. She saw her mother-in-law's faults very clearly, and Mrs. Clinton saw hers with equal plainness; yet, as Sophy, to any unprejudiced observer, was much the least to blame, it is not strange that, to herself, she appeared entirely excusable; and that the wish, "if she only were away," recurred again and again to her mind.

"You've got a little spot of currant jelly on

your cheek," said the old lady, as they sat down to dinner.

Sophy went into the bed-room and tried to wash it off, but it would not come. She remembered her whole tenor of thought that morning, and was frightened.

CHAPTER II.

ALFRED CLINTON found his wife unusually serious and quiet that evening, and, after several vain attempts to enliven her, he inquired, tenderly, "My darling Sophy, what's the matter?" For all reply she threw her arms around his neck, and, bursting into a flood of tears, exclaimed,

"Oh! Alfred, if you love me, take me away from here; I am so very unhappy."

Alfred's brow was grave in a moment. "Is it my mother, Sophy?" he asked.

"Yes," she sobbed, "I never said anything before, but I feel as if I cannot bear it any longer. I am nothing but a servant in a house where I have a right to be the mistress!"

"Certainly you have that right," said Alfred, "and I have seen that all was not as it should be. Tell me just what you think and feel about it, Sophy?"

Thus encouraged, the young wife poured forth all her griefs: how she never could count on any time of her own, as she was continually being set at work which properly belonged to Bridget; how the table could never be nicely arranged, but must always be set with the old blue dishes; how brown sugar was used in the tea and coffee, and napkins were forbidden because they made so much washing; how it was all she could do to have her own silver tablespoons, that she brought from home, used on the table, old Mrs. Clinton thinking that Britannia metal was good enough for common, etc., etc. All these griefs, Alfred listened to respectfully; though, having been always used to his mother's ways, he did not thoroughly comprehend how they appeared to Sophy, who had been accustomed to a tasteful and attractive home. "And the worst of all is," she said, in conclusion, "I don't feel as if I had the least authority in the world: I cannot have pudding for dinner, or sweetmeats for tea, unless she chooses; she orders all the household provisions, and all the household work. I am treated as nothing but a child, and feel myself perfectly helpless and tyrannized over."

"Now my darling," returned Alfred, "you must not be angry if I say you are a little to blame yourself for all this; you give up to my mother too entirely."

"Oh! Alfred!" she exclaimed, with a fresh burst of sobs, "I didn't think you ever would blame me for that."

"But I must—just a little," he said, smiling. "Now, Sophy, I have a proposal to make you. Take your place at once as mistress of the house. Bridget is attached to you, and there is no need that we should practice a rigid economy. Have the napkins and the china and silver on the table every day. Use such quantities and qualities as you think most suitable. Don't perform Bridget's work; you have enough to do of your own. Act, in short, exactly as you would do if my mother was only boarding with us."

"But I am afraid," said Sophy, "there are some things I don't know about."

"Well, cannot you learn? Bridget understands most kinds of work, and only requires overseeing where she is ignorant. You must set to work and learn together; you will find it hard at first; my mother will not give up all at once, but when she finds you are in earnest, and understand what you are doing, she will cease to object."

"Well I will try," said Sophy, doubtfully, "but I fear I never shall succeed."

"Consult her tastes where it seems proper you should do so; and one thing, Sophy, be very careful about. Don't get angry, no matter what happens, for that will spoil everything. I hope you will find it possible, after a time, to live in comfort and harmony, and yet exert your rightful authority. It is very desirable to have it so if we can. Mother has always been to me what a mother should be; and you may know, Sophy, by your own feelings, how it would seem to have a son decide that he could not live in the house with you."

"Yes, I have seen that difficulty all the time," said Sophy.

"But I promise you faithfully, that if, after six months' trial, you find it impossible to assume your rightful place without breaking the peace, I will get another house and we will begin again."

"I don't mean to say," remarked Sophy, "that I am never to blame, or that I am always just as amiable as I should be, and I don't mean that your mother is always unkind or exacting; sometimes she does things I should not expect of her. This morning, when Bridget was busy, she cleaned the brass kettle herself, for fear I should stain my hands with doing it."

Alfred augured well from this spirit of concession; and Sophy went to rest in a very hopeful frame of mind. Only, before she undressed, she looked in the glass to see if that spot had

disappeared from her cheek. No! it was there, red and gloomy. What could it be? A mark set on her for the thoughts she had indulged in through the day?

CHAPTER III.

SOPHY rose early the next morning, eager to begin the work of reformation. Greatly to Bridget's amazement she directed that the china and napkins, the ivory-handled knives and silver forks, the best coffee-pot, and the pretty buff-colored waiter should be placed upon the table. But old Mrs. Clinton's astonishment, when she sat down to breakfast, quite threw Bridget's into the shade.

"What on earth is the meaning of all this?" she asked.

"I think, mother," said Sophy, pleasantly, "that we may as well begin to have the good of our things a little; it is hardly worth while to keep them all the time put up for company."

"And you mean to use all these for every day?" cried the old lady.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Sophy.

"We'd ought to be economical," said the old lady, reasoning the matter, as Alfred happened to be present. "Bridget will break all the china, and have the handles off these knives in a month, and all the polish off the tea-board, and the coffee-pot covered with scratches. And what folly to wear out these napkins and yellow them up, just for nobody but ourselves!"

"I don't think Bridget will be quite so destructive as all that, mother," said Alfred, smiling. "Sophy will caution her, and watch a little at first to see that she takes proper care of the things. It is much pleasanter to have the table nicely set; the same food tastes a great deal better."

"Well," said the old lady, dubiously; "but it wears things out to use them."

"In that case," replied he, "I hope we shall be able to replace them."

So the meal went off very comfortably, and Mr. Clinton departed to his office. "Sophy," said the mother, "just get a pan of water, and wash the dishes right up here on the table; Bridget has got a tremendous ironing to do, and I want her to have an early start."

"I wish to sweep the parlor and clear up my own room," said Sophy, "and afterward to make a cherry pie for dinner. Bridget can do the dishes just as well."

"But I want her to finish her ironing this morning."

"There is no hurry about it; we all of us have

plenty of clean clothes. If she cannot finish to-day, it will do just as well to wait till to-morrow."

"I don't see why you need make a cherry pie; it takes an awful sight of sugar, and you don't want a *des-sert* when you have a good dinner." But Sophy went on her own way, and Mrs. Clinton retired to her bed-room, with uncomfortable forebodings that the sceptre was about to pass from her hands. She did not appear down stairs that morning, to the vast content of Sophy, who was thus enabled to proceed without opposition. Great was Bridget's delight at the turn affairs were taking; she was fond of Sophy, and glad to have her assume her rightful place. Old Mrs. Clinton was one of the ancient style of house-keepers, who conceive that there is much virtue in scolding, and that no one can be properly served who does not practice it constantly. Moreover, she was always about in the kitchen, "hindering more than she helped," Bridget averred, and frequently giving offence to that functionary by "spying round" to see if things were clean. Also, she was accustomed to finding fault, and not at all given to praise, even where praise was due.

When Mrs. Clinton came down to dinner, she opened her eyes very wide at sight of the best castor and the cut-glass goblets. They had been wont to use at that meal a little four-bottled Britannia metal affair, and heavy tumblers of common glass. She disdained to make any comment however, and the dinner, very good and nicely cooked, passed over pleasantly. She even overcame her prejudice so far as to eat a piece of the pie, though Sophy cut it with the silver pie-knife.

"This is excellent, I declare," she observed; "but you sweetened it with white sugar."

"I thought," said Sophy, surprised, "that you always maintained no one could tell the difference between that and the brown."

"I ain't an idiot!" Mrs. Clinton succinctly stated. "But then I think cheap sugar does, and we'd ought to be prudent."

"Prudent, but not parsimonious," said Alfred.

"Oh! well," said his mother, "I see my opinion is getting to be of no account. New men, new measures."

This remark gave every one an uncomfortable turn, but Sophy hastened to remove the impression. "Do have another bit of pie, mother," she urged; "I am quite proud that you like it;" and Mrs. Clinton passed her plate.

"You do make as good a pie as ever I ate," she said; "but then you might, for you take the best of everything. Although," she added, can-

dily, "there's a great many that wouldn't have it good, even then."

After dinner Mrs. Clinton remarked, "Now, Sophia, I *do* hope you don't intend to have Bridget wait at table every day."

"Why not?" asked Sophy. "I am sure it's much pleasanter than for one of us to be jumping up every time anything is wanted."

"Well, I don't think it's any great matter for people that do nothing else all day, to get a spoon, or a fork, or a tumbler of water now and then. And it takes up Bridget's time so; she might get all the pots and kettles washed while she is doing it."

"But you know," explained Sophy, "that we have Bridget here because it is more convenient and pleasant to hire some one to do our work than to do it ourselves."

"Oh! well," said Mrs. Clinton, "have it your own way. It's nothing to me."

Sophy thought this a good time to define her position, though she did it with fear and trembling. "I should be glad if you would feel so about it," she said. "I have wished for a long time that I could have the charge of things. I think with some advice from you occasionally, I could do very well; after awhile, if not at first. And it seems to me you might enjoy yourself quite as well to give up care; you are fond of reading and visiting, you know. And I often hear you complain of being tired, and having so much to do——" she stopped. She had said all she dared venture this time. To her surprise Mrs. Clinton took it very well.

"Oh! I know what you mean, Sophy," she replied. "I don't care, I'm sure, if you can only manage it, but it's just like trusting a child! However, go on—we'll see how you can manage. But I expect Bridget will get so high and saucy there'll be no living with her. You never will have any authority over her; you wouldn't dare to open your mouth, no matter what she did. You have to teach such folks their place."

"Bridget is always very good with me," said Sophy.

"Because you never have any occasion to interfere with her. You should hear how she mutters sometimes when I'm talking with her! And then if you have her do so many extra things, she'll be wanting her wages raised, and I'm sure Alfred can't afford to pay more than ten shillings."

"Oh! I don't think Bridget will have so very much to do," said Sophy, cheerfully. "We will systematize our work after awhile, and I hope we shall go on smoothly."

Not to weary the reader's patience, Sophy succeeded nobly. She found it pretty hard at times; occasionally she almost wished she had never undertaken to disturb "mother's" sovereign sway. Sometimes Mrs. Clinton let things go on quietly; then again she would make very provoking and contemptuous remarks. She had begun life on narrow means, and it was only through close economy that she and her husband had been able to bring up their family and lay by a comfortable property. She thought Sophy was awfully extravagant, and predicted that Alfred would be completely ruined; also she made numerous observations about people that were such great "ladies," that she did not feel herself fit company for them; she thought such folks had better have stayed where they were, and not have come among those that were beneath 'em. These things tried Sophy awfully. Many a time she ran up to her own room and shut the door, for fear of saying something she would be sorry for afterward. And then she would feel as if there was no use in trying; but a good "cry" generally relieved her, and she would start afresh, comforted always by the remembrance of Alfred's promise. One thing was very strange; was there magic in it? The little blood-mark on her cheek varied always with her feelings. Was she quiet and happy, it was pale and slight; but when her anger was aroused against the offending "mother" it glowed like a spark of fire. Sophy had an uneasy fancy that it was a token of guilt, something like the brand of Cain.

But by-and-bye Mrs. Clinton found that nothing went to wreck and ruin, though the best they had was used in common; she found that all the household machinery worked well, though she did not step into the kitchen; and that, spite of his wife's extravagance, Alfred was not bankrupt, nor likely to be. She grew to interfere less; to say fewer sharp things; even to admit

that Sophy was a better housekeeper than she had ever been! Having once been relieved of "care" she found it very pleasant; she had her time to herself; she read and made visits, and rode out frequently, and enjoyed it all. Her feelings toward her daughter-in-law softened a good deal; she said to Alfred that Sophy had grown much prettier latterly, and that she was an excellent wife for him, although she played the piano so well, and never mopped a floor in her life. And when there was a prospect of an addition to the family she grew really tender; so careful of Sophy's health, so interested in all the little skirts, and dresses, and tiny preparations. She even revived her long-forgotten skill in embroidery, and worked a blanket for the stranger which was the envy of all the mothers in the neighborhood. And Sophy, as they sat together, often looked at the old lady's still handsome face, now bright with kindly feeling, and felt her heart go out to her as she never would have thought possible. She realized that "mother" had known many troubles; she had buried the husband of her youth and four dear children; she was aged, she had few pleasures, little to look forward to in life. Sophy was glad to be able to make her declining years easier and happier. Day by day the little mark grew paler.

At last the baby was born; a plump, rosy boy, hailed by none more delightedly than his grandmother; she cried with joy that Sophy's sufferings were over; she laughed with joy that the baby was a son, that he had his father's eyes and his mother's smile.

Alfred sat at his wife's side one morning. "Why, darling," he said, "your currant jelly mark is gone entirely; your cheek is clear as ever it was."

Sure enough it was so; and better yet, the last touch of rancor had disappeared with it from Sophy's heart.

"LITTLE SHOES."

BY HELEN MAR.

Two little shoes with knotted strings
With tears aside were laid,
And for the form they used to bear
A little grave was made—
Made for our baby-love—our pride;
We murmured at its fate,
And could not think it best it died,
And left us desolate:
Grieving because small feet no more
Would patter soft about the floor.

Two little shoes tear-gemmed; the first
In which my precious trod,
For the small feet soon tired of play,
And wandered back to God,
But to her pure, clear-sighted eyes
Heaven was not very far—
So short her stay from Paradise
The gate was still ajar;
So we the quiet feet undressed,
And laid them side by side to rest.

THE LOVE OF AGATHA HOLMES.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

"Curse him! No. I told him I'd see you in your coffin first. What, let you marry the son of my greatest enemy, the son of a treacherous father, and of a light-o'-love, jilting mother? They say she worships him; well, this will be a stab for her tender heart, or I'm mistaken;" and William Holmes stamped up and down the library with his hands in his pockets; and then laughed savagely as he thought of the pang he should inflict on the heart of the widow Lee.

And Agatha Holmes heard all this without a word, but her face was of a deathly white; and her sharp nails almost brought the blood in her clenched hands, as she stood by the window and looked out.

The furious old man walked up and down the room once or twice more, then taking up the poker he punched at the fire, then threw it down with a crash; and finding his daughter still did not speak, he went up to her and seizing her by the shoulder, shouted,

"Why don't you speak, you obstinate fool? Laying plans for a rebellion, are you? Mark my words, if you marry that sneaking, poverty-stricken, country doctor, I disown you, and curse you. Curse you, mind you! Do you hear now?" and with a "ha! ha!" that showed how exhausted he was with his passion, the old man sat down in his chair.

Still the girl did not answer, but she turned around and threw an appealing glance at her mother, who sat pale, terror-stricken, and weeping over her knitting at the other side of the room. At the frightful threat of Mr. Holmes, the poor woman had risen instinctively in her chair, and said, "Oh! William," then sunk back again, well knowing how little *she* could do to calm such turbulent passion.

The newspaper, which the old man had taken from the table, shook and rattled in his trembling hands as he folded and unfolded it, and his shaggy brows knit over his blood-shot eyes, as he endeavored in vain to fix his attention on it. At last he threw the paper on the table, and brought his large hand down heavily upon it, exclaiming,

"And I tell you, too, if you ever willingly see that man again, I'll disown you. I'll curse you

with my dying breath," he almost shrieked, as he again wound himself up to his former pitch of passion.

At this Agatha Holmes took a step forward, leaned her hand on the table to support her trembling form, and spoke so slowly, distinctly, and firmly, that her father listened in spite of himself. She said,

"You will *not* curse me, for without your permission I'll never marry Richard Lee; but you may disown me if you please, for I *will* see him once more before we part forever," and then she left the room.

Mrs. Holmes arose to follow her, but was checked before she laid her hand on the knob of the door by her husband exclaiming,

"Stay here, will you? I'll have none of your whimpering over her to weaken my authority," and the poor, cowed woman took her seat again, the hot tears falling over her knitting work.

Agatha went to her room, threw herself on the floor, and laid her aching head on the side of the bed. She did not weep, trouble seemed to have made her dumb. She felt too well that her obstinate, implacable father would carry out his threat; she could not marry with a curse upon her, so she, who had tasted so few of the joys of life, saw this sweet love pass away from her lips, untouched. How her heart rebelled! From childhood she had grown up, deprived, by her father's savage whims, of many of childhood's pleasures; overlooked by him, or only noticed to be thwarted; caressed by her delicate, timid mother by stealth; and now, just as the world was growing fair and beautiful, just as the mystic veil had been lifted, and a flood of light let in on her cold heart, to return to the old, dreary hopelessness! And to gratify a father's revenge, only for this!

Years before he had loved with all the intensity and ferocity of his ferocious nature the mother of Richard Lee, had been engaged to her, but had so frightened her with his wild passions, that she had broken her troth with him. Then George Lee, his most intimate associate, had wooed the girl that he had long loved, and married her. He was only a village doctor, with a small income, and year by year the little that he could save somehow slipped out of his

hands, and William Holmes held his notes, and was a hard creditor; and just as his son was looking forward to the time when he could assist his father, George Lee escaped from William Holmes, and all other creditors, and went to settle that last account with the most inexorable of them all, death.

In the meanwhile, William Holmes' purse had fattened in proportion as Dr. Lee's grew thin. He was a good lawyer and a keen business man, and when, after building himself a comfortable house, he began to look around like a great bloated spider to see whom he might inveigle into it, he married little Annie Harris. Everybody envied the new mistress of the new house, and of Mr. Holmes' purse. In the second year of their marriage Agatha was born, and she grew up a sturdy little thing, made hardy by the storms of her father's passion, and the dew and sunlight of her mother's love.

But, poor girl! she forgot now that there was any warmth in the mother's breast, she only felt that this brighter, more dazzling light was to be withdrawn.

All that cold autumn day Agatha kept her room, but the next morning she appeared at her usual place at the head of the breakfast table much to her father's satisfaction, who disliked his coffee from any other hands than hers. As Mr. Holmes was settling himself to his paper with his feet on the fender, she said,

"I have written a note to Dr. Lee, sir, requesting him to call here this morning. If you object to his coming to this house, I must meet him somewhere else, for I *must* see him this once. You can read it, sir."

Mr. Holmes sat with his eyes on his paper, but shifting his feet uneasily about whilst his daughter was speaking. There was something in the quiet, decided tone, the unfluttered manner, that made him know that opposition was useless, that she *would* see Dr. Lee in spite of him, so he said gruffly,

"I want to see no love-sick *billet-doux*, and let him come here if you choose; for by Jove, no daughter of mine shall make appointments to meet any man out of her father's house;" and he turned again to the "Morning News."

But after this, William Holmes somehow respected his daughter more than he had ever done before. Wife or child had never dared hitherto to thwart his mighty will, and he rather liked the opposition; "a chip off the old block," he said to himself, with a gratulatory chuckle, as he went into his office.

Agatha, who had shed no tears before, cried like a little child as soon as she saw her lover.

"Agatha, Agatha," said Dr. Lee, as he held her close to him, "don't despair so; your father will relent in time, I know he will. We are both young yet and well able to wait. I'll make a fortune for you, and then he'll give his consent, I am sure."

But Agatha shook her head as she answered, "It isn't altogether the money, Richard, but because he hated your father and mother. I had to see you this once. I wanted to tell you that I felt my father's word will be kept, and that you must not, from any chivalric notion of your duty to me, consider that you are pledged to me. There is no hope, Richard, and you are free from this moment. I *will not* be a clog to all your plans for life, as this tedious waiting would make me."

But Dr. Lee was either more hopeful, or professed to be so, to cheer up poor Agatha.

"Nonsense!" he said; "from all known laws of nature, the more violent the storm the sooner it is over. We will do nothing to anger your father, and before the year is out he will give his consent to our marriage."

Still Agatha shook her head.

"I know him too well," she said, "we might as well make up our minds to it first as last. It will only be prolonging our torture, Richard, to nurse the hope, and then find it slowly die away as years go by," and another flood of tears followed.

"Oh! Aggy, Aggy, what a despairing little body you are! I'm perfectly confident that we shall sit, one on either side of the chimney corner, Darby and Joan fashion, eating apples and nuts, and telling over this story to a circle of romantic youngsters. Only let us have faith in each other, darling, and all will go well."

Agatha Holmes thought she had no hope, that she had quite made up her mind she should never marry Dr. Lee; but still the knowledge of his love made her very happy, and hope is never dead at twenty. Her father watched her curiously, but silently.

"I don't see that she's any more quiet than common, love is no deep matter with a woman," he thought, and he hectored his wife and snarled at his daughter as usual.

Agatha visited but little in the village. Mr. Holmes hated to be bored with company, and sneered at sewing-circles, Dorcas meetings, and the like; and Dr. Lee's not very lucrative, but far spread practice, claimed so much of his time that they seldom met.

In the monotonous discharge of her domestic duties, with nothing to lighten up her life, except a furtive smile from her lover now and then,

the next three years passed. At last came a great sorrow. Her mother, who had been starving for years for kind words and gentle household affections, quietly laid down the great burden of her life, and shut up in the grave the little remaining happiness of her daughter.

Poor Agatha felt as if she had never known trouble till then, as if this sorrow was a judgment for past repinings, that in her own selfish regrets her mother's love had been forgotten.

The first shock over, the same old routine of domestic duties was gone through with; but now she missed the habit of caring for the invalid, and the kind word, and smile, and deprecating look of her mother's eye, as if asking her forgiveness for not preventing her unhappiness. Agatha had only more bitter memories now than before her mother's death; except this everything was unchanged, the house could have been no more quiet than it was, and her life no more uneventful, so, with a chill at the heart, she saw the grey shadows of her life close around her.

William Holmes, when he thought of the matter at all, congratulated himself on his having prevented his daughter from marrying Dr. Lee. He had not only tasted some of the sweets of revenge, but had secured for himself a house-keeper, who administered most unfailingly to his comforts. His favorite dish was always done to a turn; his toast was as brown as an oak leaf in the autumn; his coffee might have delighted an Arab; and his tea have been approvingly nodded over by a Chinese mandarin. And besides this, as he looked up from his book, or his writing, or his newspaper of an evening, always on the opposite side of the table, he saw a fair, grave face bending over a piece of sewing or knitting, the fingers moving steadily, almost unconsciously, never sighing, never seeming to feel more than an automaton. Yes, it suited him, and as his shaggy brow fell again over the book, or writing, or paper, he felt the comfort of such a daughter in his inmost soul.

Once, for a little while, his serenity was disturbed. A brother lawyer, of nearly his own age, began to visit Agatha. He was a rich man, and a widower with several children. At the possibility of losing her, Mr. Holmes occasionally felt that his daughter's life was not as happy as it might be, and that, perhaps, to escape the irksomeness of his home, she would prefer the liberty of one of her own; but she quietly dismissed her suitor, saying she should never marry, and he again settled himself in his former comfortable serenity.

CHAPTER II.

At last it was known in the village that an young orphan cousin of Mrs. Lee's was going to make the widow's house her home. The girl was reputed to be beautiful, and an invalid. The rumor reached even to the quiet parlor of Agatha Holmes. She, who had thought that no joy nor sorrow could quicken a pulse again, so dreary and hopeless did she think she had become, became suddenly conscious of a jealous pang, and was now, for the first time, really aware how much she had hoped through these long years. A restless longing to know something of Miss Kirtley seized her, and as she came out of church, she lingered slowly among the gossips to catch stray information of one whom she looked upon as her rival; and if she seemed harder to please than hitherto, and tossed over the goods longer in the village stores, it was when she would hear a couple of chatting girls discuss the beauty and many accomplishments of Dr. Lee's cousin.

At length it was known everywhere, and be sure that Agatha was not the last to hear *this* piece of gossip, that Emma Kirtley had arrived. If any one had cared to notice—but no one felt sufficient interest to notice her at all—we say if any one had cared to notice her in church on the first Sunday after Miss Kirtley's arrival in the village, they would have seen the usually quiet, self-absorbed Miss Holmes glancing furtively all the time of the gathering of the congregation, in the direction of Mrs. Lee's pew, a quick, restless uplifting of the eyelids, and an unusual compression about the always compressed mouth. But no one accompanied Mrs. Lee except her son. And now Agatha's attention was turned to him. It was a satisfaction to her that he glanced at her with his usual quiet, meaning smile, that for a little while yet she would not have to give him up in her heart.

She was now awakened up from her long lethargy to a sense of dull, heavy pain. A restless desire to see Miss Kirtley took possession of her. She passed Mr. Lee's house several times, but saw no one but the widow tending to her flowers, or the servant about some household work. At last, one morning, as she was sauntering slowly along under the elms that shaded the village street, the bright sunlight flickering through the leaves, she heard, before she reached the widow's house, a sweet, bird-like voice, singing as if in very fullness of heart. At the window, enframed, as it were, in a wreath of woodbine and climbing roses, stood a young girl, beautiful enough, Agatha thought, to be an angel. The deep mourning dress brought out

more vividly the wonderful purity of her complexion; and her blonde hair, which was turned back from her face, seemed to encircle her head like a halo. As Agatha approached, she was reaching forward, trying to coax a morning-glory vine from the porch, to mingle its blue cups with the white roses around the window.

With a gasp, that sounded like a sob, Agatha passed on. She hurried home, and, when once in her own room, threw herself in a chair, and sat for a long while perfectly still. Then she arose and took a long look in her glass. Alas! and alas! how could her grey, colorless face, with its dull eyes and hard lines, compare with the almost infantile beauty and innocence of the young girl's whom she had just seen? What were the measured tones of her voice, that seemed never to be modulated to either joy or sorrow, compared to the now glad, now half sad, expression given to that song? Then she buried her face in her hands and thought for a long while again. It was true that she had told Dr. Lee, years before, that she held him by no promise; that she would not fetter him, in the life he was to look forward to, by any engagement to her. She thought she had really renounced him; but now she discovered that, through all difficulties, she had hoped one day to be his wife; that, in her heart, she had considered the betrothal a tacit one.

So the summer time wore on. Agatha battling with herself, getting, one by one, thorns for her martyr's crown; pierced by them, now and then, as her lover gave her one of those understanding smiles, or a lingering pressure of the hand, as they casually met, only to make her more wretched, when she shut herself up alone, and said, "He must love her in time. I can never marry him, and, if I could, I ought never link such a worn-out spirit with his."

So, as we said before, the summer time wore away, and the autumn came in with all its gorgeous but saddening beauty.

Agatha had had one or two more suitors, middle-aged, well-to-do men, lured by her father's wealth to seek the grave, notable girl; but she had said to herself, "I will stay always with my father; I made the sacrifice for him, and it shall be complete."

Now, however, came one with whom it was different. He was a man of thirty—not so very much older than herself now—one whom she had known from a boy, and known well too, as a young man studying in her father's office. She had always liked him, and she knew that he was one whom she could always respect and rely upon. When Mr. Merrick's offer was made,

Agatha asked time to consider it. Why should not a happy home be hers? Anything would be better than this life she was now leading. So she took her bonnet and shawl, one afternoon, and strolled over the river, for she could come to no determination at home. But in the depths of the woods it was no easier to decide. She began to feel a restless impatience of the dull pain of her present lot, as if any change would be for the better; and then she thought of the long years of her mother's unhappy, unloving married life. And so the afternoon waned away, the red and yellow leaves falling silently around her; a rabbit now and then hopping close up to her, and eyeing her with its bright, black eyes, totally fearless of the mute figure at the foot of the tree. The sun was trying to sink rapidly, and the whole sky was a-blaze with crimson and orange. Agatha was still as undecided as ever. At last she heard the splash of oars, and the sound of gay voices, on the river below her. She rose and walked a short distance, and saw a small boat moving slowly along through the golden colors of the river; a sweet face upturned to the bright evening sky, and singing an evening hymn, and Richard Lee carefully enveloping the slender form in a heavy shawl. And the lonely figure on the bank above watched till she saw the boat and its happy freight glide into the dark shadows of the wooded hill, and then she sat down and wept.

When she looked up again, the orange and gold had faded to a pale amber, and lights were beginning to shine out on the opposite hill. She must go home now, and she must make her decision; for Mr. Merrick was to receive his answer in the morning. Still she only drew her shawl more closely around her, and watched the lights as they were reflected in the water on the other side of the river, or crept up the hill side. The sad girl pictured to herself the many happy households before her. The husband's return, the comfortable chair, the glowing fire, the bright light and cheerful table; she saw the wife and mother moving about with happy, quiet content; little children, with their sweet faces waiting for the good night kiss; or white-robed figures kneeling with clasped hands, and reverent eyes, and asking, with all a child's loving faith, "Please, God, bless dear papa and mamma!" She saw more than this. She saw how those two, the happy heads of the family, had gone, side by side and hand in hand, with firm, loving hearts along the road of years; through pleasant places often, aye, very pleasant places; but then again through dark shadows, and over dark sorrows; and she knew that faith in God, and mutual love,

had sanctified all. There she saw the light from their own library windows, far across the river, far up the hill; and she thought of the sorrowing, unloved life of her dead mother; of the shadow that was always over her brightest hours; of the cares and troubles that she had to bear, unsympathized with; of her lonely, desolate sorrow over a little coffin. And she thought, too, that without this, that even with mutual respect, and kindness, and sympathy, perhaps the ghost of a lost love might take its place unbidden by her side, sitting by her at the fireside, clasping a hand that was given to her husband, looking at her with tender, reproachful eyes, when her glance was on another; between her wedded husband and herself, always and always. So Agatha decided; and the next morning Mr. Merrick, too, was told that "she should never marry."

And now she set herself resolutely to look her future in the face. She saw her line of duty plainly marked out. To administer, as she had always done, to her father's comforts; to live less in her own thoughts, and her own sorrows; to help, as far as she could, those who were in "sorrow and tribulation;" to give cheerful words always, sympathy always; and so look forward, through the grey light that was now around her, to the brightness and peace of her setting sun.

It was soon known in the village that Emma Kirtley was very ill, dying perhaps. That evening, on the water, she had taken cold. It was gossiped of, too, by the nurse who had been called in to assist Mrs. Lee. Now the poor girl had called on her cousin in her delirium, begging him not to leave her when she loved him so; of his soothing words and gentle ministrations; and all this Agatha heard.

At last it was known that the present danger was over, but that the frail invalid recovered too slowly to give much hope of her ever getting actually well.

Agatha Holmes' twenty-fifth birth-day had arrived. It was the last day of the year; and, as she sat in her room, watching the snow falling steadily and noiselessly, wondering what good future years could bring to her, trying religiously to prepare herself for the duties of her coming life, Dr. Lee was announced.

The startled, eager face, and questioning eyes, which were turned upon the servant, made her stare at her mistress as she repeated the name. When the door was closed, Agatha sank back to the seat from which she had risen, clasping her hands over her heart, which beat so tumultuously. "What can he want? What can he want?" she whispered to herself; then remembering how it

must be between them, she rose slowly, and went down stairs.

She had entered the room, before, in her confusion of feelings, she remembered her promise, given to her father, never intentionally to meet Richard Lee again. He stepped forward with the same smile, eager as of old; but she seemed only like an automaton. He drew her down on the sofa beside him, she, poor girl! trying to collect her faculties.

"Agatha, Agatha," he commenced, "this is like it used to be. I did not dare hope, when I came in, after what your father has said, that old times could be revived; but it all seems so natural now, that I know he will consent to our marrying. I'm rich now, Agatha—that is, rich for a village doctor, you know—and he must let you be my wife."

"Don't, Richard! don't torture me so!" was the reply. "I know my father better than you do. It was only when you paid that last note, which he held of your father's, that I heard him mutter to himself, as he took it out and looked at it, 'Aye, aye; work on, Richard Lee, hard as you will, daughter of mine shall never be daughter of Bessie Morrison's.' You see it is impossible; but still, I'm so glad to see you again, for I want to tell you that you must not consider yourself bound to me. I look upon the engagement as broken; you know I said so, years ago."

Agatha was now rapidly recovering her self-possession. Her thoughts, for the past few months, all tended to this direction. Dr. Lee looked at her with an obstinate smile, which, poor thing! made her heart warm in spite of herself, and which nearly melted away all her determination.

She went on, "I want you to understand, indeed I do, that what I say is so. My father will never let me marry you, and you must not waste your life in vain hope, and go on uncheered by a wife's sympathy to the end."

At the picture which she had called up, Agatha felt chilled herself; then she resumed, calmly, almost coldly,

"Indeed I very seriously thought of marrying some one else last fall."

Agatha Holmes could not help feeling glad at the sad, disappointed look which overspread her lover's face. She paused for a moment, then said,

"What I tell you is true. I think married life the happiest life in the world, where love is; and I believe that love often comes, if we have respect first, and mutual sympathies. After this, Richard, we can be friends, but never anything more."

"Do you mean to say, Agatha, that you are engaged to some one else?" asked Dr. Lee, walking gloomily up and down the room.

"No, I'm not engaged. I only spoke of it to show you how completely annulled I consider your pledge to me. Now I have something which I want to say to you: I heard, last fall, during Miss Kirtley's illness, that she was attached to you. If you can love her sufficiently, I believe, from what I have heard of her, that she will make you a good wife. Don't let any hope of ever marrying me, Richard, come between you and your happiness with your cousin. You know I can never be your wife; my father will never consent, so now good-bye," and, giving him her hand, she was gone before he had collected himself sufficiently to answer her.

Before the elm trees were green again, Richard Lee had moved away to the West with his mother, and with Emma Kirtley as his wife.

In two years from this time William Holmes was on his death-bed; and he seemed to be dying as he had lived, a stern, inflexible man, asking sympathy from no one. All Agatha's attentions he received in sullen silence. The poor girl wondered if he was going to die "and make no sign," if even death itself could not melt that hard heart. At last, one morning, just as the grey dawn was breaking, Agatha, as she lifted the night-lamp from the chimney-place, held it so the light fell full on her face. Her father followed the light in the indolent, half-unconscious way that becomes a part of sickness, and, at last, they rested on his daughter's face. He lay for a long while perfectly quiet. Agatha had extinguished the light, and was standing by the open window, wearily watching the slow approach of morning, and listening to the birds sing.

"Agatha!" There was something in the tone of the voice not usual to Mr. Holmes, and Agatha quickly moved to the bedside. "Agatha, you'll be very lonely when I'm gone, won't you?" he said.

It was the first allusion he had ever made to his death. For one little moment she thought, "not more lonely than I've been all my life;" but she replied, as cheerfully as she could, "I should miss you very much, father; but you know that I care very little for general society, and besides, I hope you will soon be well."

"No, I shall never be well," and after that his eyes followed wherever she went around the room. Perhaps it was the night's watching; or perhaps it was the sickly grey of the morning light; or it might be the sickly light of all her former years gathering more deeply around her

now, that gave her face that ghastly look that so attracted her father's attention.

"I most wish now that you'd been married, Agatha, I should like to have had my property go to my own flesh and blood. I suppose you'd have been happier too, wouldn't you?"

His daughter felt tortured, but replied,

"That depends upon circumstances."

Again there was a long pause, when Mr. Holmes suddenly said,

"I wish now that I'd let you marry Dr. Lee; somehow people see things differently on a sick-bed, Agatha; but I hope you've not been very unhappy about it," and he eyed his daughter closely, as if wishing to have this hope confirmed.

"One's happiness don't always consist in being married, you know, father; but oh! I'm so glad that you care for me," and with an outburst of tears, Agatha leaned her head on her father's pillow.

Perhaps as the dying man feebly stroked the thin, pale face beside him, he thought of the many wasted lives and aching hearts he had caused, of the love he had quenched, of the happy fireside hours he had deprived himself of. Who knows?

Before the next dawn, a white sheet was stretched over a rigid figure on the large bed, and Agatha, with her head on the window-sill, was watching with burning eye-balls for the rising sun.

CHAPTER III.

It was the last day of December, and Agatha Holmes' thirtieth birth-day. Heavy, leaden clouds had been gathering all day, and at night-fall the snow storm set in. At first it came down in large, soft flakes, slowly and noiselessly, like the tread of angel's feet; but as the twilight deepened the fury of the storm increased. Soon the whole country was enveloped in a white shroud, and the fine snow fell so fast and thick, that as Agatha looked from her sitting-room window, she could scarcely discern the lights in the houses down in the village.

"Even their cheerfulness is shut out from me," she thought sadly, as she walked away. A glorious hickory fire was flashing and crackling in the open fire-place, and Agatha drew her little table and chair up by it for companionship. Without, the snow and the sleet beat on the casements, with a sharp tinkling sound, as if needles were being thrown against them; and the great, white pine trees were keeping up a deep murmur, and swaying and shaking their heads to disencumber themselves of the beauti-

ful white plumes that the snow had decked them with; and the wind went shrieking and wailing around the house, giving deep sobs now and then, as if for some lost happiness; but within, the fire snapped merrily, and covered the whole room with a flush of warm light. It wavered and flickered, to be sure, creeping up and caressing the tall, old clock in the chimney corner, and lighting up the grim, straight horse-hair sofa, giving it a cheerful look in spite of itself; and sometimes, in a fit of extravagant mirth, it snapped out a spark on the old tortoise-shell cat, as she lay stretched out before it, making her spring quickly for safer quarters; but it always glowed with the same steady glow on the solitary figure by the table, flushing up the cold grey color of her dress, as if it knew it was a comfort to her.

Agatha mechanically took her knitting from the table. She was accustomed to sit at this hour without a light, and her knitting was her constant companion. It was not any of the tasteful fancy work so common now-a-days, only a homely blue stocking. This she liked. The bright needles clicked on round after round, and her slender fingers worked busily, but it left her eyes and her brain idle, or for other employment. And sometimes, in the glowing coals, she built up a happy home for others in the far West; and sometimes she saw his children around her, making her old age brighter than her youth had been. And so it was to-night. How old memories would come back! How she hungered for one little crumb of the love which she knew was so lavishly thrown about in other happy homes! She lived on a solitary, unloving, unloved life. Both her nature and her education made it impossible for her to go out in the world after her father's death, to seek for new companionships. Her friends were the poor people of the village, for whom she knit interminable blue stockings, and made up flannel and broths. She knit on, and on, the firelight dancing around her, and playing coquettish antics in the distant corners of the room; and out-of-doors, snow and sleet were holding their fantastic revels, decking the evergreens; building up feathery white bulwarks; and making a soft ermine bed for the old year to die upon.

Five years ago to-day, and she had bid Richard Lee good-bye. Since then many silver threads had been woven in the brown of her hair. She saw them to-day, and though she sighed, she was half glad that she was growing old so fast. But oh! such a lonely, uncared-for old woman as she would be! Her few poor pensioners, and her cats, and her flowers—these

were to be the objects of her interest for the rest of her life. And the melancholy wind moaned in sympathy as she laid her head on her arm, on the table, and shed tears that gave her no relief. The hand that held the half finished blue stocking dropped by her side, and the firelight flashed on the bright steel needles; the little kitten darted from under the table for the big ball of blue yarn that rolled on the floor, and finding itself unchecked by its mistress, and its juvenile indiscretions winked at by its mother, it tossed the ball about and around, sometimes shooting it over in the far corner, then again lying on its back to manage its huge plaything with its four tiny paws.

Although the work was at last twitched from her hand, and kitten at length monopolized stocking as well as yarn, Agatha's reverie was too sad and deep to be conscious of it.

The opening of the sitting-room door, which let in a cold draught on her from the hall, made her start up, lest her servant, in bringing in lights, should see her tears, but a man's tall figure filled up the doorway. He was in the shadow, and in the uncertain light of the room she did not at first recognize him.

But the "Agatha," in that familiar voice!

For an instant all was forgotten, except that it was the "Agatha" and "Richard" of old; for an instant ten dreary years swept back, and beside the two in the room stood two others, youth and hope.

Only for an instant! All these years of schooling had not been lost on Agatha, and she quietly, almost coldly withdrew her two hands which had been firmly imprisoned in Dr. Lee's. He looked hurt and embarrassed, and with much less self-possession than Agatha's, he answered her questions about his journey, about the storm, about his mother.

"Agatha," he said, at last, "haven't you forgiven me? I thought you would after my letter, for I swear to you, had I not seen Emma dying before my eyes, I would never have married her. I could not make her few last years miserable; but she knew I had loved you, for my mother told her, and on her death bed, Agatha, she spoke of you, and said that perhaps, now your father was dead, you would be a mother to her little child."

All Agatha could say was,

"I'd nothing to forgive. I never received a letter from you," and she looked at him vacantly, as if unable to comprehend it at all.

The servant came in presently with lights. She was one who had lived in the family for many years, and knew Agatha since girlhood.

She was a discreet woman, and did not enter the room without due announcement, and then scarcely looked at the two by the fireside, only at the kitten on the other side of the room merrily entangling the ball of yarn.

Agatha saw the New Year in that morning, but not alone; and as the sturdy, black clock in the corner tolled the "small wee hour" of one, Dr. Lee arose to go, saying,

"Remember, Agatha, no delays. Life is too short for us now to be long separated. I shall go the day after to-morrow for my mother and little Emma, and then such a happy family as we shall be. But won't the people talk though!" and Dr. Lee gave one of his happy laughs, and—probably gave Agatha something else.

Two o'clock struck. Puss and kitten were asleep, the fire had long burned down before Agatha thought of moving from the seat where Dr. Lee had left her; then she slowly went to her chamber like some one in a happy dream. As she put her light on her toilet table, she caught a glimpse of her face in the glass. Such a change! she scarcely knew herself; she looked almost like the Agatha of ten years before, and

not like the pale-faced woman, with sad eyes and hard lines about the mouth, and hair beginning to whiten, that had last looked in that glass. Then she began to brush the hair to see if the silver threads could not be hidden—for his sake—and as she did this she blushed at her vanity, and laughed a laugh so happy that it startled her. The little chamber had not heard such a laugh for years. With what a thankful heart she knelt by her bedside that New Year's morning, saying no words probably, only giving up a full heart to her heavenly Father, asking a blessing on the New Year and the new duties that she was to assume, and then she lay down and went to sleep as happy as a child!

In less than a month from that time, Agatha Holmes became the wife of Dr. Lee. Poor Emma had been dead for a year or more, so village gossips could make no objection, though Agatha was not as beautiful as the first wife had been; but it was wonderful, they said, how young and pretty she had grown; maybe because she had left off those sober-colored dresses; but we know that it was because of the light reflected from a loving and loved and satisfied heart.

OUR JAMIE.

BY MAUD IRVING.

He was our first, the blue-eyed darling!
He gathered first our heart's fresh dew—
He filled our souls with love o'erflowing,
Love, strange, and sweet, and to us new,
We watched with care each infant gesture,
And radiated back each smile—
While from the warm depths of our being
Rich love came forth in floods the while.
Other sweet darlings came to bless us,
Other soft fingers closed round ours,
Other red lips yearned to caress us;
And others strewed our path with flowers;

But oh! they were not like our Jamie,
The tender bud, the first born bloom;
No music cheered us like his prattling—
No smile—like his—could banish gloom.
Grey hairs round Jamie's brow are clustering,
And we are near the lonesome grave,
Yet still the love of old is in us,
We bless our God who Jamie gave!
To us, he is not old—our Jamie,
He is our dearest idol still—
He holds within us that wide chamber
No other child of ours can fill!

SCANDAL.

BY MRS. M. M. HINES.

A SALLOW beldam, from whose path
All sweet flowers shrink, fearing her wrath;
Withered and wrinkled too is she,
Like apple dried upon the tree;
Peaked her nose, pointed her chin—
Her lips close drawn and very thin,
So thin, so sharp when they are stirred,
They're keener than a two-edged sword,
And that is why, as logic teaches,

She always makes such cutting speeches—
Her words writhe through this fearful pass,
A strange, distorted, loathsome mass,
Creep out into the world, fell spies,
Assuming many a fair disguise,
And, when their fraud and flattery
Gain of one's thoughts the entrance-key,
Woe to that trusting human soul
Whose armor is not doubly whole.

MAKING LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"I NEVER saw such an obstinate girl!" and Mr. Morton paced his study floor with quick, impatient steps, looking at his niece, who, with a pout of defiance, sat half buried in a large arm-chair, her dark, blue eyes filled with tears, and her pretty dark curls pushed back from her flushed face.

"I think it is very unkind to be so anxious to get rid of me, uncle Edgar," she said, with a quivering lip.

"Now don't be simple, Eva. You know I should like to keep you all my life; but your father expressly named your seventeenth birthday as the time for you to marry your cousin Edward."

"The idea of having one's husband picked out ten years ago!"

"Well, my dear, your father was very anxious to unite your grandmother's property again; and, as Edward's father is the only other brother excepting myself, he, also, left a will requesting his son to marry you; and your property and his depends upon the compliance with this request. You cannot refuse him."

"What is the penalty?"

"He takes all the property left by your father and his own."

"And if he refuses me?"

"You take it all. But do not talk so; you don't love anybody else, do you?"

"No! You know that!"

"Then why not take him?"

"Oh! the whole arrangement is so hateful. His highness does not even condescend to come to me; I, forsooth, must seek him."

"You are only invited to visit your aunt."

"Yes, and submit my charms to his lordship's decision."

"Well, Eva, perhaps he will refuse you," and there was a mischievous twinkle in Edgar Morton's eyes; "then you not only lose this distasteful husband, but double your property."

A flash of brightness crossed the pretty face, before disfigured by pouting, and Eva sprang from the chair, saying,

"Well, I will pack my trunk, and start in search of my husband."

"That's a good girl," said her uncle, bending

his stately head over her tiny figure, to kiss the fair face lifted to his own.

Eva danced across the room, the hall, up the stairs to her own room; and then, locking the door, dragged forward from a corner a large trunk, and commenced her preparations.

Several hours later she stood before the glass arranging her traveling dress.

"You are too good-looking yet, Eva!" she muttered, looking at the reflection of a fair complexion, dancing chestnut curls, large, blue eyes, a tiny, graceful figure, and bright smiles.

Shift the scene, as dramatists are privileged to do, and we find ourselves removed from Eva's pretty room, in her costly city home, to the parlor of a tasteful country mansion on the banks of the Hudson. A lady, tall and dignified, dressed in mourning, with a widow's cap, is seated near a window sewing; whilst, at a table opposite to her, her son, Edward Morton, is writing. The gentleman is about twenty-five years of age, with bold, handsome features, a tall figure, and a broad, thoughtful forehead.

"Edward," said Mrs. Morton, gently.

"Well, mother?"

"It is nearly five o'clock. Your cousin Eva will be here in an hour, had you not better be ready to receive her?"

"I am ready, mother."

"In your dressing-gown and smoking-cap, my son?"

"Why not? I have no desire to fascinate the young lady. My father's wishes require me to offer myself for her acceptance, and I left Europe for that purpose; but my own inclinations do not at all chime with the duty."

"You have not formed any other attachment?"

"No, mother, but a man likes to choose his own wife—not find her made over to him when he was a mere boy."

"I hope you will like her."

"Amen!" and the conversation dropped.

They were still seated there, each engaged in silent occupation, when the door was flung violently open, and a lady entered.

She was small, with a dark, cloudy-looking complexion, heavy eye-brows, and a cross, sour expression. A dark, grey traveling dress and close bonnet did not heighten her charms, and

her hair was most unbecomingly dragged back from her forehead, leaving her face in bold relief against the bonnet facing.

"Thank you for your gallantry, cousin Edward," said this beauty, in a sarcastic voice. "I do not so often visit you, that a ride to the depot should seem so formidable an undertaking. Your coachman was very polite, however."

"Edward is very much engaged just now in writing," said Mrs. Morton, while her thought was, "What a fright the pretty child has become!"

"Oh! it is of no consequence," said Eva, tossing aside her bonnet and mantle, and taking a chair. "I have heard before that husbands usually lose the distinctive virtues of lovers, and as our affairs are so admirably arranged for us, my cousin probably considers any effort to win the affections of one already forced upon him, unnecessary. I beg pardon," she added, abruptly, turning to her aunt, "is your son deaf and dumb?"

"Would I were!" was Edward's internal ejaculation; but aloud he said, "I regret that any guest of my mother's should have to complain of a slight from me, and if an apology will earn my forgiveness, I beg to offer it."

"Is there a fan in the room?" said Eva, not heeding the gentlemanly bow and address.

"A spotted child," thought the young man, as he offered a fan.

"Would you like to change your dress, my dear?" said Mrs. Morton, "your traveling costume is very heavy for the house."

"Well, I will beautify, I guess, before tea," said Eva, springing from her chair.

Mrs. Morton conducted the young girl to her room, whilst she inwardly shuddered at the idea of calling her daughter. When they were fairly in the pleasant chamber appropriated to Eva's use, that young lady's face suddenly lost its sullen expression, cleared like a burst of sunshine after a shower, and she threw her arms round Mrs. Morton's neck, and kissed her heartily.

"Dear aunt Laura, I am really glad to see you again. I was a little girl when you went abroad with Edward, but your sweet face has not changed a bit. What a pretty room! Flowers too! I love flowers so much. And here are books, and this pretty table for my work. Oh! I shall enjoy this room, I am sure," she turned to the window. It was nearly sunset, and the broad river, seen through the waving branches of many trees, looked like molten gold in the yellowish light. The green lawn, with its border of flowers, and beyond the rich foliage made

a landscape of wondrous beauty. Little Eva stood, her face quiet, her fluttering hands folded, drinking in this beauty. She was keenly alive to the beauties of nature, and this scene was like a glimpse of paradise.

"Is it not lovely?" she whispered. "Oh! auntie, how can any one be wicked in such a beautiful world?"

"I am glad your room pleases you," said Mrs. Morton. "Edward admires that view very much."

The whole expression of Eva's face changed. "I must dress for tea," she said, turning abruptly from the window, and kneeling before her trunk.

"I will leave you then," said Mrs. Morton: "you can find your way to the parlor again?" and she went down stairs.

After nearly an hour spent over her toilet, Eva rejoined the mother and son. Both started, and with difficulty repressed an exclamation of surprise as she came in. She wore a lawn dress of bright blue, over it a white lace basque trimmed with pink, and fastened at the throat with a green bow. Her hair, strained back from the face, was gathered behind into a yellow silk net, fastened on with red pins. Apparently unconscious of anything worthy of remark in her dress, Eva sat down beside her cousin Edward, and began to talk in a silly, vapid style. His replies in monosyllables delivered gravely, and she fancied half contemptuously, at length piqued her vanity.

"He thinks I am a fool," was her first thought; then, "All right, he won't propose," was her second. Yet it galled her to see the perfect courtesy, and gentlemanly manner in which her nonsense was received, and almost involuntarily she turned the conversation.

"Are you an author, cousin?" she said, touching the papers on the table.

"No; I am making a translation from Schiller merely to keep up my German. It is three years since I left Germany, and I am fearful of forgetting the language."

"My teacher made me translate the other way. He said I would acquire more ease in the use of German, if I translated from the English."

"Then you are not familiar with the German authors?"

"Oh! yes, I read with my teacher. But, cousin," and she took up a paper of his manuscript, "why do you not write this in poetry? This sentiment, for instance,

"While the wind sighed softly amongst the tall trees, as if whispering warnings sent from above," that is such an exquisite idea for poetry:

Whilst murmuring through the foliage
The winds sighed low and soft,
As if angels whispered warnings—

Come, give me another line."

"I can think of nothing to rhyme, but

Send downward from aloft,"

said Edward, quietly.

The hot blood mounted to Eva's cheeks at the implied satire on her burst of sentiment. She tossed aside the papers, and went across the room to her aunt's side. She was turning over the work in Mrs. Morton's basket, when a low voice beside her said,

"Forgive my impertinence. I did not mean to offend you. I appreciate the beauty of your idea, and only regret that I am not poet enough to carry it out."

The frank, manly apology quite conquered Eva's little feeling of pique, and she gave him the effect of the first bright smile he had ever seen on her face.

The tea bell rang, and Eva accepted her cousin's offered arm to the dining-room. After ten, she kept up the assumed character of a willful, petulant child for nearly an hour; when completely disarmed by her cousin's gentle courtesy, she forgot herself, and, interested in a favorite subject, conversed with intelligence and grace; so much was Edward pleased, that the horrible dress and disfigured face were entirely forgotten, and he was charmed with his cousin's wit and intelligence. The two, resolved to dislike each other, parted mutually pleased.

"Ugh! horrible! what a frightful object!" said Eva to herself, as she stood before her glass preparing for bed. "I can't sleep with my face stiffened with this horrible dye," and, throwing aside her dress, she began to bathe her face, till her own fair skin was again visible. Then shaking down her hair, she let it resume its own soft, full curls; the beauty of the night tempted her to the window, and putting on a white wrapper, she sat down to view the prospect by moonlight. Pleasant thoughts stole over her mind, but they gradually became misty, and Eva, her head resting on the window-sill, fell asleep. It was very late when she awoke, and, starting to her feet, she was beginning hastily to undress, when a low moan fell upon her ear. It came from the next room, occupied by her aunt. Eva opened the door and went in. The moonlight pouring in showed her the bed, and another low moan made her quickly cross the room to it.

"Are you ill, aunt Laura?" she asked, in a frightened voice.

"Oh! Eva, are you here?" said Mrs. Morton, in a low, weak voice. "I was afraid no one

would come to me. Don't be alarmed, it is an attack of pain in the side I am subject to. I—I cannot move, you see—" Here the pain becoming very violent, she stopped speaking, while groans of anguish burst from her.

All the womanly energy in Eva's character was aroused.

"If she is subject to them, Edward can tell me what I must do," she thought.

"Aunt Laura, I will come back in a moment," she said, quietly, and then ran lightly from the room to her cousin's door, on the other side of the entry.

Edward Morton was asleep when her distinct rap aroused him.

"Who's there?"

"It is Eva. Open the door, your mother is very ill."

"Mother?"

"Yes; pain in her side. Tell me what I must do whilst you are dressing."

Edward gave her some directions, and she returned to her aunt's room. When he joined her, she was standing by the bed bending over his mother, the soft, dark curls falling in careless profusion around her face, and her tiny white hands pushing back the hair from her aunt's face, while she bathed her forehead.

"Are you better, mother?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Much better! You know these attacks only require prompt treatment, and Eva is the gentlest and best of nurses."

"I only obeyed orders," said Eva, blushing at the earnest gaze Edward gave her.

"But you were prompt, and did not lose your presence of mind."

"You need not sit up, cousin," said Eva. "I will lie down here by auntie, and if she wants anything I will call you."

Two weeks passed away. One day, the one during which Mrs. Morton kept her room, served to make Eva and Edward good friends, and this mutual love did not lessen on longer acquaintance. They were walking together one afternoon, when Edward made his cousin a formal proposal of marriage.

Eva looked into his face, with one long, wistful gaze, then she said,

"Are you merely fulfilling your father's desire, cousin, or do you speak from your heart? If, not loving me, you will marry me from duty, I refuse you, for I can lose fortune better than bear the life of an unloved wife. If you love me——"

She stopped, while her eyes fell, and her cheeks flushed with bright blushes.

"I am answered," said Edward, taking her little hand in his. "I love you, Eva, tenderly and truly. Is this my wife?" And Eva crept close into his arms, let her bright head droop on his breast, and Edward Morton had his answer.

"A SLEEP."

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

TAKE him not hence, I pray you not!
And hush your steps near his low bed;
Tread lightly, soldiers, wake him not;
He sleepeth well; he is not dead.
Do I not know? Have I not watched
Throughout this long, lone night of woe,
Amid the slain and dying ones?
He is not dead. I know, I know!

Why stand ye all so stern and sad,
And say, "His soul hath found its rest?"
Why lean ye on your swords, and point
To that dark wound upon his breast?
Take him not hence, he will awake,
And I shall see him smile again
On her who held his weary head
All the long night, and soothed his pain.

I found him at the battle's close
Beside this stream, (a crimson flood,)
The broilered scarf I gave to him
Held to his breast, was stained with blood!
He knew me then, and called my name
In whispers, as he heard me weep;
But o'er the lurid sun went down
Upon the dead, he fell asleep!

He hath not waked; the dews of Heaven
Fell not upon his sleeping head;
For I have shielded it with mine
All these long hours, among the dead!
And, oh! my shuddering ears have met
Full many a moan, and fearful sound;
And I have seen such sights of death
All night, upon this battle-ground!

Go, soldiers, go! and wake him not,
For he is weary, let him rest.
I've smoothed his pale, cold brow, and staunch'd
That cruel wound upon his breast.
The stars have seen my silent watch
Above his bed, so cold and low;
Their pitying eyes reproached me not,
And now shall thine? Go, soldiers, go!

I charge you, by the love you bear
Your sleeping chieftain, let him rest!
A little while, and he will wake,
And mount the steed he loveth best;
Lead you to battle once again,
You whom the Merciful hath kept;
And smile once more upon, and bless
Her who watched o'er him while he slept.

OUR HOME.

BY WOODLAND MILLIE.

You would know it by the trees
Waving in each passing breeze;
Over which, in Summer time,
Roses sweet and clasping vine.

Lilies pale, beside the wall
In the sunshine rise and fall;
While the locust trees, in white,
Look like watchers of the night.

Chestnut leaves in sunbeams bathe,
Rolling on a sea green wave;
While their branches proudly bend—
Kiss you like some returned friend.

Moss-edged door-stones, old and brown,
Once by careless hands thrown down;
Kitten sleeping on the hearth,
Sharing in our love and mirth.

You would know it by the shade
Over all the landscape laid;
Meadows fair, with seams of rills,
Belted in by pine-capped hills.

Tall, red chimneys rise in air,
Homely mile-stones gleaming there;

Green vines shading window an' door
Flinging shadows on the floor.

One clear streamlet glides along,
O'er a cool and spreading lawn;
Chasing music all the way,
Through the Summer's sultry day.

Graceful willows bend above,
Where sits little Maud, our love,
Splashing in her tiny feet
Where the leaves and waters meet;

Lipsing sweet a pretty song
As the bright waves glide along:
Dear God! in her future life,
Grant there be as little strife.

Sorrow once, before the door,
Paused, with head bent low, then lower;
Seeing all so free from sin,
Half afraid to step within.

Then, as she walked on apace,
Stopped with half averted face,
As in consecrated nook,
Just to catch another look.

HELEN GRÆME.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 334.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RALPH TREVOR returned to his home, pushed abruptly by a servant who met him, and hurried on to his mother's room. She was not there, and her maid said that she had gone to look at the wing of the house which had been left unfurnished.

Ralph crossed the hall, flung wide open the door, and stood in the room which had witnessed his first marriage. He staggered back against the wall, and at the sound his mother turned, saw him standing before her, so pale and ghastly, that she knew her worst fears were about to be realized.

"Ralph!" she exclaimed, "what ails you? What has happened?"

"Everything is at an end," he said, hoarsely; "we have killed Lucy."

"In heaven's name, what do you mean? Lucy is not dead!"

"We have broken her heart, and murder outright would have been less wicked."

"What is it, Ralph? What has happened to Lucy? What has she discovered?"

"That she is not my wife—that I am a false, perjured villain."

"Not your wife? You are mad, Ralph!"

"I wish I were, I should suffer less! I tell you, mother, Lucy Markham is not my wife—I have another wife living."

"I don't believe it, Ralph; you are insane."

"I tell you I was married, years ago, in this very room! Look at those withered flowers—I put them there myself on my wedding day."

"And whom did you marry?" she cried, aghast. "Answer me, Ralph!"

"Adam Græme's daughter."

Mrs. Trevor sank down in a chair pallid as her son, muttering,

"Then it was true—it was true!"

"Yes, mother, whoever told you the story has spoken the truth."

Her anger mastered, for a moment, every other feeling in her heart. She rose quickly, exclaiming,

"That I should live to blush for my son! You

have disgraced yourself, and all that bear your name. How dare you look me in the face?"

"You need not blame me, mother, it is all your work! You told me that Helen was dead; you said that Lucy would break her heart if I did not marry her, and I did so. Do you see now what your pride and falsehood have done?"

"And this shameless creature is determined to assert her rights?"

"Not another word like that, mother, the time is past when I will listen to it! I tell you, Helen Græme is my wife, but you know her little if you believe that she would stoop to acknowledge me for her husband."

"But, Lucy—where is she?"

"Gone to Adam Græme's house."

"To confront that girl and hear the worst?"

"Oh! mother! Gone with Helen, feeling herself safe only under her care. She has cast us off, she shrunk from me as if I had been an evil spirit."

"Gone to that house! Ralph, you will drive me frantic! How did she learn this thing?"

"I was in the grave-yard pleading with the woman I had so deeply injured; by what chance Lucy followed me there I do not know, but she overheard our conversation, and heard me acknowledge Helen as my lawful wife."

"I must go to her—she shall not stay there! I tell you, Ralph, the whole thing must be denied; I will not bear this shame."

"Yet we made Adam Græme's daughter bear worse!"

"What is that creature to me? I will not hear her name."

"She is my wife—do you hear?" he cried, fiercely. "Beware, mother! Let the consequences be what they may I will not be silent. I have suffered enough from this load of secrecy and guilt—a prison, death, would be preferable."

"But your good name, Ralph—your reputation!"

"What do I care for the world's verdict? It is worse to despise myself."

"But it was not your fault nor mine, we

believed her dead, and God knows I had no idea she was your wife."

"I was a weak fool; you had me completely under your influence, I scarcely dared to think for myself."

"This is no time for reproaches, Ralph, we must think what can be done—Lucy must not be sacrificed."

"Lucy, always Lucy; and Helen, my wife! She too plead for Lucy, refused even to admit our marriage—with her own hands burnt the certificate. But all that is too late—I can do nothing but wait—my destiny has gone out of my own hands."

"Let me go to them, Ralph——"

"Not a step; you shall not go to torture Helen with your anger—not a step, mother."

"I will not speak a harsh word, I will not even see her if you bid me not: but let me go to Lucy."

"Lucy is better without your presence, you would only increase her excitement. We can do nothing but wait till we are sent for."

"I must go to Lucy, she has been as my child for years, she will hear me, Ralph, I can console her as no one else could."

"Not to-night," he repented, with dogged determination; "I forbid you to go, and the time has come when I, not you, must command."

"You are ill, Ralph, you ought to be in bed."

"I cannot rest—I should go mad to be quiet! Leave me alone, mother."

"You are not going out again to-night?"

"I must hear how Lucy is—I shall not try to see either of them, but I must go there."

"Let me send——"

"I tell you to give me my own way! Go, mother—don't let us part in anger, but I must be alone now."

She went away to her lonely chamber, and yielded herself wholly to the grief which wrung her cold heart. She saw her own sin, but she was too proud to acknowledge it, and her hatred toward Helen seethed up more fiercely than before.

Ralph could not remain indoors; for hours he wandered about the fields which led to Adam Græme's house, not daring to approach nearer, and watching always the gleaming of a dim lamp in one of the upper rooms where he knew Lucy must be lying, watched over by the woman whose life she had so unconsciously blighted.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE morning light streamed dimly into the chamber where Lucy Markham was lying. All

night long Helen had watched by her side, listening to her indistinct murmurs and soothing her to rest again, when, in spite of the powerful opiate she had taken, her mental agony would overpower all physical prostration, and she would start from her slumber with a wild cry for relief from the fearful images which haunted her.

There was no feeling but that of profound pity in Helen's soul for the poor girl. At times she felt almost a sensation of guilt, as if she herself had been the wronger instead of the one so deeply wronged. Then she thought of Ralph, of all that he had suffered, and the misery still in store; it seemed to her that it would be better if she could quietly die, and leave it to time and the goodness of God to give him consolation. But she put aside that thought, feeling its sinfulness, and strove to be resigned.

Late in the morning Lucy awoke somewhat calmer, although perfectly conscious of the events of the preceding night. When she saw Helen bending over her, she covered her face with her hands like a frightened child, exclaiming,

"You here still?—you have been watching by me?"

"Yes, Lucy; I promised you that I would not leave you."

"Oh! Miss Græme——"

She broke off abruptly shuddering violently.

"Forgive me," she said, after a moment's painful silence; "I know that is not your name, but oh! I cannot speak the other."

"Call me Helen, I like that name."

"And you do not hate, you do not despise me? I wonder you did not drive me away to die alone."

"I have suffered too much myself, Lucy; and you were even less to blame than I."

"Oh! it is terrible!" she groaned, "terrible!"

"Don't talk now, dear, try to sleep again for a few moments."

"I cannot, I am glad to have escaped from those fearful dreams. I must talk, Helen, I must think what I have to do."

"Nothing at present; you must lie here and get strong again."

"That I shall never be; I knew months ago that I had not long to live, and now—but it is better as it is! Tell me again, Helen, that you do not hate me!"

"Listen to me and try to understand, Lucy! If you were my own sister I could not feel for you more deeply than I do—there is nothing in my heart but pity and affection."

"Bless you, bless you!"

She fell back upon the pillows and wept for a time unrestrainedly. Helen did not try to check

her tears, for she felt that after that fearful shock to every faculty and nerve, there was danger of her losing her reason.

"I am better," Lucy said, at length; "much better; now I must think what is to be done."

Helen forced her to take some nourishment before she would allow her to speak a word; then seeing that there was no other way to quiet her, sat down by the bedside and permitted her to talk.

"Will you advise me, Helen, as if I were indeed your sister?"

"I will, and help you by any means in my power."

"My aunt is dead," Lucy went on, with an inexpressible pathos in her voice, although she shed no tears, "and I have no other relative. Mrs. Trevor was very good to me and I loved her, but now—oh! how could they do that wicked thing!"

"They believed me dead, Lucy, they were innocent."

"Not that! He—Ralph—never loved me, his mother knew it, and yet now I feel it was she who brought about that marriage mockery."

"I have forgiven her, Lucy, cannot you?"

"I am too near my grave to harbor evil thoughts, but let her leave me alone now! That is what I wish to know—I have no friends—no home. I am rich, but what good is that?"

"Will you stay with me, Lucy? Will you let me take care of you?"

"You!" she cried, "you—and Ralph?"

"He can be nothing to me; I could never feel that I was his wife—I should be committing a great sin."

"And you will let me live with you?"

"It will make me very happy."

"But we need not stay here? I could never grow calm in this place."

"We will go away, as soon as you are able to travel, to any place that you please."

"And you will not leave me?"

"I will stay with you as long as you wish for my presence."

"You promise this!" she exclaimed; "you swear it?"

"By the grief that we have borne together," Helen replied, in a solemn tone; "are you satisfied, Lucy?"

The girl shrunk down into the bed, shaking like one struck by the chill of death.

"You cannot do this," she gasped; "you would suffer too much. No, no, let me go away and hide my shame as best I may."

"None can fall upon you, Lucy; this secret is

known only to ourselves. For her own sake Mrs. Trevor will be silent."

"I thought she loved me," Lucy moaned; "she used to call me her darling, her child; I thought she loved me."

"She did, Lucy, next to her own son; of late I believe better."

"And he—oh! Helen, how blind I was! I might have known the truth! Often, in his sickness, I have heard him call upon you; but his mother put me off with some idle story, and I believed her. I felt that he did not love me, but I struggled against the thought: it seemed impossible that all my idolatry could be wasted."

"It was not, Lucy; you were very dear to him; but for your affection he would have suffered much more."

"But how he must have hated me when he found you were alive! Oh! how wicked I have been! I have ruined your happiness; made his life a wreck; disgraced all who belong to me."

"That is insanity, Lucy! You were innocent as a child. You are the one most to be pitied in all this misery."

"Not so, Helen, for I shall die! I am not strong like you and him. You can battle with the world, and force it to respect you; but I—under the green turf it does not much matter; I shall find rest there."

"You must not talk in this way, Lucy; you only make yourself ill, and that you have no right to do."

There was silence for a few moments, then Lucy spoke suddenly, seized with one of the quick fancies of illness.

"I should like to have nothing but lilies of the valley planted on my grave. Do you think I am pure and good enough?"

"Oh! Lucy!"

"Then you will see it done? No name—no headstone—nothing but the white flowers."

"Stop, Lucy, do stop!"

"Promise me! We may not think of it again. You will do it?"

"I promise, and now be quiet. You must have rest."

After a time she succeeded in quieting her; Lucy sank again to sleep, and, for another hour, Helen sat by her side, praying for strength to support them both in the trials before them.

She was roused from her reflections by the entrance of Mrs. Prior, who had remained in the house since the funeral. She beckoned Helen to the door, and said, in a whisper,

"Mrs. Trevor is below, and wants to see her daughter. If you will go down and speak to her I will stay here."

Helen did not hesitate for a moment; although her heart seemed almost to cease beating, she remained outwardly calm. When she entered the little parlor, Mrs. Trevor turned from the window, and an expression of abhorrence crossed her features when she saw who was standing before her.

"I came to see Mrs. Ralph Trevor, my son's wife," she said, in a tone of insolent contempt.

Helen had not been human, if no bitter retort had risen to her lips; but in an instant it was gone, and she replied, calmly,

"Lucy has just fallen asleep."

"Have the kindness to wake her and ask her to come down—say that her mother wishes to see her."

"She is too ill to rise, madam."

"At all events she can be carried home; my carriage is at the door."

"It was Lucy's request to remain here."

"Mrs. Ralph Trevor, if you please!"

Helen's face did not change; it might have been marble, it looked so cold.

"My daughter is too young to be the best judge of her actions," continued the lady; "I will decide for her. Be so kind as to show me to her room."

"Your abrupt entrance would be a great shock to her, madam; you have no idea how ill she is."

"I know whom we have to thank for it," she answered, passionately. "Show me to my daughter's chamber."

"Not until I have consulted her wishes," said Helen, gently as before. "Pray be seated while I go up stairs."

Mrs. Trevor turned away without a word, and Helen went up to the chamber.

"Lucy," she said, softly, "Lucy."

The girl woke with a start.

"Oh! it is you," she said, with a sigh of relief; "I dreamed it was she—you know."

"Ralph's mother is below, and wishes to see you."

"No, no, I cannot!" she exclaimed, in great excitement; "indeed I cannot!"

"You know this must take place some time."

"Not now! Don't let her come here, Helen, don't!"

"You had better see her at once, it will be over then."

"She will take me away, I know she will; I am afraid of her. Do, please, tell her to go!"

"She cannot force you from this place, Lucy; tell her frankly how you feel, and that will end everything."

"Then you must stay here, too; I dare not meet her alone."

"She would not allow me to remain. Indeed, Lucy, there is nothing to fear."

"You won't let her take me away?"

"Not unless you wish it."

"I would rather die this moment! I can have no peace except with you. Helen, dear Helen, let me stay!"

"You shall, darling; indeed you shall! Hark! she is coming up now."

Lucy clung to her; but she gently forced her back upon the pillows, and turned toward the door, as Mrs. Trevor entered the room.

"I wish to see my daughter alone," she said.

Helen pointed toward the bed, and, without a word, went out, leaving the two together.

"Lucy!" exclaimed Mrs. Trevor, "child, darling!"

At her approach, Lucy crouched lower down, and hid her face among the clothes.

"My child," said Mrs. Trevor, trying to remove her hands, which clutched the counterpane, "it is your mother; look up, daughter!"

Lucy lifted her face, so changed and wan that the woman trembled at the sight.

"Not that name," she said, quickly; "do not insult me by again pronouncing it."

"Do not speak in that tone to me, Lucy. You are ill, and forget who it is."

"No, no; I have never forgotten; I never can forget! The only favor you can do me now is to leave me to die in peace."

"Lucy, dear Lucy, do not pain me by such words! You know how much I love you—for how many years you have been my child."

"Again I say, do not insult my wretchedness by that name."

"You are so, Lucy; you cannot believe the story that artful woman has told you."

"I heard the confession from your son's own lips."

"He was frantic, mad! There may have been some promise, some vow which she has made him believe sacred, but there is nothing more."

"Stop!" exclaimed Lucy, with an energy which Mrs. Trevor had never before seen her display, "I have seen the ashes of the marriage certificate. I saw your son weep over it, and kneel upon Adam Græme's grave for pardon."

"I will never believe it was that! Besides, Lucy, there is no proof; you are his wife still."

"Oh! madam."

"You will go home with me—you will see Ralph; after a time we shall be happy again. Nothing will ever be heard of this ridiculous story. Come, my daughter!"

"While I believed myself your son's wife, his house was my home," replied Lucy, "to-day I

am a nameless outcast, my place is no longer there."

"You are my child still—you are Ralph's wife."

"His wife is waiting without," returned Lucy, in the same unnatural tone; "seek her there, and make reparation for the wrong you have done."

"I was not to blame, Lucy; I thought the girl dead. I had never heard of a marriage, nor do I believe that one ever took place."

"I am tired," moaned Lucy, "oh! so tired! Please leave me in peace! A little time will finish all."

"You are sick, and unable to think," said Mrs. Trevor, still believing that her will must have its old influence over her. "Let me decide for you—come home."

"I tell you I have no home! Even were I Ralph's wife I would not live with him; not that I hate him, but I love him too well to pain him by my presence when I know that he loves another."

"This is folly, Lucy! Do you wish to disgrace yourself and us by letting the world hear of this thing?"

"And the sin," said Lucy; "do you think nothing of that?"

Mrs. Trevor was silent. She could not reply while that strained and singular gaze was fixed upon her face.

"At least come with me," she said, when Lucy turned away. "You need not see Ralph; but if you go with me to Europe no one need ever know that you have separated from your husband."

"I have no husband! Leave me; this is no place for you!"

"I cannot go, Lucy. You must hear reason! You are able to rise; let me dress you, as I used to do when you were sick. The carriage is here—do come!"

She wound her arms about the girl, and strove to force her gently from the bed; but Lucy struggled violently, crying,

"Helen! Helen!"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Trevor, sternly, "do not bring that woman face to face with me. I will not see her again. Come!" she continued, still raising her from the bed, "dear Lucy, come!"

"You have heard my decision; I beg you to leave me alone!"

"Have you forgotten all your affection for me?—forgotten how you used to put your arms about my neck and say that, whatever happened, nothing could destroy your love for me?"

"I love you still," replied Lucy, "but my faith in you is gone."

"And why? I knew nothing of this sad secret."

"You knew that your son did not love me, and yet for years you encouraged me in the belief."

"He did; before that girl threw herself in his way, he did."

"Never, and you knew it!"

"After your marriage, was he not all that the most exacting wife could desire: attentive to your least wish, full of thoughtful kindness such as few men would dream of?"

"And yet he never loved me, his unwearying patience proved it! Love is exacting, jealous; its very happiness is torture! You can no longer blind me. I was a child and helped to cheat myself, but the past night has made me a woman."

"It is not yourself that speaks, Lucy. This is the lesson that bad woman has taught you."

"I will not hear that! Mrs. Trevor, do not let us part with harsh words. There is no anger in my heart, it is too utterly crushed for such feelings."

"We are not parting, Lucy; you will go with me?"

"I tell you no!"

Again Mrs. Trevor tried to force her to rise, but she only shrank farther away, moaning,

"Helen! oh! Helen!"

The door opened at that piercing cry, and Helen entered the room.

"I am here, Lucy."

The girl sprang almost from the bed, and wound both arms about her in a convulsive grasp.

"You have my decision," she said, "so only go!"

Mrs. Trevor glanced from one to the other, but did not speak. After an instant of irresolution she left the chamber.

"I am safe," said Lucy, trembling still; "don't leave me again, Helen, until we are certain she has gone."

She kept her arms about her neck, clinging more closely to her at every sound, as if she expected to be torn away from her protection, and forced from that roof which seemed to her the only place of refuge she had left.

When Mrs. Trevor reached the outer door, she met her son just entering the house.

"Come away," she said, catching his arm, "you have nothing to do here."

"Nothing!" he repeated, absently. "It may be so, but I could not help it."

She looked in his face; it was haggard and pale, his eyes lit with fever which rendered its whiteness more ghastly.

"Come home, Ralph!" she exclaimed, "you are sick, do come!"

"Let me go," he returned, shaking off her hold, "my place is here. Have you any news?"

"Lucy will not see you."

"But Helen?"

"Everywhere Helen! I know nothing of her. I would like to see her lying dead at my feet!"

"Is not your hatred satisfied yet? What more would you have, mother?"

"Do not reproach me; it was all your own blind folly. I blush for you, Ralph Trevor."

"Let me pass, mother."

"To see whom?"

"My wife."

"Do not call that girl so again in my presence."

"I would do it in the face of the whole world!"

"And bring disgrace upon us all."

"You think only of the disgrace—remember the wrong we have done! Oh! mother, this is not the spirit in which to receive this chastisement."

"I will not listen to your preaching. Will you go with me?"

"No."

"Then we part forever? Stop! consider well. You know me, Ralph."

"Then let us part."

"They are your last words?"

"I can say nothing else, mother. My duty is here."

"Then farewell! You are no longer my son."

She rushed past him, and threw herself into her carriage. Once she glanced back toward the house; but Ralph was no longer visible. She motioned to the coachman, and was driven rapidly away. Years elapsed before the mother and son again met.

Helen met Ralph in the lower hall, as he was hastening wildly through the house.

"Forgive me!" he said, "I could not stay away. I was going mad."

"Poor Ralph!" she exclaimed, taking his hand with the fondness a sister might have shown. "Sit down here, you are worn out."

"I have not been in the house this night. How is Lucy? Does she hate me utterly?"

"Oh! Ralph, do not wrong her by such a thought!"

"Does she wish to see me?"

"Not now, nor for some time to come. She is too much exhausted, and too ill."

"It would only be more pain for us both! Helen, I am going away from here."

"I expected it. It is the only course left you now, and I knew that you would not falter."

"But you? Where are you going? What will you do?"

"My place is here. I shall never leave Lucy, I have promised it by all that is most sacred."

"And you will care for her, watch over her? Oh! Helen, you are something more than human. Forgive me that I ever dared to love you."

"It was your love that awoke everything good and noble in my nature, Ralph, I owe it all to you. But where are you going?"

"I cannot tell. My mother refuses to see me again, and I cannot regret it."

"Go away from here at once; find work to do. You have a profession, pursue it. Toil as if you were a poor man; owe nothing to the wealth which has been only a curse, and in time you will find peace."

"But to live so for years—for a whole life."

"At best it is short, Ralph."

"Thank God for that! thank God! But you? Shall I not see you? May I not come to you sometimes?"

"Not now; for the future I will not promise."

"Helen, do not kill me. Do not send me away without a single hope!"

"Remember who is under this roof! Go, Ralph, go!"

"And this is our parting?"

She put her two hands in his—looked in his face with those melancholy eyes. There was no farewell kiss—no word save a broken blessing and a smothered prayer. Then Helen turned away, and Ralph rushed from the house, maddened by the storm-burst of despair which had swept over him.

When Helen went again to the chamber, Lucy was sitting up in bed, listening eagerly to every sound.

"Who was that?" she whispered.

"Ralph has been here, Lucy."

"I cannot see him. Oh! send him away; they will kill me at once, Helen."

"He is gone; he leaves the village at once."

"Then I can rest! I don't blame him, Helen, but the sight of his face would make my shame too terrible. Take me in your arms—I can sleep, I think. When I am dying we will send for him, Helen, but not before—oh! not before."

She fell asleep, at length, on Helen's bosom—a quiet slumber such as she had not known for many long nights; and the patient watcher almost hushed her breath lest that repose should be disturbed, while the morning sunlight played in at the open window, and seemed to bring a promise of coming peace to those tried and weary souls.

CHAPTER XX.

THREE months had passed since Lucy first sought shelter in the old house. A few days after the departure of Mrs. Trevor, she had been able to leave the place; and Helen sought a quiet retreat where they could be as retired as either desired.

Lucy's health had failed rapidly; her constitution, naturally delicate, and much impaired during the past few years, had wholly given way under that last terrible shock, and there were no hopes of her recovery.

She knew it herself, and rejoiced at it. The physicians believed that she might linger on for a year; but she felt that they sought to deceive themselves and her.

At length she grew so much worse that, for days together, she was unable to leave her bed. A strange desire came over her to go back to Helen's home and die there. She remembered the grave-yard in its quiet loveliness. It was there she had received her death blow. She longed to lie down in it and rest.

"Take me back, Helen," she said, "I want to hear the tree branches sob against the windows again. Let us go."

And Helen, faithful to her trust, grand in the entire devotion with which she had fulfilled her vow, yielded to her wish, and they returned to Millbrook.

It was sunset when they reached the house, and bore Lucy up to the chamber which she had before occupied. Mrs. Denvil had been Helen's companion for some time past, sharing with her the care of the dying girl, and happy to find herself once more near her friend.

The next morning they noticed a great change in Lucy. The journey had, perhaps, hastened the fatal moment; or it might have been that her feeble gleam of life would have gone out as rapidly elsewhere. She called Helen to her bedside and motioned her to bend down.

"You may send for him now," she whispered.

There was no name needed, and Helen knew well all that the permission meant. Lucy was dying.

During the day she slept somewhat, always waking with a vague fear that Helen had gone.

"Don't go!" was her cry. "It is almost over."

So the day passed, and the night came on. During its still watches, Helen and Mrs. Denvil watched beside her bed, feeling it almost a sin to grieve for their near loss.

The day broke, and brightened over the sky, and Lucy woke from a troubled sleep.

"Has he not come?" she cried. "Oh! he will

not come too late. I shall not die till I have seen him."

Even as she spoke there was a hurried step in the passage beyond.

"He has come," she said. "God is very good to me."

The door opened, and, in an instant, Ralph Trevor knelt beside the bed, wasted by illness—still more by the passion of despair which had been upon him.

"Have you forgiven me?" he groaned. "Answer me, Lucy—don't leave that fearful doubt upon my soul."

She had fallen back overpowered by the rush of emotion which his entrance occasioned; but, at the sound of his voice, she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Ralph, dear Ralph," she whispered, "there was nothing to forgive; I was happier than you. Don't grieve, dear; I am so glad to go!"

He buried his head in the counterpane to check the sobs which stifled him. In that moment even Helen was forgotten—everything but sorrow and remorse for the ruin of that beautiful life which he had unconsciously caused.

"Hear me, Ralph," she said; "I have only a little time left—don't, dear, don't!"

He raised his tear-stained face, calmed by her resignation.

"I want you to remember me as you would a sister," she went on—"to think of me without pain. Promise me that you will. Helen will aid you. Where is she? I cannot see her!"

Helen bent over her; Lucy took her hand, clasped it in that of Ralph, and held the two there.

"You will be happy," she said, slowly, "for I leave my blessing upon you—the blessing of one whom your goodness saved from utter wretchedness."

She ceased speaking for a time—her eyes closed. She slept for a few moments, talking indistinctly of the green fields and flowers.

"You will remember, Helen?" she said, rousing up suddenly.

"What, dear?"

"The lilies of the valley—white lilies. It grows dark—sing to me, Helen, that hymn I love. I want to go with that music."

Helen began to sing, and the fervor of her voice was like a prayer. It hushed Ralph's stormy grief, and sent a solemn thrill through the hearts of those who waited below. Once during the strain Lucy uttered a word—it was a blessing on Helen.

When the hymn was ended, she lay there, her hands still folded over those of Ralph and Helen,

the same smile upon her lips; but she neither spoke or moved.

"Lucy!" Ralph called, "Lucy!"

Helen's head fell forward upon the bed; Mrs. Denvil bent over the sleeper for an instant, and said, solemnly,

"The angels are talking to her. She cannot hear your voice."

It was all over: the trouble, the care, the heart-ache, and the weary waiting. The wanderer had found rest forever.

In the grave-yard, where they laid Lucy to sleep by the side of Adam Græme, Ralph and Helen parted. There was no thought then of claiming the happiness which might now be their own—to either the idea would have been sacrilege.

Back into the world went each: Helen to her busy life and toil; Ralph to gain new strength and manliness in the duties which he had so long neglected, but which now opened before him.

Three years after, the two knelt again by that grave. The white lilies had sprung up and covered the turf with their fragrant bells—the evening wind sighed by like a low whisper from the loved ones who had gone, and in that sacred spot the husband and wife were again united.

There was a step which made them start—the proud mother was standing there, worn and conscience-stricken, her better nature awakened at last. It needed no word. They wound their arms about her, pressed her close to their hearts, and there the three knelt by Lucy's grave together.

THE WARRIOR'S LAMENT.

BY JAMES M. THOMPSON.

I've sought thee by the mountain stream,
And the sunny valleys fair;
I've called thee where the Coosa's gleam
Is caught by flowers rare;
I've wept beside the hoary pine,
Which heard thy former vows, and mine.
But two short moons have come and gone,
With soft and silvery wing;
(Then Winter's snows were on the trees,
What does the Spring-time bring?
The warrior's whoop has died away;
For strength has fled with Lootayhae!
The warrior took the battle path,
A terror to his foe,
And oh! the braves who crossed his path
In death have fallen low;

He turned him home, the battle fought,
To seek his mate, but found her not.

Oh! then he will not bend his bow,
Nor lead his braves again
Against the darkest, fiercest foe
Upon the battle plain,
Oh! no, his strength has passed away,
As did the flower, Lootayhae!

He'll lay him down upon the earth
And calmly wait to die,
And soar upon his spirit-wings
Where Western valleys lie,
Where he shall meet in bride array
The truant wanderer, Lootayhae.

RELEASED.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

He said, "I have dreams of beauty—
Of angels with hovering wings,
And a great white throne
Where sitteth alone,
In glory, the King of Kings;
And He sends from His side a seraph
To welcome me to that shore—
To waft me across the troubled stream—
To praise him forever more—
Forever and evermore.
"And oh! with these dreams of beauty
There cometh an inward pain:
I have fetters to break
Ere I cross that lake
To the courts of my Saviour's reign;

They are sinful and mortal fetters—
Sweet friends, I would bear you hence,
To the glory and peace of that other shore—
Forgive me, oh! Lord, my offence!
My sinful and great offence!"

Then we knew that his soul was poisoning
Its wings for an upward flight,
And we longed for the door of the prison
To burst in the outward light;
And we prayed that he might not linger,
And we smiled at his soul's release;
For we felt he had reached the haven
Where his soul's dark care would cease—
Forever his care would cease.

GILLIAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 350.

CHAPTER XX.

THE Bentley ball would have supplied gossip and comment for the fashionable world at least three days, but for the more interesting romance that followed and sprung out of it. What was the good of discussing dresses and flirtations when a real domestic drama gave a zest to all these things which approached to scandal? Miss Gillian Bentley was engaged to Woodworth, that was undoubted. Woodworth, the rising man, the statesman just entering upon his career, the author whose fame was already half won. But how would it turn out now? There were doubts abroad that Bentley was no longer a millionaire, that the queenly Gillian, with all her sumptuous pride, might yet be compelled to get her living with the needle, or by giving music lessons. What would Woodworth think of this? Such men usually held their fame and prospects at a high value; they were things which, well managed, usually won gold in plenty. Ambitious papas, who had daughters to dispose of in a country lacking all hereditary aristocracy, were willing to unite their golden fortunes with mind, and so mount in the social scale.

Had Woodworth brought his intellect and his fame to a market like this? If so, what would be the result of this contest about Bentley's property? Would the scarcely declared engagement be broken off? Would Gillian release her lover? Would the property, in fact, be swept into the hands of that handsome young clerk? What a catch he would be!

These were the questions that convulsed society for days and weeks after Gillian's first ball. The splendor and eclat of that occasion was swallowed up by eager curiosity and wild conjecture. Young ladies who had repulsed the handsome clerk, now ruminated on the best way of retracing their unfortunate arrogance. In short society was all in a ferment of conjecture. How it got abroad no one could tell; but the Bentley romance and the Bentley ball drove every other topic out of society, before the parties in the great question were themselves

fully informed of the position in which they were placed.

Would the young statesman ask for his freedom? Look at him as he stands before Bentley, who sits so brave and strong in his library telling the young pair of the fate that threatened them. Does that white forehead, those brightening eyes, look like that of a heart traitor? You can see his broad chest heave with a noble purpose—his mouth curve into a pleasant smile. What does he care for the loss of wealth he never had realized or brought into question when that true heart sought its mate? Was Gillian less beautiful, less worthy, less loveable, because a million of dollars might pass from her father's possession? Was she a creature made up of silks, velvet and Brussels paint, or a woman, young, earnest, wealthy, in her own nature?

Woodworth never asked these questions. The idea of anything separating him from Gillian, which did not spring out of her own soul or his, had not once presented itself.

And Gillian, of course some of my readers fancy that she must now set her lover free, make a fine speech, and proudly stand aloof while her heart breaks under its shield of magnanimous pride. No, no; Gillian was obtuse like her lover. She could not force that pure, good heart into a calculation like that. She could not so insult her lover.

They stood together there—two noble specimens of the Almighty's own nobility—heart and mind, both were brave and loyal. Somehow their hands crept into a mutual clasp, and, looking into each other's eyes, they smiled, as if some great good had befallen them.

Bentley looked upon them in surprise. He, too, seemed unusually brave; his features were unlocked, his eyes full of animation. Had the weight of gold taken from his shoulders left the heart more buoyant? It seemed so.

"And this news does not depress you, my children?"

"Depress us! father," cried Gillian. "Why should it? He is strong, and I am to be his

wife. He loves me, not your property; and I—this news inspires me. I feel as if life were just beginning for us all."

Woodworth drew her close to his side, his face was all a-glow with tender admiration.

"You see, Mr. Bentley, I circle all that is grand, all that is immortal of your wealth with my arm. In a country like this we need not fear to look any future in the face. Your news must take another form before it even scatters the roses from Gillian's face. As for me, having made my plans without reference to your property, I shall pursue them exactly as if nothing had happened."

"This is well," said Bentley, drawing a deep breath. "Now the worst is over. Gillian has been so tenderly, so luxuriously cared for, I feared——"

"Feared that I could not live out of this perfumed atmosphere? Oh! try me, father!" cried the young girl, eagerly. "You see I do not care. To be his mate I should know how to live usefully. Oh! how I long to begin!"

She laid her hand on Woodworth's shoulder, and rested her warm cheek upon it, while her father looked on, smiling.

"You see how far this goes toward breaking our hearts," said Woodworth, lifting a hand to her other cheek, and pressing the beautiful head to his bosom. "So long as you, our father, do not grieve, we are happy."

"Yes, very, very happy," murmured Gillian.

Mr. Bentley arose, took Gillian in his arms, and kissed her, tenderly.

"Now go, my child. This young man will be here directly, and I must see him alone. Your fortitude has made me strong. She is a brave girl, Woodworth."

"She is mine!" cried the happy man, exultingly, "mine forever and ever."

They went out, and in less than half an hour after, young Hurst entered the library. He seemed astonished to see Mr. Bentley walking up and down the room with a glow upon his pale face which made it look almost youthful.

"Be seated," said Bentley, taking a chair himself. "You made a strange claim on me last night, sir. I was weary, and taken unawares. We will now discuss the matter quietly."

"It is what I wish, sir. The chain of evidence is complete, so my lawyer tells me."

"If your evidence is complete, there was no need of a lawyer."

"Why—why surely you will not yield this vast property without a contest."

"Without a murmur, if you can prove that Mehitable Hart was my cousin's wife, and you

her legal son," answered Bentley, with a calm smile.

Hurst stood gazing upon the upright man with his lips apart. This was a phase of human nature which he could not understand.

"But this is quite unnecessary," he said, at last. "I have no wish to drive you from your possessions, far from it. There is a way by which everything can be arranged. Oh! teach your daughter to look upon me with a little kindness, and all may be well."

"My daughter, sir!"

"Yes, the beautiful Gillian. The clergyman who makes her my wife is all the judge we require; never was a question of such moment so easily settled."

"And you wish to—to marry my daughter?"

"Yes, sir, you see all the advantages at a glance, even the name will seem an arranged thing, nothing more easy. The husband takes the lady's name frequently when it chances to have advantages superior to his own. I—I am ready to make even that sacrifice."

"But my daughter is engaged!"

Hurst smiled.

"But what will that engagement amount to after this is made known? Your man of genius, sir, is the most rabid of gold hunters; tell your daughter's betrothed that she is penniless, and you will soon make her a free woman."

"But I have told him of the chances that she is penniless."

"And the result?"

"He asks for an earlier day, that is all."

Hurst pressed his lips hard.

"And the lady?" he said, at last.

"Ah, the lady, seems disposed to oblige him."

"But you, sir?"

"I, Mr. Hurst, am not a man to bring a child like Gillian into a bargain like this; have the goodness to drop her name at once, and think of her only as the bride of a good man."

Hurst turned white.

"Then you reject all compromise?"

"I reject anything which involves my daughter. She is mated, and I approve her choice entirely."

"Then it is war between us."

"Where two parties resolve to be just, war seldom arises."

"Sir, I love your daughter!"

"Not another word of her! But to the proofs, I wish to look over the papers you brought me last night—I wish to see and question Miss Hetty Hart."

"Mrs. William Bentley, that is my mother's name."

"God grant that it may prove so," cried Bentley, lifting a hand to his forehead. "Sir, you cannot understand—you never will understand."

The hand sunk over his eyes, and Hurst could see the features begin to quiver—he misunderstood the sources of this emotion.

"Oh! sir, if you would but reconsider—if your daughter does not partake of this wealth it is nothing to me."

Bentley lifted his head.

"No more of her!" he said, sternly. "Let me look at the certificate and the letters."

Hurst took a slip of yellow paper from his pocket-book and laid it on the table, his face took an ashen tinge, and his eyes gleamed like those of a rattlesnake while Bentley examined the document; you could see his fingers quiver as if with eagerness to snatch the paper away. Was he afraid that Bentley would tear it up, and thus destroy the evidence that threatened to render him a poor man? Or was there a deeper meaning for that tremor and the grey paleness that crept over his face?

Bentley's hand was steady, and he scrutinized the paper earnestly, but with the look of a man who searches for evidence which he wishes, not dreads, to find.

"The ink has not changed quite so much as the paper," he said, thoughtfully.

Hurst's face grew livid; but Bentley saw nothing of him, but muttered to himself,

"It is her writing; but who is the other witness and the clergyman, this Richard Frost? Is he alive?"

"He—he died years ago," said Hurst, huskily; "as to the other witness, she is, or was, a very old woman."

"And living? Is this old woman to be spoken with?"

"I cannot tell, every search has been made; but her signature can be proved," answered Hurst, eagerly.

Bentley laid the certificate on the table before him.

"Take it," he said, gently, "it is a precious paper; God forever bless the man who left it."

"Sir!"

Bentley smiled at his astonishment.

"Ah! you cannot understand; but I would know more—of course I must know all. How came this certificate in your possession now and not before?"

"Mr. Frost was my guardian, selected by my mother and your wife. Of course the papers connected with my rights were left with him."

"But you did not know the minister, he died while you were a child."

"His wife is living."

"And did she give you the paper?"

Hurst had been growing more and more pallid, these were questions he had not anticipated. At first he was about to answer that it was old Mrs. Frost who had given him the papers, but remembering how clear and sharp the old woman's memory was, he changed the words on his lips.

"No, he left them with another person."

"Who?"

Bentley was looking at him as he put the question. It would not answer to falter under that searching look.

"Mrs. Nicholson."

"Mrs. Mary Nicholson?"

"Yes."

"Why that is the name I just read here, the other witness!"

Hurst stood mute, a shiver ran through him, he had entangled himself in the first steps of his case.

"Yes, it is the same," he said, at last, but with a great effort.

"Then she is alive; I must see her."

"She was alive, but I do not know her whereabouts; of course she will be hunted out in time. It is some months—almost a year since I came in possession of the papers."

"And you have kept them all this time? Why?"

Hurst smiled sadly.

"Can you ask the question? You were of my father's blood; Gillian was nearer, and I loved her. How could I find the heart to claim what she considered as her birthright?"

Bentley was touched; this magnanimity appealed to his fine nature. He began to pity the young man, who, after all, had been greatly sinned against somewhere.

"But you make the claim now?"

"Not till I hear her name coupled openly with another—not till she has met my advances with cutting scorn—I should have been more than human to abstain after that. Now, even now, there is no influence that can force me into open hostilities so long as there is a hope of gaining her. But I will not lose everything—I will not enrich that man with my own birthright, that would be madness, not generosity."

"You are right, young man. If this document is genuine there is no middle course. The estates I inherited from William Bentley are yours, I shall not withhold them."

"I knew this would be your magnanimous course, and so shrunk from the step I have taken."

Bentley bowed and answered rather hurriedly,

"But I must see these people face to face. Your mother, I thank God she is your mother—this Mrs. Nicholson, and any person capable of proving the marriage. It is just, it is important from deeper—far deeper reasons than this property. I tell you, young man, there shall be no doubt left, I will search for the truth in that old minister's grave rather than not find it, now that there is a doubt."

Hurst was disturbed, he had expected a fierce contest. Now it seemed as if the man he sought to despoil was more eager to get proofs of his claim than he himself had ever been. The whole thing perplexed him greatly. There was a moment's silence, then Mr. Bentley spoke,

"Those letters, you will leave them with me for a few hours; not the certificate, I do not ask for that, but the letters, I wish to read them now when I am alone."

"They are my proof!"

"I know it, but you will trust me."

Hurst could not help it; precious as the letters were, he laid them on the table. The integrity of that man could not be doubted.

"Thank you," said Bentley, laying his slender hand on the package, and lifting his face with a sad, grateful smile. "Come to me in the morning, and we will search this matter more thoroughly."

Hurst went out, bowing low, and with some pure human feelings clamoring at his heart.

"Mary Nicholson!"

"Well, Mrs. Frost!"

"Mary Nicholson, where have you flirted off to, I should like to know? Oh! Michael, you can't tell what a trial that flighty creature is. If ever I take another young person to bring up and be responsible for during my whole life, you set me down as a born idiot, nothing less. Mary Nicholson, I say, what are you doing?"

"Only putting—oh! dear, only—why nothing at all, Mrs. Frost," cried Mrs. Nicholson, appearing in the door of her bed-room with her foxy little front all awry on her forehead, and a cap half on, the faded pink ribbons of which she was tying.

"There it is," said Mrs. Frost, with an indulgent smile, "always the pink laces when a gentleman knocks. Now I tell you, Michael, this giddy creature is setting her cap for you—her pink cap with bows and streamers. Did you ever see anything so giddy? Well, Mary Nicholson, for once Mr. Hurst really wants to see you. Sit down, and do, for mercy's sake, stop fidgeting with them cap strings, it's enough to make one sick."

"Don't be too severe on the lady," said Michael, blandly; "for my part, I think the

pink ribbons charming, they give a delicate flush to the complexion."

"Mr. Hurst!" exclaimed Mrs. Frost, austerely.

"Oh! Mr. Hurst," murmured Mrs. Nicholson, gratefully.

Michael smiled deprecatingly on Mrs. Frost, and ardently on Mrs. Nicholson.

"Then you really cannot remember anything about this ceremony, Mrs. Frost?" he said, anxiously. "Still it must have taken place in your house, and Mrs. Nicholson was undoubtedly present, for her name is on the certificate."

"I—I, did you mean me?" gasped Mrs. Nicholson. "Of course I had a certificate, who doubts it?—who dares attempt to take away my character? Mrs. Frost, you may call me young and giddy, and a flirt, but don't insinuate to Mr. Hurst that I never had a certificate, because I had."

"You don't understand," said Hurst, soothingly, "it is not of your marriage certificate we speak; but of one to which you were a witness, years ago, when you first came to visit Mrs. Frost. Try and think, it seems almost hopeless to ask one so blooming to remember back more than twenty years; but everything depends on it, Mrs. Nicholson—everything that I can have or hope for on earth. If you can only remember the circumstances under which you wrote this name, it will put a million of dollars in my pocket."

"A million of dollars. Oh! Mr. Hurst."

"A million of dollars! Besides giving you and Mrs. Frost a house of your own, with an income that will make you the envy of half New York. A thousand dollars a year, two, three thousand, if you want it!"

Mrs. Frost's eyes began to glitter, and her head went off again, nod—nod—nod, till Hurst really longed to take hold of her and set it straight. But Mrs. Nicholson looked rather bewildered and very blank, she did not seem to relish the idea of living forever with Mrs. Frost, even in a grand house, and with an abundant income. But she sat ruefully, looking at the marriage certificate, wondering vaguely how her name got on the paper, and feeling a little frightened, as if she suspected some ghost work.

"Surely you can remember?" whispered Hurst, pale with expectation.

Mrs. Nicholson shook her head. The elder woman's eyes glowed brighter and brighter, like fire through frosted glass, she was enraged at Mary Nicholson's hesitation.

"Can't you remember, Mary Nicholson?"

"I am trying my best," answered the old lady, "my very best. William Bentley, and

Mehitable Hart, Sarah Hart, Mary Nicholson. Well, it's strange!"

"What is strange?" cried Mrs. Frost.

"Why, that this should be my writing, and I not remember it."

"Think—think, it is so many years ago, Mrs. Nicholson," cried Hurst, breathless with anxiety.

"Does she remember it?" inquired the bewildered woman, looking at Mrs. Frost, who tried to shake her head, but only induced a few more energetic spasms in the wrong direction.

"No, I don't remember; how should I? My name isn't on the paper," cried Mrs. Frost, sharply. "My husband was a strange man in some things, and kept his own secrets close as a vice. He was always marrying people behind my back; I believe if he could do it, he'd have married me without letting me know it, and claimed me afterward, that was Mr. Frost all over."

"But you remember Mr. William Bentley coming here, one night, with the two Hart girls and going into his study?" said Hurst.

"I remember them coming; and yes, yes, I dare say they did go into the study. Mary Nicholson, you were here that night, I remember your saying something about Sarah Hart. What was it now?"

"I can't recollect, Mrs. Frost."

"But you must recollect, Mary Nicholson."

"Dear me, how can I?"

Hurst began to despair. His witness only became more and more confused.

"Mrs. Frost, if you would be so kind, just step into the next room, and leave me alone with Mrs. Nicholson a few minutes."

"Alone with Mrs. Nicholson!"

"You understand, she has not exactly your clear memory; age tells on her a little."

"Age! Mr. Hurst, age! why—why. Indeed I don't think you can honestly call it that. My memory, sir, is clear as a bell—clear as spring water, Mr. Hurst. Indeed it's very cruel to take me by surprise, and because I can't think all at once, call it age."

Hurst smiled gently, and looked at Mrs. Frost, who had arisen, and stood nodding her head at them over one shoulder.

"No, Mr. Hurst, it ain't proper, and I won't," cried the old lady, subsiding into her chair, and beginning to rock with spasmodic jerks.

"Perhaps you are right," said Hurst, "Mrs. Nicholson is a little nervous, though; allow us to sit by the window. Her memory will come back. It's only because the whole thing seemed so unimportant at the time. But you will understand, Mrs. Nicholson," he continued, leading

the old lady to a chair by the window, and pressing her hand softly as he went, "you will understand that it was the marriage of my father and mother you witnessed that night. If I can prove that marriage, and you are the only witness living, it makes me the richest man in New York. It gives me the power to help my friends to any extent; and who among all those friends will have the claim on me that you will possess? you to whom I shall owe all my wealth and good fortune."

"But you will not make me live with her?" said the poor woman, in a whisper, and casting frightened looks at the rocking-chair.

"With her! No—no. You have seen Mr. Bentley's house? been in it, I dare say?"

"Yes, once; Miss Hetty asked me, and I went. What a grand house it is!"

"When I am its master—and that your evidence will make me—what think you of being housekeeper there, mistress of every one?"

"Me? Oh! Mr. Hurst, you take away my breath. "But her—what will she do?"

"She shall have a house by herself, with a good, strong person to wait on her."

"Strong! Yes, she will need to be that."

"I know—I know, but you shall be that person no longer—you who are almost a friend of my mother's!"

"Your mother—your mother, who was she?"

"Miss Hetty Hart, the woman whom you saw married in Mr. Frost's study, more than twenty years ago, when your name was put to this certificate."

"Yes—yes, that is my name and my writing; but as for the ceremony, somehow my mind is a little confused yet."

"Very natural. It was a long time ago, but I remember it all."

"You!"

"Yes, distinctly; you have told me the story a hundred times, when I was a little boy—how Mr. William Bentley, a handsome fellow wasn't he?—came to Mr. Frost's house, one evening, with the two Miss Harts, all dressed in white, but without anything else particular about them."

"Yes—yes, I think I do remember about the dresses, muslin, with tucks and worked edging. I had a dress like that once," cried the old lady, eagerly.

"Oh! yes, I knew the whole thing would come to your mind; such scenes sometimes sleep in the mind for years, and then come out clear when some object brings them forcibly to the thought. Now it is a long time since you told me about this wedding, but I remember it all, you tell a story so vividly, my dear Mrs. Nicholson."

"Do I? Well, I didn't know that; but of course I shouldn't have told it if it hadn't been so?"

"That was what I was saying to Mrs. Frost, when she hinted that you were a little in years and might have forgotten. 'No, my dear Mrs. Frost,' said I, 'there exist people who never grow old, and of such is Mrs. Mary Nicholson—her memory may sleep, nothing more.' Mrs. Frost will see that I am right, how quickly your mind seizes on the facts—you even remember the dress."

"Oh! yes, I am almost—quite sure of the dress!"

"And the way in which they entered the study. There was a little confusion, you remember, owing to the minister thinking Miss Sarah Hart was the bride."

"Yes—yes, how kind you are! I never should have recalled all these things but for you. Now they stand out quite clear. I never saw anything like it; and these people were really your father and mother?"

"They were indeed. But till this time I have been kept an orphan—worse than an orphan—but for this certificate I should now be ashamed to speak of a father or mother."

"Poor fellow! I understand. But the certificate——"

"Makes a man of me, an honorable, rich, powerful man."

"Oh! I'm so glad. But how did you find the paper?"

This question was put in a raised voice, and old Mrs. Frost caught it.

"Yes, how on earth came you to find the paper, Michael? I want to know that!"

"I found it with a bundle of letters which my aunt wrote to Mrs. Frost, in the old chest of drawers, in my room up stairs."

"The old chest of drawers—my husband's chest—why, Michael, how did you get in there, it hasn't been unlocked these fifteen years?"

"True, Mrs. Frost; but in that time locks rust out, I had but to give a stout pull, and found my fortune in the old papers."

"Then Mary Nicholson didn't give you my keys? It wasn't her?" cried the old woman, going up to the china vase, and nodding vehemently over it, as she thrust her old, withered hands into the rubbish it contained. "I can't find them, Mary Nicholson—Mary Nicholson!"

"Let me search!" cried Hurst, drawing a clenched hand from his pocket, as he started up. "The jar is deep. Yes, yes, something jingles—this must be your keys, grandmother!"

"Yes, so it is. Well, well, it's all right;

but Mary Nicholson might have done it, you know."

"Don't say a word against her, grandmother; her memory is bright as a school girl's. I never saw anything like it. Now if Mr. Bentley, or his lawyers, were to question you, my dear Mrs. Nicholson, you could describe the whole wedding, I dare say, how the minister looked, and all."

"Why of course! Didn't I remember about the tucked dress?" cried the old lady, exultingly.

"But you won't let those lawyers browbeat you out of it? they always fancy an elderly woman must forget, and so presume upon it."

"Elderly! Well, well, let them question me; I shall stick to the truth. How could I have told you all about it, if I hadn't been there?"

"But you had, perhaps, better not mention me; they would fancy you could not trust your own memory then."

"They'll see, they'll see," responded the old lady, lifting her head, and giving it a gentle toss that set the faded ribbons fluttering around her face. "If I didn't witness that marriage, who did, I'd like to know?"

"Your memory has made me worth a million. Grandmother here could not quite make it out; but she is so much older."

"Wasn't there—sure of it," said the old lady, who was becoming slightly irritated by all this flattery of Mary Nicholson.

"I dare say, dear grandmother; besides, your signature is not here to prove it; but you can do me a great kindness, a very great one."

"Well, what is it? Something Mary Nicholson can't do, or you never would have thought of asking me."

"It is about my mother."

"What, Hetty Hart? Poor thing! what about her?"

"Mrs. Bentley—Bentley is her name, and mine. She is a widow, remember, with a dower claim on one-third of the Bentley property; but at this moment without a home."

"Why, isn't she at Mr. Bentley's?"

"No, I brought her away quietly, this morning. She is not well, and I did not like to leave her among our enemies."

"Poor, nervous creature!" muttered Mrs. Frost. "Well, where is she? and what do you want?"

"She is up stairs in my room, I took the liberty. She will not prove troublesome. She only wants to be alone. If Mrs. Nicholson will take her a bit of toast and a cup of tea, now and then, I shall not forget it. You are not angry, dear grandmother?"

Here Michael would have kissed the old

woman, but that the vibrations of her head rendered the salute impossible.

"There, there, remember Mary Nicholson is by, and don't be foolish—of course I ain't angry. Mary Nicholson, go round to the corner and get a mince pie, and send a piece up with the toast; then cut the rest into three parts. Michael has found out who he is, and what belongs to him, so we'll have a celebration for once. Get a pound of crackers, and four ounces of smoked beef, and—and—that'll do, Mary Nicholson!"

CHAPTER XXI.

A FEW days after the ball, Mr. Bentley presented himself at the residence of Mrs. Frost, anxious to search the evidence of Hurst's claim to the bottom. The old lady had but little information to give. She only knew that the Hart girls had been frequent visitors to Mr. Frost, a few years before his death. That once Mr. William Bentley came with them, and she believed, but was not certain, the time was so distant, spent a portion of the time in his study. The girls seemed very happy then; but afterward, when they came and asked for private interviews with her husband, a great change was upon them: they both seemed sad and harassed. Her husband, too, was anxious and irritable after these visits, as if some secret lay at the bottom of it all. Mrs. Frost was very frank, and willing to talk, but this proved to be all that she had to say.

Mary Nicholson was less composed, but more communicative. Her memory had settled itself since Mr. Hurst's first visit. She had no doubt regarding the white dresses with tucks; no doubt that the whole party went into the study, but the exact form of the marriage ceremony escaped her. Still her signature was there, and it must have been; she would soon remember it all, no doubt. So far, the evidence was undoubtedly in Hurst's favor; but another and more important witness remained.

Bentley left Mrs. Frost's room, and, ascending a flight of stairs, entered an attic room. Aunt Hetty lay upon the bed, with her face to the wall. She started, as the door opened, and turned upon her elbow.

When she saw Bentley, her arm gave way, and she fell back upon the pillow, uttering a faint groan.

Bentley seated himself on the bed beside her, and took her quivering little hand between both his. She tried to get it away, and even used a little feeble force; but he held it kindly, and said, in a voice full of tender gentleness,

"Hetty, my sister, talk freely with me. If I have been the means of withholding any right from you, or the young man who claims to be your son, convince me of it. I will be just to the uttermost farthing, only tell me how it all happened."

Hetty did not sob, but her slight form seemed to wither up, as the mimosa plant curls its leaves to a touch.

"Don't! don't!" she moaned.

"Tell me one thing: is this young man your son?"

She looked up. Her eyes flashed like diamonds through the mist of her sorrow.

"My son—yes, he is my son!"

Bentley sunk upon his knees, covered his face with both hands, and thanked God in his heart of hearts.

She regarded him with wonder, certain that it was not sorrow that shook his frame so violently. At last he arose, and held her hand again.

"And you assure me, before God, that he is your son?"

"Before God he is my son!"

"And you were legally married to William Bentley? Say this solemnly, as you have just spoken, and, from this hour, I am a penniless man."

She shrunk back, pressing herself down upon the pillows, and wrenched her hand from his clasp.

"Not here, not now; if they force me before a court I must, but do not ask me to take oath after oath before the high God in this way!"

"But why? You cannot expect me to relinquish all I possess without full proof that this—that your son has a legal right to it. Sooner or later this oath must be taken."

"No, no, save me! Save me from that!" she cried, wildly. "Do, do consent to his marrying Gillian! I shall die if he dispossesses Sarah's child! Oh! if he would but give it up! Ask him—I have begged so humbly on my very knees, but he will not listen. What can I do? He is my son, and I have lived childless all my life. Don't ask me to go on suffering as I have! Let him marry Gillian—the child of my angel sister; that noble, noble sister who sacrificed herself to save me—there is only this way, think of it. He is handsome—you cannot say that he is not handsome—and we educated him well, Sarah and I, with our savings and our hard, hard work. He is a gentleman, every inch of him. Why not let him marry Gillian?"

That wild, pleading look; those clasped hands, with the slender fingers twining convulsively around each other; the eager, open eyes implor-

ing his, were enough to touch the heart of any man. Bentley was deeply moved; but there was something in this terrible agitation that aroused his suspicion. Why was she so willing to swear that Michael was her son, and yet become frantic at the question of her marriage?

The first question, so readily and so truthfully answered, had set his heart at rest on a point which had haunted him all through his manhood; thus, with his pride and affections all quieted, his intellect became clear. By what right could he despoil Gillian of her rightful inheritance, unless the legal claims of her cousin were made positive? So long as the mother shrunk from a clear statement of all the facts connected with her marriage, he must still be in doubt.

"One word, Hetty, one word more for her sake."

"*Her* sake! Whose?" cried Hetty, with a wild start.

"Sarah; your sister, and my wife. Did she know of this marriage?"

"Marriage! Sarah! no, no! She had nothing to do with it."

"And was ignorant of it entirely?"

"Yes, yes."

"And you allowed that noble creature to sacrifice herself forever and ever to a caprice of silence; to work for you; plan for you; sacrifice husband and child, rather than cast shame on you, while a word would have saved all!"

Bentley arose to his feet, pale and stern. His pity was all gone. He fairly loathed the poor, weak thing that lay writhing like a worm in his path.

She did not look up; but buried her face down, down in the pillow, uttering broken sounds, that had no meaning save that of intense pain.

"I tell you, woman," cried Bentley, in a voice so stern with indignant anguish that it rang through the room, "I tell you it was this lie, told now or acted then, which separated me from your sister: a separation which drove her into the grave, and made me a cold, useless, miserable man."

"Oh! oh! my God! my God! Sarah! Sarah! don't haunt me! Don't curse me; I can't help it! You suffered all this to save me—now, now I must save him, save myself!" moaned the unhappy woman.

"Once again," said Bentley, "will you swear to me here, before the Most High, that William Bentley was your lawful husband at the time of his death?"

She did not speak, but kept on writhing out broken moans.

"Speak, woman, for I will be answered!"

She lifted her white, pinched face, imploring him. "Don't ask me now! I must do it, you know, by-and-bye; but once is enough. Oh! why not save me, and let Gillian marry him? She would have done it; she never shrunk from anything! She would stand up before me with her grand courage, and say, 'Let the whole fall on me. Little Hetty can't bear it, but I can!'"

"Don't speak of her, woman!"

"I will! I will! She was my sister. If she could stand here now, she would find some way for me out of this. Everybody obeyed her; no one cares for me—no one but Michael, my son."

She lifted her head erectly, like a wren ready to fly at anything that disputed a right to its young.

"He will take care of me; he loves me dearly. It is for my sake he wishes to be rich and great. I don't care for it, only the love; but he cannot see everybody lording it over his own mother without shame. Oh! he's proud as the best of you, if Gillian did want to turn him out of doors."

Her air of petty defiance almost brought a smile to Bentley's face. She was like a desperate little bird picking at granite.

Bentley found, as most persons will who try it, that weakness is far more difficult to deal with than strength. It has its own little cunning, its petty deceptions, and negative stubbornness, small traits which a great mind is sure to undervalue and guard against. Thus it happens, so often, that those who appear to be really insignificant persons sometimes influence events with unexpected force. Weary of her evasions—and convinced that she had, of herself, neither the courage to do right, honestly; or to act wrong, boldly—he went away, leaving her weeping hysterically on the bed.

Scarcely had the street door closed, when Hurst came out from a dark nook in the garret, where he had listened to all that passed, through a crevice in the wooden ceiling, and entered his mother's room.

She rose up in bed, and reached forth her arms. With a weak burst of triumph, "I did it!" she said. "He was very cross and stern, but I stuck to the fact, and said nothing more. Now will you believe I have some firmness, Michael? No—William. I won't call you Michael any more. Sarah would have it so; she was afraid to name you after your father. But now I have nothing to be frightened about. Father, my dear old father, is dead and gone; he cannot make me tremble with his eyes; and as for Daniel, why the way you have settled it, no

disgrace can come on him, or me, or any one, especially if you marry Gillian."

Hurst had seated himself, and drew her into his arms while she was talking; so her speech ended in little hysterical caresses, which he returned sparingly; while, with the craft of a bad heart, and the energy of a strong one, he encouraged her—praised the firmness which she had displayed; and, with sophistry which might have blinded a more vigorous intellect, convinced her that what he sought was but the just and natural right which every son had to inherit from his father.

CHAPTER XXII.

BENTLEY sought his daughter, for she alone had a right to share his doubts, and help in his decision. He found her, just after Woodworth had departed, happy, but a little serious; for she had begun to reflect upon the fate that lay before her father, should Hurst maintain his pretensions to the estate. Proud, sensitive, and blessed with a refinement of taste which renders the coarse things and harsh passages of life almost unendurable, what would he do with poverty? It was a phase of life he had outrun years ago; and now, with all his habits fixed, and his tastes refined into sources of exquisite enjoyment, must he give up everything, and become a recluse, or a dependent? These thoughts had saddened Gillian a little amid her happiness. It seemed as if, in marrying Woodworth, she abandoned her father to loneliness, or secured for him only the humiliation of dependence. Then a thousand questions arose that she wished to ask. That conversation with her uncle Daniel, in the old stone house in which her mother's history had been so entangled with that of aunt Hetty, rose freshly to her mind. She longed to know more of all this, and felt free to question her father as she had never done before.

Bentley sat down by Gillian, and told her of his interview with the old woman, and of that which followed with aunt Hetty, who had secretly left the house on the morning after the party. Word for word he repeated the conversation, and described the scene.

Gillian listened gravely; her quick intellect seized upon the facts, and came to conclusions almost before they were uttered.

"Father," she said, "there is something wrong in this! If that marriage was ever solemnized, why was it kept secret? Why did she falter then, and yet claim her son so boldly? Besides, was my mother a woman to leave this property in your hands, and share it with you, if she had

witnessed the ceremony which made such possession a fraud?"

Bentley started, he had never thought of this. It was implicating the integrity of his dead wife if he yielded to this demand, blackening the fame which had just been rescued from suspicion. His brow became dark at this, and his heart grew anxious again. Gillian watched the changes of his countenance with tender anxiety.

"Papa, tell me of my mother. Did you love her?"

The blood, always so cool, flashed up like fire, reddening that pale forehead, and burning in his eyes.

"Love her, Gillian? Yes, better than my own soul."

"And you were happy together?"

"For a time, Gillian, happy beyond anything I can describe. Your mother was a woman to make everything of life, she brightened everything around her!"

"And died so early?" said Gillian, drooping her eyes, and sighing heavily. "Oh! father, tell me of her death. I never heard you speak of it!"

"First," said Bentley, and his sharp, quick breathing betrayed the suppressed agitation which only made him a little pale—"first let me tell you of her life, how I found her."

"Uncle Daniel told me of that, papa; all about your cousin being killed, and the trouble it caused; about aunt Hetty's coming to town. I thought at first it was my mother who felt the loss most; but now——"

"Now," said Bentley, "she is proved by her unhappy sister's confession to have been one of the most noble creatures, endowed with everything grand and good. She was a martyr to her family, an angel to me, and yet I destroyed her."

"Father!"

"Yes, look surprised! Let my words drain the color from your cheek. It is a truth, I destroyed her, stung her pride to the quick, wounded her delicacy, trampled on all that was sensitive or grand in her nature. Blows would have been far more kind. Gillian, I suspected your mother!"

"Suspected my mother?"

"Yes, the world would say I had cause. It sprang out of this mystery, or this sin, which is developing itself now. Your mother was frank to a fault, generous beyond any person I ever heard of. It was not the generosity which gives alone, but a spirit of self-sacrifice, a disposition to take up the burdens of those who were weaker than herself and carry them forward. It did not require that the person helped should be her

friend or agreeable to her taste. Humanity was enough to claim a sacrifice of her, she loved to do good for the sweet reward which sprang up in her own heart. Yet she had a thousand disguises for this weakness, as she called it; and to hear her talk, you would have fancied her a reckless, bright creature, capable of impulsive kindness, but little more. She was like you, Gillian, not so beautiful, perhaps, but with a world of fresh vigor, of reckless joyousness, and with a susceptibility of sadness that you have never dreamed of."

"Oh! if I had but known her!" sighed Gillian

"She was a woman to worship, Gillian; fresh as the flowers of an untrodden wilderness, quick to think, earnest to act. Her impetuosity sometimes troubled me a little, for I had been educated with more restraints, and was over sensitive to appearances; but after living so long in the dead level of conventionalisms, her very faults are to me as virtues."

"No wonder you loved her—no wonder!"

Bentley bowed his head; a feeling of heavy self-abasement crept over him. He could not look Gillian in the face. At last he spoke with hoarse slowness,

"I am naturally suspicious!"

"You, papa?"

"Distrustful rather. I loved my wife, God only knows how well; but from the first there was something about her acquaintance with my cousin that troubled me. Frank in all things else, she was silent if his name was mentioned; even before I married her the idea of an attachment between them had disturbed me. Her grief at his death was terrible. It seemed like despair."

"It was strange, I thought so when uncle Daniel told me about it. Now it is clear. She was grieving for her sister, striving to shield her sister," said Gillian.

"I knew that she had a secret," continued Bentley, wrapped in his own thoughts; "that she had some object of interest in the city which was never mentioned in her home. There was a clergyman by the name of Frost whom she visited often, and with some appearance of mystery. At times she came to me for money, and no purchase followed, a thing that struck me as strange; for she had a sumptuous love of the beautiful, and a fabric or gem that gratified this passion made her happy as a child. Indeed, in many things, she was like a child, always in trifles. These little things made me distrustful. I wondered why this woman, to whose nature a secret was repulsive, had one from her own husband.

"One day, it was when you were a little thing, Gillian, a trunk was sent down from your uncle Daniel's, which had belonged to William Bentley. In it had been placed the coat which my cousin wore the day he was killed. Scrupulously honest in all things, Daniel had found it in the garret, and so forwarded it to the city.

"Sarah was out when the trunk arrived. I opened it, took up the coat carelessly, and a pocket-book fell out of a side pocket. In that book I found a letter from my wife to William Bentley——"

"Well, father!" said Gillian, holding her breath.

"It was a passionate appeal to his honor; a wild, urgent request that he should save her and her family from disgrace. It was a letter written in distraction, eloquent beyond anything I ever read, such as Sarah would write if driven wild by danger, or threatened with disgrace."

Gillian listened, turning pale and cold, till she remembered all that had transpired regarding her aunt. Then her breath came out in quick gushes, and she burst into a passion of tears.

"My mother, my great-hearted mother, it was for her only sister she plead—it was to save my grandfather's grey hairs from dishonor!"

"I read the letter, and it maddened me. But my temperament is firm, I knew how to wait. After that I traced your mother to a house in the city, I saw her with my own eyes caressing a child, a bright, handsome boy, whose very look was death to me. At night I charged your mother with her crime. I gave her the letter, and told her that she had been traced in her visits to the living guilt, which would forever be an evidence against her. She was at first dumb and cold as marble. Then with a look of scorn that made my blood burn, she turned from me.

"I had some wild hope that she might explain; but she said nothing, though her air had more than the grandeur of innocence: all that she said was,

"'For my father's sake, give me silence! I ask nothing, deny nothing. But my father is an old man, and the thought of disgrace would kill him.'"

"'We must part,' I said, driven to madness by her acquiescence in the charge I had made.

"'I know that,' she said, oh! so sadly. 'If you could think this of me, it is enough. But in silence, let it be in silence, if not for my sake, think of our child.'"

"It was settled. Henceforth she grew to be a stranger. We suffered the agony of each other's

presence, and that was all. Either in time or eternity I shall never know agony like that. I loved her still!

"It was arranged that our shame should be locked up forever. We went to Europe directly, up the Mediterranean, on to Naples. There I left your mother—first separating her from her child, whom I placed in a convent. For myself, I went on to Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land, a weary, heavy-hearted man: God help me, for I loved the woman I had left!

"She would take no money from me at first; but I would not be repulsed, and forced a small sum upon her before leaving her a stranger in a strange land.

"Two years after, I came back to Naples and inquired after my wife. They told me of a fair woman from America, who had lived some months in the city, growing paler and paler each day till she died. You have seen the place in the *Campo Sante* where she sleeps, Gillian!"

"And now she is dead, and you know how innocent she was!" cried Gillian, weaving her hands together. "Oh! my mother—my mother!"

"It was I that killed—I, her husband! If her child hates me, it is but just."

"Father, the wrong was not yours—not hers. It was the sin of that miserable, miserable woman, she whose son would now cast us into poverty. Never, while I live, shall this thing be. Tell him that you contest this claim—that his father's sin has done its last work with us."

"But my wife died to save this woman from disgrace. We can only contest this claim by proving that which she suffered martyrdom to conceal."

"True, true!" said Gillian; "and must the innocent always suffer for the guilty? Must this weak, miserable woman darken our lives forever?"

"She is your mother's sister—your grandfather's child!"

"Alas! yes!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A STORM at sea—a ship toiling and heaving through the waves! The sound of breakers shorewise, and foam churning up from hidden rocks, shining like snow-rifts through the sleety atmosphere. Tattered sails overhead, and pale faces on the deck. Thus the ship, which bore Julia Ransom, toiled on till the tempest abated. Then it was found that she had sprung a leak, beyond all hope of repairs while afloat. So crippled and almost a wreck, she toiled wearily back to port, like a wounded eagle shot midway

in the air, and reeling back to its nest in the mountain peaks. The storm had done Julia Ransom good, it was in such tumults that she forgot herself most entirely.

Early in the morning she returned to her house, and directly came Woodworth inquiring for her. Gillian had sent him, for in her trouble she could think of no one else. Thus it always was, those who suffered were sure to seek this woman.

She heard all without speaking; her thoughts seemed far away, and quietly, as a slow fire kindles, some train of thought lighted up in her mind.

Woodworth could not understand this, her want of interest pained him.

"Do you listen, my friend? Or has this tempest made you ill?" he said.

"I will come, surely. Tell her, little Gillian—tell her—yes, I will come."

"But you look ill."

"Do I?" she lifted her eyes. They were full of light—calm, holy light, such as the angels know when a noble task is done.

Woodworth went away dissatisfied. Was it thus Julia Ransom received news of the misfortunes that threatened her friends?

The moment Woodworth was gone, Mrs. Ransom went to her room. In a few moments she came forth again, with the soft hair floating down her cheeks in waves, and clad in a dark dress a little obsolete in its fashion. You would hardly have known her, the style of her dress and the expression of her face was so changed. The carriage, which had brought her from the ship, was at the door waiting for the fare she had forgotten to send. Speaking a few words to the driver, in a voice that he thought strangely altered, she drew back into the seat, and was whirled rapidly away.

Young Hurst was still in the attic room with his mother. He heard a noise in the hall, a few quick words, and footsteps on the stairs. While he was wondering what it meant, the chamber door opened, and a lady entered.

Hetty Hart clung to the young man, her eyes distended wildly, her lips apart, she seemed turning into stone.

"Miss Ransom!" said Hurst, struck with surprise at her presence there.

"Hush!" said Hetty Hart, in a hoarse whisper, "it is my sister Sarah!"

"Michael," said Mrs. Ransom, quietly, "give me the marriage certificate which you have forged, and the letters you have stolen."

Hurst put one hand into his bosom and drew forth a slip of yellow paper and some letters,

they rattled in his hands like dead leaves, and his face was ghastly.

"It is well," she said, tearing the paper into fragments. "Now take my sister—my poor, feeble sister, Hetty—and go away. There is a ship lying now in the stream, ready to sail for England. Here is money. I will send you more. Be kind to her, and you shall have more than enough for both, I promise it."

Hurst took the money, dumbly, as if some statue had been moved by inward mechanism. Julia went close to her sister.

"Hetty, my poor Hetty! why are you terrified? Did I ever harm you?"

Hetty Hart began to shiver, and clung close to her son.

"Hetty!"

"Oh! Sarah, don't—don't look at me so! He never would have owned me, if I hadn't taken the shame off. What could I do?"

"I know, Hetty, I know how you must have loved this young man. I, too, loved him for your sake."

"Oh! he is all the world to me."

"Poor, poor mother!—be good to her, Michael, treat her tenderly, as if she were a child. She is not one of those that can suffer, and be strong; but she is a loving creature. Deal kindly by her, and you shall never want for wealth."

"It was for her sake—she was pining to death, my poor mother!" said Hurst, with some feeling. "I could not bear it."

"Well, well, it is over now. Trust me—can you trust me yet, sister Hetty?"

"Trust you! oh! Sarah!"

"Can you be content to live with your son?"

"With my son!—with him!"

The little woman crept close to Hurst, and clung around him, weeping softly, and thanking her sister, in broken sentences, for having saved her and her son from the deep trouble that had already nearly broken her heart.

"We will obey her. Sarah is always right—always kind, Michael. I knew if she could rise from the dead—and it seems as if she had, don't it?—all would turn out well. When shall we go, sister? I am ready."

"In a few days—in a few hours, if possible. Find out some quiet home in England or France, and some day I will come and see how you get along."

"That will be pleasant, son," said Hetty, with a fond smile; "you and I all alone in the world. Oh! how I have longed for this! and it is Sarah that does it for us—my sister, Sarah, whom we all thought dead years ago. Tell her that we will be ready, son."

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"I have no choice," answered Hurst, cruelly. "Oh! Michael!"

"Well then, Mrs. Ransom, I am willing—I am grateful. Is that enough, mad'—mother?"

Hetty kissed his hands, and laid her little, withered cheek softly against his bosom.

Mrs. Ransom took her from his arms, kissed her upon the forehead, as she had done a thousand times in youth, and went away with tears in her eyes.

As she passed down stairs, a sharp voice from the parlor called out,

"Mary Nicholson! Mary Nicholson! I say, what are you peeping at?"

The door was left ajar. Mrs. Ransom saw an old face looking back into the room, and a hushed voice whisper,

"As true as I live, Mrs. Frost, a strange lady, dressed up like anything, is coming down from Mr. Hurst's room! Did you ever?"

"Let me see! let me have a look!" cried the sharp voice, growing more and more audible; and Mrs. Ransom saw another old face, withered up like a dried peach, nodding vehemently at her over Mrs. Nicholson's shoulder. She knew the face, and was glad to escape into the street.

Again in her carriage, again whirled onward, breathless, anxious, and yet thrilled with hidden joy, she reached the Bentley mansion, her home forever more. She knew this, and felt it in the depths of her heart, as she mounted the marble steps.

Yes, Mr. Bentley was at home, he had come down from Miss Gillian's chamber, half an hour ago, and was in the library.

Julia passed the man, and entered the library. The curtains were drawn, and a gorgeous light fell through the bay window. In the rich gloom she saw a human figure stretched upon a couch. Her heart bent, her limbs began to tremble. She moved toward the couch, and fell upon her knees.

He was asleep, exhausted by the late interview with his child—sound asleep, but with an anxious contraction of the forehead. She bent over him. She put aside the hair that had fallen over his forehead with her trembling hands. There was grey in the locks she touched—silver threads that told how long the time was since her fingers had strayed on those temples before.

Perhaps it was the touch of her hand that mingled with his dreams; for the trouble went off from his forehead, and a smile swept over the entire face.

As a mother longs to kiss a child who smiles in its sleep, Sarah bent down, and her lips sunk

to his, mingling sighs with his breath. The touch was light as the flutter of a rose leaf; but it sent a thrill through his dreams, and he started up, looking eagerly around.

She was before him, her eyes full of tears, looking into his, hands clasped as if to beg pardon for the breath she had left on his lips. The Night was dim, thus mellowing the trace of age. It was the Sarah Hart he had loved—the wife he had abandoned—the mother of Gillian.

He opened his arms, and held them forth.

"Sarah! my wife!"

His voice thrilled the very air of the room, it brought her within the clasp of his arms, close, close to his heart. Twenty years of sorrow, what was that, balanced by a moment like that?

They sat together in the rich gloom, almost silent; but now and then a broken word explained a little of the past.

"And you can forgive my suspicion, my stubborn cruelty?" he said.

"No, no. The evidence was so strong, my pride so uncontrollable; the fault rested there, my husband. But I had taken an oath silently, before my God, never to betray Hetty's secret, but to guard the good name of our family with my life. But for this compact with my God I should have told you all."

"Oh! Sarah, the truth was late in coming."

She took his hand between both hers, and kissed it, half timidly; for a touch of her old pride made her expect, rather than offer, demon-

strations of the deep, deep love that rose in her heart.

That moment the door opened, and Gillian appeared, searching for her father. She saw the lady by his side, and came eagerly forward.

"Oh! Mrs. Ransom?"

"Gillian, it is your mother."

The young girl stood for a moment, mute as stone; then her color came, her heart heaved, and the joyful weeping of those noble women filled the room.

Again the fashionable world were all in commotion. Such windfalls of gossip seldom are provided for it by one family in so short a time: Young Hurst, the claimant of Mr. Bentley's property, had mysteriously disappeared; Mr. Bentley had been for some time privately married—it must be so—to his daughter's friend, Mrs. Ransom, the great author, who was now the acknowledged wife and mistress of his home. Then it was rumored that Hannah Hart, the pretty cousin who had waltzed with such spirit on the night of the ball, was going directly home to get married to a young farmer in Rockland county.

All these rumors might not be true; but, as the world said, they came from a good source—an old colored woman who had been in the Hart family for years—the woman with that gorgeous turban, who had insisted upon regulating the whole household on the night of the ball. Surely no one could forget her, or doubt that she knew all about it.

MIDNIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

'Tis midnight, and no single ray
Of starlight gilds the gloom;
But darkness dense, and deep holds away,
As reigns within the tomb.
But there's a midnight of the heart
More direly dark than this,
When not a ray of hope will dart
Its beams across the waste.

'Tis midnight, and the howling winds
Shriek an unearthly wail,
As if some spirit lost, its sins
Bemoaned upon the gale;
But there are soul-complainings none,
Save God himself may hear,
More mournful than the saddest tone
Borne on the night wind drear.

And wildly beats the midnight storm,
And loud the thunders roll,
Till seems to quake earth's trembling form
From distant pole to pole;

But there are tempests in the breast
Of mortal man, so wild,
The stormy elements' unrest,
Compared, seems meek and mild.

And fiercely streams the lightning's glare
Across the gloom of night,
Till realms infernal through the air
Seem bursting on our sight;
And human passions sometimes flame
In feeling potent hour,
Till Jove's own thunderbolt grow tame
Beside their scathing power.

But there's a land beyond the tomb
Whose skies are ever bright,
Nor night, nor storms, nor darkness come
To cloud their peaceful light;
And there are souls on that fair shore,
That know no gloomy care,
And sorrow, passions, pain no more
Assail the dwellers there.

THE SONS OF POOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"His mother was a poor woman, and now he walks the street like a lord."

Thus sneered a bundle of silks and feathers, as it moved daintily up Broadway, scenting with its aristocratic nose, like a genuine pointer, the well dressed and well connected persons of her acquaintance. The young man referred to trod the ground like neither prince nor lord, but like a man! conscious of his power; like an American citizen every way worthy of the name. He had trampled under foot the sneers of the scornful and pretentious, and stood before the world with his foot upon the neck of their meanness. Step by step he had disputed the ground with adverse circumstances, and they had yielded, step by step, till he stood now where he could look down upon, and use every obstacle that had striven to hinder his progress, and make it a slave to his bidding. He had taken calumny, and pride, and envy by the throat, and flung them from him with such force that they cowered at his glance, nor dared so much as to lift their skinny fingers at his shadow when his back was turned. Through weary struggles against frightful obstacles that the poor alone know—battling with the tide of oppression, buffeted by the waves of adversity, still upward he rose, onward he went, till to-day no man is acknowledged with louder acclamation—no man bowed down to with deeper reverence—no man whose recognition is a greater honor, than this son of a poor woman.

His mother was a poor woman!

Look over the list of earth's magnates—her royal kings of intellect—her lords of genius—patents of whose greatness originated in the courts of the Most High, ere this little world brought forth its mock nobility, and tell us what proportion of those great ones were the sons of rich mothers? Very, very few. The best statesmen, the proudest poets, the holiest divines—those thunderers by whom the earth was shaken to its centre—men who have dethroned kings and founded nations—the masters of rhetoric and elocution—the most profound philosophers—the bravest generals—the noblest authors, were nearly all the sons of poor women, some of them widows who suffered in loneliness and sorrow.

In our own day our best and brightest names have been given to little babes by the lips of

poor women, their heads cradled upon coarse pillows, their little bare feet trained over carpetless floor.

Daniel Webster was the son of a poor woman. The first grandeur he knew was that of the hills that lifted their granite brows in eternal worship toward heaven—the only splendor that of majestic clouds and leaping torrents, the triumphal entry of the sun through avenues of golden glory, and his western march like that of a monarch, wrapping robes of crimson and ermine about him. And yet for greatness, intellectually speaking, the world hath scarcely his equal. Who knows if the babe, Daniel Webster, had been rocked in a rosewood cradle, and lulled to sleep with a silver rattle in his hand, reared in the midst of city streets, with no wild anthems of the forest—no thunder leaping from crag to crag to bring out the stronger elements of his mind—no birds in the branches, and no silver streams to waken the more ethereal and picturesque characteristics of his intellect and group them into harmony: who knows but the world had sighed over greatness born to blush, unseen, to droop, to die in comparative solitude?

Sons of poor mothers! what a host of them have scaled the summit of immortality! They have left their impress in the land of the idols, and many a dark-browed heathen has learned the way of salvation through their almost superhuman exertions. Everywhere throughout the world, how do they stand forth and challenge our homage! Not with glossy kids and faultless coats, patent boots, and slender canes, do they go forth, the admired whiskerandos of thoughtless girls, but with sturdy steps and clouted shoes—with signs of the much used needle here and there seriously showing—with patched knees and elbows, and with many an evidence besides that they were the sons of poor mothers.

All honor to the sons of poor mothers! To them the nations look for statesmen and defenders. For them there will always be vacancies in the halls of science, seats in the temples of our legislatures, and pulpits in our churches. For them the doors of the White House have sprung wide open, and shall again, while the people gather in crowds to do them reverence

"He was the son of a poor woman!"

Let it never be spoken with the sneer of self-sufficient shallowness, for it is in the hearts of poor women that the noblest resolves have birth. They make sacrifices that would put to blush the indolence and negligence of the purse-proud. Over their humble homes shine the stars that herald the advent of heaven-born intelligence. It has ever been so since the star of Bethlehem blazed above the spot where Christ, the King of heaven, lay upon the bosom of a poor woman. While they toil with tears, and struggle with adversity, angels whisper the destination of the babes that sleep against their hearts. At their lowly hearthstones the young mind is imbued with the holy principles of the Bible. When the child comes sobbing home, grieved and indignant, because those who were better dressed have scorned him, the poor mother, her heart filled with faith, points out his noble destiny. She it is who inspires him with glowing hopes,

teaches him that merit lies not in the paltry adornments of the outward man; that in the years coming, those who sneer at him now, may feel honored by his most-careless glance; that it lays with himself whether he shall be a master-spirit—in his conquering all grosser inclinations—in his aspirations after the exalted, the sublime things that pertain to the intellectual might of man—in his subjugation of every vicious inclination—in his resolute will to be an honor to his country.

Thus, then, poor mother, canst thou lead thy son. Thus, in the depths of poverty, struggling for thy life against the oppressor, slighted by the rich, neglected by all but God, mayest thou raise a monument to thine unfailing patience, thy heroic faith.

Believe it—it may be an honor worth more than gold, to hear it said of thy son, some day, "His mother was a poor woman!"

TWO YEARS.

BY LILLY LOGAN.

Two years to-day since I saw thy face;
Since the clasp of my hand was on thine.
Two years! in them what changes I trace,
What losses, that nothing on earth can replace—
What glorious glimpses of beauty and grace;
And alas! what grief has been mine.

Two years a father has slept in the dust,
And a brother's heart is still.
Away from my own has passed its trust,
On its waving harvest has fallen rust,
And its free, glad thoughts 'neath a frozen crust
Are lying dead and chill.

Two years I have mourned o'er a beautiful dream,
That came to my soul like dew
To the flowers, sick with the scorching beam
Of the sultry noontide's fervid gleam.
A rainbow barque; on life's turbid stream
It was wrecked, and lost its crew.

So the years fall from us, and each one takes
Some beautiful thing away;
Leaving us naught for the ruin it makes,
But a lonesome grave, and a heart that aches
For the loved and lost till it finally breaks
And goes to its rest for aye.

IMPROMPTU.

BY LILIAS M——.

Oh! child, unloved and lonely—
Oh! orphan, sad and weeping,
Not o'er the happy only
Are angels fond watch keeping;
In thee, though fortune frowneth,
Sweet sleep thy pain beguileth,
Sunshine thy pale brow crowneth,
And on thee warmly smiloth.
The sunshine, warm and glowing,
Of sympathy, the tender
Heaven thus on thee bestowing,
Hope, faith, to thee would render;

And though a peasant maiden,
Whose hand is rough, caresses,
Her kies shall reach thee, laden
With good, as now she blesses—
Shall charm thee, from the feeling
That all are harsh, untender,
Thy soul to life revealing—
A tie most firm, though slender,
Between thee and the human
Thus swiftly, strongly weaving—
And thou shalt prove true woman,
Both loving and believing.

A BITTER NIGHT.

BY MARY AMES ATKINS.

"A BITTER night!" so people say, as they sit in their comfortable parlors, and grumble about the weather, having nothing else to grumble about. "A bitter night!" sigh the poor, shivering over a scant fire, and longing for warmer days to come. "A bitter night!" is the salutation exchanged by business men, on their way home; and they grind the soft snow under their heavy feet, half angry that it has dared at last to come.

"A bitter night!" and now the speaker is a young girl, alone and timid, hastening, with many misgivings, toward the aristocratic portion of the city, where lives one who has given largely to various benevolent objects.

Her errand is a new one—nothing but the direst necessity has driven her to it. Yet she is almost tempted to turn back. Occasionally parties of rude young men pass, and peer impudently under her bonnet, when she shrinks more within herself—if that were possible—and sighs that she is driven out on such a dismal night. The storm increases. The wind wails as it hurls the clinging sleet against the girl, who, almost blind, and colder than before, urges her way toward the object of her desires.

"Do mind, George, where you walk! Don't you see you all but pushed that girl down?"

"Pshaw! nothing better than a beggar! used to that, I guess."

"More's the pity, then. Not hearts nor homes will open to her to-night," replied the younger brother, dropping carefully and stealthily behind the elder; who, unconscious that he was alone, pushed his way rapidly forward.

"Here," and almost before Leoline Lothrop knew it, the youth had thrust a half dollar in her hand, and was out of sight nearly as soon.

"It seems mean to give so little; but it was all I had. She, poor little shivering thing! don't know that, though. I do believe, if I was rich, I should be the happiest fellow alive; for it's jolly (as good Mark Tapley would say) to give to the poor. It is, that's a fact."

"Come, Ed Windsor, can't you keep up?" shouts George, almost angrily, now noticing his brother's distance back.

"Well, I s'pose I might, if I was as long-legged as you!" answers Ed, with a light laugh, as he nears his tall and elegant brother.

"Why, how good he was! Who could have told him how much I need money? But it must be he knew because I'm the only female out. I declare I never thought of that, myself, before. I will go on, though," and, with a lighter heart and more elastic step, Leoline proceeds.

How slight a thing will raise the spirits of the despairing! How slight! yet so often withheld.

The philanthropist is in his library. The warm glow from the grate greets him pleasantly at the table, where he sits in deep thought. The unstinted gas throws every brilliant tint of the rich carpet to open view; costly birds, in gilded cages, are seen among the most exhilarating exotics; while the cost of the rare pictures, and rarer statuary, would have fed and warmed many a poor family through many a winter.

"Ah! and as he utters the little word, a light breaks over his face, and he extends his hand toward a pet child, a tiny girl, who bounds into the room, followed by a beautiful woman—the mother of the child, and fourth wife of the philanthropist.

"I want money, papa!" cried the little pet, running her small fingers through his ebony curls. "I want money."

"Nonsense! You don't, I think. You couldn't tell what to do with it, if I gave it to you," and he facetiously pushed the little one away; then, the next moment, nestled the beautiful head upon his bosom, with a feeling of fearful happiness that such a dear charge was all his—his own.

"But I do, papa, I do, certain. Come, fill my hands brim full!"

"She does want it, husband. There is a girl in the hall——"

"Begging, I suppose?" the philanthropist interposed, and certainly not the gleaming of charity was that shining on his face.

"Yes, she is dreadfully in want. Her landlord threatens to turn her out in the morning, if she has not the rent for him then."

"Serves her right! She'd no business with a house if she can't pay for it!"

"She has, heretofore; but is now unable to, through her mother's illness."

"Same old story—all humbug—nothing but humbuggery in the world."

"Is papa a humbug?" asked little Mary, quite innocently.

"Go to bed, Mary!" was the answer; but the speaker turned uneasily away from the clear eyes of the pet; who, the next moment, unmurmuringly passed out of the library.

"Won't you speak to the girl? She is just outside here," pleaded the gentle wife, lingering at the threshold.

"I'm busy. Tell her I'm obliged to give all the time. Those cursed foreign missions—a fellow must have a name, though—draw like a leech."

"But this is a case of need, close at hand."

"Made up, most likely. Tut! tut! wife! I've said no, that's enough; nor do you give her a cent. Giving her would not increase my fame."

Leoline Lothrop had heard every word of this, but, as if rooted to the spot, could not stir. This, then, was the good man upon whose fame she had builded the hope of a comfortable home for one month longer, at the expiration of which time she trusted her mother's health would be so far restored that she would not be obliged to labor alone.

"I cannot assist you to-night. Come to-morrow, my husband then may be able to do something for you. He has so many calls upon his purse."

The timid little wife blushed as she spoke, for she knew that Leoline had seen the interior of the philanthropist's heart. Oh! how much shame and humiliation, yea, and remorse, a true wife has often to feel!

"Mother, the landlord will only take our feather bed. He says he will accept that as payment in full."

"I should think he might, as its worth is twice the amount of the month's rent; however, we can do no better now. So the philanthropist disappointed you, my dear?"

"Never mind, mamma, I dare say we shall get along some how. But are you sure you shall be quite warm sleeping on the floor? I have tried to make the bed soft and warm."

"Yes, warm and comfortable anywhere, if you are but with me, love!"

The morrow came; but out upon the crusted snow the philanthropist will never pass again. His cold, false heart is closed forever against appeal from gentle, timid wife, and petted child. Will the true charity he refused—be given him now?

Mrs. Lothrop recovers, when Leoline hoped against hope!

A few years pass, and we behold Leoline the wife of Edward Windsor. She had never dreamed so happy a fate could be hers. She had met him again, as she was ascending the flight of stairs leading to his mother's sewing-room. Of course he did not know that he had ever seen her.

But the story that in tears she had poured out from the very fullness of gratitude upon his mother's ear, had some how reached his. He tried to "pshaw" it down, and wondered why girls and women generally were blessed with such an abundance of gratitude; yet, at last, he stole up into the sewing-room, and beheld the most lovely face he had ever seen.

The world cried, "Why he could have made a great match!" Edward thought he had.

THE DRIFTS AT MY DOOR.

BY AGNES CORENNI.

ANGELS, sweep the drifts away,
They're heavy at my door;
I move my lips, and try to pray,
My heart has lost its power;
My faith is weak, and hope's last ray
Is sinking lower, lower;
Oh! angels, sweep the drifts away,
They're heavy at my door.

The lamp is dimly flickering,
The embers moldering low;
The silent tear is trickling—
Why throbs my temples so?
Ah, me! what menage pay,
E'en when my task is o'er;
Angels, sweep the drifts away,
They're heavy at my door.

Two helpless ones, with silvered heads,
And limbs with palsy shaking,
Look up to me and ask for bread;
Oh! God, my heart is breaking;

Despair is clamoring for its prey,
With loud and angry roar;
Angels, sweep the drifts away,
They're heavy at my door.

There is a grave yard in my heart,
I'm wandering 'mong the tombs;
Ghosts of dead hopes attend me here,
And congregated glooms;
The dead leaves rustle as I stray,
For Summer days are o'er;
Oh! angels, sweep the drifts away,
They're heavy at my door.

I stand upon a precipice,
And close my eyes to think
A yawning chasm lies below,
I'm leaning on the brink.
God save me from temptation's lure,
That gulf that has no shore;
Angels, sweep the drifts away,
They're heavy at my door.

ARTICLES IN MUSLIN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

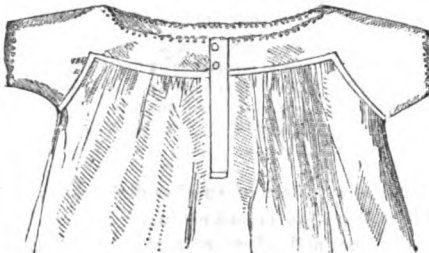
HAVING been frequently solicited to give patterns for new articles in linen, or muslin, we devote a portion of our space, this month, to that purpose. All the patterns are from late Parisian models.

Assisted by these engravings, any lady, familiar with cutting out, can make up either of the articles we describe, without the aid of a seamstress.

First is a wrapper, to be thrown over the person while the hair is being dressed. It may



be made of white muslin, or, if preferred, of colored gingham, but must be of a material that will wash. The yoke is small, and the skirt is put on as in the previous figure.



Next is a chemise. The yoke and sleeves are cut in one piece. The upper part of the yoke and the edge of the sleeves are embroidered.



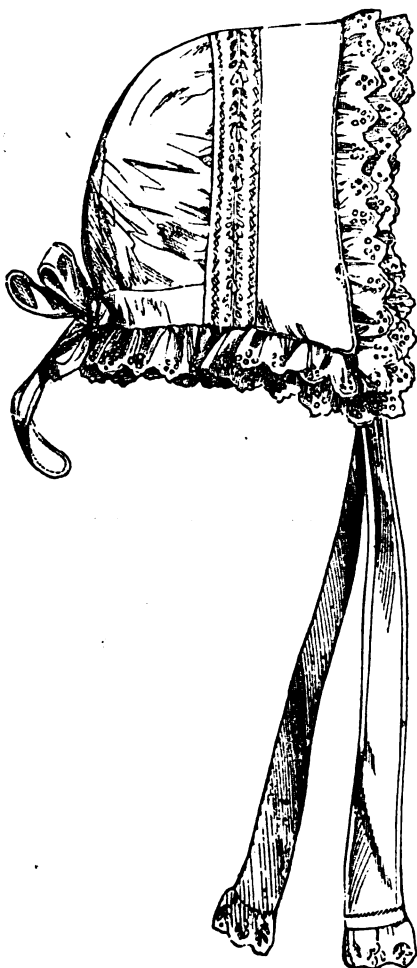
Next is a short night-dress, or a sacque for an invalid. It is made of cambric, is cut rather low in front, and is trimmed with a double ruffle put on with a narrow insertion. The sleeves are loose and trimmed to correspond with the front of the sacque.

Next is a child's dress of white cambric. There is a bunch of small tucks near the bottom of the skirt. The yoke is formed by perpendicular puffings of cambric, separated by rows of insertion. The sleeves are formed by a puff, and finished, like the neck, with an embroidered edging.



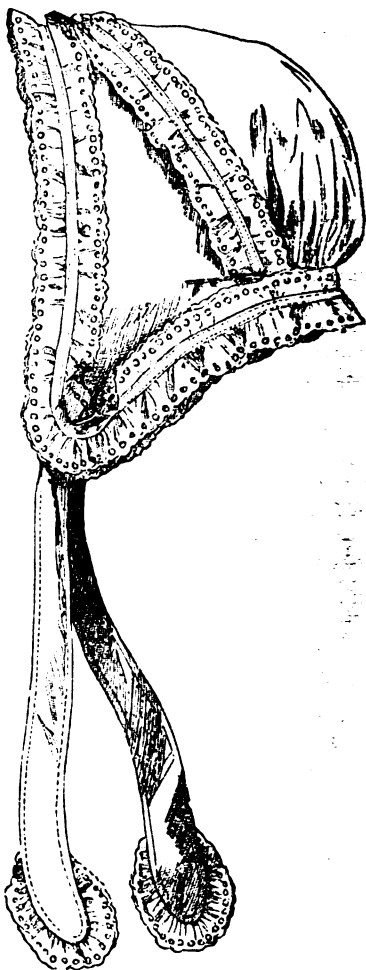


Next is an apron of white plaid muslin; or it may be made of black silk. The skirt is full,



put on to a belt. The body is a nearly triangular piece of muslin. Straps pass from the top of the body across the shoulders, to the belt at the back.

Next is a night-cap of cambric, the head-piece of which is straight, and the crown large and loose. A piece of insertion joins the head-piece to the crown. At the back there is a casing, made sufficiently large to admit wide strings of hemmed cambric, with which to draw it. A double embroidered ruffle trims this cap. We



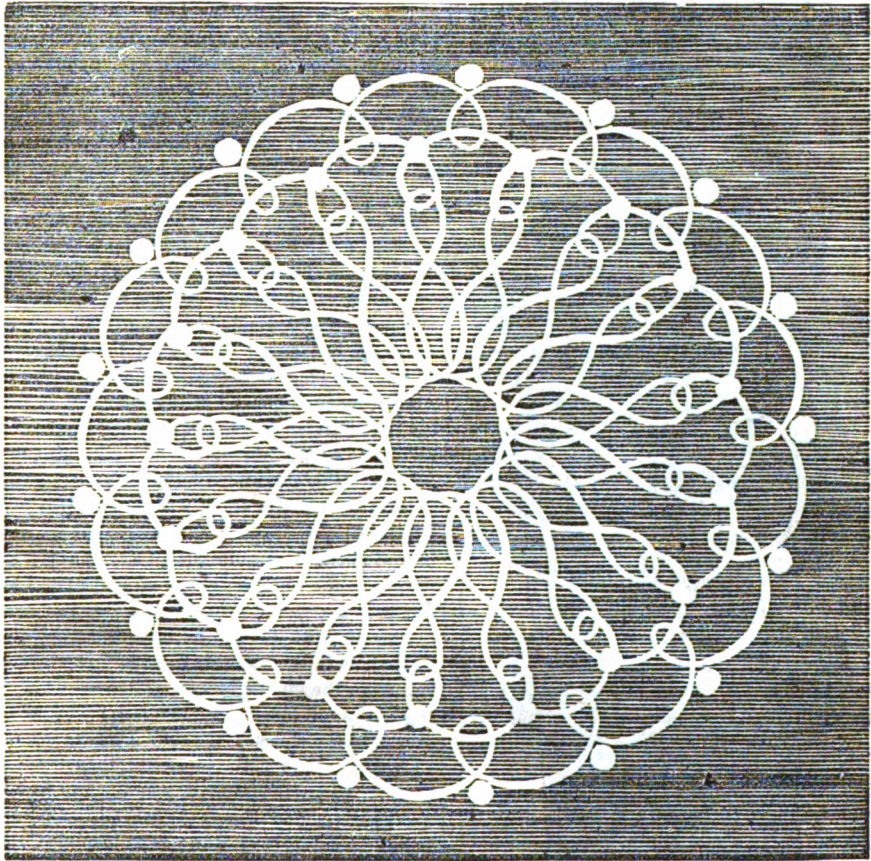
give also a pattern of another night-cap, which differs from the preceding in the shape of the head-piece, and likewise in the crown coming further forward on the top of the head. This cap is trimmed with a narrow band of insertion and row of edging laid on each side of the band.

In the front of the number are given engravings

of various other new and stylish articles, capes, linen, have been described by the fashion editor tippets, &c., which not being strictly articles in the usual place, at the close of the number.

HEAD-DRESS OF BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



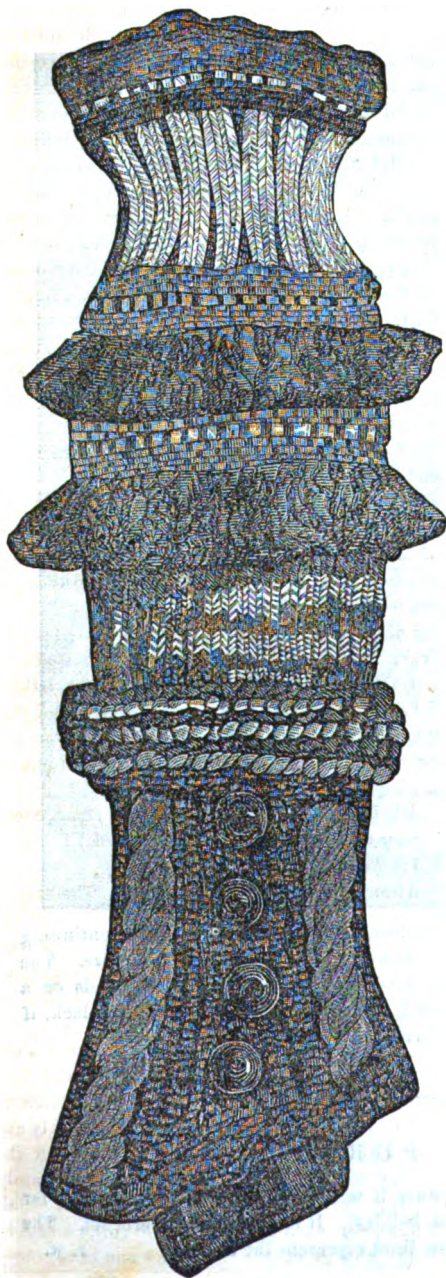
THIS pretty affair is made of silk and beads. The foundation is of coarse saddler's silk, or fine cord, on which is strung large beads, as seen in the engraving. As the entire head-dress would be too large for our pages, we have given the centre and the two first rows. By continuing these rows, it may be made of any size. The head-dress may be made of pearl beads on a colored, or it may be made entirely in black, if preferred.

CHRISTMAS PURSE.

IN the front of the number will be found a colored pattern for a purse, which we have designed expressly for the subscribers to "Peter-son." We have called it a Christmas purse, because it would make an appropriate gift for that holiday. It is to be done in crochet. The cross lines represent the stitches. J. W.

KNITTED LEGGIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Fine white zephyr worsted, common blue worsted. Steel knitting-needles.

The leggin given here in a scale somewhat reduced is a Parisian model. The leg is knit in different plain patterns, cross stripes, and raised ruffs. The foot, whose more artificial striped pattern is distinctly marked in the illustration, is blue; the upper part being knit in a ruff. Finish the leggin with blue China buttons on the side.

Begin loosely at the top edge; cast on sixty stitches, (with blue worsted,) which are equally divided among four needles and knit round. Then knit one row right, one left, one right, one left, letting the white worsted hang and knit with the blue one, one stitch right, then the next stitch in the following way: you turn over right, narrow: repeat till the end of the round: then drop the blue worsted and knit with white; one round right, one round left, one round right, one round left: with this the first colored stripe is ended.

Next comes the other part knit white, with ribbed stripes, as the illustration shows. First one round is knit quite plain: then twenty-two rounds in the regular change of loops right and two left.

Then follows the second blue stripe, which is to be done in the same way as the former, interrupted in the middle by two white rounds, forming a row of holes. To the last round of the second blue stripe knit the ruff. There follow now 11 rounds quite plain in white; then the third blue stripe in the same way as the two former. To the last round of this the second ruff is to be knit. Next are five white rounds plain; then three rounds with the change of two loops right, two loops left, and two rounds plain. Three rounds in the change of two loops right, two left, but by these three pattern-turns an inverted order is to be formed, so that the now right knitted loops will be always over the loops which are knitted left in the first three pattern-turns; two turns plain, three turns in the above mentioned change of right and left, standing in the inverted order to the former pattern-turns, and so forth. Having knitted through three times the pattern-turns, you lessen on one side of the knitting work at the end of one and at the head of the other needle as in a stocking, to form the

calf. This is done three times in the interval of three turns: you repeat the pattern two times more, so that in the whole the three pattern-turns are counted five times, and knit eight turns more plain. The number of the stitches is here diminished to fifty, one turn is knitted plain in plain; the loops of this turn are afterward taken up once more for executing the little facing. Then follows one turn left in blue, one turn right, one turn left in white, one turn right, one turn left, one turn right in blue, and with this latter color the lower part of the leggin is finished according to the following pattern:

1st Round.—In this round, four times (each time one stitch) taken up, which is done best in that place where four stitches are to be knit right one after the other. Consequently these four stitches are four times divided to but three stitches of the former round. You therefore knit: * one left, four right, one left, one right, one left, one right, from * five times more repeated. The round must now count fifty-four stitches.

2nd Round.—* left, four right, two left, one right, one left—from * repeated five times more.

3rd Round.—* one left—the following two stitches being taken previously on a peculiar needle, (knitting or darning needle,) you knit the two following stitches right, then first the two stitches kept back, likewise right, so that the two first of the four stitches knitted right in the former round have become last; then farther—one left, one right, one left, one right—from * repeated five times more.

4th Round.—Like the 2nd round.

5th Round.—Like the 1st round, but without taking up.

6th Round.—Like the 4th round.

7th Round.—Like the 5th round.

8th Round.—Like the 4th round.

9th Round.—This round is done once more, according to the explanation of the third round, by knitting every time last the first two of the four stitches being knitted plain. This proceeding is always repeated after five rounds, by which you form the chain pattern, which is seen in the illustration.

After you have done in this way thirty rounds, you count out twenty-six stitches for a small heel, so that, of course, as in a stocking, the narrowing, which forms the calf, meets in a straight direction the middle of the heel. You knit therefore over these twenty-six stitches and back sixteen rows the same pattern, (of course on the left side the stitches which have to appear plain on the right side are to be knit left.) After knitting one row left, you mesh off the

twenty-six stitches. The border stitches on both sides of the heel you then take, as you do in knitting a stocking, up on the two needles of the flat sole of the foot, and knit them on likewise in rows, going to and back, narrowing in every turn, which you work on the right side, one stitch at the beginning and the end, but so that you keep beside the narrowing two stitches as border to knit plain. This you do until the flat sole of the foot, from the first pattern-turn on, counts fifty-six rounds, then you knit one round left, and take up. The stitches round the border of the sole join with the fore stitches of the flat sole of the foot. A little border of three rounds, ribbed on the right side, being still on the needle. Having finished, you mesh off loosely round, and the leggin is done except the two single ruffs, or garnitures, and the dented part on the side of the foot, which imitates a flap for buttoning over.

Now you take up those stitches of the round, which we have spoken of at the beginning of the first ruff, or garniture, and knit with blue worsted.

1st Round.—Two right, two left—down to the end of the round.

2nd Round.—One right, turned over, one right, one left, turned over, one left—down to the end of the turn—(the stitches to be knit right have to come up in this trimming with the stitches of the former round, knit right.)

3rd Round.—Three right, three left, (out of every thread turned over a stitch is knitted.)

4th Round.—Always three right, three left.

5th Round.—One right, turned over, one right, turned over, one right, one left, turned over, one left, turned over, one left—down to the end of the turn.

6th Round.—Five right, five left, (from every thread turned over a stitch is knitted.)

7th Round.—Five right, five left.

After this, you mesh off loosely. The second set is knit in the same way to the row of the leggin above mentioned. Both these garnitures, of course, fall downward—the small facing, however, which we are going to describe, has to stand above.

You take up the stitches of the round mentioned before, (one round has fifty,) and knit with blue worsted in the opposite direction to that of the leggin twelve rounds, alternately one turn right, one turn left, then you mesh off the whole turn—on this ribbed part almost plainly joining above now are knit six rows of small fringes, (on each of the ribs one row,) and that in the change of one white and one blue row—this is done in the following manner:

You take up the stitches of the first rib, (the first prominent row knitted left) always taking the upper, not the lower link of the stitches, apply the white worsted, knit off † right, the first of the stitches being on the needle, and bring this stitch just formed on the left needle, thrust the right needle once more into the link just knit off, and already let down, but this time from behind, knit thereout a second loop, and draw over this the loop first knit. In this manner you knit off all the loops of the round: tie to the end of the thread and draw out the needles, and you have done the first row of the little fringes. The second row is joined with blue in the same way to the following rib (the prominent row, knitted left) of the facing. Then again comes a row of white fringe, and so forth, until the number of rows of the fringe narrowed is done.

We close with the description of the small lace, which is to be knit with blue worsted, and an other sett of ‡ thirty-three loops to be made.

1st Round.—Quite plainly knit.

2nd Round.—Plainly knitted too, so as to form a rib on the left side.

3rd Round.—(Right side of knitting work,) * one right, turned over, two right, doubly narrowed, (i. e. one taken off, two knitted together,

the one taken off drawn over, so that three loops become one loop,) two right, turned over—one * three times more repeated, and the last loop knit plainly.

4th Round.—Knit to the left—and from every thread turned over one loop likewise knit left.

5th Round.—Like the 3rd round.

6th Round.—Like the 4th round.

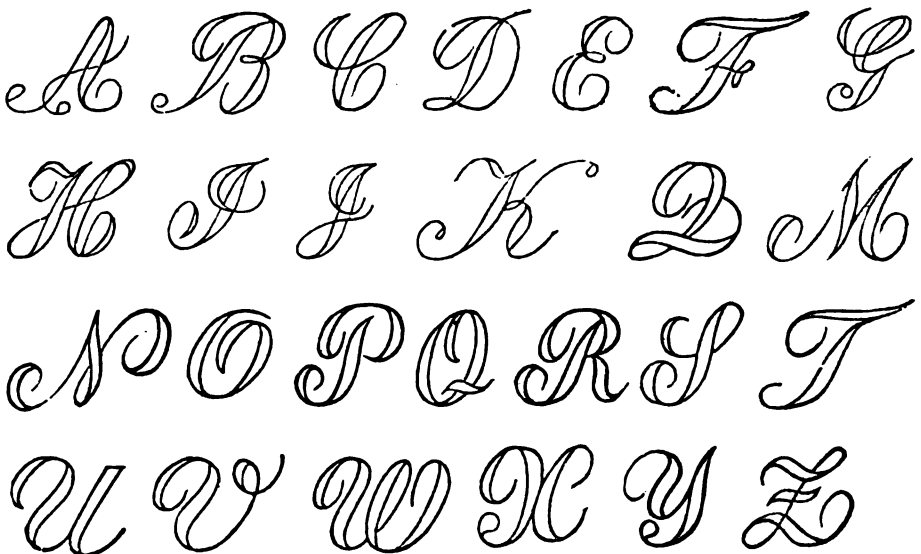
7th Round.—Like the 3rd round.

8th Round.—Like the 4th round.

9th Round.—Is knit entirely left on the right side of the knitting and meshed off; with the latter, the meshing off you can at once join the part with the leggin by taking there, where the illustration shows the top of the button, closely by the chain pattern stripe, the loop lying somewhat deeply upon a separate needle, and knit each one of these loops together with a loop of the part just knit, and by drawing over the foregoing loop, as is commonly done. But if this appears too complicated, you finish the head part by itself, and afterward sew to the leggin, and fasten to it each of the four dentels with an elegant button. In making the second leggin, you have to take care that the button part comes to the opposite side. A piece of morocco leather is to be sewed to the front of the leggin, reaching from one side of the flat sole to the other.

SCRIPT ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A NOTE OR CARD-RACK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS pretty and useful article is made of paste-board. It may be either painted, or worked on canvass, or done in applique. The back should be made flat, so as to hang against a wall: the front, as seen in the engraving, is rounded. A cord and tassel finish it.

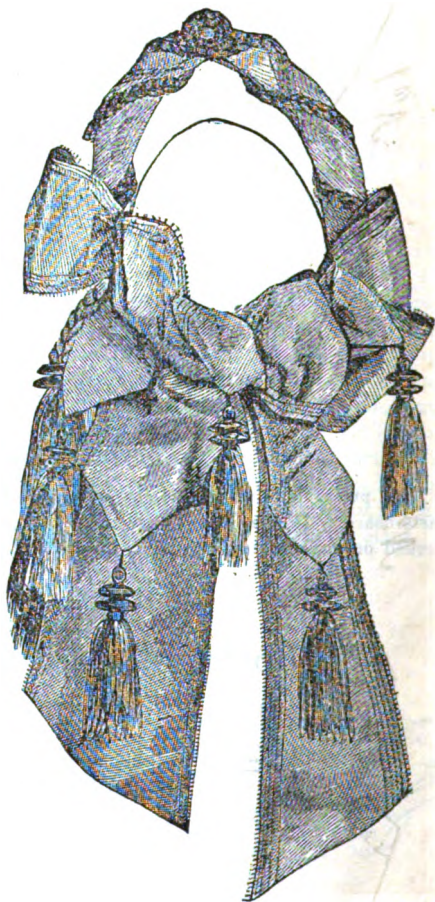
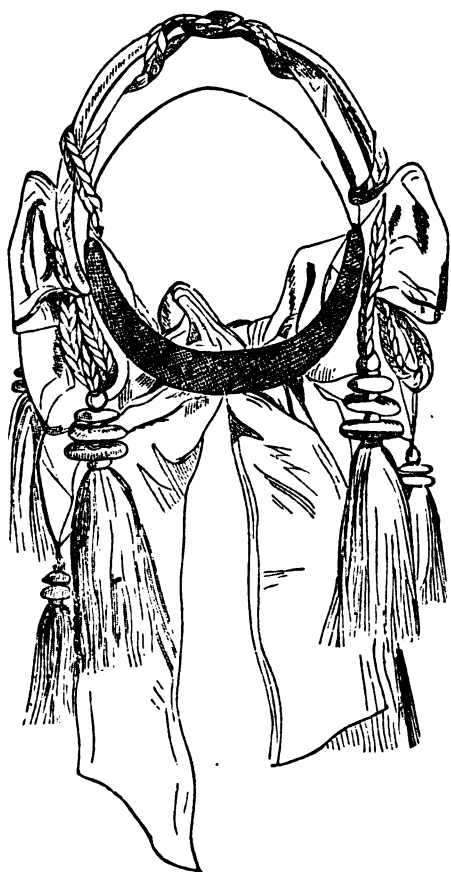
CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



EUGENIE.

HEAD-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, above, two engravings, by the aid of which to make a black velvet head-dress. The first represents the frame, which must fit the head of the wearer, the materials being black net edged with black wire. The tassels are of black sewing silk. The second gives a back view of this head-dress when completed. Our cut represents the head-dress as made of black velvet, with black cord and tassels; but if a more dressy article is desired, it can be made of pink or blue ribbons, with tassels of the same colors, or with white tassels.

BOY'S CHEMISSETTE COSTUME.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

CHEMISSETTE costume for a boy from four to six years of age. The body is loose: at each point is sewed a tassel of black silk. This costume should be made of a maize-color quilting and braided with black. In the top of the sleeve there are three hollow plaits, which may be

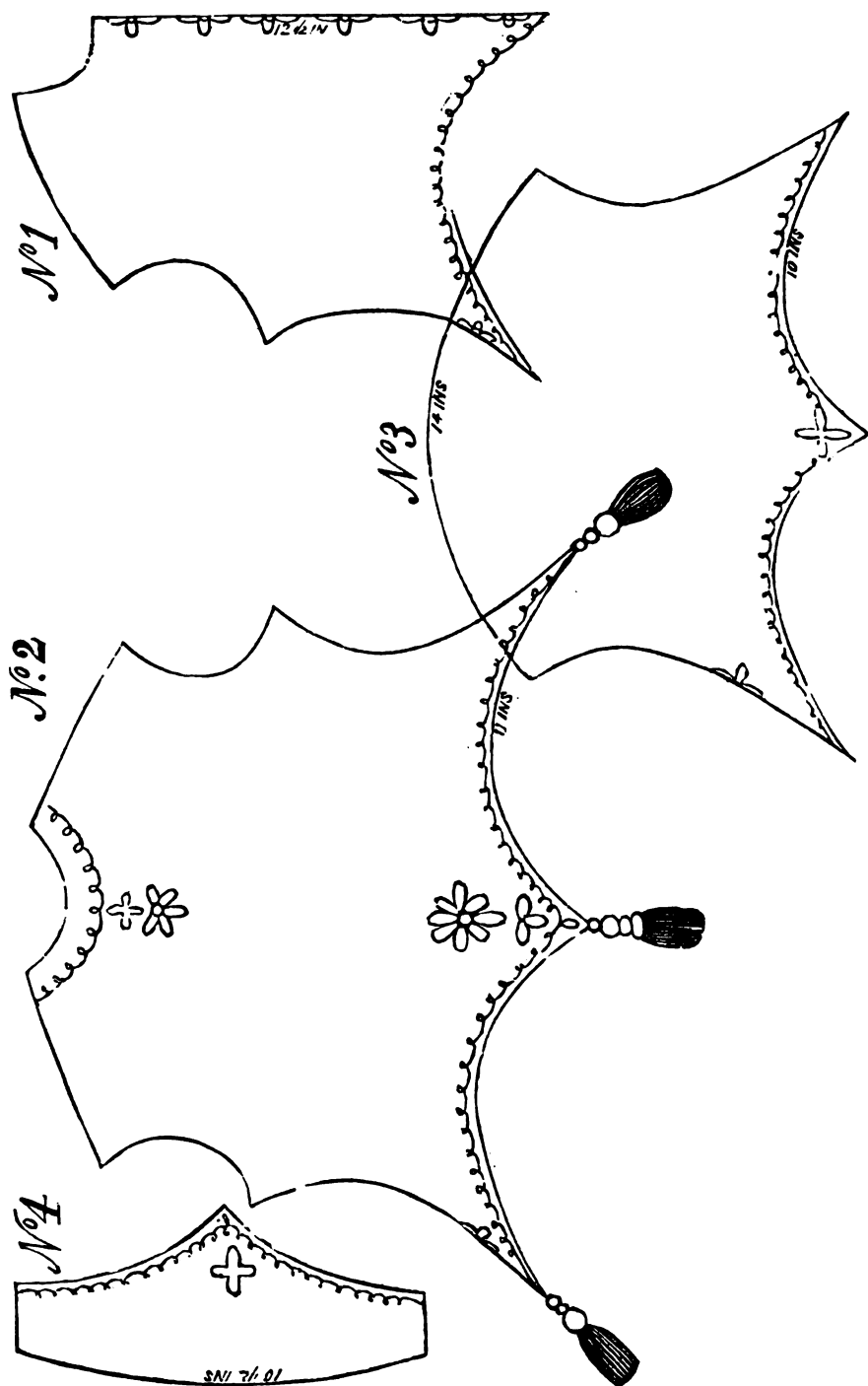


DIAGRAM FOR BOY'S CHEMISETTE COSTUME.

ornamented with a very light braided design or a pointed jockey. The skirt should be composed of four widths, which are laid in large, hollow plaits and braided; a black braiding also runs above the hem.

We give, on the preceding page, a diagram.

No. 1. FRONT OF THE BODY.

No. 2. BACK.

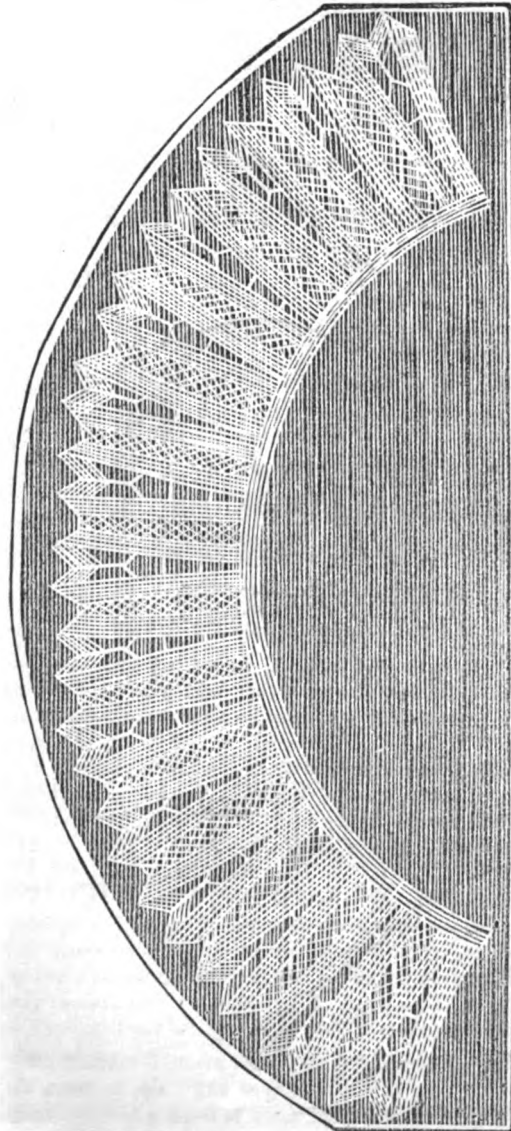
No. 3. SLEEVE.

No. 4. JOCKEY.

With this costume a pretty loose chemisette is worn.

A BRAID AND CROCHET COLLAR FOR A CHILD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

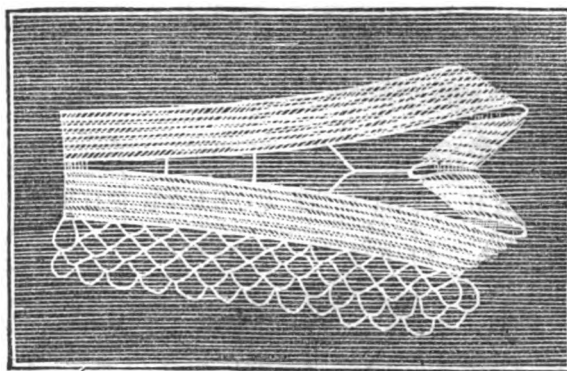


MATERIALS.—Tape, or French braid, which is as stiff as tape, of the width, as in engraving, or twilled tape six yards. Cotton No. 20. No. 4 Penelope hook.

Measure a length of braid seven and a-half inches long, hem the ends very neatly, double the length in two and place a pin through the centre of the braid, fold down and sew the braid as if for tape work, as it is in engraving; which we give at the top of the following page; then join (flat) the ends of the two hems at the ends of the length of braid together; then proceed to fill up the interstice of the braid thus: Exactly one inch from the outer point of first braid pass the needle and thread across to the second braid in a bar of three threads; then work over-cast stitch half-way across this bar; now carry the needle and thread up to the centre point of braid, and down again to where the bar was half completed, then up again, and work button-hole stitch to the half completed bar; then finish the latter; then neatly sew the edge of the braid up for an half an inch distance for the next small bar; simply work this across, then the same way the next bar, which is the same distance.

Make fifteen of these pointed pieces; then for the crochet between the pieces, make seven ch dc in first loop, seven ch T (or turn on the reverse side,) dc u first seven ch; seven ch T dc u last seven ch; continue this till there are thirteen edge chs on each side; then five ch dc u same seven ch as the last; and then u each of the edge chs for twelve times; seven ch dc u the last seven ch again; then five ch dc u each of the seven chs down the other side till the last; draw the cotton through, leave on an end, sew this down the side of the braid; then saw a pointed piece of braid down the other side of the

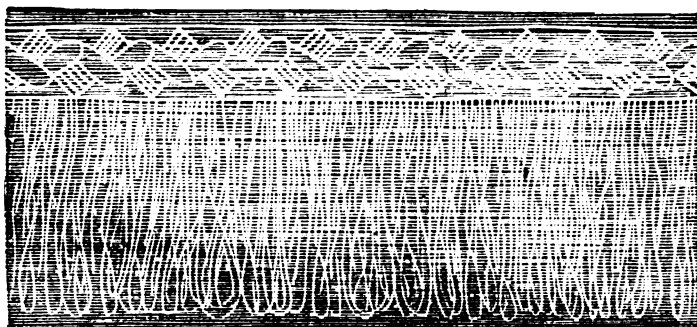
crochet, and continue till there are fifteen of } insertions; then sew a piece of tape round the the pointed pieces of braid and fourteen crochet } neck.



POINTED PIECE FOR COLLAR.

KNOTTED FRINGE FOR A CHILD'S JACKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



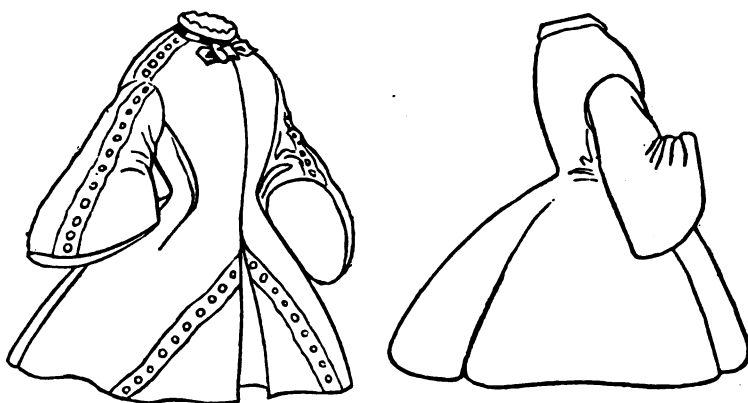
MATERIALS.—Cotton Nos. 8 and 20. No. 4 Penelope hook. A Tatting shuttle, or a piece of stiff cardboard or wood, three inches long and one wide, to be hollowed out at both ends, to enable the cotton to be held securely. A box-wood mesh an inch and a quarter in width.

To KNOT THE FRINGE.—Wind on the No. 8 cotton, and at intervals of half an inch simply tie a knot. When some yards of this is done, (and the doing this would afford amusement to a blind person, or may be done by others in the twilight or dark,) proceed to make it into fringe thus: Tie the ends of the No. 8 and 20 together, place the knot on the edge of the mesh, the knotted cotton in front, and the No. 20 behind the mesh; make a small loop in the latter and place it on the hook, drawing it tight; * hold the handle of the hook flat on the edge of the mesh with left-hand thumb, but hold the mesh upright in the hand; with right hand bring knotted cotton over the front of the mesh up behind it, and between the No. 20 cotton held on the fingers and the loop which is on hook; now make 1 ch, holding at the same time the knotted cotton tightly in the ch. Then repeat from *.

FOR THE HEADING.—No. 20 cotton. Make 7 ch dc in first loop (this forms a circle); 3 ch T (or turn on reverse side); * 3 L u 7 ch; 7 ch dc in same 3 ch T; repeat from * till a sufficient length is made, which must be much longer than the fringe, as in the following row it draws up. Edge rows. Finish with 7 ch dc u same; then 7 ch dc u; 3 ch by the side of the L stitch; 7 ch repeat; and work up the other side the same when finished; sew to the fringes.

CHILD'S WINTER CASAQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



ABOVE, we give two engravings, representing front and side views of a child's casaque. This pretty and fashionable article is to be made of cloth, velvet, or black silk wadded. It may be trimmed, if preferred, in the style shown in the first engraving, though the most fashionable

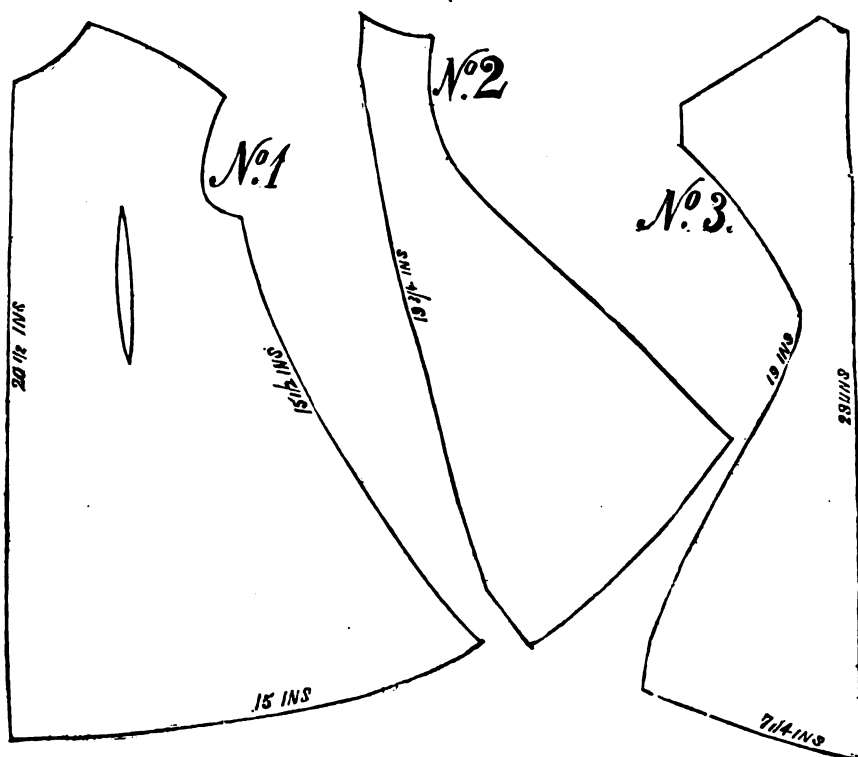


DIAGRAM OF CHILD'S WINTER CASAQUE.

mode is plain, as seen in the second engraving, with only a row down the front. We annex a diagram, by which to cut out this casaque.

No. 1. ONE FRONT.

No. 2. ONE SIDE PIECE.

No. 3. HALF THE BACK.

A pattern for the sleeve is not necessary, for it may be cut of any shape that is most desirable.

SACHET FOR COMB, BRUSH, &C.

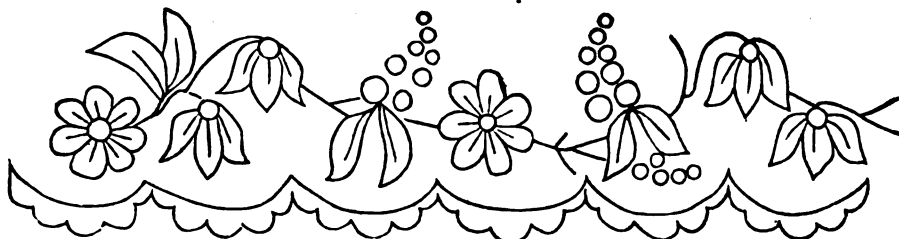
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This sachet is intended to carry a comb, brush, } with a ruffle. Inside there are divisions for the
tooth-brush, &c., when traveling. The material } comb, brush, tooth-brush, soap, &c. The sachet
is white Marseilles. It is lined with oiled silk; } is made square, and on the top is a triangular
is ornamented with white braid; and is finished } piece, which falls over, to be buttoned.

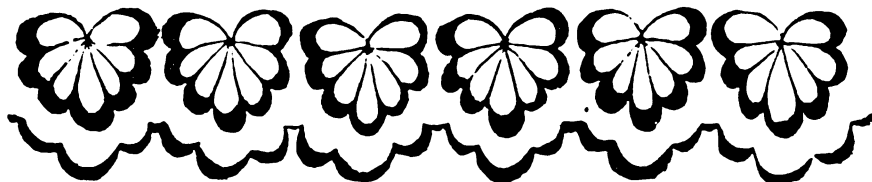
LADY'S BRAIDED SLIPPER.

This pretty article, the patterns of which we } white cashmere. We give the back and front
give in the front of the number, is braided on } of the full size. J. W.

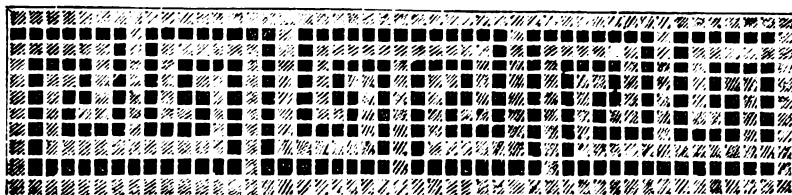
VARIETIES FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



EMBROIDERY FOR BOTTOM OF SKIRT



EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL



CROCHET BORDER.

ALPINE WALTZ.

Composed expressly for Peterson's Magazine, and Dedicated to the Subscribers.

BY K. MERZ.

Vivace.

p *f* *p* *f* *mf* *p*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill-like figure. The lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed at the beginning of the lower staff. A slur is drawn over the first half of the system, and a *mf* (mezzo-forte) marking appears in the middle of the lower staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features similar melodic and harmonic textures. Dynamic markings include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano) in the lower staff. A slur is present over the first half of the system, and a *p* marking is also visible in the middle of the lower staff.

The third system of musical notation concludes the page. It maintains the established musical style with melodic lines and harmonic accompaniment. The system ends with a final chord in the lower staff.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

GLORIFY THE ROOM.—"Now glorify the room," said Sidney Smith, and accordingly the windows were all thrown open, and in walked his majesty, the sun. Forthwith the corners began to smile—the little nooks winked at each other—the cobwebs that escaped Betty's careful hand, glistened—the shadows crept off with stealthy tread, and every pane of glass laughed out loud. Scowls that had gathered in the darkness gave way to cheerful light: tears, if any had sprung forth, died where they fell. The room was glorified, and ill-nature, gloom, and sorrow could no more withstand the life-giving radiance than the sky the soft embrace of a summer cloud.

"Now glorify the room!"

How heartily could we sing this out as we enter the gloom-covered parlors of our city homes. The furniture is shrouded as if in anticipation of its own funeral. The carpet sleeps beneath a pall of druggut, and the paintings glimmer mistily from under a veil of crape. The shutters are all hugging the casements, the curtains cling to the windows, and a deep, sombre silence falls over all. We speak in whispers—we tread cautiously, and like so many ghosts glide into the muffled chairs. It does not soothe our ruffled feelings to discover in the solemn twilight that Mrs. Ton looks younger and fairer, and quite interesting in her rich morning wrap. If we were only physician to the pale, fagged-out invalid, we should cry, "Throw physic to the dogs, and—glorify your room." Ask flowers why they do not live and bloom in a dungeon, and they will answer, "We languish for the sun; we languish for the outer air—the peltings of the storm, and the kiss of the south wind alike invigorate us."

Then glorify your rooms and live while you live. Burst the shackles of the tyrant fashion, and walk out with the sun. Woo the keen, frosty, but bracing and kindly breath of winter. Go to bed when your eyes grow heavy; eat plain food, keep a healthy conscience, and we will insure you that with all the little troubles and perplexities of life, you will yet feel a degree of health and happiness, of which the fashionable invalid never dreamed.

QUITE A CURIOSITY.—That enterprising firm, John J. Dyer & Co., No. 85 School street, Boston, has just published a most novel "Illustrated Scrap-Book." It is in large quarto form, and contains five hundred pictures upon every conceivable subject, of every day life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and, in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest, we have ever seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publisher, in letter stamps or silver, will receive a copy, post-paid, by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family with the coming long winter evenings.

MOSES LEFT ON THE NILE.—Our steel engraving, this month, is from a famous picture, by Paul De La Roche, a celebrated French artist lately deceased. It illustrates the well known passage in Exodus:—"And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done with him." We think that our readers generally will consider this one of the most beautiful pictures we have published this year.

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"PETERSON" FOR 1860—BETTER THAN EVER.—On the cover, this month, will be found our Prospectus for 1860. Every year's experience teaches us how to do better for our subscribers, while the continual increase in our circulation enables us to afford costlier and costlier attractions. Hence it is that we make no idle boast in saying that "Peterson" has improved with every year. Hence also we are able to promise that "Peterson" for 1860 will be even better than for 1859. Some of the points, in which this superiority will consist, are set forth in our Prospectus. Others we keep, for the present, to ourselves, lest they should be imitated.

Prominent, before all, will be an improvement in the literary department. This, some will say, will hardly be possible. Already, we will be told, "Peterson" has most of the best writers. But even the best writers write better at some times than at others; and we shall publish nothing but the best efforts of the best writers. Our three copy-right novelets will be

THE RULING PASSION,

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE BURNHAMS OF BOSCAWEN PLAIN,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L.—'S DIARY," &c.

REDMAN'S RUN,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDEICT.

Now is the time to get up clubs! A word as to the premium offered. This consists of two magnificent mezzotints, companion pictures, engraved, at great expense, expressly for us, from original paintings by James Hamilton, Esq., one of the most celebrated American artists. All who have seen Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, remember its spirited illustrations. These illustrations are from paintings by Mr. Hamilton. There is a poetry, in all this artist's works, which struck us as eminently qualifying him to paint Niagara: and we think he has signally succeeded. Each of the mezzotints is of a size to frame, and quite superior to similar engravings generally. Certainly no premium of equal value has ever been offered before.

We repeat: now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other Magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

OUR JANUARY MEZZOTINT.—The mezzotint, for our next number, will be by Sartain, the same artist who engraved "Miranda" for the January number of this year. All who have seen it pronounce it even prettier than that exquisite picture. Our increase, last winter, was so rapid and great, that the plate became partially worn out, and we had not time to get a duplicate engraved, in consequence of which some of the later impressions were inferior to what they ought to have been. To insure ourselves against such a contingency, this winter, we have had three plates engraved, each an exact copy of the other, so that we shall be able to supply first-rate impressions to every subscriber. We have no doubt, from present appearances, that our edition for 1860 will be a hundred thousand, if not more; and we are determined to spare no expense, in order to make the Magazine worthy of so generous a patronage.

How TO DRESS WELL.—In a late number of Dickens' new serial, "All the Year Round," we find the following:—"As you look from your window in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; but then, what a toilet! Not only suitable for the season, but to the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and, more than all, how well they suit each other!"

We have often said the same thing in other words. Before our American women can dress perfectly, they must have the taste of the French, especially in color. One reason, why we see colors ill-arranged, in this country, is, that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtue, and without any thought of what it is to be worn with. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for all others. To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but, to be dressed with taste, is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. Never buy an article, unless it is suitable to your age, habits, style, and to the rest of your wardrobe. Nothing is more vulgar than to wear costly laces with a common delaine, or cheap laces with expensive brocades.

What colors, we may be asked, go best together? Green with violet; cold with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and grey with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Grey and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is, to some skins, the most becoming; not, however, if there is much color in the cheeks and lips; and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach-color is perhaps one of the most elegant colors worn. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. But whatever the color or material of the entire dress, the details are all in all: the lace round the bosom and sleeves, the flowers; in fact, all that furnishes the dress. The ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the head, and the flowers that are worn in the hair should decorate the dress.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.—We would mention to those of our readers, who are fond of beautiful pictures, that J. H. Byram & Co., 112 south Third street, Philadelphia, have just issued a very fine view of Mount Vernon, printed in fifteen different colors in oil. The size of the print is 18 by 20 inches. The Hon. Edward Everett, in a letter to the Publishers, speaks in praise of it. J. H. Byram & Co., have also just published a view of the Capitol at Washington, in the same style as that of Mount Vernon. Both pictures will be sent for one dollar, post-paid, to any part of the Union.

AN ELEGANT NEW PICTURE.—"The Rector's Ward," from the charming new Episcopal story, "The Rectory of Moreland." This is a sweet face, drawn by Barry, who is so celebrated in his "Motherless," and shows the beautiful heroine as we all see her while reading the book. It was published in October, by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, as a crayon portrait, nearly life size, on fine tinted paper, a fac simile of the drawing.

OUR TITLE-PAGE.—Peculiarly appropriate for Christmas is our title-page, this year, for it represents, as will be seen, the Shepherds discovering the Star of Bethlehem and the subsequent Adoration of the Wise Men. These two beautiful pictures are tastefully linked together, it will also be seen, by a wreath, in which the passion flower is prominent.

DO WE NOTICE EVERY BOOK?—This is what a fair subscriber asks us in a recent letter. We answer that we do not. When a book appears, that we think vicious, we lay it silently aside. To expose it, would only be to advertise it to at least two hundred thousand readers—for our edition is nearly one hundred thousand, and it is fair to presume that every copy we print is perused by two persons, if not more—and, therefore, we think it better to let the book pass into oblivion, at least so far as we are concerned. We are sorry to say that too many publishing houses, with character and position, have printed, lately, quite exceptionable novels and other works. Parents cannot be too careful what books they let into their families. Handsome editions, with the imprint of well known firms, are no longer proofs that a volume is proper to be read. The worst sort of book, because the most insidious, is that in which vice is so eloquently painted as to awaken the interest that virtue only ought to arouse.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The New Priest of Conception Bay. 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This book has been upon our table for some time, but we have only recently found leisure to read it. It is really a superior novel. The scene is laid in Newfoundland, a locality, one would think, little fitted for a story. But as in "Afraja," the novelty of the scenes actually adds to the interest of the tale, so that this, instead of being a disadvantage, is the reverse. The characters are discriminated with unusual skill. Father Terence, the old-fashioned, tender-hearted priest, is capitally done; and, in a different line, Father Nicholas is equally forcible. Father Debroe, we think, is a less successful delineation, for either he never would have entered the priesthood, or would have remained in it; in other words, a man like him would not have been so changeable. The other actors in the story are generally dramatically portrayed. Bangs, the Yankee trader, is especially racy. The humor, with which this character is conceived, and the rich flavor of the vernacular, remind us of Professor Lowell's "Bigelow Papers." We are curious to know who is the author of "The New Priest." The novel is certainly one of the very best, in all the higher qualities of a fiction, that has ever been written in America.

Memoirs of Robert Houdin. Written by himself. Edited by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. G. Evans.—This is one of those autobiographies which are as charming as a novel. The author is a famous French conjuror, now indeed retired from his profession, but of such skill in legerdemain, that, not long since, the French government employed him in Algeria to destroy the credit of the Arab magicians by excelling them in their own sphere. Houdin was the son of a watchmaker, and seems to have inherited a genius for mechanics, which led him, almost in boyhood, to the construction of various curious pieces of mechanism, such as a singing bird and other automata. The same trait, developed in a different way, made him expert in all sleight-of-hand tricks, his success in which finally led him to adopt the life of a conjuror. In this profession he has probably never been excelled. Having acquired a fortune by it, he has now retired to private life, devoting himself, it is understood, to scientific researches connected with electricity: at least, we glean this fact from the preface, which is in Dr. Mackenzie's usual pleasant style. The book itself is racily written, is not without instruction, and therefore will more than amuse an idle hour.

Mary Lee. By Kate Livermore. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A better judge of juvenile books than we are, pronounces this capital. It is dedicated to Katy Appleton, a little daughter, we suppose, of the publisher. Several charming illustrations adorn the volume

Almost a Heroine. By the author of "Charles Auchester." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This novel, though deficient alike in plot and in dramatic power, is full of genius. It is the story of a youth, luxuriously bred up by an eccentric uncle, and afterward cut off almost without a shilling, and so forced to earn a livelihood, which he attempts to do by authorship. With this story is interwoven another, of which the heroine is Horatia Standish, and the hero a Mr. Major, the reader for a great London publishing house. Miss Standish is a noble character, the real heroine of the book, and is drawn with more precision and naturalness than this writer's characters generally. Most persons of taste will be delighted with the work. There is a good deal of rhapsody in it, as there was in "Charles Auchester," but this is redeemed by the genius that shines out on almost every page. It is far more readable than "Counterparts," another novel by the same author, which was lately republished in cheap style by a New York firm.

The Poetical Works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. A new and enlarged edition. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—Everybody, who is familiar with English poetry, remembers "Lillian," the poem which may be said to have first fixed Praed's reputation. In this collection, altogether the most complete ever made of Praed's verses; that poem properly occupies the leading place; but there are others, which follow it, hardly less beautiful. Those who knew Praed only by "Lillian," or by a fugitive piece met here and there, have little idea how much really excellent verse he wrote. We advise all such to buy these two volumes. A critical preface, and a biographical memoir, add to the interest of the work.

Germaine. By Edmond About. Translated by Mary L. Booth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—Messrs. Tilton & Co., are new to the publishing business, but they have shown such tact in selecting their books, and such taste in getting them out, that they are already on the high road to a leading position. We wish all books that we are called on to notice were as handsomely printed as this, and "The Rectory of Moreland," another of their publications which we noticed last month. "Germaine" is really a very brilliant novel: and, though thoroughly French, not in the least improper.

Parties and their Principles: A Manual of Political Intelligence, exhibiting the Origin, Growth, and Character of National Parties. With an Appendix containing valuable and general statistical information. By Arthur Holmes. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A hand-book of political intelligence for the statesman, politician, and voter has long been needed; and this work undertakes to supply the deficiency. The task of Mr. Holmes was not an easy one, but we think he has succeeded creditably. We recommend the book as full of valuable information.

The Logic of Political Economy, and other Papers. By Thomas De Quincey. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The papers contained in this volume are "The Logic of Political Economy," "Life of Milton," "The Sullies," "The Fatal Marksman," "The Incognito," "The Dice," and "The King of Hayti." Some are very good, but others were not worth perpetuating, except to carry out the publishers' idea of giving a complete edition of De Quincey's works.

Life's Morning; or, Counsels and Encouragements for Youthful Christians. By the author of "Life's Evening," "Sunday Homes," &c. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This would be a suitable gift-book, at the approaching holidays, from a mother to a child, or from a sister to a brother. The volume is beautifully printed on vellum-colored paper, and is bound tastefully in antique boards with gilt edges.

The Minister's Wooing. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Derby & Jackson.—This is a novel of very great merit. The scene is laid in New England, sixty years ago, and the characters are generally true to the times and to nature. We think the introduction of Aaron Burr, however, savors decidedly of clap-trap, and cannot be justified, even though it assists to develop Mademoiselle de Frontignac, a charmingly felicitous creation. Mrs. Scudder is a faithful daguerreotype of a peculiar phase of Yankee matronhood, with which many of our readers are familiar. Her daughter divides with Madame de Frontignac the interest of the story. The good old doctor, a sort of Americanized Dominie Sampson, is a portrait of a class of old-fashioned clergymen, now almost extinct. Miss Prissy will raise a smile everywhere. Newport society, as it existed half a century ago, is very fairly delineated in these pages. The party at Gen. Wilcox's is capitally done. Many of the descriptions of scenery are very beautiful. The publishers issue the volume in quite a neat style.

Poems. By Susan Archer Talley. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—Volumes of poems, by new aspirants for fame, are becoming as plentiful as mosquitoes in September; and generally they are as annoying. But this book really has merit. Many of the poems are excellent, and one or two first-rate, at least first-rate for a beginner. The author, we understand, is a Virginia lady. The influence of Tennyson, and of other writers, may be traced, here and there, in her pages; but this is always the case with young poets: it was so with Byron, and it will be so with those greater than Byron. We encourage Miss Talley (but is she a Miss?) to persevere.

Forty-Four Years of the Life of a Hunter. Revised and Illustrated by E. Stabler. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is the narrative of Michael Browning, an old Maryland hunter, written down by himself. Stories of "flood and field" are always interesting, alike to old and to young; but this volume is even more fascinating than works of its class usually are. The author makes no attempt at display, but tells his experience with a native simplicity that is not the least alluring part of the book. Numerous engravings illustrate the text.

Elements of Military Art and Science. By H. Wager Halleck, A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of this work was lately a captain of engineers in the U. S. army. He has furnished here a capital elementary book on strategy, fortifications, the tactics of battle, &c. The treatise is adapted to the use of volunteers and militia. The various duties of staff, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers are described. On the whole, it is a work of superior merit.

The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green. By Othbert Bede, B. A. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—This is a book which has had a great run in England, no less than ninety thousand copies having been disposed of. In many respects it merits its success. It is a story of college life, rarely written and graphically illustrated, ending, as ladies think all good novels ought to, in a happy marriage. We commend it to everybody who enjoys humor.

The Baddington P'errage. By George Augustus Sala. 1 vol., 8 ro. New York: F. A. Brady.—The author of this novel was one of Dickens' ablest assistants in "Household Words." The present fiction was written originally for the London Illustrated Times. Mr. Brady has printed it in cheap style, in double column octavo. We are indebted to T. B. Peterson & Brothers for a copy of the book.

The Boy's Own Toy-Maker. By E. Laudell. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The title of this little volume faithfully describes its purpose. Numerous engravings illustrate the text.

OUR COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.

FISH.

Salmon—Potted.—Let your salmon be quite fresh, scale and wash it well, and dry it with a cloth. Split it up the back, take out the bone, then season it well with pepper and salt, a little nutmeg and mace, and let it lie two or three hours. Then put it in your pot with half a pound of butter, tie it down, put it into the oven, and bake it one hour. When you take it from the oven, lay it on a flat dish, so that the oil may run from it; then cut it to the size of the pots in which you intend to keep it, and lay it in layers till you fill the pots, with the skin upward; put boards on them, and weights to press it until it becomes cold, then pour clarified butter over it. When you serve the fish, you can cut it in slices.

Smelts—Potted.—Gut them with a skewer under the gills, leave in the roe, dry them well with a cloth, season them well with salt, mace, and pepper, and lay them in a pot, with half a pound of melted butter over them; tie them down, and bake them in a slow oven three-quarters of an hour. When almost cold, take them out of the liquor, put them into oval pots, cover them with clarified butter, and keep them for use.

Salmon—Rolled.—Take a side of salmon, remove the bone, clean it nicely, and throw over the inside pepper, salt, nutmeg, and sauce, with a few chopped oysters, parsley and crumbs of bread. Roll it up tight, put it into a deep pot, and bake it in a quick oven. Make a common fish sauce, and pour over it.

Smelts—Fried.—Gut them with a skewer under the gills, leave in the roe, dry them with a cloth; beat an egg and rub it over the fish with a feather; strew bread crumbs over them, and fry them in some boiling hot lard. Shake the fish occasionally, and fry them a nice brown.

MEATS AND SAUCES.

Leg of Mutton—Dressed Like Venison.—Get the largest and fattest leg you can; take out the blood vein, stick it in several places in the under side with a pointed knife; pour over it some red wine, and turn it in the wine four or five times a day, for four or five days; dry it night and morning to keep it from growing rusty. When you roast it, cover it with paper and paste as you do venison. It will require four hours to roast it. When you roast venison, wrap it in a large sheet of paper, then put round it a thin, common paste, and another paper. A short time before you serve it, take off the paper and paste, and baste with red wine or its own gravy. Venison may be dressed after the recipe for mutton.

Venison Gravy.—Take a knuckle of venison, if you have it, if not a piece of beef will answer; boil it well with an onion, a few cloves, some mace, whole pepper, and a bunch of thyme. When boiled, add a small quantity of claret, or Madeira wine; brown some flour, and put it to your gravy, boil all together, and serve it up.

POULTRY.

Fowls—Boiled.—Draw your fowls; cut off the head, neck, and legs; take the breast bone very carefully out; skewer them with the end of their legs in their body; tie them round

with a string; singe, and dust them well with flower; then put them in a kettle of cold water; cover it close, and set it over the fire; when the scum begins to rise take it off; recover them, and let them boil very slowly twenty minutes; then take them off; keep them closely covered, and the heat of the water will stew them enough in half an hour. This mode of cooking keeps the skin whole, and the fowls will be both plumper and whiter than if they had boiled fast. When you take them out of the kettle, drain them, and pour white sauce, or melted butter, over them.

Turkey—Stewed with Celery Sauce.—Procure a large turkey; make a nice forcemeat of veal, and stuff the craw of the turkey; skewer it for boiling, and boil it till it is almost done; then take up your turkey and put it in a pot with some of the water it was boiled in, to keep it hot; then put seven or eight heads of celery (washed and cleaned well) into the water the turkey was boiled in, till they are tender; take them out, and put in your turkey, with the breast down, and stew it a quarter of an hour. Thicken your sauce with half a pound of butter, and enough flour to make it pretty thick, and a quarter of a pint of rich cream; and then add the celery. Pour the celery and sauce upon the turkey's breast, and serve it up.

Ducks—Stewed.—Take three young ducks; lard them each side the breast; dust them with flour, and set them before the fire to brown; then put them in a stewpan with a quart of water, one pint of red wine, one spoonful of walnut catchup, the same of browning, anchovy, half a lemon, a clove of garlic, and some sweet herbs.

Chickens—Forced.—More than half roast your chickens; take off the skin; then the meat, and chop it small, with parsley and crumbs of bread, pepper and salt, and a little good cream; then put in the meat and close the skin; brown it with a salamander, and serve it with white sauce.

Fowls—Hashed.—Cut up your fowl as for eating; put them into a pan, with half a pint of gravy, a teaspoonful of lemon pickle, a little mushroom catchup, and a slice of lemon, and thicken it with flower and butter. Just before you serve it, put in a spoonful of good cream.

MADE DISHES.

Eggs a la Tripe.—Take six large onions; skin and wash them; take out the hearts; cut them in rounds; put them into a stewpan with a small piece of butter, and set them over a slow fire. They must not brown. When done enough, flour them; add to them a little milk or cream; season them with salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg; then let them cook a while longer; and, when ready to serve them, cut a dozen hard boiled eggs in rounds; put them in with the onions; mix all well together, without breaking them or letting them boil; add a little more butter, and some chopped parsley.

Omelet.—Beat the whites and yolks of one dozen eggs, separately; and then together. Have ready some parsley, and one onion, chopped fine, seasoned with pepper and salt to your taste; add the eggs, and beat all well together. Put half a pound of butter into a frying pan; place it over a quick fire; pour the mixture into the pan, and fry it until it becomes of a light, brown hue; loosen it occasionally with a knife. Do not turn it in the pan; but, when done, fold it double, and dish it.

Mock Oysters.—Procure six ears of new corn; grate and scrape them well. Beat one egg very light. Stir together one tablespoonful of flour, and one tablespoonful of cream, adding a little pepper and salt. Mix all the ingredients well together, and fry the mixture by the tablespoonful, in butter or lard.

Eggs—Poached.—Put some water in a flat bottomed pan; when the water boils break your eggs carefully in, and let them boil two minutes; then take them up, and lay them on buttered toast.

Artichokes.—If your artichokes are young, leave about an inch of the stalks, and put them in strong salt and water for an hour or two; then put them in a pan of cold water; set them on the fire, but do not cover them; when you dish them up, pour over them rich melted butter.

Cheese—Stewed.—Cut a plateful of cheese; pour on it a glass of red wine, and stew it before the fire; toast a nice piece of bread, pour over it two or three spoonfuls of hot red wine; put it in the middle of a dish, lay the cheese over it, and serve it up.

PUDDINGS.

Penrith Pudding.—Cover the bottom of a dish with a layer of grated bread; then add a layer of apples, sliced fine; sprinkle plentifully over it some sugar, with some spices, cinnamon, and nutmeg, and small lumps of butter; then add a layer of grated bread; another of apples, spices, sugar, &c., and so on until the dish is full. Bake it, and serve it with sauce, or butter and sugar mixed together.

Plum Pudding—Baked.—Take one loaf of baker's bread, broken up, (except the crust,) and pour over it three pints of warm milk, and let it stand for an hour. While warm put in a piece of butter as large as an egg, half a pound of raisins, six eggs, and half a pound of currants, adding citron, nutmeg, brandy, and anything else you please. Bake it three hours, and eat it with wine sauce.

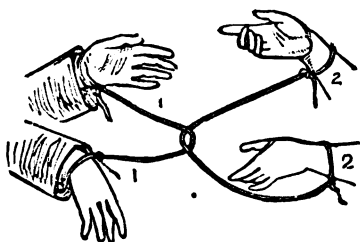
Potato Pudding.—Boil one quart of potatoes quite soft, and then rub them smooth through a hair sieve. Have ready half a pound of melted butter, and six eggs, beat light; mix the butter with half a pound of sugar; stir in the eggs, adding half a pound of currants; put the mixture into a thick cloth and boil it half an hour. To be eaten with wine sauce.

Indian Pudding.—Take one pint of milk, and one-quarter of a pound of Indian meal, and boil it smooth; then add one-quarter and half a quarter of a pound of butter, and half a pound of sugar. When cool, beat in the yolks of six eggs; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add them last. Put in spice to your liking. Bake the mixture on shallow plates.

Lemon Pudding.—Beat together three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one half a pound of butter, five eggs, (beaten to a froth,) two large spoonfuls of grated bread, the juice of one large lemon, and half the rind, grated. Bake in plates, with paste below.

PARLOR GAMES.

THE HANDCUFFS.—Let two persons, 1 and 2, have their hands tied together with strings, so that the strings cross,



as represented in the engraving. The object is, to free themselves from each other without untying the knot. It is executed in the following manner:

Let 2 gather up the string that joins his hands, pass the loop under the string that binds either of 1's wrists, slip it over 1's hand, and both will be free. By a reversal of the same process, the string may be replaced.

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RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

To make English Stew.—English stew is the name given to the following excellent preparation of cold meat.—Cut the meat in slices; pepper, salt, and flower them, and lay them in a dish. Take a few pickles of any kind, or a small quantity of pickled cabbage, and sprinkle over the meat. Then take a tea-cup half full of water; add to it a small quantity of the vinegar belonging to the pickles, a small quantity of catchup, if approved of, and any gravy that may be set by for use. Stir all together, and pour it over the meat. Set the meat before the fire with a tin behind it, or put it in a Dutch oven, or in the oven of the kitchen range, as may be most convenient, for about half an hour before dinner-time. This is a cheap and simple way of dressing cold meat which is well deserving of attention.

To Dress Spanish Onions.—Take off two skins, but be particular in not cutting the stalk or the root of the onion too much away, if you do, when done it will drop to pieces. Take four large onions, put them in a stewpan sufficiently large, so that they may not touch each other; put in a small piece of lean York ham, and a quarter of a pound of salt butter; cover them close; put them on a slow stove or oven, keeping them turned carefully until all sides are properly done—they will take about two hours; then take them up and glaze them, thicken the gravy, and season with pepper and salt.

Orange Marmalade.—One pound of oranges, half a pound of lemons, three quarts of water. Boil slowly for two hours. Cut all, taking out the seeds. To each pound of fruit take two pounds of loaf sugar and one pint of the water in which the fruit was boiled. While cutting the fruit into thin slices, pour the water upon the sugar, and then boil all together for half an hour.

Bride or Pound Cake.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar, one pound and a half of currants, five eggs, a quarter of a pound of lemon peel, two ounces of sweet almonds, a teaspoonful of yeast, and a glass of brandy.

Shrewsbury Cakes.—Take a quarter of a pound of butter, well worked; mix it with a pound of brown sugar, one egg well beaten, and as much flour as it will take to make it stiff. Roll it; then cut it with a tin mould, and bake the cakes in a slow oven.

OUR GARDEN FOR DECEMBER.

Bulbous Roots.—In the early part of this month, should the weather continue open, or it is practicable to work the ground, hyacinths, jonquils, tulips, double narcissus, star of Bethlehem, crocuses, snowdrops, or any other hardy kinds of bulbs that yet remain out of ground, may be planted; but it is wrong, if it can be avoided, to defer the planting of them to this time. However, it will be better to plant the above kinds now, should it be practicable, than to keep them up till spring; but it will be necessary to cover the newly-planted beds immediately with straw or other light covering, for such roots as have not produced fibres before the setting in of frost, are much more vulnerable to it than those that have.

Polyanthus-narcissus, anemones, or ranunculuses, should not be planted in the middle or eastern states at this season, unless they are effectually protected afterward from rain, snow, and frost. It is better to preserve them carefully in dry sand till the early part of March, or even the middle of that month.

It generally happens that the weather is extremely rigorous in this month; therefore, more than ordinary attention must be paid to plants in the house. In cold or frosty weather keep the windows closely shut, and close your window-shutters carefully every night, and also in *extremely rigorous* frosts, except while the sun shines on the windows.

During the continuance of severe frost, accompanied by *piercing, cutting winds*, the windows must never be opened; that is, you must neither slide the lights up or down; and any plants that are too near the glass must be removed away from the windows, especially at night and in cloudy, dark weather.

However, be very particular every day, when the weather is mild and the sun is shining on the windows, to slide down the sashes, even if but half an hour, in the middle of the day, to admit fresh air and ventilate the house; for if the plants are kept too close they will become tender and weak; and besides, it will cause the leaves of some kinds to turn of a yellowish, sickly color, and afterward to get mouldy and drop off.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF PURPLE SILK.—Cloak of black velvet. The under part is made in the sacque shape, with a very full skirt and sleeves; the upper part of the cloak is a full pelerine, of nearly the same shape in front that it is behind. It is trimmed with guipure lace and heavy fringes. Bonnet of purple velvet, ornamented with black lace, and black and purple plumes.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FAWN COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with five flounces, the lower one much deeper than the four above it. Body high to the throat, with a round waist, confined by a belt of the same material as the dress. The sleeves are trimmed with five ruffles, the lower one deeper than the other four. This very beautiful dress is ornamented on the skirt, body and sleeves with a binding of flame-colored silk. Bonnet of white silk, with a round face, and trimmed with black and flame-colored plumes, and black and flame-colored ribbon.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—A basque cloak of black cloth, richly braided, and fastened by brandenbourgs or frogs in front.

FIG. IV.—VICTORIA WALKING DRESS OF GREY MERINO.—The front of the skirt and body is trimmed with rows of black velvet. A piece of merino, running the length of the skirt, and up the body, across the shoulders to the back, is placed on each side of the black velvet trimming forming a *revers*, and is edged with black velvet. Sleeves very wide, and ornamented to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of grey silk, with a black cock's plume, and pink face trimming. Sleeves of white bobbinet, ornamented with black velvet.

FIG. V.—THE MAGENTA.—A walking dress of dark green silk, trimmed with seven flounces, edged with narrow black lace. Cloak of black silk, ornamented with four narrow quillings of black silk. Pink bonnet.

FIG. VI.—CAPE of very thin white mull, embroidered in small flowers. A deep row of embroidery trims the cape around the bottom, but is narrower in front, and around the neck. Two bows of blue ribbon ornament the cape in front. A cape of this kind can be most economically made by transferring any old worn out French work on fine muslin.

FIG. VII.—A HEAD-DRESS of black velvet and black lace. The lace, which is put on very full behind, turns back from the front. The black velvet quilling above it narrows on the front of the head, where there is a band of pink flowers and green leaves. At the back there is a bunch of pink flowers and grasses. This head-dress may be made with white lace instead of black, with a mixture of white flowers, or the quilling may be of pink or green ribbon, in the place of the black velvet.

FIG. VIII.—HEAD-DRESS of sky-blue velvet, two ostrich plumes and pearl beads. The roll of velvet comes far over the front of the head, and is twisted in the shape of a knot behind.

FIG. IX.—BRETTE for an evening dress, made of two puffings of white tulle. The lower tulle puffing is covered with a deep fall of lace. Around the neck, and above and below the fall of lace, is a quilling of pink ribbon. A large bow in front, somewhat smaller at the back, and knots with long, flowing ends of pink ribbon, complete this beautiful accessory to an evening dress.

FIG. X.—TIPPET of blue satin, trimmed with swan's-down. This tippet may be made of any colored satin, lined and quilted, and ornamented with any kind of fur which may be preferred. If it is used to throw over the neck at a party after dancing, the satin or silk should be of some pretty light, or white color, and the fur should be of ermine or swan's-down; but if it is intended to be worn out-of-doors, the material should be of a brown or grey-colored silk or satin, and the fur of squirrel skin, mink, or sable.

FIG. XI.—SLEEVE of white net, trimmed with black velvet, edged on each side with narrow black lace, and fastened with small steel buckles.

FIG. XII.—SLEEVE of spotted net, made with three large puffs, trimmed with bands and rosettes of black velvet.

FIG. XIII.—ZOCAYE JACKET of merino or cashmere, richly braided. The sleeves are wide, and open on the under part of the arm. This jacket is intended to be worn as an additional covering in the house in winter. It is very rich when made of black cashmere and braided with a gold-colored silk braid.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Flounces are becoming more than ever popular as a trimming for in-door dresses. The number is quite optional with the taste of the wearer. Heavy silks will not be flounced, however, at least it is not in good taste, and some of our most fashionable dress-makers are sending from their work rooms many skirts entirely plain. Small, circular ornaments of silk, or velvet, surrounded with black lace, are much employed in trimming dresses, especially those of silk, for which this kind of trimming is extremely suitable. These ornaments, which the Parisian dress-makers have named *macarons*, may be disposed in any way which taste may dictate; but at present they are most frequently

disposed in rows, passing from the edge of the skirt to the waist, and thus forming front or side trimmings.

As we noticed in our last number, bows of ribbon on the front of dresses, are very popular. Another style of trimming, the description of which we cut from a French Magazine, is very beautiful. The dress was made for a lady to wear at Compiègne. It was of black satin, (satin will be very much in vogue this year,) body without points, large flowing sleeves, the dress being ornamented with little bands of black velvet, about five inches in width, ten in number, set perpendicularly all around the bottom of the skirt; these bands are most elaborately embroidered with black silk, and a small heading of black lace. Same trimming on the corsage and sleeves. The belt is composed of black velvet, embroidered in the same manner, with two long ends trimmed with deep black lace. This forms an excessively rich dress, even in black; but when made in colors—for instance, a blue satin with blue velvet, or a white satin with mauve velvet—it is one of the most elegant dresses possible. Another beautiful dress is made of myrtle green silk. The lower edge of the skirt is trimmed with nine pinked ruffles, placed close together: above these ruffles a space is left, and then nine more ruffles of smaller dimensions than those beneath them. The corsage high, plain, and buttoned up to the throat, is trimmed with pink ruffles. The sleeves are formed of frills, trimmed with ruffles.

Among the most effective of the new ball dresses we may mention one composed of white and pink tulle, worn over a slip of pink silk. The skirt of this dress consists of white tulle, and is trimmed with nine gauffered flounces, five of white, and four of pink tulle, disposed alternately. Another pretty dress consists of mauve-color tulle, over silk of the same color. There are two skirts of tulle, the lower one trimmed with five narrow gauffered flounces. The upper skirt is open in the tunic form, and is bordered with a gauffering of mauve-color silk. A ball dress of light green tulle, over silk of the same tint, has been greatly admired. The tulle dress has three skirts, each trimmed with a light ruche, edged with blonde.

CASAQUES made long will divide the favor with large silk cloaks; the former have very large open sleeves, and are quite closed in front to the bottom.

BONNETS are very becoming in shape this winter. The round face has replaced the most unbecoming pointed top, and as fashion was disgusted with her former efforts, she has decreed that where the face is not round, it shall be flattened on the top, with a slight *Marie Stuart* shape. Bonnets are plainer this year than formerly, and, to our taste, much more elegant.

AMONG THE WREATHS which have met with much approval, one is composed of small roses, intermingled with forget-me-not; another formed of ivy, intermingled with gold berries; and we may mention a wreath consisting of a combination of pomegranate blossoms and jasmine.

Several pretty in-door caps have just appeared. They are composed of tulle and lace, and are trimmed with loops and ends of ribbon. A cap composed of tulle is trimmed with ruches and frills of blonde and loops of blue ribbon. Another composed of white lace is trimmed with frills, alternately of black and white lace, and with loops and ends of pink ribbon. The strings are composed one of pink and the other of black ribbon. Among the articles of *lingerie* which have most recently appeared may be named, some undersleeves of tulle and muslin, variously trimmed with ribbon and velvet, but not differing materially from those which have been worn so long, as will be seen by *figs. XI and XII*.

SLIPPERS are decorated with rosettes, ribbons, and lace, sometimes mixed with silk. We have seen on the fairy foot of a lady of fashion a pair of those slippers of Havana morocco embroidered with flowers of a darker shade and black bugles. Other slippers of black patent leather, have, not at the edge, but in the middle on the top of the foot, a large gold, steel, or silver buckle, placed on a black ribbon.

Some of the very newest head-dresses are very fantastic; they are composed of velvet, with a wide plait to lie on the top of the head, and sprinkled with gilt, or silvered ornaments in the shape of new moons, stars, &c.; and through the roll of velvet at the back are stuck daggers, arrows, anchors, &c., &c. The style is almost too decided to become universal, but we suppose it will be popular with some on account of its novelty. Some of these ornaments are made of jet, and are much more quiet in their effect.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF ABOUT FIVE YEARS OF AGE, OF SCARLET MERINO.—The skirt has four tucks, not placed close together. The low body has four tucks in front, which is edged with lappels passing over the shoulders.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL OF FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.—This dress is of lilac silk, with two skirts. The upper one is edged with three rows of scalloped ribbon, put on above the narrow hem; the lower and upper rows are of white ribbon, and the middle row of the same color as the dress. The body is made with a sharp point in front, and trimmed with a *Marie Antoinette* berthe, with long ends, made of the same material as the dress, and trimmed to correspond with the upper skirt. The sleeves are trimmed with rows of ribbon like the berthe. A band, and bows of black velvet, and loops of pearl beads, compose the head-dress.

FIG. III.—AN OUT-OF-DOORS DRESS FOR A GIRL TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.—The frock is of a *Maria Louise* blue merino. There is a side-trimming on the skirt, placed so as to look as if it fell back, and trimmed with a row of black velvet and black velvet buttons. A trimming to correspond with the skirt ornaments the body and sleeves. A bonnet of white satin, quilted, and trimmed with blue velvet.

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